Enter Freddie Bartholomew’s Contest and Begin His “Life and Adventures”

Del Rio and Connie Bennett Talk about Each Other!
IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY...

THIS is Pamela ... pretty and charming ... adding to her good looks with a “permanent.” The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor’s heart ... But Pamela will never be queen of anything ... people with halitosis never are ... it is the millstone about many a lovely neck ... and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?
The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don’t forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don’t take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY

"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S One Way TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
November, 1935

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M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

**THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!**

**SING THESE SONG HITS!**
- "On a Sunday Afternoon"
- "You Are My Lucky Star"
- "Broadway Rhythm"
- "Sing Before Breakfast"
- "I've Got a Feeling You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"
Hollywood's loveliest colleen, Maureen, makes informality the mood of her parties. Ping pong is a favorite game.

When Maureen O'Sullivan "has the Gang in" everybody has fun—you, too

By Betty Boone

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is Irish, but she lives in a Spanish court apartment, an exotic looking place built around central gardens in which fountains splash and brilliant-hued flowers grow in orange-and-blue pots set in rosy tile. Under tropical trees, metal garden tables and awning-striped chairs add a fiesta-like touch.

Her apartment is on the top floor, and is reached by an iron stair at the head of which a small green gate opens onto her balcony.

"I painted the mail box myself, not to mention most of the flower pots," pointed out Maureen, proudly, indicating her handiwork. "I'm one of those women who adores a paint brush!"

The balcony, with its freight of flowers, is so high above the gardens that it seems to rest in the tree tops. "Makes me feel as if I had a pent house!" smiled Maureen.

"I'm not what you'd call a mixer," she warned me, gravely, "so I don't have a big place, just this apartment; but the living-room is big enough to accommodate a good many people when I do break out with a party. I like to get everyone busy playing ping pong, or some other game. Some of my guests may have to sit on the floor, but that's all right—I couldn't be anything but informal here."

The living-room is spacious, with a heavily beamed ceiling and tiled floors, Spanish fashion. There's a huge fireplace in which Maureen likes to have a fire burning on all but the hottest days. "I can always keep the doors and windows open," she said, "and a fire's such company!"

The room is done in autumn shades, with a deep couch drawn up before the fireplace, not too much furniture and that easily cleared away for dancing or games. John Farrow's portrait—John is Maureen's fiancé—holds the place of honor.

"Do you know the person I'd rather be like than anyone else in the world?" said Maureen. "Mrs. John McCormack! She's the perfect hostess, the perfect wife. She can put (Continued on page 90)"
Cool, calculating, hard, she spun the Wheel of Fortune in a roaring cauldron of untamed, clashing humanity... the Gold Coast... Against this sweeping canvas of a nation in the making, Samuel Goldwyn has created a production so magnificent, challenging and thrilling to the imagination that it will hold you spellbound.
MAX REINHARDT'S genius has made Shakespeare's fantasy sheer magic on the screen. At his direction a great all-star cast of popular Hollywood personalities give truly inspired performances. All the woodland wonder, the gaiety, the spirited romance, the clownish comedy are wonderfully interpreted. Audiences will be charmed by the beauty, enchanted by the fun; but they will go away talking about Puck, so marvelously portrayed by a real boy, Mickey Rooney.

Here is an almost uncanny characterization—a sort of juvenile Tarzan with an even weirder cry and a much more vivid imagination. Puck will appeal to the children of our fair land as no screen character has ever done before. His antics will be imitated, as nearly as possible; his eerie laugh will echo in households from coast to coast. For Puck is the Spirit of the Small Boy incarnate. Shakespeare wrote him; Reinhardt sponsored him; but Mickey Rooney, a Hollywood product, brings him to life on the screen for the enjoyment of us all.
"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears

Make-Up News from HOLLYWOOD ...and it's about you!

Jean Muir in Warner Bros.  
“A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM”

EXCITING NEWS from Hollywood! Max Factor, make-up genius has discovered a color harmony powder that can make you look radiant, instantly! The discovery resulted in creating make-up for screen stars ...it might have still been a professional make-up secret if beauty editors and society women had not begged Max Factor to tell them how he made up screen stars to look so alluring ...now you too may share this magic secret.

Max Factor’s Powder will enliven your skin, give it youthful radiance because it is created in color harmony shades—one for you and one for every type from brunette to blonde. The uniform texture gives your skin a satiny-smooth finish that lasts for hours. Being pure, it will keep your skin fine-textured, young just as it does for famous stars.

You will find Max Factor’s Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, brown-ettes, redheads at your favorite store. Use it and discover how lovely you can be.

The first six letters receive prizes of $5.00 each

WE THINK SO!
Recently, mainly through curiosity, I entered a small Indian hut. Immediately, baskets were displayed, as ragged urchins clustered about their parents. The interior furnishings included a blanket, stove, and a huge picture of Clark Gable. That shows vast popularity. What do you think?

Myra Stanchefield, 4244 West 44th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE BARD’S BOUQUETS
Shakespeare describes the stars: Jean Harlow: “Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.”
Fred Astaire: “When you do dance, I wish you a wave o’ the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that.”
Grace Moore: “O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.”
Blass Buchan, 723 Exposition Boulevard, New Orleans, La.

JUDGMENT DAY FOR COLOR
Don’t make us judge color in films until a modern picture has been made. We cannot judge “Becky Sharp” by our modern standards. The coloring was beautiful, but the styles and color combinations sometime irritating. One redeeming feature was the beauty of Frances Dee in color.
Colleen Luxford, 324 Hyde Park Ave., Tampa, Fla.

BEERY SLEUTH REPORTS!
The “real” Wallace Beery must be just like the “red” Beery! By that I mean just the every-day sort of person we like to know. Mrs. Beery’s sister lives near here and what we don’t hear about Wallace would make even a Broadway columnist red with envy — and there isn’t a skeleton to be found.
F. K. Beckwith, 6300 14th Ave., N.W., Seattle, Wash.

TEMPLE MAKES DUTY A JOY
When Shirley Temple plays locally, I have always taken my children “for duty’s sake.” Last week, with the children at summer camp, and Shirley in town, I found myself creeping sheepishly to see her by myself. Remember the martyred father who “had to take his children to the circus”?

Mrs. H. A. Seymour, Hillsboro, Ill.

EYE AS WELL AS EAR APPEAL
Who says the human race hasn’t progressed? Think back to the period when great soprano voices belonged to over-stuffed ladies. Then consider the loveliness of Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald!

R. C. Young, Jr., 1492 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Saluting Robert Taylor, who gets close-up honors by popular request this month.

A BOW TO BOB TAYLOR
Three cheers for Robert Taylor, the new screen personality! He has proved that he can act—by playing such parts as a rakeetteer, an interne, and a ship’s officer.
Martha Jane Tobey, 1895 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

VERY CLEVER, THESE CARTOONS
How can anyone sniff at the delightfully fantastic animated cartoons? In them can be seen all the heavy emoting of our living stars—the comedy of the Farmer in “Terrys-toons,” the Tarzanic prowess of “Popeye.” I even detect the suavity of William Powell and the impetuosity of Gable in Mickey’s courtship of Minnie.

Mrs. J. S. Hollman, 300 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Calif.
THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ... imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT’S
first motion picture production

“A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM”
from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players
JAMES CAGNEY  JOE E. BROWN  DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE  OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND  JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT  FRANK MCHUGH  ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE  IAN HUNTER  VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY  HOBART CAVANAUGH  GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premiers of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.
A dream of barbaric splendor! A feast of pagan revelry! Scenes of startling magnitude! The Pompeii of storied glory! The mighty arena with its combats! Earthquake! Seething Volcano! Stricken thousands madly fleeing before its wrath! ... Mightiest of spectacles! ... the moving background for the most human of great love stories!

with PRESTON FOSTER • ALAN HALE
BASIL RATHBONE • JOHN WOOD
LOUIS CALHERN • DAVID HOLT
DOROTHY WILSON • WYRLEY BIRCH

RKO RADIO PICTURE
Directed by
Ernest B. Schoedsack
As charming an adult film as the year
has offered, with Herbert Marshall and
Sylvia Sidney giving capital performances
and realizing the fetching humor of this
story of the romance of a young secretary
with her middle-aged employer, a play-
wright. There's hit in the amusing manner
in which Marshall blasts the youth-
mate-with-youth idea introduced by Phil
Reed, who, with Ernest Cossart, is notable.

The screen's newest salute to the U.S.
Naval Academy, and a picture much on the
order of "West Point of the Air," in that
it tells, as the latter did about the making
of Army Birdmen, how youths are trained
for service on the United States fleet.
Very sentimental, but with considerable
patriotic appeal. Tom Brown, Richard
Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing and Rosalind
Keith—all good. It's clean and wholesome.

Edward Arnold presents a colorful pic-
ture of Diamond Jim Brady—one you'll
not soon forget. The story is an interest-
ing, authentic résumé of the gay days in
which Jim flourished. Jean Arthur scinti-
lates as the capricious lady who leaves Jim
at the altar, but Bonnie Barnes is hardly
the popular conception of the pilchudious
Lillian Russell. We repeat, Arnold is
amazingly good. Really a swell show!

Lionel Barrymore gives the star por-
trayal in the pithurized Belasco play about
a tyrannical old man whose spirit returns
to earth to free his ward from her promise
to marry a man he chose for her, but whom
she does not love. There is fine support
from Helen Mack, Edward Ellis, George
Breakston and others. Nevertheless it
fails to register as impressively serious
drama; too sombre for popular tastes.

Don't miss this, if only to meet the most
appealing new man in pictures, Henry
Fonda. He plays with a rare combination
of vigor and sensitiveness in this quietly
charming minor epic of life on the Erie
Canal in the days before the railroad.
Janet Gaynor surprised with a spirited per-
formance of a Canal boat cook, whose
favors are disputed by Fonda and Charles
Bickford. Rates high as comedy-drama.

Gracie Allen bears the brunt of this
comedy on her slender and unconcerned
shoulders, while George Burns is, as usual,
the world's best "feeder." The plot is
awfully reminiscent—Gracie taking over
all papa's money to relieve him of the bur-
den and discourage a fortune-hunting suitor
of her sister's. Gracie does her best to
squander all. It's amusingly nutty if you
go for Gracie's antics. If not, well—

An amusing little picture, with all the
laughs ably taken care of by Zasu Pitts
and Jimmy Gleason, plus a horse race.
Jimmy is the one involved with the horses.
Zasu is his pessimistic friend, and Russell
Gleason, (who looks exactly like his pa),
is Sonny Boy. With good humor, if with-
out any great amount of surprise, it all
works out very nicely, for Papa finally
wins. You'll like Margaret Calhoun, too.

A three-star acting combination in a
zippy, brisk, and stirring show about a
salty but attractive sea captain who braves
typoons and pirates in the China sea
lanes, the boisterously blunt but fascinat-
erg girl who loves him, and the conniving
of a smuggler and a Malay pirates. Clark
Gable, Jean Harlow, and Wallace Beery are at their individual best
in this very entertaining adult melodrama.

One of the very best Joe E. Brown films,
filled with gags and other funny business
that will put you in stitches and keep you
there. Joe is a burlesque comic who makes
the grade in the sketches with his wife, Ann
Dvorak. Then he falls for Patricia Ellis,
and together they make Broadway, Will-
iam Gargan turns out to be Pat's fiance,
while Joe has been getting the run-around.
Happy ending with Ann. You'll laugh!

As sinister and morbid a little number
as you will find in a day's journey, Kar-
lof is twins now—one good and one very
bad. The bad one is a perpetrator of un-
peachable crimes. The picture is magnifi-
cently photographed and staged, and if you
enjoy having your back hair raised, this is
your meat. Marian Marsh, Thurstor Hall,
Robert Allen and Katherine DeMille con-
tribute generously to your sleepless night.

The debut of little Sybil Jason, a talented
and ingratiating child, is less auspicious
than might have been hoped. The child is
coming; the trouble is with the story—cut
on the "Little Miss Marker" pattern and
requiring the starlet to endure too
many harrowing experiences with the two
racketeers, Edward Everett Horton and
Robert Armstrong, who fall heirs to the
child. Glenda Farrell is lovely, as usual.
SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are not properly removed that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT
Mrs. Walter Radcliffe Kirk, one of Chicago's most beautiful and smartly gowned matrons...a famous hostess...a patron of the arts...a director of Chicago's Civic Opera for many years...also notable for her charities. She is seen here with her special custom-built town car, a familiar sight on the boulevards of Santa Barbara, New York and Chicago.

All hers...all luxuries...yet she chooses this twenty-five cent tooth paste

"It is remarkable how quickly Listerine Tooth Paste cleans and what a brilliant lustre it gives," says Mrs. Kirk. "A real luxury!"

The moment you try this modern dentifrice, you will discover why it is the favorite of men and women who, if need be, could afford to pay $25 instead of 25¢ a tube for their tooth paste.

We ask you to see how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film and discolorations. Its results are rather remarkable.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

If you are interested in economy, you'll be delighted to find how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.


GOLD SET. All the appointments of Mrs. Kirk's dressing table, from the dainty file to hair brush, are of gold—a most unusual and luxurious set of heirlooms.

TRAVELING JEWEL CASE—showing part of Mrs. Kirk's exceptional jewel collection, notable for the careful selection of its stones and their rare beauty—another of her most treasured possessions.
DEAR MR. STONE:

It was one of those strange, uncanny, incredible things that your first great screen success in “Alice Adams” should have come to you on the very day that your best friend played his last scene on earth. The New York newspapers were enthusiastic in praise of your performance as Hepburn’s father in the film that opened at the great Radio City Music Hall—but those same newspapers, on their front pages, carried one of the most tragic stories of our times. And so the success you worked so long and so hard to win must have seemed pretty empty to you. For you are, I’m told, one of the few who is first of all a man, and then an actor.

You proved this when you were approached and asked to “pinch-hit” writing the great cowboy’s newspaper column. You refused. When reminded that your best friend had gone on for you to keep a Fred Stone show running when you had your serious crack-up some years ago, you replied: “Will Rogers could go on for anybody, and make it a better show. No one could go on for Will.”

You’re right, of course. No one ever can. There’s no successor to that great man. But there is a crying need for what he represented. Movie theatres are playing his last and finest picture now, “Steamboat Bill.” But after that—what? Whose pictures can fill the bill? These theatres are going to need more of the clean, wholesome, sympathetic entertainment he stood for; entertainment that was a positive guarantee of family enjoyment; that amused without malice, cheered without cloying. And whether you like it or not, Mr. Stone, you are the man to give them this entertainment.

After all, for many years you stood for all that’s good and decent on the American stage. From “The Wizard of Oz” to “Stepping Stones” you clung to the kind of show that was safe for the family trade. Children who used to laugh at your crazy clowning and amazing acrobatic dancing are tired men and women now. You tried to keep on giving them “old-fashioned” shows, clean, simple, kindly; you introduced them to your family, your three charming and talented daughters. But they didn’t respond. They seemed to want something else. Your friend Will Rogers understood. He “pinch-hit” for you to keep your show going, because he had faith that eventually the entertainment you both stood for would be appreciated. He was right. You’re a success again. The very people who shied away from your later shows are cheering your superb performance in “Alice Adams.” I hope you yourself have heard them laughing at your dinner-party scene. It would cheer you up and give you the courage to keep on with the show. He’d have wanted you to.

Delight Evans
The "only female" on the "Mutiny on the Bounty" location, Muriel Babcock, above, with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable.

Yo, ho, ho, and a close-up of Clark and the other "Mutiny on the Bounty" boys

By Muriel Babcock

There's an old sailor's tradition that a woman aboard ship bodes no good.

If that be true, Mr. Clark Gable, Mr. Charles Laughton, Mr. Franchot Tone, and others of the crew of the good ship Bounty, beautiful old square-rigger which you will see in the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," had better look out!

For a woman did sail that ship for two long days on the blue Pacific, just off the Isthmus of Catalina. The woman was your scribe, who clambered up the wave-slapped, slippery sides of the ship and, tucked away back of a couple of smelly, dead sharks and a barrel of imitation tropical fruit, watched Clark and other hardy, (1935 model), film...
on a Gable Location

Moonlight bathes the "Bounty" in this Grimes shot, below.

Franchot Tone, unlike Gable and Laughton, grew pretty bored with life on the bounding "Bounty" before the sea scenes were finished; but he manages to give a very good performance, nevertheless.

Gable, expert pistol shot, was on the alert for any shark foolish enough to stray within range of his unerring aim while filming scenes at sea. The director had to speak sharply to our hero to get him back to work!

Gbrace! buccaneers re-enact scenes of England's most famous maritime mutiny.

Yes, I am one of the few females ever to ride the deck of the Bounty, and believe you me, there never was a thrill like it. On the days of my visit, I was the only woman on board, the only female within miles! (No, there are no Jean Harlows or Joan Crawfords in the film—just some Tahitian maidens and they stayed on land in the shade of the palm trees).

In addition to the thrill of riding that beautiful old ship—for I am one who likes the sea—there was the added zest of knowing that there was no female competition and would be none unless a nasty old Channel swimmer hove in sight, to snatch from me the attention of a Gable or a Laughton or any of the other gallant gentlemen of the ship.

Speaking of a Gable, you've never seen anything until you've seen Clark at sea. It was surprising how handsome and attractive he looked against this background of sea and ship. Barefooted he was, shirt open at the neck, old-fashioned breeches flapping around his knees, (Continued on page 97)
Connie and Dolores

"I hate analyzing a friend!" says peppery Bennett. But she dissects Dolores for us, nevertheless

By

Constance led me into the formal drawing-room. "I think it's the coolest room!" she exclaimed.

Because Constance can be caustic when she has cause, a legend has sprung up that when you visit her you'd better throw your hat in first. I detected no chip on her shoulder. She was so courteous I presume I bring out the kinder side of her nature!

But we soon turned our attention to Dolores. "I could say I like her because she's—well, exquisite looking, gracious, any one of a number of reasons of that sort for she's all of them. Yet none of them give you any picture of Dolores, really, nor do they satisfy me as grounds for friendship. I like what is behind all those attributes, the manner in which she blends a great many superlative virtues and still remains human. I've known people of grand capacities who were so dull that I fancy their own mothers were conscious of, and confounded by, their smugness!"

Constance believes that few women of today are genuinely glamorous. Dolores is, definitely.

"She realizes that the secret of glamor is largely an exciting setting. Her Spanish beauty is gloriously individual, but she doesn't rely on it alone. Everything that can count is utilized; even her home is the last word in modern architecture and decoration. She isn't shackled by out-moded notions.

"She claims she is old-fashioned. Yes, if you want to call beauty and charm so. If I were speaking to her, instead of about her, I'd say, 'You old-fashioned? Come, Dolores, stop posing!'

"Dolores is vital, full of (Continued on page 80)

The darkly beautiful Dolores is a perfect foil for the blondly stunning Constance. One reason why they're friends! This picture of the girls together was made at the polo matches in Hollywood recently.

"I shudder to find myself a member of a mutual admiration club!" cries Constance. But she gamely gave us this exclusive interview. You'll enjoy it.

I HATE analyzing a friend—I haven't many, but those I have are important to me!

"I hate dual stories on stars as a rule, because what can you say? I shudder at picking up the magazine and discovering a mutual admiration club!

"If I go into details of why I am particularly fond of Dolores it's very likely to sound gushy. If I should point out any perfectly human mistakes I think she's made, I'd consider myself presumptuous.

"After all, 'live and let live' is my principle and I haven't the faintest desire to make others over to fit my own system!"

The languorously lovely Constance Bennett began to talk about Dolores Del Rio with this prologue. Candid to the extreme, she asserts that she doesn't like people as a rule, but she does like Dolores. The strikingly brunette Del Rio and the sleek blonde Constance—what a contrasting pair! Differing in every way, except as regards frankness. They share that quality, even though Dolores is habitually diplomatic while La Bennett is completely plain-spoken.

It was the morning of a very hot day when I was received at her handsome new French chateau in the Holmby Hills district out beyond Beverly. Attired in white lounging pajamas, and bemoaning her sunburn,
Talk about Each Other

The lovely Del Rio, as frank as her blonde friend, tells a few plain truths about clever Connie

Ben Maddox

"TO ME Connie is the complete modern, everything a woman of this day and age should be!

"Comparatively she is, in the language of Hollywood, 'simply colossal.' In person, she's—an epic production.

"She's selfish; yes. She's forward. When she feels like it, she is—what you say?—sassy! Connie never softens her blows and habitually she marches in where weak sisters fear to tread. Quite often she is perfectly cold-blooded in her conduct. "They're continually spinning tall tales about her, and well they may. For she's a dominant young lady who not only arouses discussion, but who's worth it. Yet only a few get to know her as she really is. I adore her for what they call her faults. I wish I had them. Why, Connie is the one woman in all Hollywood whom I envy!"

The gorgeous Dolores Del Rio was confessing. I wanted the low-down on this perplexing, tormenting Constance Bennett. So I went straight to Dolores, believing an intimate friend can speak with the best authority. And how she spoke!

"Connie says," chuckled Dolores, "that our chief disparity is that I bend backward to be nice to people, while she bends forward to be nasty! Now of course she isn't going around being deliberately rude; that's only what her critics claim. She's going around being herself and refusing firmly to waste her time, declining definitely to be old-fashioned.

"Whereupon Dolores, beside the swimming pool there in the bright sunlit gardens of her Santa Monica home, astonished me. Mistress of the most ultramodernistic house in California, she said, "That's what I am. Old-fashioned! Because I'm soft I don't dare let go. I still shrink and I'm furious at myself!"

"It is hard to keep your mind on anyone else when you are with Del Rio. No matter how frequently you contact her, you can't help gasping inwardly anew at every meeting. Her beauty is so vivid.

"Why have they criticized Connie? Let us consider her 'objectionable' characteristics. They all come down to this: she's thoroughly independent. Her mind is free from inhibitions, silly hold-overs from times that are past and finished. She is a brilliant woman who enjoys life as she wishes, and why not? Why should she live it to suit others?

"But immediately you'll realize the cause for the criticism of her. You know that nothing infuriates some people so much as your ignoring their plans for you. Paying no attention even to their existence when they bore you!"

"Connie's treatment of bores enchants me. I've watched her enter a room. She goes directly to whom-ever interests her and probably doesn't even nod at the rest. They mutter, 'That Bennett! I've been introduced to her ten times and she doesn't recognize me.' Connie doesn't remember them! She once said she had the 'memory of an elephant'—that is true, except that she literally forgets that in which (Continued on page 81)"
WHATEVER Warner Baxter may be to you, and don’t tell me now let me guess, he will always be the Cisco Kid to me. Dark, handsome, romantic, and definitely devastating. Warner entered my life—I may say my mental life and you may laugh—something over five years ago, just when I had been terrifically let down and needed him most. The cinema and I were divorcing, and the grounds, my pet, were complete incompatibility. I had been raised since infancy on movies, and never a Saturday passed but found me right up front in the old Alcazar simply taking it all in; in fact all I know today I learned from the movies; though I really should give credit, I suppose, to my college for the excellent game of bridge I play. Anyway, something over five years ago when those dreadful talkies appeared on Broadway for the first time I was working on a snobbish magazine and I recall only too well that we referred to this bit of illegitimacy from Hollywood as “talking pictures,” later as “talkers,” but we never stooped to “talkies.” Mercy, no, such vulgarity! We were very elegant and aloof about the whole thing and I wrote a monthly editorial to the effect that talking pictures were only a fad and would not last the summer.

But the joke was on me; it was my magazine and not talking pictures that did not last the summer. Jobless, disillusioned, stuffed with elegance, and utterly distrait I finally gathered up courage to see one of those horrible talkers—and well do I remember it. The leading lady squeaked like a frightened mouse and the leading man—my favorite Dream Prince, alas—lisped through his false teeth; and right in the midst of the big love scene the sound track went ur-ur-ur-umph in complete boredom. I dashed frantically out into the night and, made it as quickly as possible to the Roosevelt Grill where I reached under the table for a straight gin—those were the dear
old days of bottle-under-the-table prohibition, lambie-pie. I didn’t want to hear Garbo talk, or John Gilbert, or Nancy Carroll, or Ronnie Colman. I wanted to keep my illusions. I threw myself into the Theatre Guild. The cinema and I no longer spoke. And then came that eventful evening when I was lured somehow or other into seeing “In Old Arizona,” the first all-outdoor, all-talking picture; and of far more importance to you and me, the first time Warner Baxter played his famous character, the Cisco Kid. I was positively enchanted with his voice and his accent; I was charmed by his portrayal of the romantic outlaw; and I decided then and there that perhaps these talking pictures did have a few things in their favor. I saw “In Old Arizona” three times and from that day to this have been quietly mad over Warner Baxter.

Well, it seems that not only was “In Old Arizona” important in my life but it was definitely more important in the life of Warner Baxter. Warner and his lovely wife had been in Hollywood for several years and Warner had batted about at the different studios playing leads and second leads in mediocre pictures and his work had always been satisfactory and his options picked up, but he was getting exactly no place. Like all screen personalities he needed one hit picture to put him over, one outstanding performance that would knock the people out of their seats. It never came. But talking pictures did come—with a bang, and the studios were in an uproar, and the producers were in a frenzy and constantly wiring New York to send out more Broadway actors; and the Warner Baxters were at life’s low ebb. Then one of those things happened that makes truth far more exciting than fiction. Movietone decided to experiment with outdoor talking, dragged the script of “In Old Arizona” off the shelf, and left for location in Zion National Park, Utah, to ascertain whether or not dialogue spoken in the open air could be recorded successfully. Their location work completed, the company was motoring through the night over the Utah highway to catch a Los Angeles train when all of a sudden a jack-rabbit, blinded by the headlights of one of the cars, jumped through the windshield and caused a wedge of flying glass to plough into the right side of a man’s face. The man was Raoul Walsh and he was both directing the picture and playing the Cisco Kid. Raoul Walsh lost his right eye and had to retire from the picture. Irving Cummings was assigned to continue the direction, and the Fox executives sent for Baxter and a dozen or more other actors to take tests for the rôle of the Cisco Kid.

Mrs. Baxter herself told me about the excitement in the Baxter household that night. She felt that this picture was going to be the (Continued on page 67)
A STAR IS MADE

At last—THE novel of Hollywood, by the famous author whose latest book, "My Own, My Native Land," is a critical and popular success; and whose original screen story for Claudette Colbert, "She Married Her Boss," is the new "hit" picture.

PART III

Diana was Belle in "Scarlet Stain." And she plunged at once into harder work than she had ever had in all her life.

She was at the studio early every morning. Made up. On the set. Innumerable rehearsals for every tiny scene. Lucian Roemer wanted the best lighting. He wanted his famous profile always in the picture. He wanted the best lines. Jordan Monroe, the director, was temperamental—but just.

Monroe went over every line with Diana. He admired her nerve in asking for the rôle, and while he did not think she was up to it he determined to do what he could.

Diana tried to feel herself the vixenish Belle, but she was too calm, her sobs too mild.

Roemer's girl friend, Jean Petite, played a bit in the picture. She didn't like Diana. She looked disdainful while Diana rehearsed her rôle. The rest of the company were indifferent, with the faint tinge of jealousy that most players have toward those who are playing a more important rôle.

As the picture progressed everyone grew more temperamental. Roemer pouted. His girl friend encouraged him. Monroe stormed.

One day things were going extremely bad. Monroe harried at Diana.

"You play a sophisticated bad woman as if she were a finishing school girl! he said.

"How can I play across from her?" groaned Roemer.

Monroe walked away. And Jean Petite strolled up.

"Ruining things as usual?" she sneered.

"I don't know what you mean," said Diana.

"Oh, yes you do, dearie," said Jean. "You got this rôle because your boy friend, Trauber, gives his new sweetie whatever she wants!"

"I—I never heard of such a thing!" said Diana.

"Well, you hear me," said Jean. "It's common enough gossip. Trauber's sweetie groomed in small rôles and thrust into the fattest part of the season. Only you can't act! He hadn't thought of that!"

"How dare you! You little—littie louse!" said Diana. Her voice was high. She forgot her dignity, training, everything.

"You can't do anything to me!" Jean made a face.

"You wouldn't dare. Trauber might find out you're two-timing him with Tony Bryant—and Tony's wife might find out, too."
Diana had never been really angry in all her life before.
"You dirty-minded little thing!" she screamed. "I never knew there were rats like you outside of rat holes."
Without knowing what she was doing she made a lunge toward Jean, slapped her.
"Get out of here!" she said. "I know how you got your job—but you'll get out, or I will. And the picture has gone too far for me to get out—so I think it's up to you!"
"Bravo! Bravo!" called a voice. It was Jordan Monroe.
"A lovely bit of acting!" he (Continued on page 91)
JOAN is a study in contradicitions. A child and a woman. Humorous and tragic. Filled with a confused self-pity one moment, she takes efficient and sensible charge of someone's else problems the next. Famous as one of the world's most talented and glamorous women, she has one of the most pronounced inferiority complexes I have ever encountered. A creature of moods and passing phases, with a chameleon's ability to change her personality to fit circumstances, she is none the less one of the most single-minded people I have ever known in the pursuit of her goals and ideals.

Her complexity makes her eternally interesting. As many stories about Joan may be written as there are people to write them. No two of them will ever see the same woman.

I have known Joan longer than I have known almost anyone else in pictures and she continues to surprise me. When I first met her, years ago, a famous director who has since become even more famous told me that the girl had talent but scant intelligence. "But," he added, "her ambition, her determination to learn and improve will carry her far beyond the limits of more intellectual women."

I suspected him then, (and I still do), of trying to take credit unto himself for her current performance which was to prove outstanding. Perhaps, in all fairness, that director, a mature man, mistook a certain immaturity of thought for lack of intelligence. (Joan was very young then!) He was right about the talent, the ambition, the burning determination to improve. I have known Joan with a sort of spasmodic intimacy ever since. There have been times when I wanted to spank her because of her insistence upon self-torture. There has never been a time when I doubted her perspicacity. I wish I had half of it!

Despite her success, the fame and fortune which have accrued to her, I think that Joan has had less fun out of life than most young women of her age. She is so hypersensitive, so filled with self-distrust, so harrassed by the restless necessity to grow. How can she enjoy herself? When Joan is happy about what she is doing, when she believes in a role, she is one of the gayest and most amusing people you could possibly meet. When she distrusts a part and herself in it, she is morose, tragic, lugubrious. Joan can be excruciatingly funny. But, darn it, she can send you away sobbing if she, herself, is in a sobbing mood.

She is one of the most generous people in pictures.
Crawford’s career can be an inspiration to every girl because of her passion for perfection and her never-ending struggle to attain it.

She cannot bear it if a young girl has not a proper frock to wear to a party; and she does something about it, quietly, if she can. She wants people to have fun, to embellish their lives with small luxuries and comforts. Yet her own régime is almost stark in its simplicity.

She rises early, eats sparingly, exercises, sun-bathes, gardens. Really gardens, clad in blue denim overalls, digging, weeding, planting, cultivating. And always she studies and studies and studies.

She is concerned about the costumes she wears upon the screen. They are worked out first in muslin so that she may be sure that the lines are right. They must express the character she is to portray and the mood of the scene, and she studies their effect with meticulous care. At home she wears blue cotton piqué house frocks. A down-town department store keeps a bolt of this material on hand especially for her and she has them made by a by-the-day dressmaker. They cost her about two dollars each.

She creates her own coiffures for each picture with the same painstaking thoughtfulness, accepting advice from experts but actual assistance from no one. When she is not working, she brushes her shock of hair off her forehead and allows the breezes to have their way with it. She wears no make-up.

Joan, visiting the studio on business between pictures, presents a much simpler appearance than does the lowest stenographer on the lot.

She has an almost hypnotic ability to inspire adoration. In the first place she is genuinely interested in people. If she is fond of a person she wants him to progress, to fulfill his greatest possibilities, to prosper and to profit. I have seen her in a state of tearful rebellion over the failure of the world at large to recognize the talent she has seen in some struggling artist.

You hear rumors to the effect that Joan is difficult to work with on the set; that she is moody, temperamental; that she holds up production.

When she was slated for “Forsaking All Others,” under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, there was some concern about how the pair would get along. Van is a high-powered director who insists upon promptness and efficiency. Were there fire works in the offing? I have the word of Florence Thomas, who was script girl on that picture, for what really happened.

“I wish I could deny those rumors in letters as high as a house,” she explained. “There was never a more considerate star, a better trouper, a more popular actress on any set than was Joan Crawford on this one. There wasn’t a moment of friction. Never have I seen an actress who was as appreciative of small favors done for her than Joan is—and, remember, I was with her every day for weeks.

“She was sufficiently interested in me, (and why should she be?), to offer me advice about diet and exercise, to write out for me, herself, her own régime for reducing when it is necessary, for keeping in top physical trim. She was so appreciative of small, ordinary courtesies offered her by a prop man that she presented him with a beautiful wrist watch when the picture was finished. He had been no more than ordinarily polite to her—but Joan never forgets even the smallest kindness.”

Florence’s recital recalled to my mind the adoring gratitude of an assistant cameraman who worked with her on the difficult location for “Rain.” The crew had been on duty in the cold and the damp for nearly twenty-four hours. Joan had had time off for rest and her terrific vitality had carried her through as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Surveying the tired, wan faces about her, she suddenly exercised the prerogative of an important star and announced, “I am through for the night!” And shooting was halted, perf orce, until people had had time to rest and warm their weary bodies. Every man of them worships her to this day.

She dramatizes herself successfully, albeit sometimes amusingly, in all her transient phases. You remember how sedate she became when she married Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Her house, her clothes, her manner, her habits—even her hair—took on all the aspects of subdued dignity which she felt were compatible with her new role in life. After her separation from Doug she became delicately exotic, more withdrawn than she had been before, touched a trifle with melancholy, but more fascinating than she had ever been.

Her success in dramatic roles has set her to work, of late, with renewed intensity at the task of studying and improving. The small theatre which she built recently on her estate is no toy. It is a genuine workshop where she toils and struggles for (Continued on page 79)
Win a Freddie

Freddie Bartholomew gives you typical American greetings and invites you to enter his contest. Six cowboy outfits such as Freddie wears, left, will be awarded.

A Grand Contest! Opportunity for all in this Salute to a Great Little Artist and a Fine Boy. Enter Now!

PRIZES:
FIRST PRIZE: $50.00 in Cash.
SECOND PRIZE: Freddie Bartholomew Suit: British-type, double-breasted jacket with two pairs of trousers (short and long trousers) sizes 4 to 14.
6 THIRD PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Cowboy Outfits.
FOURTH PRIZE: $25.00 in Cash.
FIFTH PRIZE: $10.00 in Cash.
6 SIXTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Sweaters, sizes 4 to 14.
10 SEVENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Airplanes, 36-inch wing-span.
3 EIGHTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Bedroom Slippers, sizes 1 to 6.
12 NINTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Caps, regular boys' sizes.
3 TENTH PRIZES: $5.00 in Cash each.
12 ELEVENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirts, sizes 4 to 18.
3 TWELFTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Harmonicas.
10 THIRTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Airplanes, 18-inch wing-span.
12 FOURTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Neckties.
12 FIFTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Hose, regular boys' sizes.
100 SIXTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Personally Autographed Photographs.

MORE fun, for the young of all ages! Freddie Bartholomew, the screen's brightest boy star, little David Copperfield of such precious memory, and the lad all America has taken to its heart, invites you to enter his contest.

The prizes are something worth competing for, indeed—and it is all so simple. Just write a letter about Freddie. That's all there is to it. Write 100 words or less on: "Why I Like Freddie Bartholomew;" or "Why I Think Dickens Would Have Chosen Freddie Bartholomew to Play 'Oliver Twist' on the Screen." Thus you have two subjects to choose from. And surely you must have lots to say about this great little artist! To make it even easier, read the charming and authentic story of Freddie's life, told by the actor himself to Ida Zeitlin, which appears on page 30 of this issue.

Now glance again at the list of 193 grand prizes, and you'll know you'll just have to enter this contest. It'll be fun and you may win a prize. So come ahead—and now!
Bartholomew Prize!

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Write a letter, 100 words or less, on one of the following subjects: "Why I Like Freddie Bartholomew," or "Why I Think Dickens Would Have Chosen Freddie Bartholomew to Play 'Oliver Twist' on the Screen?"

2. Fill out coupon printed on this page and send it with your letter to: Freddie Bartholomew Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. A coupon must accompany every entry.

3. This contest will close at midnight October 31st, 1935.

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

5. Judges' decisions will be final. No entries will be returned.

And here's Freddie wearing the jacket and long trousers which go with the Freddie Bartholomew suit—a smart British-type outfit. What boy wouldn't be proud to have a suit like this?

More prizes! Above, the Freddie Bartholomew necktie. Each of the twelve winners of fifteenth place in the contest will receive one of these.

Upper right, Freddie Bartholomew Cap, worn by the young actor for whom it was designed. Twelve of these are prizes.

And here's Freddie, right, dressed up in the Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirt.

SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in our Freddie Bartholomew Contest:

Freddie Bartholomew Suit, Courtesy Julius Schwartz and Sons.
Freddie Bartholomew Cowboy Outfit, Courtesy Flieberg-Henry Manufacturing Company.
Freddie Bartholomew Sweaters, Courtesy Puritan Knitting Mills.
Freddie Bartholomew Bedroom Slippers, Courtesy Fit-Rite Slipper Company.
Freddie Bartholomew Aeroplanes, Courtesy Golden Aircraft Company.
Freddie Bartholomew Caps, Courtesy M. Lewis and Sons.
Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirts, Courtesy Eagle Boys' Suit Company.
Freddie Bartholomew Harmonicas, Courtesy Jerome Borgfeld.
Freddie Bartholomew Neckties, Courtesy Max Cioff.
Freddie Bartholomew Hose, Courtesy Kramer Brothers.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Freddie Bartholomew Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name

Street Address

City State
Freddie's Life and Adventures

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Cis," the object of Freddie's frequent references, appeals, and endearments as he tells his story, is Miss Myllicent Bartholomew who, in Freddie's own words, is the most important person in my life and my father's sister.

Beginning the real life story—so far—of the boy who won world acclaim in "David Copperfield"

As told to Ida Zeitlin

I CAN remember when I was about three thirty—I mean, half past—what do I mean anyway, Cis?—three and a half, that's it. I can't imagine what made me say three thirty, as though I'd suddenly turned into a clock or something.

I can just remember little sort of instances—like when we came to a place where there was an enormous bath and we all washed our feet in the same water. That was the sea, of course, only I hadn't had enough experience then to know it was the sea. And I can remember that we had a huge turkey in the hamper, and I went into this hamper and pulled off a leg and scooted. I can always remember that because, small child though I was, I knew I was doing what I shouldn't, and I sort of edged around and pretended I wasn't at all interested in the hamper, and then I grabbed this leg and scooted.

And there's another instance I remember quite well—probably because it had to do with eating, for I did love eating in those days. I expect Cis thinks I like it pretty well even now. Well, I can remember that there were three bars of chocolate—one for each of my two sisters and one for myself. It was in a high cupboard which we couldn't reach. And I remember that we'd all march in and they'd give us a bit of the chocolate. And after I'd had about two pieces, they wouldn't give me any more, because naturally they thought I'd had enough. Well, I must have been rather a sly child, because I remembered having seen some people standing on a street corner, and they were singing a hymn, called Jesus Knocks All About Me, and when they'd done singing, other people gave them pennies. So I marched into the room again and stood in front of this cupboard and sang Jesus Knocks All About Me. And sure enough, I did get another piece of chocolate. After that I always sang it when I wanted something that was—well, rather doubtful, if you see what I mean. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't.

Then one of the most important happenings of my life was when I went to spend two weeks with granny and grandfather and my dear Aunt Cis, and instead of two weeks, I stayed there, because they had no children of their own—Cis was their child, of course, but she was quite grown up—and they rather liked the idea of having a child running about, and my daddy and mummy had my two sisters, so I stayed there.

I liked it far better than London, because in London I didn't have a garden or any sort of fruit trees, and here there were lots of fruit trees—apples and all that sort of thing—and I'd sample it and take what I felt like, and I had cats to play with.

Then another pleasant feature was that Cis would tell me stories and teach me nursery rhymes, which I loved. I'm afraid I was rather a nuisance at times, because often she'd be reading quietly and I'd climb into her lap and ask her to read it to me. She told me all the stories of Dickens and Shakespeare, and then she read them to me and presently I was reading them myself. I'll never forget how sorry I was for Wolsey—he was Henry the Eighth's cardinal, you know. Every night I used to pray: "God bless poor dear Wolsey," because his lot was so sad in the end.

Once it was a sermon she was (Continued on page 95)
Sylvia's Two-way Personality

Did you know that when little Sidney leaves the studio she—but read all about Sylvia's "other life" in this real inside story

By Leonard Hall

P SST! Come a little closer! Did you know that Sylvia Sidney—our sweet, suffering little Sylvia of a dozen passion-torn films—leads a double life?

Well, she does, and don't shake your heads and snort. When she picks up her empty dinner-pail, punches the time-clock and leaves the studio, she steps into another and quite a different world.

You would probably think, to look at her, so pert and cute, that once she had finished with the burning woes and sombre joys of her heroines, this half-pint emotional actress would say "Hi-de-ho!" summon a dancing boy friend and be off to the races.

In this you would be, of course, one hundred percent wrong, net. Our screen pets (and petters) have a disconcerting way of fooling us in their off-set lives, and Sylvia is no exception.

The Sidney minx, who looks like a Smith sophomore on the way to a heavy date with a football tackle, subsides completely into the company of the most interesting intellectual people within gunshot, and with them discusses the better sort of books and the more important

man who beholds her only in the midst of a huge and screaming party horrid with high-pitched laughter, a roaring band and the crash of breaking glass. In such a scene, to which she has to be dragged if she comes at all, the Sidney retreats in anguish to the loneliest corner, where she stands shuddering. The witness, seeing her thus—dumb and suffering—is inclined to believe that she is a shy and even stupid dudlark.

And how wrong THAT bird would be! For Sylvia, who does not glow in mobs because she loathes them, is delightful as all heck in a group of four or five people she knows, likes and trusts. She is gay and serious, loquacious and silent by turns—just as you imagine and hope her to be when you see her on the screen. She can be a darling, and she's always SO god-darned pretty!

I thought of these interesting matters not long ago as I lounged with little Sylvia in the center of a high-toned and costly New York saloon.

I never saw her look so cute. She was wearing the smartest of brown tailored suits. (Continued on page 82)
Are men, at heart, more domestic than women?
Perhaps that’s an open question. But anyway, it’s interesting to find that most of our “movie bachelors” live in homes of their own. It is really amazing how eagerly these heroes of the screen’s hot dramas start house-hunting the minute they arrive in Hollywood! And how they enjoy their homes.

Some go in for small ranches in San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, like Edward Everett Horton and W. C. Fields. Others prefer beach cottages where they live the year around. Many have homes in Beverly Hills, like William Powell, Lyle Talbot, Henry Wilcoxon and Michael Bartlett; while Toluca Lake, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots anywhere around Los Angeles, has attracted George Brent and Dick Powell, among others.

It’s a bit disconcerting to discover that no longer is the “feminine touch” necessary in creating or maintaining a home. With an efficient butler, a well-trained Philippino boy, or perhaps a faithful colored couple, to keep the domestic machinery oiled and running, these bachelors live in peace and comfort and a delicious independence.

Men don’t bother about traditions or what the other fellow has or does when they start assembling a home. They follow their own tastes and gather around them...
exactly the things that appeal to them and independently arrange their own schedule of living; and this reveals their personality as nothing else could.

Wouldn’t it be fun, for instance, to visit George Brent in his lovely little vine-covered home and poke into his domestic secrets?

This is the bachelor house that Charlie Farrell built and occupied before his marriage to Virginia Valli; and George lived in it once before, leaving it when he married Ruth Chatterton.

It is ideally suited to the needs of this handsome Irishman and from the minute you pass under the vine-draped door, through the hall and into the cheery living-room, you sense a pervading atmosphere of peace, of utter detachment from the hurry of the world outside.

“I have a home,” George was answering my question, “because I enjoy being alone. It offers a haven of privacy, of independence that I could have in no other way. I’m very diffident; I don’t like crowds, and I love my freedom in every way. I never get lonely because there are always so many interesting things to read and think about; and too, when I tell you that the picture that I’m now doing with Ginger Rogers is the eleventh that are congenial.

I’ve made in the past fourteen months, you will see I am kept very busy. But I like it. Work is a life saver. We may kick about it and dream of a time when we can give it up; but I doubt if leisure will ever be as satisfying as having each hour filled to the brim with jobs. That isn’t just a ‘line,’ I mean it.” I soon learned that George prefers solid substantial furniture and is not at all interested in antiques or “treasures.” His favorite colors are green and yellow, so contrasting with the dark beamed ceiling of his living-room there are cream walls, a soft green rug, and pale yellow upholstering on chairs and davenport. Wide casement windows offer views of tranquil beauty, revealing a velvety lawn sloping down to the very edge of the rippling waters of tree-lined (Continued on page 84)
The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

NINEO MARTINI
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ANITA LOUISE
MARIA GAMBARELLI
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDEIRO

Beautiful GENEVIEVE TOBIN, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

A FOX PICTURE

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Pointing Out the News of Hollywood!

"Hands Across The Table" is the name of the new Lombard-MacMurray film. Fred is an expert hand-holder by now, after playing opposite Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, and now Carole.

Our very special, exclusive attention-callers are Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard, most thrilling new screen team.

What's this? Fred and Carole are having a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Mr. MacMurray, the new movie idol, all dressed up and posing for this picture above. Apparently Fred's recent success hasn't gone to his head at all—just to the top of our page!
Ruby and Dick Forever!

The title of their new picture might as well be "Keeler and Powell at Annapolis" instead of "Shipmates Forever." What's a title, anyway, when the world is waiting to see Ruby dance again and hear Dick Powell sing sweet nothings? This time, their musical romance has the stirring background of the U. S. Naval Academy—see scene at right.
Gladys Swarthout's screen debut would seem auspicious; for the sparkling songbird from the Metropolitan Opera—and radio—has John Boles warbling with her in "Rose of the Rancho." Mr. Boles, complete with charm and voice, is success-insurance for any picture, as Shirley Temple and countless other stars will tell you. Watch out for this one!

William Walling, Jr.
Tailored Temptress

Joan Bennett, à la mode and mood!

Joan, correctly suited for Fall, is the essence of chic in her smart brown and beige tailleur, with her dark brown crêpe blouse, brown and beige bag of unusual design, and brown felt hat—especially the hat! Below, Miss Bennett gives in to a mood—highly decorative, too.
Sylvan Siren

Ginger Rogers, without Astaire!

Looking for new leading men to conquer, after her three successive hits opposite Fred Astaire, Ginger encounters George Brent in a lovely woodland setting, and romance ensues, as always happens when the alluring little Rogers is around. Ginger has a real acting rôle in this.
The New Hepburn
(What, Again?)

The handsome young man above is the versatile Hepburn, who had her locks shorn for realism in her rôle of "Sylvia Scarlett."

Katharine as the bewildered and bewildering "Alice Adams," her recent hit, is a study in contrasts and diversity.

It's true, if trite, to say that again Kaleidoscopic Katharine is a new Hepburn in her latest screen impersonations.

Another facet of Hepburn's many-sided personality, is seen in the reflective lady shown at the left. Katie really lives her rôles.
Tibbett Returns

One of the first operatic stars signed for talkies, Lawrence Tibbett now returns to Hollywood and the screen—for which hooray!

Remember Tibbett in “Rogue Song”? At right is a close-up of the star in that picture.

Pictures of the good news! Here you see the great baritone with Virginia Bruce and Luis Alberni, who appear with him in his new film, “Metropolitan.”

At right, lovely Virginia Bruce.
Colman's greatest acting chance in years is in "A Tale of Two Cities." Below, in a scene with Elizabeth Allan.
Friends and Rivals!

Ronald Colman, left, is leader of the romantic school. William Powell, right, is chief exponent of the suave modern style. Both, off-screen, are acclaimed real guys; and while acting techniques may clash, they never do.

Bill Powell and his new screen sweetheart, Rosalind Russell, are seen below in a gay interlude from "The Black Chamber."
Home-Life of a Hollywood Exquisite!

Here's news! The daring Dietrich does stay home sometimes, as these pictures prove.

You see Marlene the Magnificent pictured at parties, at night-clubs, and at picture premieres. But now you see her, for the first time, in her own home. Above, in her drawing-room with its amazing glass-backed fireplace. Left, on her terrace. Right, on the edge of her swimming-pool, which is pretty much like all other Hollywood pools, so we thought we'd just show you Marlene!
Laugh with Lloyd Again!

These first stills, right and left, tell you to get ready for a hilarious time, for Harold Lloyd is making "The Milky Way." He's a milkman who becomes a prize fighter. Right, in the ring, with Adolphe Menjou as his manager.

Above, Harold smiling but serious about his hobby, entomological research for an insect that will combat the dread black widow spider.

Harold Lloyd enjoys private life. He's the squire of a beautiful estate, a view of which, right, shows him at the famous garden walk, and head of a family consisting of his wife, the former Mildred Davis, Harold Jr., and two daughters.
Hollywood's Newest Gamble

He's tall, Irish, and handsome, so newcomer Errol Flynn gets one of the prize rôles of the year, "Captain Blood"

Sabatini's novel, "Captain Blood," has long been talked about for a picture, with such noted actors as Robert Donat and Leslie Howard mentioned for the title rôle. Then Warners suddenly signed an unknown for the part. Here he is, ready for the rôle, above.

His name is Errol Flynn. He's the husband of lovely Lily Damita. Will he justify the producers' faith in him with his first important performance?

What a prospective star has to endure! Errol Flynn is shown, left, being measured for his "Captain Blood" costumes. Looks bored? Don't blame him!

The romantic team of "Captain Blood," above: Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn. Left, our hero learns to fence, in the Sabatini tradition.

Bert Longworth
Will She Be The Feminine Fred Astaire?

Presenting the best girl tap dancer, Eleanor Powell, who may be the next great screen sensation in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

As a rule, the newcomers who make the hits arrive unheralded and unsung. But here's a girl already well-known as a stage dancer, whose first screen work is said to be so marvellous that everyone is shouting about her. Meet the dancing feet and sunny personality of Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1936" and see what you think.

She has a charming, unspoiled manner, as the circle close-up shows; she is a dancing whirlwind, as you can see in the stepping scenes at right; and she's popular with her fellow workers, as the picture at left proves, with Una Merkel helping Eleanor with a tricky blonde coiffure. Now for YOUR verdict!
INVITATION

Infinite are the artful ways of a man with a maid, or vice versa—especially on the screen

The primitive style, gay with laughter, shown by Clark Gable and a Tahitian maiden in “Mutiny on the Bounty.”

A boy and a girl on a park bench, with ice cream cones to help along the invitation to romance, as played by Dorothy Wilson and James Dunn in the film “Bad Boy.”

The subtle touch—you don’t know who’s doing the inviting, Dorothy Page or Edmund Lowe in “King Solomon of Broadway,” above.

Most subtle of all is the sophisticated romantic interlude at right, with Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne in “I Live My Life.”
TO THE KISS

Here's how film lovers talk a language of the lips that needs no words for understanding.

Wendy Barrie and Louis Hayward in this scene from "Feather in Her Hat" show us that adroit form of invitation that is veiled and unspoken, but emphatic.

"Beauty's Daughter" is the name of the film in which Claire Trevor and Ben Lyon get romantic like this, on the right.

There's the frank eagerness of boy and girl romance in the demonstration above by Richard Cromwell and Rosalind Keith.

Chester Morris and Sally Eilers are a trifle whimsical in the approach to wordless lip-language in this scene from "Pursuit."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life"

Photographed on location by Tanner, M.G.M.
Hollywood's Aloof Lady

Here's an entirely new slant on Secretive Sullavan, with Margaret's own explanation of why she fears "star-worship"

By
James B. Fisher

There were no two ways about it. Margaret Sullavan was making me feel like the Ancient Mariner, that old fellow with the steely eye and the burning desire to capture some hapless listener to whom he might retail a fantastic yarn of strange doings in the heaving Antarctic seas. Only I was not hunting for a listener and I had no long-winded story to tell. I was merely trying to get an interview with the shy and elusive Sullavan. That, my friends, is a monumental task!

For two days I had been lurking in the dim, nether world behind the cameras on the "So Red the Rose" set waiting for the proper moment for my guide to introduce me to her. Proper moments had arrived and had vanished. Whenever the right time popped up I inevitably discovered that my guide had betaken himself back to the publicity department, presumably to meditate about tomorrow's headlines.

Right now, for instance, it seemed an opportune moment for my interview. Margaret, looking like a wistful child in a billowing plaid skirt and a tight-fitting bodice of green satin, was sitting quietly on the sidelines reading a book. But I had to sit helplessly by, bound by convention and Hollywood system, and do nothing but watch her read.

My go-between from the publicity department was nowhere in sight. Even the title of her book—"Job"—was a source of annoyance to me; had been ever since I had set out in quest of my interview. Like Job, that most painfully patient of men, I was ready to curse the powers that be and die. Here I was within three feet of my quarry and powerless to do anything about the situation. I conjured with the idea of simply going up to her and introducing myself and explaining my mission. But what would be her reaction? Having heard all the tall tales of the lengths to which she might go in avoiding any sessions with writers, I was afraid that I might be the cause of a magnificent but disastrous tempestual outburst. Such an eventuality would no doubt cost the studio some wholly fabulous sum and would certainly result in nothing short of the hangman's noose for me! So I just sat and watched.

While I speculated thus gloomily, Dickey Moore hove into sight carrying a rubber pistol. Shades of Dillinger! With the callous, intrepid spirit of youth he walked right up to Sullavan's chair. Immersed in her book she was not conscious of this modern David with his rubber automatic who had planted himself, arms akimbo, directly in front of her chair. Then with a sudden movement he made his presence known. He (Continued on page 78)
Reviews of the best Pictures
by Delight Evans

GARBO at her thrilling best! It's grand to see this great actress and splendid personality smashing through with a superb performance, as she does in this handsome production of Tolstoy's novel. "Anna Karenina" is frankly a tragedy. You won't find any concessions to sweetness and light in it. A sombre exhibit, more than a bit on the heavy side, it aims to impress rather than merely entertain; and it succeeds in its serious purpose. Garbo gives it that unique dignity which always lifts her films far above the usual run of screen shows; and here, she surpasses herself in the beauty and poise of her characterization. Never has she looked so lovely; and never has she convinced so completely in her perennial rôle of the woman who risks all for passion. Fredric March is flawless as her lover. It is Freddie Bartholomew, however, who contributes the warm and human touch as Garbo's son; he is as charming, within the limits of his rôle, as he was in "David Copperfield"—proving that his first success was no accident of youth and a winning smile. Master Bartholomew is a very fine actor first of all; incidentally, he is the most delightful boy who has ever been on the screen.

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Warners

HERE is the Event of the screen season, a magical motion picture with world interest and appeal. Max Reinhardt's fabulous production finally comes to the screen, thanks to Warner Bros.' magnificent courage; and we find that Shakespeare at his most fantastic is exactly the movies' meat! Seeing this is an experience I urge you not to miss, a weird and wonderful adventure in beauty, humor, and imagination. Only the magic camera is capable of following the Bard's wildest flights; only Hollywood with its million resources could capture the essence of fairy glimmer that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is made of. Don't be afraid of this picture! It is not "arty," but artistic; it is sublime, and ridiculous; and it is always grand entertainment. The cast is superlative: James Cagney, unbelievably good as Bottom; Mickey Rooney, the perfect Puck; the exquisite newcomer, Olivia de Havilland, with Dick Powell, Ross Alexander and Jean Muir making up the delicious lovers' quartette; Victor Jory, a superb Oberon; Anita Louise, a lovely Titania; and Joe E. Brown, Frank McHugh, Verree Teasdale, Ian Hunter, Hugh Herbert—all excellent. The music by Mendelssohn has been beautifully arranged by Korngold; the dances, directed by Niniska.
**The Dark Angel—United Artists**

IMPORTANT! The real American screen début of Merle Oberon, brilliant young British actress—forget that Chevalier picture! Miss Oberon is the most thrilling dramatic discovery in years, and leaves too many of our gals too far behind in the picture parade for complete comfort. She's not only young and beautiful; she has a rare radiance, a passionate sincerity which she is smart enough to employ in a completely convincing and un-actressy manner. Far from being spoiled by Samuel Goldwyn's assiduous grooming, she emerges more original, more picturesque than before. Even her dated, stagy, slow-moving vehicle fails to submerge her flash and fire. When she is on the screen, "The Dark Angel" is moving, poignant stuff. The star has able support from Fredric March and Herbert Marshall, who help to lift the pall of sickly sentiment that hangs over this drama of war-blinded hero, faithful heroine, devoted friend. As usual, Mr. Goldwyn has provided handsome settings, authentic atmosphere, charming cast; and now that Miss Oberon has proven herself superior to her story material, perhaps he will reward her with a vitally interesting vehicle for her next appearance—soon!

**Alice Adams—RKO-Radio**

BY THIS time, probably everyone you know is talking about "that dinner-party" in "Alice Adams." I know people who follow this picture around hoping to catch the bits they missed before because they, and the rest of the customers, laughed so hard they drowned out the dialogue of that marvellous scene. It's worth the admission price, that scene alone, with Hepburn, Fred Stone, and Fred MacMurray, not to mention the cook, rising to real heights. Of course, the secret of *Alice Adams'* huge social success with us is that while she was being most absurd, she was so heartbreakingly pathetic. And it takes Hepburn to play such a character. She's superb at this sort of thing. Booth Tarkington's fine novel of American small-town social pretensions has been turned into the success story of a gal who gets her man. The original *Alice*, you know, finally grew up out of her dream-world and gamely set out to find a job. Not Hollywood's *Alice*! She lives right on in a Wonderland with Fred MacMurray. And who can blame her? Mr. MacMurray is a most believable young man even in this rôle, which is obviously tailored until it hurts. A triumph in time for Hepburn! Frank Albertson is uncompromisingly excellent as *Alice's* brother.

**Top Hat—RKO-Radio**

SUPPOSE we all join in whistling "Check to Check" and doing a few dance steps and call it a review? Fred Astaire's dancing gets me genial, makes me mellow. I want to whistle a little, hum a bit—off-key, maybe, but I like it; tap a trifle—but not tap typewriter keys, because any dull-wit can tell you that you can't pin the Astaire charm to paper. I don't even have to remind you to see Fred's latest. Your feet will automatically run, not walk to the nearest theatre. You'll be rewarded with his superb *Top Hat* taps; his and Ginger's grand "Peckolino" smash; Eddie Horton's inimitable drolleries; and— and—but honestly, that's about all there is to "Top Hat." Somehow the comedy seems self-conscious; the spontaneous sparkle of "Gay Divorcee" and "Robert" is missing—which is too bad, because this is the first "original" story the Astaire-Rogers team has had to play with; and it frankly falls far short in wit and ingenuity. But Ginger is gorgeous and gracious, gliding more gracefully than ever; there's only one big chorus number, and not too long; AND Astaire's there. Irving Berlin's tunes are gay, if indigestive.

Helen Broderick in her first screen rôle is pungently amusing.

**The Crusades—Paramount**

HISTORY has gone to Mr. DeMille's head again. The result is the most hectic and high-powered excursion into the colorful past yet attempted by this great personal conductor of grand tours of the ages. Hold your hats, everybody! Here we go. On your right, the walled town of Acre; and that stalwart figure breasting the battlements is none other than Richard the Lion Heart. The romantic gentleman with the courtly manners is Saladin, Sultan of all Islam—and suppose we stop right here to make our deep salaams to Saladin, by far the most fascinating figure in all this tremendous tapestry. I'm still a little dizzy from DeMille's frenzied fiction version of the mighty Crusades, with its glitter and grandeur, its bloody battles and occasional interludes of pure beauty. If I'm facetious, it's because Director DeMille fails to make me believe that he himself is taking his animated tableaux too seriously. Stupendous, overpowering, pretty noisy—"The Crusades" is his most pretentious production; but to me it lacks the fiery conviction ineretic characteristic of his work. Henry Wilcoxon is a roaring, robust Richard, Loretta Young an angelic Berengaria. Ian Keith is the truly impressive Saladin. See this—it's food for argument.
Here's the Glamor, above. Miriam as the alluring and very, very dramatic star of "Barbary Coast," her new picture. And here, right, is the Grin—expressing the humor, the verve, and the sly mockery of Hopkins, the girl.

"Such a strange time in my life, this is!" Miriam Hopkins said. "Sort of in-between. I'm not thinking of marrying anyone; I'm not even madly in love. No, no, don't say that in your story. I wouldn't give a darn for an actress who wasn't in love, if I were reading a story about her. Anyway, it isn't strictly true." Followed by a Mona Lisa smile.

I have to hand it to her. She set a new high for casual informality while being interviewed. Wearing white shorts, sitting in the sun in the patio of her home—being pedicured! Oh, people dropped in, but Miriam was equal to the occasion. So must DuBarry have been.

It was, Miriam explained, the day after finishing her picture, "Barbary Coast," and the time to be refurbished. And Miriam loves her pedicure—"makes me feel so glamorous, like a great star. One should always make the most of every opportunity to be glamorous." Her
Miriam Hopkins, satirical beauty, has a pedicure and an interview at the same time! Here are the highly entertaining results—a SCREENLAND Special

By

Ruth Rankin

satirical little smile said she thought glamour was all a great joke, but wasn't it fun. It must be fun, the way Miriam plays it—with perfect awareness at all times. Makes you feel a little sorry for, and more than a trifle impatient with the glamorous who take it big, and bid us do likewise.

This is such an encouraging attitude to find in an actress, this seeing things eye to eye. You immediately figure you can dispense with the introductory twaddle and make strides. So I drew a deep breath, counted five, and inquired, "How do you feel about being the leading vixen on the screen?"

"She told it right on the chin without blinking. "That is a distinction which does not belong to me. I have played only one that I can recall, Becky Sharp. Why should that single role identify me as a vixen?" Miriam thus politely declined the honor.

"Not even a genteel hussy?" I persisted, remembering, if Miriam didn't, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Smiling Lieutenant," and "She Loves Me Not."

"I wish to have no more to do with hussies. I want to play simple women who are human. Oh, dear—I wish I could tell you about something that is in the air for me... plans... but I can't reveal a word. I was told about it only last night, myself." Miriam looked sufficiently mysterious. I begged to know all about it.

"No, I really cannot tell anyone now. If it doesn't work out, it would place me in a very awkward position, and others as well. And it would sound as if I were dissatisfied with Hollywood and all that nonsense. When I surely am not."

We wish to go on record with the fact that one actress can keep a secret, and she is the one. Miriam fended gracefully, deftly eluding all my agile probing. This much I discovered—which you can take for what it is worth and possibly figure something out of it. At any rate, it was a startling statement from a picture actress, who is ordinarily supposed not to be disinterested in money.

"I want to let my soul catch up with my bank account," Miriam said, and she wasn't being dramatic, either. "Less money and more accomplishment."

So there you are, to attach whatever significance you like to it. Nothing would move her to reveal another hint of her plans. I gathered they mean a very great deal to her.

She is happier in her new contract with Samuel Goldwyn than she has ever been before, so the plans surely can have no disturbing effect on that, one feels certain. Says she has never worked under such pleasant and happy conditions, or with so much personal attention.

"Mr. Goldwyn is so vitally interested in every part of his productions," she exclaimed with fine enthusiasm. "I feel like an individual, never part of a great machine. For instance, he even looks at tests of costumes and costumes. He will rush up and say, 'Honey, your hair is lovely that way,' or 'Let's try it. The look will bring it out, and it is just right.' " Whatever he says proves how interested he is, and you want to be marvellous for him—but marvellous. Nothing less will do. He is like a wonderful father. I have rather a father-fixation anyway, you know, having been so crazy about my own."

A plane swooped overhead, circled out over the ocean and back again with a decided dip over the Goldwyn patio. "That's probably Leo amusing the baby," Miriam announced calmly. "I know three men with planes and they fly over all the time for Michael. He loves it. Oh, no. It isn't Leo. It's probably the butler. He is quite a flyer. Always goes up on his afternoons off and waves at us. He has promised to take all the household up. Mademoiselle, the cook, all of us."

Related with the utmost serenity as if it were quite the usual thing to have one's butler circling about in the ozone overhead! But then, her whole household seems like something out of a smart drawing-room comedy. She likes individualistic persons around, attracts them, and her servants are all interesting. Her nearest friend and companion is little Mrs. Holt, whom she has known for ten years—a writer, and about her own age. The three arrived with tea and Mademoiselle arrived from the beach with Michael. It turned into a homey-sociable interlude. Michael is a love of a little blond boy, three years old, with a Saint Bernard named Aesop who would make six of him. Michael embraced his mother fervently, and with an eye on the cookies, said, "I love you, Mummy, nice, nice Mummy"—until he had talked her out of two and a half (plain ones), and it was time to shed his bathing suit for a shower. (Continued on page 74)
IT WAS at the wrestling matches, and I love a good wrastle, that it suddenly occurred to me the other evening, “Whatever became of the second instalment of the Lombard Life Story?” I don’t know why I should think of a second instalment just as the Colorado cave maniac was strangling the Utah grappler except that the cold-drink vendor chose just that moment to shout in my ear, “Peanuts and Colbert”—and when I am reminded of Colbert I am reminded of the cinema and when I am reminded of the cinema I am reminded of Screenland. And what do you think, or do you! My editor is psychic! Don’t tell me there isn’t such a thing as thought transference. The very next morning I received a wire from her which read, “Whatever became of the second instalment of the Lombard Life Story?” Now, I ask you, isn’t that simply weird!

Well, anyway, now that we’ve all remembered it we might just as well do something about it. As you recall (I hope), we decided to do Carole backwards because she always does the unexpected herself. Carole is the type who goes to a Philharmonic concert and fairly swoons over an old cadenza, but instead of going home quietly to bed after the concert like a well-shaved music lover she attends the midnight performance of “Life Begins at Midnight,” which, my pet, is bizarre and definitely off-color. How this backwards business isn’t as easy as it seems I’m masmuch as I am neither Chinese nor Moss Hagen and George Kaufman; so Carole’s life is going to be rather episodic with a bit of the hop, skip, and jump, and the further 1 (Continued on page 68)
The Dream Comes True!

The amazing true story of Olivia de Havilland, Hollywood’s most romantic discovery in years

By Ramon Romero

WHEN she was born in Tokio, Japan, not so very many years ago, her mother named her Olivia, after the character in Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night.” When she was a little girl in San Francisco, where she was brought to be educated, she was taken to see a road production of “The Miracle,” which impressed her so deeply that she was awed to hear even the mention of its creator’s name, Max Reinhardt. Little did she dream then that Shakespeare and Reinhardt, two of the most illustrious names of the theatre, were in the near future to shape her destiny into a career that promises to flower into magnificent achievement.

Olivia de Havilland is her own name. It is a cognomen that rings with a literary quality. It leads one to suspect her of French parentage; but she assures me she is really English on both sides of the family. Yet in spite of the British blood she feels as American as the Statue of Liberty, which was also imported, but managed to become thoroughly acclimatized.

When Max Reinhardt announced she would play Hermia in his Hol-
Screenland predicts that Merle Oberon will be the latest screen star to set styles in clothes and coiffures, following the lead of Garbo, Dietrich, and Hepburn. Merle has that mysterious something that creates news! Above, she wears a lovely negligee especially designed for her. Note the front fullness, medieval collar, and soft shirring. She wears this in "The Dark Angel."

Omar Kiam has designed for Miss Oberon a screen wardrobe rather remarkable for its conservative chic. No spectacular effects; simply good, wearable clothes, such as the daytime dress at right, of soft gray wool, with red velvet bow and belt. Note, again, the important front fullness. The tweed coat of quiet cut has a soft fox collar—Kiam's concession to the flattering.

The nicest Fall suit we've seen is the smart one designed for Merle and pictured at extreme right. It's russet tweed, with a vari-colored scarf and leather belt. The ever-clever beret tops it off very pretty.
She's an original! High, high forehead; slanting eyes; a subtle and yet exciting charm—Merle Oberon steps into the screen spotlight in "The Dark Angel;" and SCREENLAND steps right after her with queries and camera to discover her personality secrets.

Exclusive SCREENLAND Glamor School portraits of Miss Merle Oberon by Samuel Goldwyn Productions. Gowns designed by Omar Kiam.

If you saw Miss Oberon in that highly dramatic and imaginative motion picture, "Thunder in the East," formerly called "The Battle," with Charles Boyer, you don't have to be told that she has the most wonderful hands on the screen. Above, you see how beautifully expressive they are. And notice, please, that Merle eschews brilliant nail polish, preferring the more natural and pearly tints.

One all-black costume in every woman's wardrobe, says Omar Kiam, who is one of America's leading designers of wearable clothes. Left, Merle Oberon uses a double-silver fox scarf to enhance her severe and simply smart black street frock.

And yet again: the front fullness! See Miss Oberon's polka-dot dress, at extreme left. Kiam's insistence upon this fullness marks it for special consideration. Merle's black and white print has the ever-popular piqué touch at the neck. Her handbag and hat are—you'll never guess—green, no less! And most effective contrast to the black and white dress, too.
In Her next picture, "Riff-Raff," Jean Harlow will wear a black wig—which leaves Alice Faye champion of the platinum blondes. Every now and then Jean gets the idea that maybe she isn't an actress, that maybe it's the much publicized blonde hair that gets her across in pictures; and she likes to prove to her own satisfaction that it's herself and not her hair that gets you and me into the theatre. She wore a red wig in "Red-Headed Woman" and did all right. So we'll see.

Joan Crawford gave the Trocadero quite a thrill when she went dancing there with Franchot Tone, recently. Not that they were any novelty there—but for the fact that Joan was wearing a tailored suit! Something rather new for Joany.

Clarence, Joan Blondell's famous colored butler, made the most apropos remark I heard concerning the Blondell-Barnes divorce which was done so quietly that Hollywood knew nothing about it until it was all over. Clarence has been with Joan and George ever since they were married and he is devoted to both of them. He was discussing it with me. "It mighty much broke me up it was all done so quiet-like. Mr. Barnes he just kissed Mrs. Barnes and left as quiet as a mouse. Why, I remember my divorce down in Louisiana my old woman shrieked and hollered while I was loading up the wagon with my things, and then when I drove off she threw a brick at me."

Gary Cooper's cowboy days in old Montana stood him in good stead the other day when the prop man on the "Peter Ibbetson" set handed him a pair of stiff rawhide boots which he was supposed to wear from eight to twelve hours a day for two weeks. Gary took one look at those stiff boots and began to ache with pain. But he remembered the range—filled the boots with hot water, kept them like that for three hours, and made them as pliable as patent leather.

The latest fad of la belle Lombard is oil painting. While you are talking to her she gets out her easel and palette and messes up a lot of goo which she calls you.

Grand for that tired feeling! We mean, how can you find repose other than a thing of beauty and excitement when you watch Ann Sothern relax like this in her Hollywood garden?
NELSON EDDY has become the most popular beau in town, playing no favorites, taking a different girl out almost every time. Isabel Jewell has been running first, with several appearances. Mary Pickford and Frances Marion have rated. Everyone looks forward to his "Rose-Marie," to be directed by Van Dyke, who accomplished "Naughty Marietta."

A COMMAND performance is, of course, a command performance. But London is so far away for one, wouldn't you think? Gracie Allen and George Burns have been hidden by the King. They plan to go over, give their one show, and take the next boat back! On account they have to make a picture promptly. Gracie is all excited about it, but one other fact has her even more thrilled. They are stopping in Chicago on their return to adopt another baby, a playmate for Sandra. I wondered why everyone goes to Chicago to get babies, and why they were better than New York or maybe California infants, for instance. Gracie enlightened me. Youngsters for adoption from all over the country are sent to this particular Nursery Home in Chicago, and the waiting list is as long as your arm. A lot of Hollywood names on it, too.

KATIE HEPBURN flatly denies the latest rumor that she is married to Leland Hayward. This one has it that the ceremony took place around two months ago, which would be at the time of one of Hepburn's quick trips to New York. But then, every time she flies back home the good old reliable rumor pops up, and we do wish Katie would hurry up and make up her mind. At the moment, she is tearing around the KKO lot with a hair-cut that will simply stop you—every bit of her glorious hair off, and cut exactly like a boy's, for "Sylvia Scarlett." She wears boy's clothes in this, her next picture, and looks exactly like your seventeen-year-old brother.

MARY PICKFORD made her welcoming gesture to David Selznick, new producer in the U.A. organization. She has parted with the rights to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" which will be made with Freddie Bartholomew—and it looks likely that Mary herself may play the mother, Dearest, in the picture. If you are an old-timer, you will remember that Mary once played both parts, mother and son.

THIS is one Bill Powell told me the other day. While he was up in Yosemite, he did a lot of horseback riding. A man came to the stables just as he was taking off, and asked for a horse.

"About how long do you want him?" asked the groom.

The man considered for a moment. Then he said, "Better give me the longest one you have. Four of us want to go riding!"

WHEN little Shirley Temple heard about Will Rogers' death in Alaska she said, "I hate airplanes." Knowing Shirley as I do I am certain that's exactly what the child said, for she has a terrific plane complex which puzzles both her parents. I was with her on the Fox lot one day when a plane flew over. Shirley buried her head in my lap and began to scream, "Don't let it fall on me! It will kill me."

DOLORES DEL RIO'S fifth wedding anniversary gift from her husband, Cedric Gibbons, was a platinum necklace, from which were suspended tiny diamond-replicas of all the things she cherishes. There were two miniature dogs, a miniature house, hers and Cedric's nicknames for each other in joining diamond lettering, and a small disc on which were engraved the same old words in the same old way, "I Love You."

YOU probably figure Constance Bennett's the girl who has a new gown at least every week, and wearing it once or twice. The real situation is this: she buys her clothes once in a season, very few at that, and she buys originals far in advance of the mode. Not only that, but she works hand in glove with the leading designers for her clothes, contributing ideas to every design submitted to her. One famous Parisian couturier says, "Constance Bennett's clothes-chic is based upon the conspicuous simplicity of every detail."

And the lady gets good wear out of everything she buys, because she never invests in anything tiresome in the way of clothes. Your most extravagant dress, as you know, is the one that hangs in the wardrobe, unworn.

EXTRA! Clark Gable Arrested! Imagine your favorite hero's surprise when two strong arms of the law strode into the studio and slapped a firm hand on his shoulder. Seems Gable is such a stout huntsman that he makes his own shells. He borrowed a reloading machine from a friend on the Culver City police department and forgot to return it. So a John Doe warrant was issued, since the rest of the department did not know who had the machine and thought it had been stolen. Whitey Headry, head of the M-G-M police, learned of the warrant, and knew who had the machine. He roped off the boys to rob Clark. The boy really took it big, and a whole lot of explanations were in order.

JAMES BLAKELEY, Columbia's head romance-boy, is now making up to Woody Barrie and they do say that's why she didn't go over to England for that vacation, as she had planned. Blakeley is genuine Park Avenue gone actor.

Henry Fonda proves you can dream with your eyes wide open, in his charmingly intimate bit of screen humor with Lily Pons for "Love Song," the opera star's column debut.

Maureen cuts up—but it's earnest business, this job of attaching cut-out pictures of the signers of an autograph book the O'Sullivan is compiling for her sister in Ireland.
OVER on the Ginger Rogers "In Person" set I looked all over for Ginger. There seemed to be everyone else who belonged in the picture: the director, a camp in the Adirondacks, a rain machine, a huge air-conditioning fan blowing over blocks of ice—and George Brent kidding with great animation a girl with dark brown hair done in a bang. She was evidently someone new. I couldn't place her at all. So I asked Bill Seiter, the director, where on earth was Ginger, with everything all set up and ready to shoot. "Why, right there she is!" he laughed. And sure enough, the girl in the brown wig was Ginger, and her own mother wouldn't have recognized her at three paces. She was playing, of all things, a screen star off on a vacation! So far off, that Brent isn't supposed to recognize her at all, so he proceeds to open up on what he thinks of actresses in general, and screen stars in particular. I do hope it works out all right in the end, but they didn't get around to it yesterday, so I'll have to wait until the picture is previewed.

SUCH is fame, I suppose. When lunching at the restaurant on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot the other day I noticed on the menu: "Noisette of Spring Lamb Colbert." "But," I objected to the head waiter, "Miss Colbert doesn't even work on this lot." "No," he agreed amiably, "but we admire her very much." Claudette may be a Glamor Queen to her fans, but she's only a Noisette to the chef.

FRANCES DEE was looking at houses in Westwood, with an idea of renting one. She had about decided, when the salesman remarked, "And when will your parents see it, Miss?"

"Oh, I'm the parents," announced Frances.

BETTY FURNESS is being seen at the Tropic those nights with Cesar Romero instead of Cary Grant. Cary is doing the rush act at these nights with beautiful Virginia Bruce, and visiting tourists at the Tropic certainly have a thrill when those two go into a polka.

Meet the Missus! Sure, Ray Milland is married. That's his wife, left. Rosalind Keith completes a striking trio at a recent social event.

All you hear in Hollywood ever since a preview of "Broadway Melody" are raves about Eleanor Powell who makes her screen debut in that swell picture. Eleanor does everything from the most difficult taps to an impersonation of Katharine Hepburn, that is so marvellous it gives you creeps. After seeing the versatile Eleanor we wonder how some of those other musical leading ladies ever got by on the little they have to offer.

The gossips are already separating Errol Flynn ("Captain Blood") and Lily Damita. They are vehement in their denial. As a matter of fact, they are working on adjoining stages at Warners, have luncheon together every day, and we just don't believe it.

Nine-year-old Edith Fellows is the next child-excitement in the picture firmament, after her inspired performance in Claudette Colbert's "She Married Her Boss." A different kind of a child, no sweetness and light to cloud her brilliance as a problem-brat of the first water. Judging from the howls of glee in the theatres, audiences are a little bored with goody-goodies who solve grown-up problems in an amazingly acute fashion. Hail to the brat without a single inhibition, who will remind every one of us of a similar one we would like to take over the knee with a hairbrush, the way Claudette did!

Eddie Robinson has earned by this time that there is no use ordering his luncheon while Lawrence Tibbett is practicing! Tibbett's dressing-room is right underneath Robinson's, and he invited Joel McRea to lunch with him, ordered, and sat back to enjoy the impromptu Tibbett recital while the waiter was getting things together. So they waited and waited, hungry but soothed with music, and time creeping up to get back on the set. Finally the waiter arrived, forty-five minutes later. Mr. Robinson was slightly burned around the edges, but the lunch was stone cold. Seems Tibbett had his order in first, the waiter went in to serve him—and couldn't, simply couldn't bear himself away while the music lasted. Eddie says he'll probably have to learn to sing or starve, as long as Tibbett and he are on the same lot.

Telephone operators are really the only efficient people in Hollywood. The other evening John Boles returned home after being out on location with "Rose of the Ranch" all day and suddenly remembered that he was about due at a party given by Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount production boss. He couldn't remember what the party was or informal so he called the studio operator.

"I don't know Mr. Lubitsch's number," he told her, "so could you tell me whether the party is white or black tie?"

"Oh, if you wear a tuxedo, Mr. Boles," was the quick reply, "you put on a black tie; and if you wear full dress you wear a white tie." So now Mr. Boles knows.

An unusual shot of a scene in the making. Brian Aherne, center, as the romantic archaeologist, explores an ancient tomb. Joan Crawford and Sterling Holloway, left, look on. W. S. Van Dyke directs. It's for Joan's new film.
Some fun, eh Bing? Well, go ahead, enjoy yourself. But don't point those syphons at us — the Crosby eye seems too darn sure of its aim.

There is a man over at Goldwyn's who lives in a fog. His name is Paul Widlicska, and he can whip up any kind of a fog you want on a moment's notice. He says there is a big difference between a San Francisco fog, for instance, and a London fog, or even a fog on the China Sea. He says he often feels very disappointed in more somber nights when he is driving home late. Confidently, thinks he could improve on the fogs he runs into, no end! Started fog-making because once the old days they had one which hurt his throat and made his eyes ache. Made 'em of smoke and ammonia gases before he took the business in hand. Now a fog is nothing more than mineral oil forced under high pressure, and it won't do you a bit of harm. Yep, same mineral oil you buy for a tummy ache.

Widlicska is from Hungary, where he has two brothers — one a Jesuit priest, one an army officer. In this country, his son and daughter are getting a splendid education at leading universities — because their father is always in a fog!

Grace Moore placed a blissful summer's vacation in her memory book and headed for Hollywood around the first of September. She luxuriated in her villa on the Riviera, as every prima donna should to be worthy of the name. (I wouldn't give a darn for a prima donna without a Mediterranean villa, would you?), and came back with much more luggage than she took away. Brought home many a treat on this trip, not to mention her husband, Valentino Parera, baby toes. We feel that the old days of hushed awe concerning opera singers, over, ever since we found out Lily Ross is doing a rhumba in her first picture. See what you've done, Lily?

If you conjure pictures of tamarind-jalepeno enchilada laden tables at the home of Dolores Del Rio, be disillusioned. Her diet consists mainly of fruits, vegetables, and white meats. Oh, occasionally she gets native for guests. And if that is too much to bear, anyway Pat O'Brien's favorite dish is Irish stew.

One of the most interesting men you could possibly know, and one of the most mysterious, is Warner Oland. His enormous success as Charlie Chan has built him a tremendous following, and the strangest thing about it is that he has never been in China! The Olands have cruised around almost every other country in the world, making an annual trip to France, (with Slugs, the fog) but so far they have never been able to get around to China. This doesn't interfere in the least with Oland's characterization, you must admit. The most utterly sophisticated and charming pair, these Olands mingle little with the screen colony. They depart for their beach house near Santa Barbara as soon as a picture is completed — and if you could see that lovely place, you wouldn't blame them. Edith Oland is a fine painter, and their house is lovely with color, the walls illuminated with her own brilliant work, and that of many of the best modernists — Diego Rivera, Modigliani, etc.

And by the way, there was certainly one of those "situations" at the Vendome at lunch the other day, Ina Claire, who is about to open in "Ode to Liberty" in Los Angeles, was sitting in a booth. And right across from her was Virginia Bruce, and right across from both of them was Leatrice Joy. All former wives of John Gilbert, my pet, in case you've forgotten. If only Garbo had been there the girls could have had a grand get-together.

The season's prize for the most intriguing name for a character goes to Ben Hecht. He calls a grizzled old miner in "Barbary Coast" by the name of "Old Atrocities." That's the high in names, as far as we are concerned.

The last date Richard Cromwell had in Hollywood before boarding a tramp steamer in Los Angeles Harbor for one of those round the world tours was with cute little Mary Carlisle. They dined and danced at the Troc, and it was all quite youthful and romantic.

Busman's holiday! Look at all this talent — on one set. Elizabeth Allan, left, and Director Jack Conway, standing, play hosts to Marlene Dietrich, Clifton Webb, and Clark Gable on the set for "A Tale of Two Cities."
Lanny Ross Leads Our Radio Parade

The reason you like Lanny is shown in this swell action photograph of young Mr. Ross at the microphone. He's natural, enthusiastic, sincere—and what a voice!

The latest about your other idols, Lanny Ross in particular

By Tom Kennedy

THE most popular and most often repeated of all the legends which flow from that fountain of fabulous history known as Hollywood, is the one about how a certain studio lets go of some starlet only to find later that a veritable gold mine has been within its very grasp and allowed to slip away to enrich a competitor in the field of stage or film production.

It's such an old story, and legion are those who at some time in the past have been rudely shooed off some lot and then frantically called back to Hollywood either by the same company or a rival at far fancier figures than they would gladly have worked for under their original contracts. But it is a story which never loses its appeal—it's perpetual news, always good for items in the papers and chuckles from the masses.

Well, your correspondent thinks he knows the name of a young fellow, very prominent in other fields, who someday is going to be the chief figure in another such story—a tale that will sound too tall, as it accurately relates how every studio in the Cinema City is bidding, including the studio which previously had the star under contract, for the prized services of one who showed Hollywood it was not so smart for letting him go in the first place.

You know his name too—likely everybody who ever listened to a radio or read the papers knows it. Moreover, if everybody doesn't like and admire the chap and his singing, then most certainly there are enough such to make up what in political circles constitutes a "landslide."

Of course, you know now that all this refers to Lanny Ross. Who else could it be?

You also know that Lanny had a fling at Hollywood. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Hollywood had a fling at Lanny. And that was one time when Hollywood just quit cold without waiting for the umpire to call the third strike, after Hollywood took two swings and missed by a mile. Of course, the studio did try to hold on to Lanny, but not the way it was possible for him to accept. All the young man wanted was a good story, a story of the type he felt he could do well. Not bad advice for an actor to give his producer, and surely one that makes it easier and pleasanter for the paying customers at the theatres. (Continued on page 87)
How Hollywood's LOVELIES Get, and Stay, That Way

Want to have that Hollywood Figure? Here are the stars' own health secrets

MARSHA HUNT, Paramount's youngest new actress, who posed for the pictures illustrating our medicine ball routine, is in marvelous condition. She's not a pound overweight, or underweight, and she holds herself beautifully. She can relax instantly. As you know, or you should know by this time, the secret of perfect poise is the ability to relax.

As a member of the Junior League, Marsha posed as a photographic model, and tells me that she attributes some of her poise to the fact that as a model she had to learn to remain absolutely still, with every part of her relaxed and graceful.

Mack Sennett used to make his bathing beauties sit without moving a muscle for ten minutes at a time, when he found them acquiring little nervous movements. An actress, whether on stage or screen, can't distract attention from a scene by fussing with her belt, or twisting her handkerchief, and it doesn't look one bit better when a girl who isn't on the screen does these things. Sit down tonight, taking a relaxed but graceful position, hips well back in your chair, legs uncrossed, and time yourself. How long before you move?

If you have a ping pong set, you can maintain your slim waist with daily practice. Adrienne Ames has a ping pong table that she uses every day, and she tells me she seldom needs any other exercise for waist (Continued on page 75)

The first three positions, in their proper sequence, are shown by Marsha at the left.

Below, Marsha brings her beauty-building exercise to a smiling climax.

MARSHA HUNT. Paramount's newest discovery, who is one of Hollywood's most perfect physical specimens, here illustrates for us the medicine ball routine she uses.
Up Goes Your Hair!

Hollywood beauties say so, and they know

By Elin Neil

Remember is that the soap which is best for washing woolens is also best for your hair. The physical properties of human hair are much the same as those of wool.

To get on with the home shampoo: part your hair while it is still wet and with the middle and index fingers, press indentations where you want waves. Hair pins or "bobby" pins placed at the edges of the waves, will help keep them in place. Then turn the ends whichever direction you want them to go and secure them with pins. Take out the pins when your hair is almost dry. Then press and pinch the waves and curls in, using an upward push with the palm of your hand. This will make your hair look fluffy and light. Of course, if you want formal waves, you'll have to use a waving lotion and let your hair get entirely dry before you comb it out. This is a pretty difficult job to do for yourself.

Before you start your shampoo, give your hair a good thorough brushing with a stiff-bristled brush. The more you brush and massage the better, especially if you follow the brushing with a stimulating hair tonic or ointment.

Much has been said about too-frequent washing being bad for your hair. According to a very well-known hairdresser I talked with recently, hair can be washed as often as once a day without hurting it in the least. Once a week is about average. After all, Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford both have daily shampoos. If your hair looks its best immediately after a shampoo, wash it as often as you want to for appearance's sake. If it is more flattering to you when it is sleek and glossy, you should make the intervals between shampoos longer or use plenty of brilliantine and brushing to stimulate the flow of natural oils.

Pure water never hurts your hair. Chemicals in water sometimes do. Salt water, of course, is bad for your hair and should always be rinsed out. (Continued on page 85)
Baxter’s Inspiration
Continued from page 23

“break” that they had been waiting for. That at last the world would realize what she had known for a long time—that Warner Baxter was a director. She washed his hair with her curling iron, she helped him with his make-up, and she went over his lines with him and again until he was satisfied. She kept secret what she did, but it really didn’t matter whether he got the part or not because there would always be another part; but he couldn’t eat his croissants and go to bed because it was a little too late and his wife knew only too well that it mattered much more than he cared to admit. One look at the test and Warner Baxter became the Cisco Kid. One look at the Cisco Kid and all of America and Europe became hysterically Baxter-con- scious. His fan mail reached enormous proportions, (he still receives more mail than any player on the Fox lot); and the studio executives lost no time in rushing out a contract and furiously hunting for a follow-up picture, which, not at all strangely, was called “The Cisco Kid.”

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences conferred a statuette on Warner as a little tribute and he got it, the award for the best performance of the year, 1929—the Cisco Kid in “In Old Arizona.” It was a red-letter day in Warner’s personal career.

Although I had been quietly mad over Warner for nearly six years I had never met him until last summer when I was thrown into space with him from the Social Mixer in a Fun House on the amusement pier. When we hit against the retaining wall we looked like a couple of wrestlers trying to do the toe-hold, and as I jerked my head from under his arm I said, “How do you do?” and would have confessed my undying devotion then and there, but just then a couple of people came hurtling through the air and Dietrich and Randy Scott landed on my face and by the time I had extricated myself Warner had joined Clive Brook at the hot dog stand.

The next time I met Warner I was all set to shout my devotion—but I also met his wife. And right here I want to go on record as saying that Winifred Baxter is the most charming wife I have ever met in Hollywood, or anywhere else for that matter. I have been up to my ears in Hollywood wives for nearly four years, worse luck; and if there’s anything that depresses me more than having a Hollywood wife, I may say I have been snubbed by the best of them. But fifteen minutes of Winifred Baxter and I was laughing and joking and carrying-on something terrific. Mrs. Baxter has a delightful sense of humor; besides that she is warm and gracious and responsive; and besides all that she is quite beautiful—and bow when I make bland statements about Hollywood wives I always stop to qualify them with “except Mrs. Warner Baxter.”

In speaking of Warner she tries to be very casual, but it’s not easy to see that she adores him and is utterly convinced that he is the most wonderful actor in the world. And it’s also easy to see where Warner gets his “inspiration.” There is a fancy going around Hollywood that Mrs. Baxter is an invalid. She isn’t at all. She simply radiates health and vitality. And Warner himself is probably to blame for this in- truth. When he had to go to some of those very dull “premiere” parties the studio executives would ask, “And where is Mrs. Baxter?” and Warner would gibberly lie, “Winifred, poor dear, isn’t feeling well,” and you can be sure that it didn’t take gossip Hollywood long to declare that Winifred, poor dear, is an invalid. As a matter of fact Winifred, poor dear, is a very clever woman.

Her meeting and romance with Warner Baxter is quite a lovely thing. When Warner first came to Hollywood, in the silent picture era, not a studio would give him a tumble, and he almost starved to death while he was making the round of the casting offices. He had been a good salesman of farm implements and of insurance back in the East, but when it came to sell- ing Warner Baxter to the film industry he was a total loss. But one day, long after he had spent his last dollar, Oliver Morosco, who was operating a Pacific Coast stock company, gave him an interview and signed him for a small part in Under Cover starring Edmund Lowe. The first day of the rehearsal Warner ar- rived in front of the theatre ahead of time—he is always punctual for appointments. As he passed the lobby of the theatre he noticed a beautiful girl chattering with friends. He was so impressed by her brun- nette beauty that he just had to have an- other glance at her. So he passed up and down the lobby six times. Gaining cour- age with each trip he finally smiled at her on the sixth passing, and wonder upon wonders, the girl smiled back. “Ah,” said Warner ecstatically, “a flirtation.” But before he could do anything about it the girl and her friends entered the theatre and a few minutes later he was introduced to Miss Winifred Bryson, a member of the company. She seemed interested in him, and Warner was quite flattened, and it wasn’t until months later that he learned that Miss Bryson’s interest was only hu- manitarian. Due to the fact that Warner and food had been strangers for some time his cheeks were sunken and his face was pale and gaunt—and no woman can resist that. But pity led to love. Four years later when Winifred and Warner were playing together in “Lombardi Ltd.” on Broadway they were married at a simple ceremony in the Roman church. It was January 29, 1918. And the taxi driver who drove them there, and the minister’s wife were their only wit- nesses. Though they spent four years tour- ing the Middle West with “Lombardi Ltd.” Warner and Winifred both understood the value of real friendship and companionship and in this fact is one of the happiest marriages in theatrical history, and decidedly the happiest mar- riage in Hollywood.

As is Warner Baxter like in per- son? Why, he’s the Cisco Kid without the curls and accent. He’s gay and handsome and romantic and loyal, and as adventurous as a boy. His chief hobbies are cooking chile con carne—and (and they say there’s none better)—and playing the guitar—which, incidentally, he plays by ear. He has his own little kitchen off the upstairs sitting-room in his beautiful new Bel-Air home and after a poker game with the boys, or after a few hours evening with a book, he will dive into his kitchenette and mix up a chile that melts in your mouth. When he’s on location he goes in for biscuits, too; and to hear the technical crew tell it, all Warner needs is a shovel-full of flour and a gasoline can and he can whip out biscuits much better than mother used to make. While he was on location with the “Robin Hood of El Dorado” company he organized a cowboy band with himself playing the guitar and the famous ranger, Lonesome Cassidy, leading with the “Rob’s Hobby of El Dorado” company he organized a cowboy band with himself playing the guitar and the famous ranger, Lonesome Cassidy, leading with the “Rob’s Hobby branch.” Well, it must be the Cisco Kid influence.

Warner is crazy about tennis, plays an excellent game, and has the most perfectly built tennis court in Hollywood. He gets a big kick out of beating Ronnie Coleman. It took him six hours to do it once but he didn’t. One of the best things he ever got was a phonograph sent him by Dick Bar- thelmess, but supposedly from his studio, which went on to say that Fox had decided to bestow a great honor on him by per- mitting him to support Ronald Coleman in Colman’s next picture. Warner has a highly inventive mind and goes delirious over budgets. His pride and joy is a nut- cracker he invented several years ago, wherein you stick a nut in a squirrel’s mouth, pull its bushy tail, and the cracked nut is in a box out of the squirrel’s mouth. He has a large amusement-room in his Bel-Air home and here he has done all sorts of trick things with radio, lighting effects and his own private orchestra and wireless machine. He has more disappearing cabinets and things than Bill Powell; in fact, Bill admits that he copied quite a few ideas from Warner’s home in his own. Warner has one obsession—bugs. He will sit fascinated for hours watching a spider weave her web, or an ant move a crumb of bread, or an old bug doing prac- tically anything. They have a fatal charm for him; and whenever he is quiet for a long time Winifred is quite sure that she
can find him down by the swimming pool simply spell-hounded by a bug. Being a bug-watcher myself, I am quite in sympathy with this obsession.

As a matter of fact, bugs started Warner on his theatrical career. When he was eight years old he lived with his mother, (his father died when he was a baby), in Columbus, Ohio, and just as he is a man now he was a boy then. One day the kids in his gang developed a talent for eating angleworms and flies that summer and Warner, with the instinct of a showman, decided that such an accomplishment could play hookey. He went to a huddle with his client and they built a tent of ginsaacks in the backyard and spent a couple of hours in neighborhood exploitation. Warner took in the cash and doubled as Barker. For one cent the exhibitionist could be seen to eat an angleworm with the nonchalance of an Epicurus.

Whether or not he could and would devour a common house-fly with equal relish, Word of mouth advertising, than which there is none better, brought the kids from far and near. Then late in the afternoon of the third day the father of the fly-eating artist, home early from his business, looked in on the show. Strange to say the attraction folded immediately after the matinee, although playing to capacity house. But then theatre business is like that—never permanent!

Carole's Colorful Career

Continued from page 56

Strange to say, the sensational success of "Twentieth Century" did not go to Carole's head—she doesn't at all mind dancing rubbas and tangos in George Raft pictures—or being in off-stage Temple pictures; or twiddling her thumbs while Bing Crosby boo-boo-boos. When I rage and shriek like a fishwife about this Carole always says, "I've got a good office, isn't it?" Imagine finding so much sense in such an unexpected place. But that's Carole for you.

Fall of 1939 marked another important episode in the Lombard life. It was then she met Bill Powell—snave, debonair, romantic, unconventional Bill Powell who became the most popular leading man in Hollywood. (And still is, as far as I'm concerned.) Carole had just returned from New York where she made "Fast and Loose," with Miriam Hopkins at the Astorina Studios, and so pleased was Paramount with her performance that there was nothing to do about it but that she should sign a contract with them at once—money no object. Right in Bill's发烧 might have said. She had made one picture at Paramount in the early talkie period when she had been about fifty, supporting lady to John Barrymore in "Harmony in Numbers," but now it seemed that good old Paramount was going to elevate her to second supporting lady. In "Ladies' Man" she was to support Kay Francis, who in turn was to support Mr. Powell. The director thought it might be a good idea to have Carole meet Mr. Powell, so he took her over to Bill's dressing-room where Bill was lounging in one of his famous dressing-gowns, and Carole was quite thrilled and said how-do-you-do and Bill said how-do-you-do and the rest was on. Maybe Carole is sentimental, and maybe she isn't, but anyway when Powell left Paramount to go to Warners, Carole remained in his dressing-room, which was very one where she had first met him, and she still occupies it today despite the fact that Paramount tried to honor her last year with a gorgeous new suite in a new building.

Bill was enchanted by Carole's frankness, her gay laughter, her bubbling enthusiasm, and her apparent lack of it. But the date he had with her they sat talking seven hours after dinner. Carole told him that first night her ideas on marriage, that she thought it should be based on friendship and companionship, rather than on emotions, and that the idea of two people trying to possess each other was all wrong. Carole was twenty-two then, and Bill was thirty-eight, and it took him exactly eight months to persuade Carole that she was all
Hollywood has a new word for wash—

"We say 'LUX'—then we know our nice things are safe"—says Heather Angel

When I say 'Lux' my things, my maid knows that means nothing else but!" Heather explains. "A swish through Lux and out things come superb as new, the colors not faded a bit. We wouldn't think of caring for lingerie, stockings, blouses, gloves and sweaters any other way."

Everybody's using the new word for "wash" because "Luxing" is different from ordinary "washing."

These tissue-thin flakes dissolve instantly in lukewarm water. The rich, creamy suds float the soil right out! And, with Lux, there's no danger to colors and fabrics as with ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali.

Your nice things will look lovelier, last longer, too, the Lux way. Lux has no harmful alkali! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"In the RKO-Radio Studios," says Walter Plunkett, Wardrobe Director, "Lux saves us thousands of dollars in cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new-looking twice as long. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies and even rugs are washed with Lux here."

See Heather Angel in RKO's "The Three Musketeers."
wet about marriage and possessiveness. They were married June 27, 1931, at Mrs. Peters' home in Beverly Hills at seven o'clock in the presence and Carole's oldest brother gave her away and quite a few people gave Bill away. While the guests were looking for old shoes and rice and drenched crimson umbrellas, Carole and her生 them and Carole gave them the slip and sailed that night for Honolulu. "Bessie" cried a lot, but no one else seemed to care as they were Carole's last, and they had Carole promised herself she would be an actress or bust. She didn't burst. The "break" came quite unexpectedly one day when Al Kemper, a Fox executive, noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett, made her a test of her, and signed her on a contract at seventy-five dollars a week. She was a leading lady at sixteen, but she realized deep down in her heart that she really wasn't an actress. The studio had just Bessie and the same old story. Bill and Carole left for New York, and when her option came up at the end of the year they offered to sign a new one. But at that time the studio was Carole and Bill became absorbed in his Warners' contract, and Carole was busy at Paramount. But Carole soon realized that she had been right about marriage and Bill wrong. Carole doesn't let things drag on. She never quibbles with herself or people. One night in July, 1933, she had a frank talk with Bill; once again they talked for seven hours straight; and the next day she flew to Reno. They were divorced August 18, 1933, and Carole and Bill ceased being married just in time to become good friends. Now you can't find two better friends in Hollywood. I would stake my last dollar on their loyalty to each other. So Carole's first and last marriage was not a success, nor was it a failure; rather it was a failure. It gave her a good friend whom she could trust to the utmost; it gave her a sense of responsibility, for now she had her own home and her own affairs to run; but most of all, it gave her a career. Carole had wanted to act ever since she was a small child when she had wrapped up and down the street in her mother's clothes proclaiming haughtily to the neighborhood children that she was an actress. Now it's the unwritten law in Hollywood that no woman, much less a successful woman, can be a successful actress; it seems to be just one of those things and there is nothing we can do about it. Carole was free now to be an actress. That career which she had prayed for since she was six years old was within arms' reach. She was not through with love, but it could wait until she had fulfilled her childhood's ambition. And now—how did Carole get into pictures? Uh, huh, I knew you'd want to know that. Well, it seems that Rita Kautman, a famous designer and socialite, was a neighbor of the Peters' and she had often seen Carole do her prima donna act in her mother's trailing dressing-gown— (Carole was proud of her great ambition. She walked on the front side walk. So one day Rita sneaked Carole out of school and took her over to the California Studios and got her a part in the film "The Perfect Crime". Carole played Monte Blue's daughter, and she was terrifically bad and ecstatically happy, and received fifty dollars for five days' work, and so Carole became a film star. She was a little whiff of greasepaint was all Carole needed. She knew quite definitely that she was destined for the glamorous life of the screen. She was fortunate to have that rare luxury of a childhood name—"Bessie"—since arithmetic and geography would make her falter from her one purpose in life—to be an actress. But, alas, no parents who can be too concerned with Carole's performance in "The Perfect Crime" and Carole had to content herself with acting on school. One summer while she was vacationing at Catalina chance knocked again. She bumped right smack into Charlie Chaplin, and the next thing she had him in a boat out on Avalon Bay and was confiding in him her great ambition. Chaplin was looking for a leading lady for "The Gold Rush" and was quite impressed by Carole's looks and poise, so he asked her to report at the Chaplin studios for a test. There were two tests, both bad, and when Carole learned that she was not going to get the part she nearly died of disappointment. But the wounds finally healed, the old confidence returned, and once more Carole promised herself she would be an actress or bust. She didn't burst. The "break" came quite unexpectedly one day when Al Kemper, a Fox executive, noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett, made her a test of her, and signed her on a contract at seventy-five dollars a week. She was sixteen the day the contract was signed. Up until the time Carole signed her contract Carole Lombard was Jane Alice Peters. But there was a Janice Peters already on the Fox contract list, so the studio commanded that she change her name for hire purposes. She chose Carol, (without the "e"), because she liked the name. She chose Lombard because when she was a little girl she used to hang around Fred Cross with her mother who was making bandages for the boys over seas, and there she had met a Mrs. Lombard, who, to the little Jane Peters, was to be a beautiful, charming, gracious woman she had ever met. "When I grow up I want to be just like you," Carole often told her; and so quite naturally when she was washing electric lights on the theatre marques of the world, she remembered the beautiful lady of her childhood. It was several years later that a malicious conjectured that she put an "e" on Carole to bring her good luck. She did, and it certainly did. Well, anyway, under the new Fox contract she made "Marriage in Transit" with Eddie Lowe, and a splendid little drama of the great open spaces called "Hearts and Spurs" with Buck Jones. Carole was
DON'T ASK MABEL—HER SKIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

MABEL
SURE HAS
A TERRIBLE
COMPLEXION

Yeah, she's never gotten over her adolescent skin!

MOTHER, WHAT'S
ADOLESCENT
SKIN?

DARLING, EVERY
GIRL IN HER
TEENS GOES
THROUGH A
PIMPLY STAGE

MABEL, WHY
DON'T YOU TRY
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST? IT CLEARED
UP MY SKIN

Then I can really get rid of these hiccies!

GEE, MABEL, I
WISH YOU'D GO
TO THE PROM
WITH ME!

Boy, the fellows
sure are rushing,
MABEL—and no
wonder—with a
skin like hers!

Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear! Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!
The Dream Comes True
Continued from page 57

Reinhart would risk the gamble of placing a novice in so important a role. Too many great actresses had played Hermia before her. Comparisons would be inevitable. Besides, Reinhart was determined to make this Bowl production the greatest of all his Shakespearean pageants; more spectacular even than his Salzburg productions.

Julie Haydon first spoke to me of Olivia. Julie recognized at once in this dark-eyed newcomer a potential star, and she did not hesitate to make astounding predictions. Julie had worked long and hard for recognition. Through years of stock, Little Theatre work and thankless roles in pictures she had learned the ropes in the bitter school of experience. There was nothing else.

In Hollywood, Julie felt that little de Havilland was giving the most inspired performance, except possibly with the exception of Mickey "Puck" Rooney.

Afterwards I wanted to meet Olivia, having heard that Warner Brothers, upon the recommendation of Reinhart, had contracted her to play Hermia in the spectacular film production of this most famous of the Bard's tales. But the publicity department at the studio informed me she had gone on an eight weeks' tour of the key cities with the road production of the classic fantasy; and would not be back until production was ready to start on the film. When she did return I thought it would be best to delay the interview until she had finished her part in the picture. It would be interesting to hear what this new actress, making her professional debut on stage and screen in the same role, would have to say on the comparative techniques of the two mediums of expression.

"I don't want to ask you a lot of questions," I told her across the table at lunch, "just something about the rehearsal after the announcement that Warners liked her work so much that they had signed her for the long term of seven years. "I haven't heard much of the radio-stoich of that story in a long time. I didn't think they happened any more. But here you are to prove it. So come on and tell just how it feels to be a star."

"Do I do as if the magic wand had touched me," she confessed with radiantly happy brown eyes, lusciously large. "Last night I was talking to a friend that I knew how to strike a pose at any moment—and it will all be over."

"Not if all the plans that the studio are making for you are true," I assured her.

"Apparently your horses aren't going to turn back to mice—or will your carriage ever again be a pumpkin."

"Don't blame me if I'm still somewhat in a daze," she pleaded. "You see, it has all happened so suddenly. I'm still asleep in that magical forest, waiting for Puck to come bounding in to awaken me at any moment. For me it really has been a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' for all this good fortune happened in midsummer—and the dreams don't last always. Also she added, with an impish smile, "It has been a "Miracle." It is only when I go to the cashier's window to collect my weekly paycheck that I realize it is all real. Although when I look at Joe E. Brown's face and his adorably large mouth I still have a hard time convincing myself that he isn't a goldina masquerading as an actor. I'm Joe's leading lady in 'Aladdin.' The change from the sublime to the ridiculous is the only thing that has helped me to readjust myself to facts. Working with Jimmy Cagney in 'The Irish in Us' has helped, too. Providing someone doesn't steal my parachute, I'll be down to earth any minute now!"

The role of Hermia, she explained, came to her by a strange inheritance. Her mother, an accomplished elocutionist who later became a professional reader specializing in Shakespearean plays, always thought of her little daughter as Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and from early infancy taught her the lines. Later she went into Little Theatre work with an am-

...and mind made up to stay that way!

Behind many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands... "Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table is gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box. Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat that enemy to loveliness and health—constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

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Time in an "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.
Hollywood stars — accustomed to the best of everything — demand the best in handbags. They have decided that handbags that are always popping open at the wrong time, are out!

More and more they are being converted to the security of bags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

And no wonder! This flexible little fastener is a marvel of convenience and protection. One quick, gliding motion, and it's closed — and stays closed. Not the slightest chance of losing a single thing from your bag!

And in addition to security, TALON on your handbag always means smart design and excellent quality, because only the finest manufacturers feature this fastener on their models. The best stores sell them — in the styles you like most.
**Ann Dvorak:**

**REVEALS HER ROUGE SECRET**

Friends marvelled at the exquisite coloring in Ann Dvorak's cheeks. They couldn't believe it was not her own natural coloring—rouge could never look so lifelike and last so long, they insisted.

Finally, Ann Dvorak told them. Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, had created the rouge for her, based on a discovery of color harmony shades that give radiant beauty to blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. 

Would you like to share Ann Dvorak's rouge secret? You can...at nominal cost. All you have to do is to use Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade. Instantly it will give your cheeks an alluring lifelike glow. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily, evenly, and lasts for hours. Its purity will keep your skin fine textured, young, just as it does for screen stars.

You will find Max Factor's Rouge in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads, at your favorite store, for 50c.

Michael is one of the best reasons why Miriam can be found at home practically all the time she has away from the studio windows.

She likes to stay home with a charmed circle of friends around and let everyone else do the gadding. She prefers life reduced to its least complex degree—simplicity. Says it is not as easy to have nice people together out here as it is in New York, because here it is like visiting the neighboring farm to pass an evening away— you have to hitch up the buggy and drive forever. She compares it with an army post, with "army" talk. Everything has to be planned ahead, and she misses the extemporaneous groups one runs into in New York—as for instance, the evening she went to what promised a very dull affair and found herself at four in the morning in a little library surrounded by nine men of four different nationalities, discussing brilliantly everything under the sun. "It was so lovely," she sighs.

"And out here it is lovely in a different way. There is no place to go, unless you are giddy to dance, so one stays home and creates one's own group. There are things you miss, like certain smells of familiar restaurants, and the fresh aroma of damp pavements. And walking. You cannot walk any place out here, the distances are so great. I love to walk across 57th Street and look in all the same old stores.

At that moment, Aesop arose majestically and shook himself, scattering liberal sand and ocean. He yearned to be clubby, but he did not want to sit down and gang putzifful. "He's trained, now," Miriam announced proudly. "When we first got him he was an anti-social dog, so we sent him away to a dog-training school—a pro-canned theatrical enterprises, but strictly of the cinema and its far-reaching shadows. If Reinhart makes no other pictures for the rest of his life he will have left as a monument to his memory the celluloid upon which is written his "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and also a gift which Hollywood should cherish and bequeath for the "first time and forever"—Olivia de Havilland. Or else the trees in the magical forest will weep, and "Puck" will never come again to make laughter for the world.

**Glamor with a Grin**

*Continued from page 55*
How Hollywood's Lovelies Get, and Stay That Way

Continued from page 65

or abdomen; but you may be sure Adrienne doesn't hit the ball stiffly, she makes every movement count for all there is in it.

Carole Lombard has been coming to me lately for massage, but she doesn't neglect exercise. If every woman spent the time Carole spends on care of her body, we would have a nation of ravishing beauties. Carole has her own theories of what is good for her, and she is certainly a good advertisement for them.

When she isn't working and so can't count on that to bring down excess out, Carole usually confines her meals to fruit and vegetables—she eats fruit for breakfast, plenty of it. Two vegetables and fruit are the three dishes she calls luncheon; and for dinner she takes soup, more vegetables and a salad, but she eats all she wants of everything on the table.

Carole's always liked to play tennis, but now she's in for something new: she's organizing the first bowling team for women of the screen. Carole has been playing the tumbling templates for several months, and recently she topped the woman's record.

Bowling is, of course, marvelous for hips, waist, and abdomen.

Sleep is Marlene Dietrich's barometer. If she finds she's putting on weight, she gets up earlier; if the pounds are vanishing, she stays in bed another hour. She thinks it isn't food but rest that regulates weight.

This may be true in Marlene's case, but she is not one to gain over-much. Don't rely on it for yourself without testing the theory.

Gladys Swarthout is one of the latest additions to Paramount's star list. Remember how huge old-time opera stars were? You should see Miss Swarthout! She is the answer to any fashion designer's prayer, not a bad line anywhere.

Do you know how she does it? She 'thinks thin,' she explains. Maintaining the proper weight is as much a mental problem as anything else, according to her. It's a matter of learning to choose your food correctly. She can eat pastries, cakes, hot breads, creamed soups and so on, but they don't tempt her because she has cultivated a taste for simple food. She has broths, lamb, chicken, vegetables of all kinds, plenty of salads, fresh and stewed fruits, and custards.

I am giving you, at the end of this month's article, a week's menu of suggestions for meals for those who need no reduction and yet are not overweight.

There are many appetizing ways of fixing salad. Don't forget to appeal to the eye as well as to the taste when you prepare a meal. Make things look pretty, especially such dishes as vegetables and salads.

After every meal it's a good idea to drink a glass of citrus juice or pineapple juice. This aids digestion.

Miss Swarthout continues her advice to those who would copy her figure by saying that no girl should poison her body with starchy foods, improper breathing, fatigue, fear, or boredom. Eat correctly; breathe with all of your lungs, not just the top; take plenty of rest; go in for ten minutes' relaxation just before meals, if you are too thin, and refuse to worry.

I, too, myself, Miss Swarthout takes daily sunrashes, pays attention and uses a rowing machine. She never drinks ice-water on

---

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**Trial Size bottle**

**PACKER'S Shampoo**

Now see what Packer's can do for your hair. No need to put up longer with oily, stringy hair—or dry, lusterless wisps.

For a limited time we are attaching a special Trial Size Bottle to each package of Packer's Shampoo. Doubtless your dealer has the combination-package on display. If not, he can easily get it for you.

You see, we want a host of new friends to discover how the right Packer Shampoo reveals the hidden beauty of their hair.

**1. OLIVE OIL for Dry hair**

**PINE TAR for Oily hair**

—both for your hair’s beauty

There are two Packer Shampoos, you know. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, for example, 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.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, if your hair is oily. This shampoo is gently astrigent—it tightens up relaxed oil glands; washes out the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Leaves your hair soft and fluffy.

**Try Packer's Shampoo without risk**

Take advantage of this special offer: You get, free, enough Packer's for 2 washings, when you buy the full-size. Use the trial bottle first. If you don't agree that Packer's brings out your hair's full loveliness, return the large bottle unopened to your dealer and get your money back.

Look for this display at better

drug and department stores

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Does he admire your hair close up?

Let Packer's reveal its beauty.
the theory that it ages the arteries and stomach. I never permit my girls to take ice-water.

Just because the arrow on the scales shows a desirable mark when you step on them, doesn’t mean that your worries are ended.

“I weigh exactly what I should weigh!” girls tell me, proudly. “Wait till I get to the commissary today, see what I’ll do to the French pastry!”

“I’m going to sleep late tomorrow—no more exercises—look at the scale!” is sometimes the reaction.

But that’s all wrong. When you have worked for a good figure and won it, you can’t let it go. If you do, you’ll start back into the condition that you struggled to

**Balanced Menu for One Week**

**MONDAY**

Breakfast: Orange juice, 1 poached egg, Melba toast
Lunch: Vegetable soup, wheat wafers, chicken salad
Dinner: Seafood cocktail, breaded veal cutlets with tomato sauce, broccoli, peas, purées, celery, avocado salad, stewed fruit

**TUESDAY**

Breakfast: ½ Green grapefruit (without sugar), hot cereal, 1 piece whole wheat toast
Lunch: Bacon and tomato sandwich, 1 glass buttermilk
Dinner: Tomato juice, 2 slices roast beef, potatoes au gratin, spinach, green pepper salad, jello

**WEDNESDAY**

Breakfast: Fresh figs or prunes, 1 English muffin and honey
Lunch: Pineapple and cottage cheese salad, Rye-crump, 1 glass buttermilk
Dinner: Tomato juice cocktail, 2 lamb chops with mint sauce, carrots and peas, watercress salad, tapioca pudding with pineapple

**THURSDAY**

Breakfast: Grapefruit juice, bran muffin and preserves, stripe bacon
Lunch: Fruit salad and whole wheat crackers, sweet milk
Dinner: Tomato consomme, small boiled steak (size), 1 baked potato, string beans, green salad, baked apple

**FRIDAY**

Breakfast: Juice of ½ lemon in hot water, 1 soft boiled egg, 1 slice brown bread, milk
Lunch: Oat soup, tuna fish salad, ½ Melba toast, cookies and stewed fruit
Dinner: Clam chowder, jellied orange and white wafers, baked potato with parsley, string beans, orange ice

**SATURDAY**

Breakfast: 1 glass sugarless juice, whole wheat toast with marmalade
Lunch: Tomato and lettuce sandwich, small portion of fresh fruit with cheese, orange juice
Dinner: Jellied consomme, T-bone steak and baked potato, small fruit salad, peas, sweet biscuits and prune soufflé

**SUNDAY**

Breakfast: Pineapple soup with avocado steaks, waffles with maple syrup and stripe bacon
No Lunch
Dinner: Pea soup, roast chicken, baked potatoes, squash, spinach, tomato salad, ice cream

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**James Davies Answers to Questions**

Anna J., whose knee caps go out of place, unexpectedly, should see a good osteopath about them. You are several pounds overweight, apparently in the hips.

J. M. M.: You are only 5 pounds overweight according to chart, but this may be O.K. as you say you have large bones. You have plenty of time to grow and probably will do so. Don’t bother about slimming until you are 20. If you think you must do it now, don’t diet. Just go in for sports.

Gloria C., Michigan: You weigh 100 at 13. I am too far away to be sure, but so much extra weight at your age seems to me glandular. Consult a doctor. There are so many new treatments for gland disturbance that you should have no difficulty in getting help.

M. C., Oakland, California—Mildred M., New York City: M. C. is nearly 20 pounds overweight, mainly in the hips; Mildred M. has an extra burden of at least 15 pounds. Yes, your roving machine will help, M. C., if you keep it at faithfully. Try eating fruit instead of candy. Believe it or not, you will lose some of the excess weight as you get older. If you try eating vegetables and fruits and salads; no desserts, and meat every other day—and do the exercises given in my article this month.

Goldie R., Kansas: For reducing the abdomen, try the medicine ball exercises.

So many letters came in asking about sagging, flabby, or large busts that I answer them all below. If you are a daily morning and evening exercises, hiking, swimming, walking, bicycling, etc. Don’t give up and you’ll attain that Hollywood figure.

L. S., San Francisco: For reducing the abdomen, try the medicine ball exercises.

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N.A.A. and Jerome Zeebe

Ginger Rogers, hatless, as very often; Joan Blondell, serious, as usual; Norman Foster, grinning, as why not? At a recent cocktail party.

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**Leonard of Indiana, Jean J. of Los Angeles, Nettie B. of Pennsylvania and all of you who wrote about leg problems:** Oddly enough, the same exercises, if done correctly, will build up or reduce legs. This is because muscles get stronger with exercise and expand, rounding out the legs; yet as muscles expand they get harder and tighter so that fat you don’t want is burned away.

So you thin girls, when you bicycle, (which is one of the finest of all exercises for legs), do it slowly and easily, breathing deeply the whole time, and you fatter girls, go it as strenuously as possible.

Those of you who complain of “knock-knees, stop wearing high heels, watch your posture carefully, also see if you are losing weight, as it usually the weak knees that behaves in this fashion. Then go in for building up in diet and exercise generally. Also try tip toesing about your work, especially tip toesing up flights of stairs.

Swimming, if done regularly, can conquer the faults you mention. The crawl stroke is especially good, and

around the room—a very good exercise. Lift it in your two hands from waist level as you inhale until it is above your head, then lower it as you exhale.

Cuddle 1 hand and go in for pull in the other palm and bring it slowly up from your side until it is above your head.

Lying flat on back on floor, try keeping both hands in air with bare feet, not touching it with the hands.

You can invent a variety of other exercises with the ball. These, of course, can be made more interesting if you have a partner.
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

George Raft Fan, New Zealand. Thanks for your kindly offer to help edit this column and who knows, I may ask you to swim across and give me a hand. George Raft was born in New York City on September 26, 1903, of French and Italian parentage. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Pictures to his credit include: "Madame Racketeer," "Night After Night," "If I Had a Million," "Undercover Man," "Pick Up," "The Bowery," "The Glass Key," George's latest is "Every Night at Eight." George is married but has been separated from his wife for several years.

Claudette Colbert Fan. The picture that made Claudette's name ring around the world was "It Happened One Night." She was known long before it "happened" of course, but that film cinched her fame. Her first picture was a silent, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon. She has made too many films to list here for want of space but a few of her releases include: "Cleopatra," "Imitation of Life," "The Gilded Lily," and "Private Worlds." Her latest film is "She Married Her Boss." Claudette was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1907. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. Her family name is Chachinon. She was married several years ago to Norman Foster but they are now divorced.

Joan. No, I'm not swamped with letters, just snowed under; but each one is answered in turn as received. George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Calif., on September 1, 1900. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He was a star athlete in school, proficient in basketball, baseball, and football. He learned boxing at college, and while serving in the Navy during the World War won the light-heavyweight championship of the Pacific Fleet. He is happily married to Marguerite Churchill of the stage and screen. The O'Briens have a baby daughter.

Red Top. How the little starlets take to the flickering kodakos! In Jackie Cooper's recent release, "Dinky," you saw George Ernest as Jojo, Richard Quine as Jackie Shane, Betty Jane Hainey as Mary and Jimmie Butler as Cadie Lane. Betty Jane Hainey was co-starred with Alphonso MacMahon and Guy Kibbee in "Mary Jane's Pa." Then there is little Spanky McFarland who is going places very fast, Marilyn Knowalden, who played so beautifully in "Les Misérables," the famous kids such as Virginia Weidler, Cora Sue Collins, Freddie Bartholomew; and the new 15-year-old youngster, William Benedict, who attracted no end of attention in "Sister Raisa" with Edward Everett Horton and Karen Morley.

Mrs. Edna M. The late Valentinino and Pola Negri were never married. His first wife was Jean Acker, Natasha Rambova was his second. Mrs. Valentino. They were divorced at the time of his death. Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches, Myrna Loy is 5 feet 3 inches, Clark Gable is 6 feet 3 inches, and Richard Dix is just 6 feet tall.

Mickey Mouse. What are you doing in my column? Better scamp back to Minnie, Donald the duck, and your best friend, Walt Disney, quick, quick! But as long as the subject is a cartoon star, let's have another. We've had cartoons, pin-ups, cartoon technicolor films, machines, but more space any time.

COOL UNDER FIRE!

COOLER—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B&W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffs is coming, do right by your throat; get on the trail of KOLS. And send for latest illustrated premium list No. 10.

Special Offer... Amazing Auto Lighter

HOLDS FULL PACK... HANDS DRIVER CIGARETTE ALREADY LIT... $2.50 VALUE NAILED FOR $1.00 PLUS FIVE FRONTS FROM KOLS OR RALEIGH PACKAGES (OR SENT FOR ONLY 150 B & W COUPONS)
Hollywood's Aloof Lady

Continued from page 51

shoved the pistol right under her nose. I crunched ready to spring for shelter, anticipating nothing short of mayhem as a result of this childish indiscretion. But such is the magnificent composure of La Sullivan that she did not even bat an eye. She merely looked up with a smile and bended the pistol back toward Dickie said, "Hullo."

Dickie stared at her solemnly and then dropped his gaze to her novel. "Is that at a good book?"

"Well—it's rather dull."

"Then why are you reading it?"

Even Sullivan can't deal with that kind of childishness. Dickie frowned and winced no explanation. There was no time, anyway. She was being paged by King Vidor, who needed her services for the next scene. Dickie was turned once more to her chair. I looked round hopefully for my guide. Fortunately he had appeared. Fortunately, too, it would be quite the next shot since it was to be a different set-up.

During the introduction the diminutive Miss Sullivan looked like a trifle undecided—undecided whether to run away herself or try to make me run away. She compromised by being very charming—so charming, in fact, that I immediately forgot the subject of the interview. There was rather a painful pause and I stalled for time by saying something to the effect that interviews embarrassed me as much as they must embarrass her. A very bad opening.

She gazed at me seriously a moment before asking, "Then why do you do them?"

I dodged the shot and it rolled harmlessly into a side pocket. "That's the same question Dickie Moore asked you when you told him you were reading a rather dull book—a trick question, and unanswerable."

The ice was broken. Miss Sullivan actually treated me to a smile. "I suppose you want to know what I think of my part. I think it's wonderful! It's a rather exacting and subtle as any I have played."

As Mr. Vidor told me when I first interviewed him, it is more significant than the mere performance of a pretty face. It is really an interpretation of a composite character—a young woman who is meant to represent all the coquetry, the romance, and the spirit of the youth of America. It is the personality of every young woman of the South at the time of the Civil War. At least that is the significance of the characterization as Miss Sullivan hopes to bring it to the screen. I hope I shan't disappoint him!"

Judging by the few scenes that I had viewed, while a few before moment, she will not disappoint him. To watch her at work is not to watch an actress plying her art in the portrayal of a rôle; it is to see someone who has no fear of her sincerity, no inordinate effort and faultless technique actually becomes another being. The rôle which has been intrusted to Sullivan is a difficult one, requiring a subtle combination of the naïveté of gaiety and the profound sophistication of well-balanced maturity. These are the very qualities which the person—not the actress—Margaret Sullavan, possesses seems to me to be the very essence of the life that Evans attacking otherwise sensible people who come here."

At this point I changed pencils, took a deep breath, and launched another question. "You don't believe that it is possible to acquire fame in pictures and still be a normal existence?"
My victim was silent a moment. Then with the careless naturalness which is so characteristic of her every gesture she stretched out in her canvas chair and kicked out the folds in her heavy skirt, exposing more ankle than might have been considered proper for a young lady of Civil War days. She sighed rather lugubriously as if my question had called forth a vision of superlative gloom. "It is possible, I suppose, to be famous in pictures and still lead a normal, natural life," she said finally. "But I don't know how one would go about fashioning this ideal existence. The temptations, the fumes, and the countless invitations which Hollywood offers would tempt an angel. It is my experience that no one in Hollywood leads a normal life—and I don't suppose anyone ever has. The town is necessarily throttled to full speed and you can't see speeding vehicles and people move past you without unconsciously putting on a spurt yourself."

Her reply recalled to me the rattier amusing picture conjured up by the account of this unusual young woman riding behind her husband on the new chromium and blue motorcycle she had given him for his birthday, and probably squealing gleefully as they banked dizzily on the curve of Belaire roads. They might be accused of "putting on a spurt" themselves. Strange as it may seem, riding on a motorcycle does not seem out of place where Margaret Sullivan is concerned. It is merely another evidence of her refreshing naturalness: conclusive evidence of her hatred of sham and artificiality. She wants only to be herself—to be allowed to be herself and lead her own life not bothered too much by undue star-worship.

She is essentially of the stage and proves it when she says, "Few stage stars receive or want adulation from their patrons. They are satisfied if they do a good job of acting. My ambition is to do something really worth-while on the stage. But I shall make no plans—I'll let things come as they will."

And will they come!

Joan's Lessons in Living

Continued from page 27

expression with all the passion of a religious devotee. Her house has undergone a metamorphosis which has left it crisp and modern and rather gay, a fitting background for the current Joan.

No matter how hard she is working at the studio, she gives an hour of each day to a voice lesson. No matter how exhausted she may be, she gives a part of her day or night to planned, constructive reading. When she is between pictures she hides herself away and probably works harder than she does when she is at work on a production. Occasionally she slips away to the remote ranch of a friend and spends a few days basking in sun and mountain air.

* She never goes to parties. They frighten her. Despite her acknowledged position as one of the most beautiful and successful women on the screen, she develops nervous chills when she must enter a room full of people. She entertains with fair frequency at her home—but only small groups of intimates, and even on these occasions she is distinctly nervous beforehand.

Joan, in spite of the fact that she has been a public idol for years, is incurably and painfully shy!

She is impatient with and avoids, if possible, the dull routine of attention to feminine detail. Yet, if she chooses, she can plan a kerchief which is a poem, can cock compli-
dantly her veil with her own hands. She oc-

"No lipstick-parching"

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It's a clever girl who keeps her lips an ardent invitation to romance. But lips can't be that... if the skin is dried and roughened by Lipstick Parching.

So, you must ask your Lipstick to do more than merely tint your lips. It should protect the texture... keep that sensitive skin smooth and petal-soft. That's where so many lipsticks fail. Some seem actually to leave the lips rougher.

Coty has proved that lipstick can give you the most exciting color... indelible color... without any parching penalties!

Try the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick and see! It actually smooths and softens lips. That's because it contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment! The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

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A revelation! Coty "Air Spin" face Powder... with a new tender texture.
Charles Farrell chooses girl with
NATURAL LIPS

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NEW FACE POWDER
Now contains the magic Tanggee color principle

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Choose: [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel

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Del Rio and Connie Bennett Talk About Each Other

Continued from page 20
Let GLAZO be your secret of lovelier hands

Now only 20¢ and nearly two times LARGER

GLAZO's world-renowned quality is unchanged, even at its new low 20 cent price for nearly twice as much polish! It brings your nails lasting beauty and a satisfaction you never find in hastily-made, inferior brands.

APPROVED COLORS, STARRIER SHEEN—Glazo has a richer lustre... in Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson and Mandarin Red... six perfect color tones approved by beauty and fashion authorities.

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and four times as much as before. Benefits nails and cuticle with special oil that does not dim polish, or cause peeling.

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A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

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A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—5c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you it has something better.

Sylvia's Two-Way Personality

Continued from page 31

with a cocky brown felt hat over one eye. Two hundred eyes beat upon us as we pecked at a mess of rabbit-food and babbled the easy gossip of New York, of Hollywood, and London. There was no kindliness at all. One could hardly believe that this delightful bit of girl was one of the screen's very finest emotional players, with a line of noble roles behind her and no doubt many to come.

Suddenly, in the midst of the airy boudoir, I switched the talk to her bigger pictures, and a warm glow came into her face.

"'An American Tragedy' was a grand part to play," she said. "But Jennie Gerhardt—there was the picture and the role!"

Do you remember with pleasure that fine, stern picture carved out of Theodore Dreiser's novel?

"The whole company enjoyed making" that film. We all worked as we had never worked before. When it was done, where do you think we previewed it?"

"Give up," I said.

"In San Diego—and the fleet was in. You could imagine that houseful of gobs ashore, in a Mac West mood, did to our tragedy. The least they did was to hoot. When we came out of the theatre we said let's put the picture on the wall and forget we ever made it. But Vincent Lawrence wrote in a charming romantic comedy scene which lifted a low spot in the film—and of course—and played to practically all the sailors in one night!"

It is a great mistake to believe that all artists who are devoted to fine serious things in this world make snoots at the place where they earn their living. Some Hollywood "highbrows" of the phonier type think it smart to sneer at pictures whenever they get a sympathetic audience.
true smartness and sense of values are never more evident and honest than when she comments on the pinch-derided movies. I asked her attitude on filmland and its gaudy works.

"I like the screen better than the stage," she told me. "And why not? Pictures have given me everything I want—opportunity, money, success, the chance to do good work. Picture-making is easier, too, because in the studios the finest experts on earth look after the smallest fretting details—makeup, costumes and the rest of the things that drive a stage actress mad.

"Hollywood has given me everything. The least I can give it is loyalty—and I do.

There speaks, it seems to me, an honest trooper and a forthright woman, twin jewels rich and rare.

I hope I have succeeded in making somewhat clear that this Sylvia Sidney girl is a remarkable young woman in many ways. And her secret is simple enough, goodness knows.

Exalted in that lovely little body is an iron will—behind those big, questioning eyes is a good brain that knows much and wants to know more!

She has literally willed her way to power and glory in the films. Yes, and worked like a bargee, too.

Consider where and how she started.

A little girl named Sophie in New York's Bronx—one of five thousand little girls named Sophie growing up in Gotham's storm and stress.

Poor enough, humble enough—but she wanted to act, she willed to act, and act she did!

Graduated at the head of her class in the New York Theatre Guild School. Battled her way up from little parts on Broadway to big ones. Ears and eyes always open, forever learning. Leaping to take advantage of every break. Finally the leading role in "Bad Girl"—and then Hollywood.

Few little girls would have survived her first filmland experience. She made one mercilessly-forbidden picture for Fox—she was bad in it, and looked worse. Nine hundred and ninety-nine maidens would have slunk back to the Bronx and opened a beauty shop. But the thousandth was little Sylvia.

Almost the next thing she knew, she was playing the coveted lead in "An American Tragedy" for Paramount—riding her luck, spurring it, playing to win. And of course she did.

All these things passed through my mind as we sat in the fancy New York saloon picking at our lettuce.

It was hard to believe that such fire and steel lived in the cunning little critter beside me, but I knew that they were there. Her life proved it.

As beetles one whose eye is ever on the main chance, young Sylvia leads the simplest sort of life outside the film factory where she toils.

All girl though she is, Sidney really cares little about clothes for clothes' sake. She looks best in suits and those perky little felt hats, and is probably at her worst—if any—in evening clothes, for which she doesn't care a hoot.

Jewelry has little meaning for her. She drinks very little or nothing at all. As for sports, don't let any sly press agent tell you she is a tennis shark or badminton bound. Her sports, as a matter of fact, are very simple. She's marvelously at such exercises as star-gazing, hammock-lounging and beach-sprawling.

Can you judge a girl by the company she keeps? Sylvia has had an interesting group of escorts in the past few years. Few know, I think, that one of her devoted friends has been that distinguished war-horse of American dramatic criticism—

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels, gives bloats on your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A more bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Little Liver Pills by name. Stubs bornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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Millionaire CLOPAY 15¢ Window Shades look and wear like 50¢ Shades. Many lovely patterns and colors. Made of new type fibre—can’t crack or peel. At 5¢ and 10¢ and other stores. Look for color samples to CLOPAY 15¢ York Street Cincinnati, Ohio.

WHY IT LOOKS LIKE A $1.00 SHADE! Only $1.50 Each!
I'll then be ready to more or less settle down and I would like to buy a ranch and raise cattle and horses. You see, I was reared on a farm in Ireland, the love of the soil is in me. I want to keep up with my polo, and of course, I cannot never give up flying. It is an inspiration to me. Up there in the sky one can think more clearly, and it is odd how trivial our human troubles and problems become, how quickly they diminish in importance.

"I've never taken a long air flight yet—that is a dream still to be fulfilled; but I frequently hop over to Palm Springs, for I love the desert. I flew over last week: it was 125 degrees, but I lost a bad cold in just two days."

A soft breeze swayed the trees; the air was filled with fragrance; the lake lay in golden ripples; long shadows crept across the garden; and, being a hopeless sentimentalist, I said, "This must be a magic realm of romance on a moonlight night. Are you always going to resist its call?"

With a laugh, George replied, "No. Definitely not! Someday I want—Romance! But not now. As long as I am contented in my home alone, I shall remain alone. Later? Well, who can tell?"

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**Up Goes Your Hair!**

*Continued from page 66*

If you live where the water is strongly alkaline or contains chemical purifiers, use a water softener, or if you possibly get it, rain water.

There are trick gadgets you can get to help you make the little curls that are so attractive and smart. I saw one the other day that's wonderfully easy to use. You simply dampen your hair, secure a small strand between prongs, wind it around the curler, release the prongs, take the curler out and slip in a hair pin or "bobby" pin to keep the curl in place until it dries. One curler does for all the curls you want to make.

As for the color of your hair, consider your general appearance and personality very carefully before you change it. Never make your hair any color that it could not be naturally. Perhaps you've been very blonde and your hair has grown darker. Remember, the rest of your features have changed, too, and very light hair may not be flattering to you now.

It takes the most perfect features and clearest skin to do justice to extreme hair. For most of us, hair should be softening rather than striking. Like blue-black hair, very blonde hair is difficult to wear. Reddish tones are more generally flattering—and they're very much the fashion right now.

The lemon rinse habit is a mighty good one for blondes of any shade. Strained juice of two lemons to a pint of water is strong enough to have an actual lightening effect, and it is excellent to take out any vestiges of soap you may have left in. There are temporary rinses and lighteners that last from shampoo to shampoo. However, if you want the color of your hair radically changed and in the most becoming manner, have it done at a beauty shop by an operator in whom you have confidence.

If, by any chance, you've let your hair become over-bleached and want to bring it back to a more natural shade, without going through that awful mixed-color stage, there are preparations that will do the trick. For gray hair that's dyed or bleached, pure color pencils are grand for keeping the part in harmony.
Jemi-nifties

Beauty Facts and Fancies

bolster up your spirits like the knowledge that you "smell expensive." Ciro, a grand old French house to whom perfume-making is an ancestral art, have created Peti Pat, a slim little black and silver phial filled with the finest perfume. It is leakage-proof until you place the phial at the spot to be perfumed and then pull the other end to release one drop. Peti Pat comes filled with Ciro's choicest fragrances—Surrender, Reflections, Doux Jasmin, Gardenia Sauvage or Chevalier de la Nuit. Surprisingly inexpensive!

A DELIGHTFULLY easy and sanitary way to assure under-arm daintiness is to use Zip's new Spray Deodorant. There's a convenient little atomizer that screws right into the bottle after you've removed the cap. When your under-arms have been bathed and dried, you simply spray them and allow them to dry (which they do almost immediately). Zip Spray Deodorant is an effective perspiration check, too. You can use it while dressing without being afraid it will ruin your clothes. We can vouch for it, because we've used it ourselves with highly gratifying results.

MAYBELLINE comes out with a grand new device for saving money on mascara. They have a refill and new brush, which you simply fit into your attractive Maybelline metal case. And there you have what looks like a brand new eye make-up set at less than half the price! Maybelline mascara is a great favorite because it leaves your lashes smooth and silky—and it's wonderfully adherent. There's a good deep brush, too that helps you keep your lashes separated and cul-tivates upward growth. The mascara and refills come in black, brown, and blue.

WAKE up that sluggish skin with Dioxygen Cream! It contains active oxygen to cleanse away the impurities that cause blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores. It's whitening and life-giving, and its subtle fragrance is invigorating. It's a charm for your face. Keep it away from your eyes, though. Like all good corrective creams, Dioxygen must be tried regularly—for cle-an, clear skin that needs no cream, and a light film as a foundation.

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tested beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a beat. Three sizes, 13c, 30c, 60c. All druggists.

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For booklet on Fungus Care, write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 349, Chicago, Ill.
Radio Parade

Continued from page 64

So Lanny just withdrew, courteously, without any squawking about the "breaks." You'll never hear Ross do that, no matter what the provocation.

Just the same, Lanny Ross was quite sure in his own mind that he was not through with acting, not by a long shot. He was just beginning. And he's still going—and places, too.

This Summer he spent several weeks—two weeks of actual playing—getting some valuable stage experience. And also proving that he can carry a part in a good play to the satisfaction of playgoers and also to that of stage producers. One well-known producer of stock at a Summer playhouse as well as on Broadway, after seeing Lanny do "Pursuit of Happiness," wanted him to play the same lead with a company of Broadway players at a Connecticut theatre. The other play Lanny did was "Petticoat Fever," in which he played the male lead at the Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N. Y.

In telling us about that, and his wishes for the immediate future, Lanny gave this writer the impression that he is really out to "show" Hollywood. If not that, then he's downright stage-struck. Or maybe it's just the very wise move of a very intelligent young man who is preparing himself for whatever. Perhaps, after all, television is not so far away. But whatever the motive, Lanny is in dead earnest about learning all he possibly can about acting. He has the kind of determination and intelligence that makes it pretty certain he'll make that grade, too.

Just imagine if some reasonably good play should come along this season, and Lanny Ross were to score emphatically on Broadway! Oh, Hollywood, what head-aches you'll have in certain quarters of your midst then!

This is a possibility, because Lanny would be receptive to such stage offers as appeared advantageous. He said so when he told me that: "There's nothing I'd rather do than to play a show this winter. I don't want one of those old-style musical things with a lot of costumes, pageantry, and chorus boys and girls; but a play that has light comedy, genuineness of character, with some songs and music supplemental to the plot," he said.

That he would be a good drawing-card for some such show goes without saying; and therefore he will, no doubt, be propositioned for many plays by the Broadway producers this season. So you see why I think it a mighty good long-shot bet that there is in the making another legend of the popular variety about Hollywood, and before many months have passed, too.

But there is this about his prospective, or rather possible, excursions into stage acting, or pictures again. Lanny Ross will not quit radio for protracted periods of time. And why should he? Right now he is at the peak of his popularity, and has attained one objective that has been a goal for as long as he has been on the "Show Boat" show. He becomes its star as well as its star performer beginning in the Fall. It will be "Lanny Ross' Show Boat" in the billing, and he will be the chief figure in all the scripts.

"I'm assuming more responsibility now," he said, "And I can't tie myself up to contracts that would interfere with my radio work. I have a clause in my contract that gives me eight weeks' freedom to do whatever I care to do—stage, pictures, concerts. But the only outside engagements I will accept will be those that permit me

Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

The truth is, Bill would ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since thousands of women find perspiration odor so easy to avoid. With Mum! Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be unwelcome because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

for November 1935
Add a little Sparkle

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The typing won't seem quite so endless
when you use a sparkly sheet of Carter's Midnight Carbon. It was designed for folks
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MIDNIGHT CARBON PAPER

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Following are winners in the SCREENLAND Marion Davies Contest:

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THIRD PRIZE WINNERS (Small Atwater-Kent Radios)
Miss Ruth Kueckendorf, 2776 N. 37th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. F. Schmidt, 161 N. Montgomery, Memphis, Tenn.
Mr. James L. H. Peck, 1827 East Street, N. S., Pittsfield, Pa.

Winners of the above and the additional prizes in this contest have been notified
and their prizes delivered to them. Names of all winners in this contest are on file
at the offices of this publication, where they may be examined.

A prize of beauty, power, and luxury Above, the 1925 Auburn Convertible
Sedan model won by Miss Lucie M. Wiltshire, who took this first prize in
SCREENLAND's Marion Davies "Page Miss Glory" Contest.
More Reviews
Continued from page 14

The Gay Deception—20th Century-Fox

An utterly charming and delightful whinney about a prince in disguise and a girl, who won a lottery—the Cinderella theme slightly varied. Francis Lederer is the charmer-to-perfection as Sonchio, the prince who beats his own beat to America to learn some of our strange ways by being a bell-hop in the smart Waldoscoli-Plaza. Frances Dee as Mirabel, the little balled streetwalker who is determined to leave a good time on her $5000, gives one of her most endearing performances. The con- trectems are light and airy and completely ingratiating. Benita Hume and Alan Mowbray head an excellent supporting cast, and you will find this to be light spontaneous entertainment with grand dialogue.

Curly Top—Fox

The children—your own, or the neighbors—will never forgive you if you neglect Shirley Temple’s latest. It’s the most typical Temple film so far, with the little idol acting, singing, dancing, and shaking her curls in practically every scene, and making you like it! John Boles helps tremendously with his smoothly sympathetic performance of the benefactor who rescues Curly and Big Sister Rochelle Hudson from an orphanage. Watch Rochelle—she can sing, in addition to looking like a stunning young Joan Crawford.

Dante’s Inferno—Fox

The haunting and spectacular illustrations of the Inferno which comes to life in the central portion of the picture justifies the whole effort. The modern portion can and will be taken with a grain of salt. It concerns Spencer Tracy’s climb to wealth and power after he joins the carnival business as a Barker for a show called “Dante’s Inferno.” His greed and final humbling. Henry Walthall scores along with Tracy.

The Goose and the Gander—Warner

Kay Francis in a farce-comedy of domestic and other mix-ups which is well written and played until the explanations start in, when it sorts to pieces. The major portion of the film is entertaining and has good dialogue. Kay is the first Mrs. Summers, Genevieve Tobin the second who took Mrs. Summers (Ralph Forbes) away from the first. George Brent just goes along for the ride, and when it turns out to be very nicely acted play.

Every Night At Eight—Paramount

A carking good entertainment with a radio background—nothing to strain the mind, and numerous laughs. George Raft has a band trying out over an amateur hour and takes along three other entrants, Alice Faye, Patry Kelly and Frances Langford, to success in show business. Some good songs, with Frances Langford putting hers over, and Patry Kelly helping out with the show. Star and the capable cast do a fine job. A pleasing show.

John—RKO Radio

A rather dreary picture made from the Mazo de la Roche novel. A complacent Canadian family with its inevitable grande dame, has two new brides introduced into the circle. Complications ensue when their romances become involved with others other than those they married. Nigel Bruce saves things with his superb humor. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, David Manners, C. Aubrey Smith, Peggy Wood and others make up a very good supporting cast.
Inside the Stars' Homes (Continued from page 6)

anyone at ease—be charming company to whatever guest she's talking to, yet never miss a thing. She knows the minute any guest is feeling left out, or shy; she knows just who will get along together, and who should be separated or they'll be bored. She can show off her famous husband so that he's immensely pleased with himself, without letting him or anyone else realize what he's doing. She gives each guest a chance to be his or her most fascinating self—and that's a secret worth a fortune. "If you go to Maureen's for one of her informal parties, you'll very likely play games. Maureen goes with the 'British set,' including the British Consul, and you know how they are about games. "The last time someone started a game called—I believe—'G-Men,' related Maureen, from the depths of the couch cushions. 'Someone tells a short story, such as: 'Pat O'Roney was found dead last night in the aisle of the Chinese Theatre.' Then everyone asks him questions, which he may answer only by 'yes' or 'no,' until the whole mystery is solved. "You ask, for instance: 'Was he murdered?' Then you have to find out how, why, at what time, and by whom. You'd be surprised how little can be told. "Some people like to play charades with props, the more elaborate the better. They say that if the actors are costumed it takes you out of your mind off what they are doing and it's harder to guess. And then others think the simpler the harder. We try both. "Did you ever give a party where everyone had to be costumed, just down to the neck? That is, a dress-head-party? The idea is to arrive as a character in history—a real person, like Napoleon or Pocahontas—but one not easily guessed. Then the one who guesses the most gets a prize—or you can give it to the one who wears the best disguise. "I suppose everyone is playing that crazy game with the bottle and matches, but if you've never tried it, you can't imagine how much fun you can have out of being silly! "You take a bottle without a cork, give each player—it doesn't matter how many there are—twenty-five matches; each puts a match on his neck and passes it to his neighbor; the idea is to get rid of matches, but any matches that fall off when the bottle is yours belong to you. I think Madge Evans had two hundred once."

Tamales pie is a grand dish to serve on a chilly evening, after a round of games. It isn't an Irish dish, but Maureen says she is a cosmopolitan about eating, and there's everything you can imagine in this pie.

**TAMALE PIE**

1 can corn
1 can tomatoes
3 eggs
1 lb. ground round steak
½ lb. ground salt pork
2 cups corn meal
2 cups sweet milk
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 onions sliced and cooked in ½ cup butter until golden brown
Combine all ingredients and bake in a medium oven about one hour. Serve with olives and crackers.

"Tell you something cute to serve," bubbled Maureen, her blue eyes lighting. "Ship Eggs! You take hard-boiled eggs, cut them the long way and devil the yolks; then you cut pieces of cheese in triangles and fasten them upright in the eggs with toothpicks so that they make sails. I suppose I'm crazy about them because Johnny and I are so mad about his new boat. You can fix these and stick them in the ice-box until you're ready for them."

"Oh yes, there's another rather novel thing that made a hit at one party—Easter Lily sandwiches. You take white bread, very fresh and soft, roll it into a cone shape after you've put quite goooey butter on it, put damp napkin on the plate and place them in the ice-box until they stick together. Then you fill them with a chicken mixture and put a thin wedge of cheese in the top for the stamen. You've no idea how pretty they are."

"Another gaudy dish is a dessert. It's called 'Cherry Tree,' and we must have had it one Washington's birthday, but I don't see why it couldn't be served any time."

"You line small pottery flowers with waxed paper and fill with any kind of ice cream you like. Sprinkle ground chocolate over this to look like earth. Then you use a green toothpick for the stem, fasten mint leaves on for branches, and put a maraschino cherry on top for the flower."

"Personally, I am not terribly fond of desserts. I usually just have salted nuts and candies, and serve something like spaghetti or tamale pie or a hot dish like that, salad and sandwiches."

"There's a Russian salad I'm fond of, but I don't often serve it because it's too much trouble to get it right unless there are just a few people. I got the recipe from some Russian people I met on the boat on my last trip to Ireland."

**RUSSIAN SALAD**

2 heads Romaine lettuce
1 large cucumber
Salt, pepper, sugar
French mustard
Vinegar
½ pint sour cream

Cut the lettuce and cucumber into small pieces and mix with seasoned. Whip the sour cream until it is the consistency of whipped cream, then mix altogether and chill in ice box for an hour before serving.
“There’s another pretty salad, called Mab Salad, that I haven’t often seen here. It looks like a huge flower on the plate, if you do it right.”

MAB SALAD

Cover cold plates with shredded lettuce, cover lettuce with peeled and sliced cucumbers, garnish with alternate slices of red and green peppers and put a tablespoon of mayonnaise in the center.

I suppose everybody’s told you, that I and the potato peeling,” went on Maureen. “I hear other people are ordering them now. They’re good, try them and see. You have your potato baked as usual, then remove the inside and put the peeling back into the oven until it’s crisp.

Sometimes, when a party is so terribly informal that I didn’t know it was going to happen until I brought some people home with me, unexpectedly, I serve what I call Midnight Snack. Maybe it’s not so terribly unusual but it’s popular.

“You cut slices of bread very thick and toast them on one side. Then you spread the untoasted side with butter and catsup, put a slice of onion—very thin—on it, then a slice of tomato, then a slice of American cheese and two strips of bacon and a ring of green bell pepper. Put them back in the oven until the cheese is melted and the bacon is crisp, and oh, my!” Maureen likes to do her own marketing, though she very seldom cooks. There’s something fascinating about markets, she says.

She’s very neat, too. Her white bedroom—down a tiny hall from the living-room—looks as though it had just been designed for its owner and not used yet. Every drawer in her chifforobe is in exquisite order, stockings arranged according to shade, gloves and handkerchiefs not half an inch out of place.

“The sisters at the convent were so particular,” explained Maureen with a blush, “it got to be second nature to be neat.”

She’s that way about herself, too, fresh as a rose with the dew still on it, even after the hardest day.

A Star is Made

Continued from page 25

said. “And I was afraid you couldn’t do it.”

“You mean this was framed?” Diana was still angry.

“Certainly not. But I’m glad it happened. I find you have the necessary emotional quality.”

“Then what I said still goes,” said Diana.

“I can’t play with Miss Petite in the cast.”

“I’m afraid you’ve lost your job, Miss Petite,” drawled Monroe. He loved things like that. “And you’d better leave the set—and take your bad manners with you. We’ll go on with the scene—and Miss Wells will please put a little of her recent spirit into it.”

The picture moved beautifully after that. Roemer, curiously enough, was a little nicer to Diana and Monroe was in a softer mood.

Diana grew less self-conscious. She was able to throw herself into the role of Belle. She made her mean and vicious and yet, in a way, understanding. A real character.

When the picture was over Diana was worn out. Michael suggested that she come to his home for a rest. Tony wanted gay parties. Diana went out to Alicia Drake’s house, bought and spent a week lying in the

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Diana was a success in "Stolen Glory." Make-up interviews. She was even more of a success in "Beware of Bru- nettes" and "The Avenger." After "The Avenger" was released Trauber called her in his office.

"Remember what we said about breaking your contract?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diana.

"Well, we're doing it sooner than we'd have thought possible. Exhibitors and fans have been asking for you. They are the real judges, you know. We've just had a conference—and we've decided to double your salary to make you a star!"

It was unbelievable that this could happen to her—and it happened! She—Diana Wells—was a star in the movies.

Diana was given her own dressing room. A charming little bungalow, white with green shutters. And she had her own maid, not a colored girl named Henrietta.

She was in the apartmen. She took a furnished house in Beverly Hills, done in Spanish style. She hired a couple to work for her, the man to do the serving and the woman the cooking and the housework. She bought a small car—she'd been renting one, up to now. She was a star! A thousand joys—and tribulations—of stardom began to press in on her.

At the beginning it was marvelous, the announcements, the excitement.

"Diana's," someone would say when she went into a shop or restaurant. She had no private life at all! Being recognized once in a while was fine. Being recognized all the time wasn't quite so pleasant. Oh, well, it was all part of the very odd state of being a star.

Flattery piled on flattery. Invitations came in—Diana couldn't accept, even if she had had nothing to do but go places. folks she met, casually, would ask if they could give dinners for her. Men asked her—and then wanted to take her places—to be seen with her, Diana Wells—the newest star! Photographers asked to take her pictures. Directors begged to make grand for her. Folks came with letters of introduction.

Diana's father died. He had not been ill long. He was at the funeral, arranged for her mother to come back and live with her, flew West for a new picture. She grieved for her father—but she could not take time for mourning.

Costumes to be fitted. Interviews. Massage—her hips looked a little large. Lessons in horseback riding, in swimming, in fencing, charades.

She thought she would "come to herself," have time for thinking, for introspection. There was no time.

Michael had changed. He was solemn, cross. He didn't see why she had to give all of herself to her pictures. He had heard that she was running around with a fast set. That the bank had told him. He had wanted to bust the fellow's nose. Michael was jealous, that was all! She had been going to parties because she needed diversions, to call them facts. She had to have fun. Dinner with Michael wasn't enough.

Marry, Michael! How perfectly silly. Why couldn't he find one of her household expenses—didn't like any of her new friends. Choose between Michael and a career? How dreadful! Michael was a dear, but, after all, she was a woman, didn't understand himself. She kissed him lightly, didn't notice when he didn't call her up for a long time.

Diana was changing. She didn't realize it herself. Around her grew a group of sycophants. Tony Bryant, at first superior, flattered Diana constantly. Half a dozen other men, one a young actor named Marcus Williams, one a young writer for Edward Drury, several other nondescript actresses, a girl on a screen magazine—all were in constant attendance, bringing Diana news of what was said about her, keeping strangers from annoying her.

Some of the things they did were pleasant, necessary. Others wrapped her in a layer of cotton wool, kept from her all the factual facts of life that, one time, had been important. She no longer saw things as they were. She saw things colored through these new friends.

The first new starring picture was a real success. So were the two that followed, When came a picture she didn't like at all. "Don't do it," and "Speak to Trauber about it," her friends said. It was the same old plot of the hard, bold woman. Trauber was angry. Diana had never seen him angry before. But he gave her another picture. She was worried. What if she had made a mistake?

The new picture was better than ever! That would show them what she was talking about. When she was given another picture, though she liked it, she wasn't used to, it punished anyway. After all, Triangle was a small company. She didn't have to do everything they told her.

Trauber was even angrier, now. He called Herrick into his office. They both looked grave.

"Perhaps the best thing to do," said Trauber, "is to release you from your contract entirely."

Diana was stunned. She hadn't expected that.

"That will suit me perfectly," she managed to say.

She hurried to Tony with her news. "Fine!" said Tony. "You'll be better off some place else. The first thing is to get an agent. Why, you're an important star. He'll get you something good."

Before the day was over, Diana had spoken to Jeffer, of Twizel and Jeffers, who, for ten per cent, would get Miss Wells a position really worthy of her. Diana had expected huge offers immediately. Ralph Twizel telephoned her every day. He had "several marvelous things in view." It was better not to grab at the first offer.

She waited. Worried. Her little group worried, too. But they were sure something grand would turn up. Diana Wells—the popular young star!

She told Michael. He was neither hopeful nor worried.

"It's been a swell experience," he said. "Why don't you chuck it all, while you're on your feet. The first thing is to get an agent. Why, this is your opportunity of your success. Let's get married!"

"I'm too young," said Diana. "The other day a famous star of ten years ago came into the office, she said, one recognized her. "Wasn't that a tragedy?"

Michael smiled. Diana didn't smile.

"We look at things differently, I'm ambitious," she said.

She had her chance the next day. E. T. Boulder of Splendor Films made an offer. The usual contract with options. And a salary greater than she had had at Triangle. "Didn't I tell you?" asked Tony. "Now let's celebrate."

The celebration ended with a headache that lasted two days. Splendor Films was a much bigger organization. There were six men, each with a finger in the pie, instead of just Trauber and Herrick. They all argued more, seemed more mean, more unsympathetic. The first picture, "Less Than The Dust," was, they said, made for Diana Wells. It gave Diana a chance to be a sham girl, who, through trickery, rises to be the head of a huge beauty business. Diana wasn't even consulted as to whether she liked the picture—but she was given the only star book-
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knew well enough in the movie colony.

The party was a big success. That is, it must have _scored_ a big success. A lot of people came and were jolly and gay. Yet all evening Diana had felt something was wrong. The most exclusive stars didn’t come—but a lot of them never went to parties. And so many folks drank beer or gin after they’d been drinking. Few wanted to dance, though there was a good dance orchestra.

Sunny and Iowa both came. Sunny brought her new husband. Iowa’s life was a third-rate director, and married—not but Sunny, Sunny beamed on him but Diana took it for granted that it was because he was a dancer and could help her, Iowa looked out of sorts. It was plain both girls envied Diana—but Iowa did not hide her envy.

"Be quiet," she said, "that you should have this success, when I was the one who had everything for it!"

Iowa was having a hard time of it. She had worked as an extra only a few days in the past month. Her money was gone and she wasn’t making enough to support herself. Her folks couldn’t send her anything.

"Don’t let that worry you," Diana said. She ran up to her room, hurried down, pressed some bills into Iowa’s hand.

"That’s better than me when you get a break," she said.

Diana had made half a dozen engagements ahead. Besides, she might have to work a couple of nights.

"I’ll ring you up," she said, "the first minute that I have time."

"Never mind." Michael shook his head.

"What do you mean?" His voice frightened Diana.

Iowa, in a backless, our pretending to be in touch with each other. This life is my life different."

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Freddie’s Life and Adventures

Continued from page 30

reading, and she said: "It’s far more difficult for me," she said. It wasn’t so very difficult after all, because she explained it first. One thing I couldn’t understand by myself, and that was why God had only one son. Because if Jesus did so much, just think what a whole family could have done. But Cis explained that there was nothing else left for anyone to do, because Jesus did everything.

And sometimes, even though I didn’t understand the words, I loved the sound because it gave me all sorts of feelings—sad ones and happy ones and now and then a feeling as though I were getting larger and larger inside and might float off somewhere if I didn’t hang on pretty tight to—er—that was a little frightening and yet awfully pleasant, I can’t explain why.

"You’re turning me down because I’m a star?" Diana tried to keep her voice light.

"God knows it isn’t that," Michael said. "Star or not, I love you. But we’ve nothing in common. You say I’m no fun. These people care nothing for me. And I can’t say I like them a hell of a lot. We’re apart already. Might as well face it."

"You won’t—telephone me?" Diana asked.

"No," said Michael. Then, his voice, just tinged with sarcasm, "You can call me—if you ever need me." He couldn’t imagine Diana ever needing anyone.

Michael was gone! Michael—and her dream of life with Michael. How long ago that dream seemed. This was today.

This gay whirl of sound and color.

Somebody put on a hand on her shoulder. It was Tony.

"Be quiet," she said, "or the party’ll die on you."

She joined the nearest group. She was gay. She felt her voice getting too loud. What did it matter? She even laughed when Ned Drogan fell across the living room floor, dragging with him, with a great crash, one of her best porcelain lamps, one of a pair that couldn’t be replaced.

It was four o’clock before the guests were gone. All but Tony. He stood in the living room, which, a few hours before, had been so immaculate perfection. Now there were stains on the new rug, a burn in the delicate fabric of the sofa. Ash trays were overflowing. Flattened wittes. Half-emptied glasses stood everywhere.

"It was a nice party," said Tony. He put his arms around her. "Here’s where I knew you’d be an established star." She laughed. "You’ve always been my best fan."

"Look here, darling," he grew serious. "You can’t keep me guessing much longer."

"Tony!"

"I’m not a child!" He held her firmly. "You know how I feel. I didn’t want to frighten you. But you know I love you. I couldn’t. But I can’t wait for you—much longer."

"Please don’t even tell me you love me tonight," Diana said. "I’m so tired."

There were tears in her eyes.


"O.K."

"And Diana, smiled through her tears.

The newspapers and magazines carried glowing stories about the housewarming in Diana Wells’ beautiful new home. (To Be Continued)

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Compare Her Measurements With Yours

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>H’GHT...5 FT. 4 IN.</th>
<th>W’GHT...120 LBS.</th>
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<td>BUST...35 IN.</td>
<td>WAIST...26 IN.</td>
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<td>HIPS...36 IN.</td>
<td>THIGH...21 IN.</td>
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<td>Calf...14 IN.</td>
<td>ANKLE...8 1/2 IN.</td>
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No matter how small and ramshak you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron in your daily food, even the most ironized new ironized Yeast should build you up in Vitamin B and iron in as little as two weeks. It can be taken with the results of the first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

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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 once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Poets About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dec. 30, 1931, Atlanta, Ga.
there, all the people clapped, so I clapped too. It wasn't very polite, but there was an excuse for me, because I didn't realize at all that I was being admired. I just thought, if they clapped, I ought to clap too. Then when I thought I'd clapped long enough, I held up my hand and said, 'Stop!' It was about a London policeman who stopped the traffic. I was having a good time, when suddenly I felt a rather uncomfortable feeling in the goose-pimple region. So I said: 'Excuse me, I want to wipe my nose'—nothing like being frank, is there?—and Cis passed me up a handkerchief, and after I'd finished I started all over from the beginning. And when I'd finished, I clapped again, I'm ashamed to say, so the people clapped too.

I really can't go any farther without telling you that Cis isn't really shy, Cis—yes, you know I can't relate my life without bringing you in. Cis is the most important person in my life, and my father's sister. She always says she has no talent, and that hurts me terribly. If Cis has no talent, then I have none. You see, it's like something in a barrel. Suppose there's a barrel standing in a room, and nobody pays much attention except perhaps to wonder what's in it and go his way. Then along comes John and says: 'There's wine in that barrel.' I'm afraid I'd say a thing like that. I'd be the first to startle the peace. Well, then, that means that John must have had talent to recognize what was in the barrel, when nobody else did and it wouldn't be of any kind. So I say that if I have talent, Cis must have it too, and I'd consider it a great favor if you'd put it in your paper.

You may want to take this, but Cis and I can talk to each other without saying anything. There was once on the stage I'd never forget. I had a speech to give, and for some reason I hadn't rehearsed it with Cis. And about a quarter of it I knew, and the rest I couldn't remember. The words went right out of my head, and when I looked at Cis she was standing in the wings, and the words came running right back in again. Queer, isn't it?

D'you know what I do? There's a game I like to play sometimes, which consists of saying anything to Cis: 'Let's think about something, we both know, but not very well.' And Cis thinks, and suddenly in the middle of my head, about a quarter-way down, there forms itself a thought, and it's square, and it's inside the square, and I the person she's thinking about. You can laugh if you like, Cis, but it's absolutely true. Well, it may not work out every time, but you must admit that it does at least once in ten—or do you think twenty would be fairer?

Oh, and I must tell you about Peter. Peter is Cis's cousin, and my best friend. Rowland Leigh is my best man friend, and Cis is my best aunt, uncle, brother, niece and distant cousin twice removed. We all come down to Warmminster for the holidays, and we began by playing trains and climbing trees, and after a while we built ourselves a playhouse in the silver birches of forty days there. Then when he started going to the officers' school at Aldershot, we didn't care much about playing anything but soldiers.

Peter was the colonel on guard and he marched up and down the lawn with a gun— it was just a stick, of course, but we pretended it was a gun—and I was the army marching band, and another gunner. My gun was smaller, because even though I was supposed to be a great many men, I was only a great many privates and Peter after all is an officer.

We weren't supposed to go beyond the gates. But one day—I don't know how it happened—we marched right out of the gates and down the road, and before we knew it we were at the railway station.
hair rumbled in the wind. He looked extraordinarily rugged and even more horse- schooled than when all decked up with mustache and well-cut tailored suits in his more modern settings.

And for the first time, I believe, I talked to the real man, not the confided in by the press, but rather what we perched ourselves on a couple of old barrels on the wind-swept deck, that he loved this sort of thing. That he felt he was integrated in the sea and that in pictures like this and "China Seas" he felt a deeper satisfaction than in any of the more formal sophisticated theatre.

"This is almost a vacation for me," he said with a grin. "Almost, not quite. You know what my idea of a real one would be? I'd fly by my own plane from here to Rio de Janeiro, find out about some of that wild, untraveled tropical jungle of Central and South America, see some of that fascinating beauty of those South American cities. I'm always reading about, and then take the Graf-Zepplin—boy, what a ship and what a thrill—to Europe, see a few sights incognito, fly back. It could all be done in a month and think of the territory covered!"

Yes, that was the Gable who loves speed, adventure, and beaten beauty. But am I getting ahead of my story? I am talking about Clark Gable entirely, and I know you want to hear the whole story of the events that followed the first trip."

"Sailors' superstitions be hanged! There were no mishaps those days because of a woman on board. No mishaps? Well, of course there were."

"There was the day that Laughton, the right-handed, stern disciplinarian, Captain Elroy, slipped on the deck when the Bounty took a few location toss.

And it was at 1:30 a.m. the next morning, coming back from Avalon by speedboat, that twenty-three of the men, (no stars in the lot), ran aground a mile off from shore and jumped three holes in the bottom of their boat. For thirty long minutes, while the boat filled with water, and they bailed as hard as they possibly could, the eyes of everyone in the ship were fixed on Santa Barbara, a camera man did lose his life heroically.

And there was the day that Clark, amusing himself in some scenes by firing photgraphs at live sharks which slipped in the waves off the boat, dropped a handful of shells on deck and a few moments later, running its length barefooted, stepped on one and so injured his foot that he had to have medical aid.

And you've never seen such a near-catastrophe as took place when your female scribe tried to get off the Bounty. She slipped on the wet ladder going down the side of the ship and was only rescued from a plunge into the water where she would have been, if not drowned, crushed between toasting water-taxi and rolling ship.

And there never were such frightful sunburns, some of which are there yet, all that day, Clark not excluded. But trivial matters, all said, we at the.

Here's my running story of the whole trip. I'd like to tell you the details in case a Bounty and ship-load of barefoot actors come into your life some day!

If you're going from Hollywood, you ride with 200 recreational passengers from a San Pedro waterfront direct to the Isthmus, some ten miles across.

The boat makes it once a day carrying passengers and supplies. And so, surrounded by eight twenty-gallon gasoline tanks, four cartons of strawberries, two dead sharks, (to be used for Bounty atmosphere), and six milk cans, I started my great experience of the Isthmus.

The sky was clear. The stars were shining. The sea was choppy and rough; but by sticking my head out of the side, and missing the strong gasoline fumes, I managed to keep the stomach quiet. (I am told Mr. Francot Tone, making the same trip the night previous, was not so fortunate.) Mr. Gable's trip, he yelled for
Companions at the play! A new combination, John Gilbert and Marlene Dietrich, as they attended a first night in Hollywood.

more speed!). At 12:30 a.m., we sighted land and the huge camp, "City of Men," were six, parked the scene. The work of the actors and technicians, etc., for M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty." There was a cottage reserved for me, and I fell instantly into a waking dream. At 5:30 the next morning—it seemed middle of the night—a siren blew. Well, old fire-horse Babcock leaped from bed to go to the fire. But no, it was just the first call for breakfast. Another siren blew at six; and at 6:30, I found myself at breakfast in the camp's main dining-hall with an extremely sleepy-eyed Clark Gable, a silent Charles Laughton, and a very charmingly pleasant Director Frank Lloyd. (You know, of course, that most men are really not fit to speak to in the morning until they've had their coffee, and I would say that Mr. Laughton and Mr. Gable, charming as their manners were later in the day, would be no exception to this rule. Mr. Lloyd, by the time I arrived at the table, had had his coffee.)

Incidentally, forgetting the rule, I remarked brightly to Mr. Gable that it looked like a fine day, and after a terrific effort, he brought forth a smile and a mumble: Yes, it might be, but he hoped it wasn't windy. Mr. Laughton merely remarked bitterly that he wouldn't have to worry; he couldn't work any more. After the first few sips of coffee, they looked much brighter, and by the time we fell into another conversation in the midst of the evening before, only now it was headed for sea—the conversation was a little more stimulating, although far from brilliant.

Incidentally, you would like to know what they ate for breakfast, these film idols? Well, Mr. Gable, I must report, is a sissy eater. He had a glass of lime juice and two cups of coffee. No scrambled eggs or sausages for him. Not even a bit of dry toast. I thought he looked longingly at Charlie Laughton's well-filled plate, but I couldn't be sure until he told me later—goodness, not then; he hardly mumbled a word then—that he had to watch his diet. Clark Gable watching his diet! I had seen the ship. I knew, the ship is a replica of the famous old vessel which sailed from England to Tahiti back in 1760. It is ninety feet long, has a twenty-four foot beam, and carried three masts, the mizzen, fore mast, and main mast. It is what is known technically as a square-rigger, and in the early morning calm, its sails were still to be furled.

Sprawling on the deck, standing, sitting, or lounging against boxes, was the all-male cast, a picturesque gathering of stripped sailor pants, bare feet, and colored kerchiefs around their heads. The real crew, regular San Pedro seamen, were, much to their delight, in the same garb as the cast. They had to be so costumed for atmosphere; but later in the day when close-ups for principals were in order, they made a quick change from the posed bloused jeans and flannel shirts and square-toed shoes.

The first scene on tap was that in the story where the sailors were being held for days, catch a whiff of wind. Clark, as Fletcher Christian, excitedly runs the length of the deck, and Mr. Laughton, as Captain Bligh, follows him. The first I knew work was under way came with a sharp call from Director Lloyd: "Have we a captain on board? Get your gun out, Bligh, and let's get going!" For Mr. Laughton, still wary of the beating rays of the sun, was lolling in what shadow he could find, a lovely white 1935 duck hat pulled securely over his face.

Over and over, they took that scene. And then close-ups. And then some shots of the cameras were set. A light hung hungry, snarling shipmates over the catch of a shark. It was, surprisingly, much as if you were watching movies made within the four walls of a studio stage. I was able to get the background of the tall masts of the old square-rigger with its flapping sails and the blue Pacific.

My attention concentrated on Clark—what female's wouldn't?—I found him putting extraordinary vigor and power into his scenes; and then between shots, he was like a great big kid. For the most part, he acted on instinct, tried irresponsible small boy than a great big human. Always between scenes he was forever playing, and more excited about the possible catch of a shark with his revolver, which he had brought along, than the scene to be shot. I once thought Director Lloyd was going to have to keep him busy seriously for his romping. Someone had yelled, "There's your shark, Clark!" and forgetting his scene, he had grabbed his gun and rushed to take aim. The cameras were set. Burke's light was right, and Lloyd wanted action. He yelled, "Take your places!" Everyone but Clark was ready. Lloyd yelled again.

"Come on, Clark, let the shark go." Looking very much like a disappointed small boy called to supper from playing pirates; Clark came back to work. Laughton was as much surprised to me. I thought, why, I don't know, that he would be extremely British and stand-offish and very dignified. He was completely the opposite. Much more so than Clark, he too relaxed between scenes, but by sitting and chatting of everything with prop boy or actor or—yours truly, I was fascinated by his quick take into a scene. In a second, with a twist of the shoulder, a flicker of an eyelid, he goes into character, is completely the sinister, stern English sea captain. Again and again, the deck carried more power and more authority than I thought possible in a little man. The way he planted his feet on the deck, the way he carried his shoulders, clouded him instantly from a pleasant person into that ominous captain whose every move exuded cruel power.

Franchot Tone is invariably bored. He had no scenes on board ship that day, but I saw him in the evening on land nonchalantly putting nickels in the marble machine. He looked surprised at my appearance and announced he could not answer anyone's saks, are you doing here? And when I told him, he said, "My, it doesn't seem possible anyone would deliberately choose such an unattractive actor. And from the gang of the gang left for an evening's frolic at Avalon, and Gable, resplendent in white flannels; tried to persuade Franchot to go along in Clark's square-toed speed boat, Franchot wouldn't be bothered.

Well, the day went on and the day's shooting. A wind came up right after I served breakfast, and the sails of the Bounty were unfurled to the breeze—I hope that's the right nautical term! Anyway, full sail we went with the wind. I never saw a wind that made the ship more than the Bounty in full sail. The breeze became stiffer and stiffer, and coats and sweaters were donned; but still the cameras ground until nearly six, when fog rolled in.

When there's fog on the Pacific, and you have a motion picture to make, you just—like Greta Garbo—go home, call it a day, and put on the sunburn ointment. At least, that's what happened to the Bounty.

After dinner with only roast beef, roast veal, fried potatoes, two kinds of vegetables, soup, salad, apple pie, ice cream, and they dined on a Saturday night with every hand!—everybody boarded water-taxis once more and went off to Avalon where there is a real motion picture theatre, to see the movies. When I still entertained any notions about Mr. Charles Laughton being sedate and prim, I lost them there. There was a little delay getting the theatre lights turned on and once the audience of the stage came the sound of a tape dance. As the lights blazed, there was Mr. Laughton, enjoying himself hugely as he executed a shuffle number.

When the gang yelled their approval, he bowed and recited the Gettysburg address.

The next day, "The City of Men" on the Isthmus lost its official photographer, the Joan Crawford company, making "I Live My Life," moved into camp for scenes on some old Greek ruins constructed high on a sand dune overlooking the ocean in numbers, and I lost my ranking as "the only female." And so I went home.

In route to the mainland in water-taxi, we struck fog, lost our way, got there I think, which looked, in foghorn squawking, out of the darkness, and somehow, that old ship's superstition took hold. 'A woman aboard says bad luck.' 'I met a man who ever looked so good to see, let alone not suffer!'
THE crisp candy coating gives Tempters its extra-flavor deliciousness. Just bite one and taste that full flood-tide of flavor. The candy coating adds that more satisfying tastiness. And the gum itself is fresh because its newly-made goodness is sealed up tight in the candy. Five delectable flavors. Try each one and pick your favorites. Peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, wintergreen, tutti-frutti.
From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from 13,084,037 lbs. to 326,093,357 lbs.; an increase of 2392%.

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes $3,969,191. For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were $350,299,442, an increase of 8725%—a lot of money.

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised. But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.
Spotlight Cover Contest

SCREENLAND presents, for the first time, Spotlight Covers. Now we want you to help us select more Spotlight Stars, to be brought to you every month on our covers and in our daringly original interviews. Enter our new contest and express your preference.

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Whom do you select as Spotlight Cover Girl?
2. Why does she, in your opinion, deserve the honor and distinction?

BEGINNING with Bette Davis, every month we will show you The Girl in the Spotlight, meaning the star of the moment on whose work and personality is focused the attention and enthusiasm of the screen public. But YOU must select the Spotlight Girls for us!

It is up to you, and you alone, to decide the subjects of future Spotlight Covers and Spotlight Stories. Here is your opportunity to express your appreciation of and gratitude to your favorite screen actresses.

Naturally, the lovely movie girls enjoy the distinction of having their portraits, beautifully painted, on SCREENLAND’S covers.

From now on, the distinction will be even more marked, for you, their public, will be the judge of which stars deserve the honor. The actress receiving the most votes every month wins her place in the SCREENLAND Spotlight.

Do your part! Read the rules of the contest and enter. You will find you will get a real thrill voicing your appreciation of your favorite star.

SCREENLAND’S Spotlight Covers frame the head of the Spotlight Girl and bring out her most popular characteristics. The idea of framing these covers will occur to many of you. The prizes in this Spotlight Cover Contest will be 1,000 fine reproductions of the cover painting of Bette Davis by Charles Sheldon, without the lettering, but with all the beautiful color intact. The 1,000 fortunate winners will find the reproductions suitable for framing. You will enjoy this unique contest which gives you not only the chance to reward your favorite film actress but also to try for a worthwhile prize. Start your collection of Spotlight Stars!

RULES of the SPOTLIGHT COVER CONTEST:

1. Name your selection of Spotlight Girl for SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover, as indicated on the coupon below.
2. Tell why your selection, in your opinion, deserves the distinction—in not more than 100 words.
3. This contest will close at midnight December 2nd, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, additional prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges’ decision will be final. Positively no entries will be returned.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover Contest, with my letter enclosed.

My star selection is..............................................

Name ..........................................................

Street address ..................................................

City .......................................................... State
Man's Man, Woman's Man, Child's Man—Nelson Eddy

He's everybody's idol, and this close-up interview tells just why

By Margaret Angus

N OTHING is so soul-satisfying as breaking a record. It gives one that sort of every-waltz-is-taken feeling, and if you were ever an Alice Adams you know what a grand and glorious feeling that is. I claim that I broke a record in interviewing Nelson Eddy, and I am feeling very good about it so please don't anybody up and top me now. S'funny, but every time I draw an assignment to write a personality story on a screen idol said screen idol immediately leaves for New York, China, or the High Sierras, (that's you, Mr. Gable); so when I called the studio about a Nelson Eddy interview I crossed my fingers and sat on my handkerchief; but no, that didn't change my luck—the screen's newest sensation it seemed was on location with the "Rose-Marie" company at Lake Tahoe and would probably be snowed in with Jeanette MacDonald and four tribes of Indians for the winter. Mr. Eddy, I said to myself with that grim determination that has made me the failure I am today, is going to be a test case—I will go to Tahoe.

Now when I looked at Tahoe on the map it looked like just a good stone's throw, (the kind that Freddie Bartholomew throws at the street lights), from Hollywood, but so help me it took twenty-four hours by train to get there. In less than twenty-four hours I could have planed it to New York, seen Eleanor Powell do her taps in the new Howard Dietz show, and been well on my way back! I thought of that while I was being jostled along in that mountain train, dangling off cliffs until my hair stood on end, and twirling in and out among snow-tipped peaks at an elevation of eight thousand feet; but being one of those many people who saw "Naughty Marietta" five times I decided Nelson Eddy was worth it. Yes, and I bet I'm the only gal who ever hurdled a mess of mountain ranges to meet Nelson Eddy. Not that you and you and you wouldn't want to if you had the chance.

The season being over all the hotels and lodges along beautiful Lake Tahoe are closed with the exception of Chambers Lodge which has been taken over by Metro for the duration of "Rose-Marie." And it was in the none too elegant dining-room (Continued on page 63)
"Dark Angel" Oberon, now so self-controlled and poised, doesn’t look as if she’d been a self-willed "brat." But she says she was, and she should know! Read all about it.

I WAS a spoiled brat!” Merle Oberon told me. “As a child I had a vicious temper. I had frightful rows with my mother, who spoiled me completely, and I unmercifully teased my uncle and aunt, who helped to bring me up. At school I got into trouble at once, and before long I had the reputation of being the most mischievous girl in school, the ringleader in almost every prank that was played.”

Merle doesn’t look as if she was ever the devil’s own brat, as if she ever lost her temper or struck anyone in anger. Instead she looks as dewy and fresh as an April morning, with her soft chestnut hair and her dancing, sparkling hazel-green eyes. Temperament? You’d swear, looking at her, that she never had any to overcome. Yet she told me, “I was making my life a hell on earth by my vicious temper. I hurt friends whom I cared for and loved, by things I said in a tantrum. Then one day I struck my best friend, and I realized where I was heading for, and that I must stop it.”

Today Merle Oberon has perfect self-control. But let’s go back to her childhood and see what made her such an unruly youngster.

Her father, an army officer, died three months before Merle was born on the island of Tasmania, off the coast of Australia, and her mother, one of those doting, indulgent parents who spoil their youngsters at every turn, brought her up, with the help of an uncle and aunt. From the beginning Merle showed a temper and an iron will. She wanted what she wanted when she wanted it. She had also a Puckish sense of humor, If her uncle and aunt had understood it, if the people who had to cope with her later at school had understood it, all might have been well. But there was no one to understand and tame this little minx.

She sat in her uncle’s lap. How sweet she could be when she wanted to, this will o’ the wisp of a girl! But now there was a speculative look of mischief in her eyes. She was thinking of how funny her uncle looked when he put away his false teeth for the night. Gently she poked his cheeks with just (Continued on page 64)
Reserved for Romance

Brian Aherne’s "British restraint" breaks down and we get a long-awaited close-up

By Maude Latham

If YOU belong to that large, and ever-increasing, number of admirers of the Englishmen who have already won unique places for themselves in the cinema world—such as Leslie Howard, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and others—you may as well prepare to include in your admiration and affection one Mr. Brian Aherne.

If you were fortunate enough to see him as Allison, the writer, in "The Fountain," I need not sing his praises to you. You are already singing them to others. Or if you were enchanted by his work in "What Every Woman Knows," with Helen Hayes, you need no introduction. Furthermore, if you have recently enjoyed his portrayal of the archeologist with Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life," you realize that he has fulfilled the predictions you made for him after you saw him on the stage with Katharine Cornell in three productions, particularly that beautiful portrait of Robert Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." You are undoubtedly scanning every magazine for news of him—in vain! You are astounded that you have learned nothing of the man except the fact that he has been amazingly successful, both on stage and screen, in Europe; that in his extreme youth he was cast in parts formerly played only by seasoned trouper. There is a reason for all this.

This interview for Screenland is the very first he has given since he came from England! And what persistent persuasion we employed to get this first exclusive story.

Mr. Aherne thought he was (Continued on page 77)
PART IV

IT was easy enough to hold Tony off, after all. She had lunch with him. She went to parties with him. He was gay, amusing. When he came to see her she saw to it that her mother was in the room. She was busy. There were so many things to think about besides love.

Did she love Tony? She didn’t know. She liked being with him. He was exciting. Fun. She didn’t have the calm joy she had had with Michael—months ago. Yet he did fascinate her. Infatuation? Diana wondered how you told infatuation from love. She felt she was entitled to love. She was young. She worked hard. Love was such a big part of life.

The routine of being a star closed in around Diana. Exercise. Massage. Study. Dresses to be fitted at the studio—and at Howard Greer’s. Interviews. Conferences.

The days at the studio were long. You were made up. You rehearsed a scene again and again. You waited. Scenes were taken. Retaken.

Parties were gay. And as time passed they grew gayer. The more exclusive stars still paid no attention to Diana. What did it matter? She went with important stars. Feature players. Directors. Writers. Only with people connected with the movies.

Her mother made a few neighborhood friends, looked up people from their home town. Diana urged her mother to give luncheons for her friends. For her part she found them terribly dull. They were a bit awed by her—and they knew nothing about pictures. To Diana, pictures seemed the only important thing in the world.

Movies and movie gossip. Contract renewed. Things people said. Was it true—the newest whispered scandal? Undercurrents of things happening when, outwardly, everything was smooth. Sudden divorces—couples friendly one day and in screaming headlines the next. Changes in studio executives. Outwardly, a huge industry moving calmly along, sufficient in itself, save that the public must be pleased.

A huge industry—so that twenty million people can have some place to go for pleasure—and for escape from reality. Stars made and unmade because little women in Iowa or Ohio or Utah did or didn’t like them.

Diana continued as a star. Sometimes her pictures were good. Sometimes they were only fair. But her public liked her. The exhibitors liked her. Her popularity did not diminish. That was the great thing.

She spent too much money, as did most of the American-born stars. She planned to “really begin to save next month.” Her mother, used to simple living, was horrified at the way the money disappeared. Food for the servants cost far more than food for the average family. Diana gave dinner parties, buffet supper parties, cocktail parties—with bills for liquor several times more than the bills for food.

When she was not working she took short vacations. By rail, plane, car or boat. To Palm Springs, Mexico, Honolulu. Her accommodations had to be the best. Wasn’t she a star? Besides her mother she usually took her maid and a secretary and sometimes a few friends—a few of those who were constantly fawning on her.

If she didn’t see life as it was, it wasn’t altogether her fault. She lived in a little world of being a star. Wherever she went she was famous—a personage. Even at the studio she was important. Everything seemed to revolve around her.

She began to drink, not because she liked liquor but because after a hard day’s work, she was tired, needed a stimulant, and because everyone around her was drinking. Some days she’d wake up with a splitting headache, wonder how she could go to the studio. A massage,
A vivid novel of Hollywood life and its influence on a girl who is swept to heights of celebrity and romance. It's human, real!

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

The Story So Far

Diana Wells goes to Hollywood to visit the family of her fiancé, Michael Stone. However, an odd circumstance leads to opportunity to act in pictures, and alter a relatively short studio experience, Diana becomes a star. Surrounded by a group of self-seeking people, Diana and Michael drift apart. Though Diana is stunned when Michael declares they had better at least suspend their engagement, Tony Bryant, prominent actor, separated from his wife and much attracted to Diana, convinces her it is best for her to follow her career. Tony induces Diana to leave her original studio and accept a contract with Splendour Films, and with this company Diana continues to advance to new heights in popularity, meantime living more extravagantly, and indulging more in the gay life around her. Now you're ready for the rest.

Was she really going down? She couldn't believe it! Her salary was large. Friends flattered her. Her pictures and interviews were in the screen magazines. She looked at Boulder and Sampson with as much dignity as she could gather.

"I believe you are exaggerating, gentlemen," she said. "But I shall go back to my kindergarten behavior. And I hope that, in return, you'll find better pictures for me."

They all smiled. A seeming truce. What would happen now?

A thing happened she hadn't dreamed of. Neither had the officials of Splendour Films.

Color came into motion pictures! Came in suddenly, the way sound had come. Overnight, picture studios had been wired for sound. Actors and actresses, successful in silent days, had found they were failures. New successes had sprung up overnight. Now, just as unexpectedly, color came in. There had been color in shorts, before. Now, full length pictures attained one more attribute of the living stage. R.K.O. put out "Becky Sharp," that masterpiece of William Makepiece Thackeray and Francis Edwards Faragoh. Others followed with important pictures. Splendour Films decided to make only color pictures.

There were few tests. Stars who did not photograph well in color were given new make-up, went through elaborate experiments.

Diana took the tests. She

(Continued on page 62)
WELL, when I was nine I started going to school. Up to then Cis had taught me everything, but grandfather thought it was high time I should be with other children, as Peter came only for the holidays. I didn’t know how I should like it, but I was anxious to try for it was an entirely new experience to me. And when Cis told me I was to wear dress-up clothes and a white collar, I was terribly excited. You see, it was the first time I’d ever worn a real shirt with a stud in it, and I thought I was going to be a man. The first day, I remember, I was up exactly at five o’clock, at the crack of dawn—up and dressed and ready to go to school. If I’d had my way, I’d have started right off and walked and waited outside the gates till school began. I couldn’t help getting excited, never having been to any kind of school before.

Later, there were certain things I liked about it and others I didn’t. Asking questions, for instance. With Cis, you see, if there was something I didn’t understand I’d tell her so and she’d explain it till I did understand. Well, naturally I thought I could do the same thing at school, but I soon found out that a schoolmaster’s different from your aunt and not so careful about explaining. Because when something puzzled me the very first day, I stood up and said: “Excuse me, sir, I don’t understand.” And instead of explaining, he told me to sit down. That seemed rather strange to me, and when I told Cis about it, she asked the schoolmaster the reason. He said there were too many children, and if he stopped to explain everything, he’d never be done. So if you weren’t clever enough to grasp a matter the first time—well, it was just too bad.

There was a very sad thing that happened while I was at school, though it didn’t have anything to do with school really except that the church was close by. I had a quite grown-up friend whose name was Neil. I did love Neil—he was always so kind to me and used to let me do anything I wanted. And one day he was killed by falling off a horse, and as I passed the church on my way home from school I saw his father and mother coming out. I said how do you do to them but I didn’t mention Neil, because I thought it best not to open the wound.

But most of the time I was happy there. I did enjoy being with the other boys, though whenever we had a row, they’d call me the “camera flea,” as they knew I’d been in the films. It used to make me mad, but that didn’t do me much good, so I’d swallow my wrath and be friends again.

Only I didn’t go to school more than a year. Because after that came “David Copperfield.”

There’s one thing I’d like to say about “David Copperfield,” if you don’t mind, because ever so many people have asked me: “How did you enjoy (Continued on page 66)
"I Can’t Write about Them!"

EVERY once in a while I find myself pretending to pick up something I haven’t dropped, or trying to hide behind a cocktail glass, or looking with almost hypnotized interest in the opposite direction. And these are always my worst moments!

For, invariably, a star who has spared two precious hours from his, or her life to ply me with bits of philosophy, hints of Love Life and some Vendome delicacies—(and never lived to see anything about it in print because I haven’t written it)—is somewhere in the vicinity.

It is all quite embarrassing and neck-reddening because nine times out of ten you’ve raised holy thunder, up-rooted the publicity department one by one to make the appointment, roused the illustrious subject from a sickbed, or all three. And for what? Not a single printed paragraph in return!

Over a period of many years I have found that there are outstanding stars of whom it is impossible for me to write. Personal likes and dislikes have little to do with this thwarted reaction, either. The personality story I like the best of any I have ever written was on the subject of a blonde sophisticate who is not my favorite person, nor yet my favorite pitcher star.

In another bracket there are those box-office names I have written “of”—but never well—with Clark Gable Exhibit A of this group. Two stories of mine on the Gable have appeared in print. They were both very ta-de-da. I have never been able to get Clark’s seeming personal insouciance and good-fellowship on paper, and I doubt if I ever will. Who knows—perhaps I don’t believe it?

I have always been bothered with a hunch that the Gable off-screen “lightness” is as much of a role as his on-screen menace. Back of the mask of his professional smile he strikes me as a brooding and moody young man, not at all the devil-may-care type he is always painted. The screen Gable seems to me to be closer to the real Gable than the easy-come-easy-go side of himself he turns to interviewers and casual public contacts, causing Clark to roll off my typewriter as a warring personality torn between his idea of himself, and mine.

For almost the same reasons Ginger Rogers is another of my private Waterloos. I look back on my only meeting with the red-headed Ginger, (in a little café where they made the most delicious crepe suzette), with a vaguely dissatisfied feeling, as though I hadn’t met Ginger at all, but an excellent double. I remember she ordered a delightful luncheon, she talked politely and guardedly on any subject I cared to bring up. Her nails were discreetly manicured, and even her usually fly-away red hair was carefully tucked under her hat in sleek

Ginger Rogers as Dorothy Manners visualized her, at right—the lush baby of the syncopated cinema. But—

Clark Gable, Exhibit A among the celebrities whom Dorothy Manners “can’t write about.” So hard to catch, Clark?

She knows Dick Arlen too well to write about him! That’s why Dorothy’s Arlen observations are so very pungent.
Getting personal about some picture people who
are impossible to "catch" in print, at least—

By Dorothy Manners

conservatism. Not an unkind word did Ginger have to
say about anyone or anything. Not a wisecrack passed
her delicately rouged lips.

When she spoke of her work it was to complain, in
a nicely modulated voice, that she was weary of hey-hey
rôles and longed for something more dramatic than
"The Piccolino" with Fred Astaire. On the subject
of her private life and marriage to Lew Ayres, she was
as wary as Garbo. All in all, Ginger was the perfectly
poised, slightly humorless, very pretty person that she is
off-screen—and perhaps that was just the trouble. The
Ginger I had had in mind was that great big close-up
of a lush baby singing "We're In The Money" from her
Warner days! It was disconcerting to find that the
electric quality that so characterizes everything she does
on the screen is purely a camera train in the make-up of
a perfect lady.

If it weren't for Dick Arlen I might pacify my sterile
creative efforts concerning Ginger and Clark with the
acceptable excuse that I do not know them
well enough. But unfortunately I know Dick
too well to write about him! It is impossible
to stress one side of Dick—(for instance, the
popular impression that he is the most normal
actor in Hollywood and a swell husband and
father, which he is)—and completely ignore an
equally authentic contrasting side of his person-
ality. With the possible exception of John
Gilbert, he is the most temperamental person I
have ever known. It is comparatively easy to
"do" stories on definitely typed personalities.
But it takes a writin' fool to clearly delineate the
personality of a man-boy who is naïvely happy
and emotionally restless; sane and explosive; adult
and juvenile; practical and artistic at one and the
same time. And so I gave up on Dick a long time
ago.

Of course, there are always those Hollywood stars
I have not been able to write about because our
paths have been literally strewn with broken ap-
apointments. I remember waiting in a publicity de-
partment for five hours one day only to learn that
Barbara Stanwyck was not in the mood to be
interviewed, after all. This, after almost a dozen
messages that she "was on her way." It seems that
Frank Fay wanted Barbara to come home, and you
know what Barbara's moods are where Frank is con-
cerned. What my mood was by that time is not fit to
go into the homes where there are women and children
readers. So the world has just had to struggle along
without a Manners version of Stanwyck.

Where Mr. Joseph Schildkraut is concerned—well, Joe
and I just weren't soul-mates, especially on the subject
of calf's liver. It happened this way:

The invitation came, via press agent, to lunch with
Mr. Schildkraut at a popular (Continued on page 80)

Here's how Ginger really looks to our writer—a perfect lady who
longs for something more dramatic than the "Piccolino."
Robert Donat, who once turned his back on Hollywood, finally tells his side of the story, in this frank and exclusive interview

By Henry Albert Phillips

BE ALL READY TO

London

WHEN Robert Donat left his native England to take the title part in "The Count of Monte Cristo," he was just one among those thousands of actors who simply "appear in pictures." His rise from obscurity to prominence somewhat resembles the transformation of Edmond Dantes into the Count of Monte Cristo. To have been just an ordinary young actor day before yesterday and then to become today the most talked about artist of stage and screen in one's native land and to be sought by producing companies of both Elstree and Hollywood, is the height of good fortune that can happen to any performer.

But this handsome, personable young Englishman is not running true to Hollywood form. Now that he has practically everything to be desired in his grasp, we find him constantly shying away from it, either as though he did not believe it was real, or that he didn't really want it. At every step, he has played with the fire of Fame. Reluctantly he opened the door to Opportunity, shied away from lucrative publicity and often played the part of the Lone Pine in life. "I'm in no hurry," he tells them provocatively. "Wait awhile."

"Obstinacy!" mutter those who wish him well. "Hasn't he already waited too long—if he ever expects to get anywhere!" For he is already in his thirties.

But Robert Donat has his own ideas. He believes that no actor should undertake a rôle or a characterization until he has been thoroughly equipped in the School of Experience to essay it. Donat's first appearance in the films was a failure because he did not stick to this principle.

"I had at last met Mr. Alexander Korda of London Films," says Donat, checking back. "Like every actor, I secretly hoped that he would make some offer about my working in pictures, but it was not mentioned. A few days later, however, I received a curt request to come to Elstree. I was met by Leontine Sagan, the director of 'Maedchen in Uniform,' who said that Mr. Korda had instructed her to make a test for me to appear in the student rôle in 'Men of Tomorrow.' "I've never been to Oxford University and I have no idea how they act," I protested. I was so solemn about it all that it made them laugh, although they gave me the contract. I couldn't believe it, you see, so my (Continued on page 87)
carry their association over into private life. They are inseparable companions, fine loyal friends.

Lots of actors are pretty good pals, until they get within camera range. Then it's every man for himself. I said that to Jim Cagney.

"No actor feels that way about it who has been through the mill the way we have," he replied. "Rep shows, vaudeville and the stage, every one of us has been through it; and we realize it's the co-operation that counts in the last analysis, rather than anyone taking the ascendancy. In the old days, it was how good the show was, not any one person in it. If it wasn't good it closed, and then we didn't eat.

"There has never been one instance of trouble between any of us in our work, of anyone 'moving up' or hogging the camera. Oh, we argue like hell over the way a certain scene ought to be played, or some accent on a character, according to the way we see it individually. But after it's all thrashed out and decided, we get in and do it that way, and shut up about it. It's never carried over. Nothing that happens in a picture is worth sacrificing a friend for.

"The basis of my friendship with these five fellows is admiration. I admire each one sincerely for what he can do and for what he is. Propinquity enters into our closeness, naturally. We work on the same lot, we see each other often—although months will pass when we are scattered around in different pictures. But we can always get together at lunch time, or at home."

Instead of braving the milling mob in the commissary and having to distribute their conversation over every one who might approach their table, these six have worked out a system. They take turns: one brings the lunch for all of them, from home, and they make a dressing-room picnic out of it! It leaves quite a lot up to each of the little women at home, but the sillies, they like to do it. Mrs. Cagney and her cook have to remember that Allen Jenkins won't eat mayonnaise, and Mrs. Jenkins and her cook must keep in mind about Jimmy and his dark bread. None of them likes heavy luncheons, which is certainly a break for the home folks.

McHugh is the "brains of the outfit," they agree to a man. Pat is the great entertainer. Jimmy exercises. "I like to watch them do both," says McHugh. Kibbee is the fisherman. Hugh Herbert reminisces pricelessly about his early days in vaudeville. Jenkins is the boatbuilder. They are all good, heated arguers.

Jimmy, Pat, and Frank are special buddies. Jim says "a good basis for any friendship is the ability to laugh together. Pat and I have no trouble. No matter where we are, under what conditions, we invariably find something hilariously amusing."

He says the outstanding trait of McHugh is his "solidity."

"Frank has a sound sort of reasoning; there is something definite about him. He is fundamentally (Continued on page 84)
Picture-Making in Paris

By Stiles Dickenson

Paris

I saw Elissa Landi married ten times in French and four times in English. Another day I saw Neil Hamilton in English warn Conchita Montenegro four times not to drink too much champagne in a night club and express his surprise that she was able to influence her grandfather to let her go out alone with him. When I was watching this scene I noticed a tall, good-looking young fellow dressed in faultless evening clothes, (but minus a coat), watching intently the scene. After the scene was approved the lights were put out and Neil stepped out of the picture. Conchita coyly touched up her make-up. The young man who had been watching suddenly got up, put on his coat, and stepped into the seat vacated by Neil. The lights were turned on and the same scene was enacted in French. It had to be done several times as Conchita forgot her lines and once they didn’t like the way she pronounced champagne. The young man’s name is George Rigaud, who is playing Neil’s part in the French version of “La Vie Parisienne.” He speaks English, and recently signed with an American agent, so perhaps he’ll be in Hollywood soon.

Conchita Montenegro is a “natural” for her part. She is from Brazil and speaks French and English with a Spanish accent. In “La Vie Parisienne” her rôle is that of a young girl from Rio de Janeiro. She is a hard-worked gal, for she plays the leading part in both French and English versions. Max Dearly, a famous French star, is also bi-lingual and plays in the two versions. It’s amusing to see the same scene enacted in the two different languages for different methods of acting are employed in each language. French simply must be spoken with gestures!

All of this that I’m writing makes Paris sound like a suburb of Hollywood, for at the moment there seems to
be an invasion of American stars here. Most of them are here to make pictures and the bar of the Hotel George V has gone completely Hollywood. Sitting around the tables or strolling in and out one sees stars and world-famous personalities. There is a nice sense of absolute ease and naturalness about the place. The stars seem much more human and less self-important in Paris than anywhere else. The French rarely recognize them and when they do they only casually glance at the widely advertised glamorous one. There is none of that hysterical mobbing that one sees in London or New York. That’s why the really great stars always enjoy being in Paris.

It is a great pleasure to take Neil Hamilton around town. His enthusiastic interest and sense of humor kill any fear of a dull moment. Took him in the Metro—the Paris subway. The maps with the indications for transferring to different lines quite fascinated him and very soon he was trotting all over town in the Metro. To step into a taxi and be taken to his destination seemed a rather boring procedure but to pop into the Metro and arrive, with only a few minor mistakes, took on the feeling of an adventure. Suddenly he spurned the Metro. “I’ve decided it’s better to die in a motor crash than by slow asphyxiation in the Metro,” said he. (The Paris chauffeurs are notorious for their reckless speed.)

Neil’s dressing-room at the studio was always the scene of amusing comedy. In Paris theatres and studios all the “dressers” are women. Neil’s was a jolly, buxom creature whose English vocabulary consisted of amazingly illuminating gestures with every now and then a single, expressive English word. They got along surprisingly well, but of course when I was there they would always depend on me to translate. After working late one night Neil said in English “Good-night and sweet dreams.” The dresser was quite touched. I taught her the expression in English and Neil learned to say it in French, so each evening the cordial entente was charmingly carried on.

The guardian of the sacred portals was very firm when first I went out to the studio to see Elissa Landi and John Lodge. It’s quite a way outside Paris, and when I arrived at two-thirty in the afternoon the “grouch” said it would be impossible to see Miss Landi as she was doing a scene. Said I would have to wait till she came out through the courtyard—adding casually that it would be around six or seven o’clock. I told him gruffly that I didn’t come out to see Miss Landi for pleasure but to work. Reluctantly he took my name to her and seemed a bit annoyed when I was ushered straightway to her set.

I was completely wrong when I said that it was not for pleasure! The set was a colorful chapel where Miss Landi was being married in regal splendor. She plays the part of the Princess in “Koenigsmarck” in both English and French versions. Standing close to her was the tall figure of John Lodge, very gorgeous in a uniform of an officer in an imaginary kingdom, sort of an Anthony Hope hero. He was not being married to Miss Landi but had to stand in the foreground. This he did very well in both languages. Elissa was married in English with very little complication and after the fourth shot the director declared it O.K. (Yes, yes O.K. has taken its place in the vocabulary of the French studios.)

After the fourth English marriage Elissa sat down, her yards of train and veil being carefully looked after by various maids. The trainbearers, sweet little French kiddies, sat on the floor eating sweets, (a surprise from Elissa.) The English-speaking bridegroom retired and into the scene stepped the French actor Yonnell. Up went the lights and the same ceremony was done in French. It was taken three or four times unsatisfactorily. The fifth time wheels of the little platform that was supporting the camera on an incline started to creak and groan. It was a lady-like creak but broke into the quiet, impressive scene in the chapel like a peal of thunder. It was fixed but each time would (Continued on page 57)
The greatest thrill in sound...

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory... comedy and caprice... rivalries and loves... behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
METROPOLITAN

VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:
Pagliacci • The Road to Mandalay
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • Faust
Screenland's Celebrity Close-Ups

This grinning close-up of Morris appears in answer to many maidens' prayers! We show you, too, the affable actor at home: first, at his fireplace; below, by his swimming-pool. Always a good thespian and a popular personality, Chester is a credit to Hollywood.

Chester Morris—By Request
An excellent actor, Franchot Tone has been both helped and handicapped in Hollywood by the Joan Crawford publicity. Now he steps forward as an important player in his own right. Below, in "Mutiny on the Bounty," with Movita, who plays his native sweetheart.

Franchot Tone
Comes Into His Own
Serene Irene

Irene Dunne, the actress, is in "The Magnificent Obsession," her most dramatic vehicle since "Back Street." Irene, the singer, will soon do "Show Boat." Keeps her busy!
"The new girl in town," Rosalind Russell, has turned out to be a strikingly charming personality, taking her rightful place among the outstanding actresses of the screen.
Gary Cooper and Ann Harding pose for our especially selected still this month, against a rarely beautiful background of California's scenic wonders. Below, a close-up of the players in one of their studio scenes from "Peter Ibbetson."

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
From "Peter Ibbetson"
Josef von Sternberg has made a new picture, without Marlene Dietrich. "Crime and Punishment" is said to be a melodramatic masterpiece. Certainly it is beautifully photographed. Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, and Marian Marsh are the players.
Get A Haircut!

Wonder if that primeval fellow, Johnny Tarzan Weismuller started it with his bob-length looks for the famous jungle man he's portraying, right, in a scene with Maureen O'Sullivan for "Capture of Tarzan"?

Clark Gable, above, shaved his celebrated mustache but let his tresses grow and grow, for his screen heroics in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

And how do you like this? Basil Rathbone, above, displays ringlets, no less, in this "coiffure" for his role in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

And you too, Lionel Atwill? But we know how it is; you have to wear your hair like that for your new part in "Captain Blood."

George Houston, opera and dramatic star, with a Spanish haircut, does a "Carmen" scene with Grace Poggi, at right.
What's this? Hollywood's most manly stars are going long-hair? Maybe it's the Samson in 'em!

Why, even Jimmy Cagney is doing it—and incidentally with rather flattering results, don't you think? Here's James, left, in a scene for "Frisco Kid" with Lili Damita approving of her hero's lack of hair-cut.

A veritable picture of woe for the barbers is Ross Alexander in the striking pose and make-up above for his newest assignment on the screen.

Now even Guy Kibbee hides the shine of his famous pate under wavy tresses, as you can see in the picture of Guy in make-up.

Erroll Flynn, above, who's Lili Damita's husband, apparently isn't to be outdone. If Cagney wears his hair long, Flynn as Captain Blood can go him even better.

Look at Preston Foster, will you, at the left, having the pleats of his "Last Days of Pompeii" toga ironed out!
Hollywood Magic
At Work

Gladys Swarthout, as seen immediately above, was a striking beauty even before she arrived in Hollywood, but the studio artists found the way to emphasize her charm, as shown in the portrait at upper right. Josephine Hutchinson, at left, in two poses in which the genius of make-up achieves the feat of turning the hands of time back and forward, from girlhood to maturity.

Claire Dodd pictured in contrasting phases of feminine beauty. At right above, the young, dreamy girl who faces life with serious purpose; and at right, the gaily glamorous young woman intent upon adventure and romance.
Startling samples of the wonders worked by those wizards, the make-up artists, who dare to make our greatest beauties even more alluring.

Ann Sothern, young, blonde, vivacious, pictured in two exotic poses in striking contrast to her natural self, as effected by the magic of Hollywood's beauty craftsmen, left and right above. Margaret Lindsay also shows the astonishing transformations that make-up accomplishes in the two poses at the right. Above, the eager young girl; and in the lower portrait, the poised, worldly woman.

Two different ladies? Not at all! That's Jean Arthur at left above, and also in the provocative pose at the immediate left. Jean is strikingly platinum blonde in both pictures, but note the difference a coiffure makes.
Dick deserts his home lot for 20th Century to warble his winning way through a big song show spontaneously titled "Thanks A Million."

Our answer to Dick Powell's "Thanks A Million"

Ann Dvorak plays Dick's sweetheart. An imposing cast of musical and comedy performers rallies round. Among the celebrities present we find Paul Whiteman, who leads the orchestra, and Fred Allen, highly original comedian from radio, in the pictures at the right.
“Collegiate”
Capers

The higher education in Hollywood is more fun!

What a college! Jack Oakie enters every year, and never graduates. The campus menace is Joe Penner, raccoon coat and all. Ned Sparks and Lynn Overman spread sweetness and light. Betty Grable, a siren in shorts, embraces her opportunity, and doubles as cheer-leader. No books, no tire-some professors; just one grand football frolic. What a college!
GLENDA FARRELL'S HOME

Here is one Hollywood star with the courage to carry out her own scheme of decoration. Do you like her ideas?

Glenda's unconventional ideas make her home a lively, interesting place. Above, her library, mostly modern. See the animal motif in rug, picture, and chair covering? Right, Miss Farrell in her lounge room, in black and white, with chromium and crystal bar.

Below are views of the dining-room and living-room, carried out in several periods to original effect. Below, left, Glenda's Louis XV bedroom; and finally, an exterior view of the low-rambling, tile-roofed Farrell home in North Hollywood.
Gladys Swarthout

Lovely to look at, delightful to see—is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality...a charm and grace all her own...a voice of molten gold...audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

Posed by Shirley Temple
Shirley’s Chum SPEAKS UP!

By Winifred Aydelotte

WHEN a star is a heroine to her stand-in, it’s news!

Allow us to introduce Shirley Temple, aged six, and Marilyn Granas, aged six and three quarters.

I'm not quite sure that little Miss Granas takes very kindly to the title “stand-in,” however. She calls herself “an understudy who has lights and things focused on her.”

When I talked to Marilyn the other day she was dressed in a snappy little ensemble consisting of blue flannel slacks and a yellow polo shirt. She is a very pretty little girl, with a small blob for a nose, a fine forehead, and a charming, full mouth.

More than anything else in the world, (besides her mother and brothers), she likes Shirley Temple.

“She’s my chum!” she explained seriously, trying to slide off the davenport without bending in the middle. “I’d rather play with her than any little girl I know. I like to play better’n anything, and I like to play with Shirley.”

“When we aren’t needed by the director, we play pasting, out-cutting and rock hunting. When we were working in Sherwood Forest on ‘Our Little Girl,’ we went fishing with Joel McCrea and some bent hooks, but we never caught anything—not even Mr. McCrea. He was awfully nice, though, and he’s one of the ones who got a note from the studio asking ‘em not to play with us.”

It seems that whenever little Miss Temple and Miss Granas are on the set, it proves too much for the adults, and nothing is accomplished. David Butler, the director, got a note, too, once, also Lionel Barrymore, pointing out that, after all, pictures must be made and that the toys on the set belonged to the little girls, and that, if left alone, they could undoubtedly amuse themselves.

“John Boles got a note, too, when we were making ‘Curly Top.’ He’s nice,” said Marilyn from the midst of a back-bend. “Everybody we work with is nice. I like ‘em all, but Shirley is best. Nobody ever gave us a water and jelly bean party, though, but Jimmy Dunn.

“And oh, you’ll never believe this! When I was working in ‘Curly Top,’ I got my first fan letter. It was from a girl in Connecticut who was fifteen years old” —here Marilyn allowed a reverent pause for age to impress me—“and she said that she wanted my picture, that I must be an interesting little girl. Oh, well,” she sighed largely, “I suppose I’m going to be bothered with fan mail (Continued on page 96)
Reviews of the best Pictures
by Delight Evans

Shipmates Forever—Warners

CHEERS! Here's that all too rare combination: a musical romance with real human appeal. Collect the family, and their handkerchiefs; and tell Sister not to bother about her mascara, because if she has tears to shed she will shed them and her make-up when "Taps" sound for John Arledge. Your supposedly case-hardened reviewer, whose proud boast it was that she had not shed a tear at the cinema since the fourth revival of "The Birth of a Nation," broke right down and made an old dinged fool of herself over Mr. Arledge. You see, he plays to exquisite perfection a gob whose life dream and ambition is to become a midshipman; you sigh with relief when he passes his entrance examinations, but you begin to cry when he fails in his studies and goes back to the Navy to start all over again. And then you are harrowed further when the story calls upon him to supply the really touching tragedy that lifts "Shipmates Forever" to the dignity of high drama. Of course, there is gaiety and humor and romance here, too! Dick Powell is effortlessly swell as the crooner who becomes a real Navy Man in spite of himself. Ruby Keeler looks lovelier, dances better, than ever.

Barbary Coast—United Artists

PERHAPS this picturesque account of the bad old days in San Francisco isn't as barbarous as you had sneakingly hoped; but then some people are never satisfied, except possibly the censors. "Barbary Coast" presents a vivid picture of the torrid times when ancestors of "gangsters" strolled around saloons wearing ear-rings and ruffled shirts. Edward G. Robinson, the actor who has given a new meaning to the old-fashioned term of "villain" by making bad men uncomfortably believable, beginning with "Little Caesar," again has a rôle he can get his teeth into—and about time, too. Robinson to my mind walks away with this picture, with his suavely sinister performance of heat man in the untamed town where Miriam Hopkins is the one ray of light—if not sweetness. Miss Hopkins has a difficult assignment here as a gal more sinned against than you-know, and she does the best she can with it. Joel McCrea is surprisingly convincing as the young man who kindles the love light in our heroine's eyes where Evil Eddie has failed. Oh, there's excitement enough, what with a chase, and "The Vigilantes are coming" and romance just around the corner. Colorful cinema.

Broadway Melody of 1936—M-G-M

FOR once "a million dollar production" actually lives up to its reputation. This lavish new musical movie looks expensive and sounds expensive; it glitters with costly sets and costumes; it astonishes with the smoothest ensembles yet presented on the screen; it sings in the dulcet tones of Frances Langford; and it has the best dancers ever assembled for a single movie—it seems that every handsome and high-priced stepper except Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is here. And as an Astaire-Rogers substitute we have Miss Eleanor Powell, who is a whole show in herself in that she can dance everything from taps to ballet, give an uncanny imitation of Katharine Hepburn, and conduct her romantic scenes with charm and freshness. This Powell girl from Broadway is deservedly the new cinema excitement. You'll enjoy Jack Benny's inimitable drolleries. The ingratiating Mr. Benny, hilariously assisted by stooge Sid Silvers, heads the comedy department, abetted by that grand Una Merkle. Robert Taylor is handsome if stolid in the leading male spot. Vilma and Buddy Ebsen would steal the dancing honors if Eleanor Powell weren't the greatest gal tap-dancer of her time. She is...
HAIL NINO MARTINI!

Screen's New Star of Song

NOT since Grace Moore enthralled us in “One Night of Love” has the screen offered such a thrill as Nino Martini's voice in “Here's to Romance.” The slender young Latin from the Manhattan Metropolis is the new singing sensation. What Nelson Eddy is to movie operetta, Martini should be to screen opera—if he can conquer his self-consciousness of the camera. If Nino could only act half as well as he sings, we might have a hero to revive the Valentino traditions. Only when he is singing does Martini really come into his own; and I believe that you will forgive all his lack of acting ease when you hear his fine tenor rendering arias from “La Tosca,” “Cavalleria Rusticana,” and, particularly, “Pagliacci.” Brush up the boy's acting technique, Producer Lasky, and you'll have a real hit.

The Big Broadcast of 1936—Paramount

I HAVE a weakness for these mad, merry movies that Paramount turns out every so often in an abandoned moment. They never make sense and they aren't supposed to. They always have Jack Oakie at his zaniest, and George Burns and Gracie Allen at their most irresponsible. In addition, this latest explosion offers just about every radio star you can think of, including Mister Crosby (Bing, not Bob); Ethel Merman, Amos and Andy—oh, you go on; you know 'em all. There's Bill Robinson, too; and two other colored boys, the Nikolas Brothers, who are grand entertainers. Plot? Oh, yes—plot. Well, it more or less concerns a big broadcasting contest won by Jack Oakie, whose other adventures include being kidnapped on a yacht to a mythical island by luscious Lyda Roberti—Jack's the sort of boy these things seem to happen to. Wendy Barrie is part of the decorative scheme of “The Big Broadcast,” and Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles contribute one of their marvellous skits on domesticity; and for dramatic emphasis there is a fine little sketch excellently played by Sir Guy Standing and David Holt. You'll want to hear Merman warble and Bing sing.

The Last Days of Pompeii—RKO-Radio

IF YOU have recovered from “The Crusades” take a long, deep breath and start out all over again to be thrilled, stunned, and entertained by this historical cataclysm. Boys and girls, it out-DeMilles the old master himself! Maestro Cecil's latest effort, you'll recall, had the fall of Acre but darned if it had anything as exciting as the eruption of Vesuvius. You just can't top that for thrills. And the cast of this new spectacular melodrama is robust and rousing enough to hold your interest even above the stirring scenes of the slaughter in the Arena and the volcanic violence. Preston Foster at last has his big chance in the important role here—and he is tremendously impressive in technique as well as stature as a Roman blacksmith turned gladiator, whose devotion to an adopted boy, after he loses his own child, leads him into intrigue and drama and finally to supreme sacrifice during the destruction of Pompeii. Of course, it is all high-keyed-and-colored stuff, but genuinely powerful and superbly staged. Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern, and little David Holt stand out in an excellent cast. Trick spectacle effects best since “King Kong”—but no Fay Wray!

IMPORTANT to you because it offers, for the first time, your opportunity to listen to Martini's glorious voice from the screen. Otherwise, a moderately amusing piece, obviously painstakingly tailored to Martini's vocal talents, with few flashes of originality. The story concerns a young singer, Martini, sponsored by a society woman, Genevieve Tobin, whose designs become embarrassingly romantic, particularly since our hero is himself in love with a ballet dancer, Anita Louise. To add to the complications, Reginald Denny as the music-loving lady's husband decides to sponsor Anita's career—it begins to sound like a radio program, doesn't it? But fortunately, the star-studded cast performs wonders with the weak material, and Martini atones for his histrionic sins when he lifts his voice in song, which he obliquely does often enough to turn this picture from a pain to a pleasure. Mme. Schumann-Heink lends her gracious dignity to her role of the singing teacher, and her still impressive contralto to one welcome song. Anita Louise is a vision of blonde beauty as the young dancer, with Genevieve Tobin her sparkling, sophisticated self and Reginald Denny as usual highly competent.

Here's to Romance—20th-Century Fox
SCREENLAND’S
Glamor School
Edited by
Anita Louise

The romantic mood is upon us! So we go important places in picturesque clothes with Hollywood’s most poetically lovely young person, that blonde fairy princess of pictures, Anita Louise. Come along!

Our heroine, the most ethereally pretty girl in all Hollywood, descends to the work-a-day world wearing, above, her pet daytime outfit. Anita glamorizes tweed with this costume; the cutaway jacket and cape lining are of a red, gray, and green tweed mixture; the skirt and cape of a nubby woolen. Her hat is a deep green shovel brim. Now for a tea-dance date, right: more romantic than ever in a black velvet frock with collar and cuffs of lace.

It’s smart to be romantic this season, and Anita Louise with her pink-and-gold beauty is the perfect heroine of our style story. Right, she swings along with a smile—end, just as important, a grand black coat with silver fox bib collar, detachable, of course—topped by a bonnet of black felt and velvet.
White velvet can be young, and gay, and charming, when it fashions such dress pajamas as worn by Anita, right. You'll see these pajamas on the screen in Anita's new film, "Personal Maid's Secret." Below, Anita's "Christmas dress" for holiday festivities—a luscious, long frock of a delectable red and silver lame. Piquant pockets!

Black velvet for a golden blond! Anita grows up a little to wear this dinner gown pictured at left. Full gathered sleeves and high-necked bodice emphasize the moulded skirt. The big, bold, glittering metal buckle is very 1936. Below: the Cape of the Season; it must be long and sweeping; it must be velvet; it should be red! Anita's is.
Charles Laughton was restless and impatient. A bit excited, too, for this was the last day's filming on the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," and he was in a hurry for it to be finished as he was leaving for England at eleven that very night.

"I expected to get away weeks ago," he said, in a gloomy voice, "but the picture was a tremendous undertaking and took longer than anyone expected. We spent six weeks at sea, a rough sea, too, and I'm the world's worse seaman. That is the one drawback to my commuting between the London and Hollywood studios. As soon as I land at one point I begin fretting about the return voyage. I detest the crossing, but," he added, "I'll go right on doing it, for I love the variety this gives me. I wither under monotony."

Wearing the white breeches, wig, and heavy false eye-brows that converted him into the menacing character of Captain Bligh, in the historic drama, "Mutiny on the Bounty," Laughton and I were sharing a bench on the edge of the set as the final scene was being shot.

When I asked him if his Captain Bligh was to be meaner than his naughty Papa Barrett rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," or his vengeful Javert, the unrelenting crime investigator in "Les Miserables," he fairly snorted.

"You haven't seen anything yet!" he exclaimed. "When this picture is shown I expect audiences will unite in a desire to cut out my heart, dogs will snap at my feet and women will faint at the very thought of me. But that's what I like—when I'm playing a villain rôle. Of course, I prefer comedy, as I had in 'The Private Life of Henry VIII' and 'Ruggles of Red Gap,' but when I'm supposed to be bad, I never compromise."

He chuckled, lustily, "I always wanted to portray the part of the father in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' You see, I know a man who is the same detestable hypocrite and religious fanatic, though he probably misses the sadist angle of this Barrett codger, and I got a terrific kick putting him together on the screen. Lord, how I enjoyed revealing his ogreish qualities!"

"As Mrs. Laughton and I came out of the theatre the night the picture was previewed, I heard a chap say, 'Good God, that Barrett man was my Uncle Tom true to life!'"

"I wanted to slap him on the back and tell him I'd bet there were dozens of people saying he reminded them of Uncle something or other, or old Grandfather so and so. Ridicule is a powerful weapon to wield over these Barretts and I only hope some of the rascals recognized themselves in my portrayal."

Now, the big joke of all this ferocity is that Charles Laughton is the gentlest person imaginable. In real life, with his round chubby (Continued on page 94)
An international authority teaches you a fine sport and grand exercise for gaining the Hollywood ideal of grace

Fencing For Trim Figures

This month we have persuaded an international authority on fencing to take over our department. Mr. Leroy Prinz, who produces the dance numbers for Paramount Pictures, will tell you how to gain "Hollywood Figures From Fencing."

SCREENLAND readers, this is Leroy Prinz.

Greetings! It is a pleasure to talk to you about my favorite sport, fencing, and the great benefits, as well as pleasure, you can derive from this classic and splendid form of exercise.

For ages the sport of fencing has been regarded the perfect exercise for developing bodily grace and poise. Let us consider it from this standpoint, since the concern of this department is to help you to acquire A Hollywood Figure. But just a word about fencing as a sport for everybody—women and men alike. Please don't take the mistaken view that fencing is something for the selective minority, a "high hat" pastime found mainly in finishing schools, exclusive clubs, etc. It is a pity that in some quarters in America this wholly erroneous view prevails. The more progressive American schools have included fencing in the curriculum in the past three years, simply because they have come to realize its value to the student.

I always include fencing in the training of my girls. It teaches them how to walk, gives them excellent posture, freedom and grace.

A beautiful girl comes into the studio and is put under contract; she has gorgeous looks, a nice figure, a good intellect, but her hands are in her way. Maybe that's your trouble, too. Dancing may help her, but it won't take care of those hands and arms, because she can dance and still not use her hands freely. You've seen girls holding their hands close to their sides as they dance? That won't do on the screen. There's as much expression in the hands and arms as there is in the face, and a good actress must learn what to do about them.

In our new picture "Collegiate," we have a Charm School. "Give us a number for this," the producer requested. What creates charm more easily and completely than anything else? Fencing! So I have created a fencing number. Go to see it—perhaps you'll pick up some valuable pointers on how to fence and perhaps a few extra exercises to add to the routines which I shall describe in this article.

Fencing will give you the free use of your arms, grace, and agility all at once.

You will acquire no over-developed muscles through fencing; there will be no ugly calf muscles such as the toe dancer has after years of pirouetting; no hideous big thigh muscles such as the tap dancer often has by the time she becomes proficient. By the time you can fence well, your arms are a part of your body and flow rhythmically with it. Every muscle is exercised yet never over-developed.

If you go in for fencing scientifically, you will wear a mask and protecting collar (Continued on page 68)
Here's Hollywood!

Romance!
Gay Gossip!
Good News!

By
Weston East

REMEMBER that old rib about "keep poison Oskie out of Toluca Lake"? It was started as a gag, then the fans took it up and it built into an episode of some importance. Bing Crosby was the ring-leader. Well, the other day when Jack replaced Bing as a crooner in "Money From Home," Jack evened things up by plastering all the old gag-clippings all over Bing's dressing-room. Also, the royalty checks Jack has received from his "College Rhythm" recordings have Bing wondering. It's a real live feud, now. Funny how innocent gags can build up.

YOU can look forward to seeing again on the screen the lovely Dolores Costello, now that her marriage to John Barrymore has been dissolved in the courts.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has been studying French for six months, so she tried out her new language when she was introduced to the new star at Fox, Simone Simon. Finally Shirley had to give it up, but not until she remarked, "Miss Simone, I guess we don't speak the same kind of French, do we?"

WELL, well! That sterling couple, Cary Grant and Randy Scott are back together and keeping house again! (No aspersions intended, boys, we all know you.) Neither seems to have any too much luck with his love affairs, what with Betty Furness straying off with Cesar Romero and Vivian Gaye marrying Ernst Lubitsch. Looks as if Cary and Randy have just given up the steady-beau business and decided to play the field. Anyway, they are nicely ensconced in Connie Talmadge's (Mrs. Townsend Netcher) house in Santa Monica—just as everyone else is moving in from the beach. So now they have it all practically to themselves. Oh, yes; Connie has gone to Chicago, where her husband has big department store interests.

Al Jolson's friends are about to organize the Here He Comes Club, in self-defense. For Al, believe it or not, has turned into such a proud papa that he collars his pals and goes on for hours about snookums' new tooth, and what he said this morning that sounded like a word. He illustrates with snapshots and even moving pictures. (Lantern slides tomorrow night.) From Playboy to Papa is always an interesting transformation.

Right above, Abe Lyman, band man, and new star Eleanor Powell, who've announced their engagement. Left, Nino Martini and Anita Louise, seen together in New York. Is it a romance?
At the recent tennis tournament we saw John Boles, his daughter, Marcelite, and Mrs. John Boles occupying a box, as shown at right. Edsel Ford's children, Josephine and Billy, visited the Warner studio, and below you see them with Jimmy Cagney and Joe E. Brown.

They are comparing Hepburn's performance in "Sylvia Scarlett" to the "L'Aiglon" of Bernhardt; you know, the one in which the divine Sarah played Napoleon's son. Well, maybe, at that! After "Alice Adams" we will believe almost anything of Katie. She has to play a boy successful enough to deceive custom's inspectors, in the early part of the picture, and must still, the publicity says, "preserve the feminine allure of a girl whom circumstances has forced into this impersonation." What kind of a boy is that?

Charles Bickford is recovering nicely from his tussle with a lion, but he will be flat on his back for some time to come. His deepest regret is that he may not be able to play his role in "The Littlest Rebel" with Shirley Temple.

Fred Perry, the worldly tennis star, proves that bridegrooms are pretty much alike. He was so fussled while being introduced to a friend of his bride, Helen Vinson, that the cigarette he was holding burned his fingers to a blister. An old beau of the bride's, to be exact.

Probably an unprecedented occasion—in the life of a producer—took place when George Arliss completed his role in "Mister Hobo" for Gaumont-British. The film ran beyond schedule, and an overtime check amounting to $30,000 was delivered to Arliss. On the following day he appeared in the office of Michael Balcon, production head, and casually placed a slip of paper on the desk. "I don't think I'll take this," remarked Arliss, and strolled out. It was the check! We presume Mr. Balcon has been revived by this time.

The village is agog over these Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers rift rumors. Jealousy, so it is whispered, has separated them. Seems it's all a lot of tosh, and Ginger simply tore off to the mountains to rest, having lost thirteen pounds during the filming of "Tamed," and they can't fit her for clothes in the new Astaire-Rogers picture until she puts back the poundage. The new one is called "Follow the Fleet," and we can't wait to see Fred in a middy blouse!

My, my, there hasn't been such excitement on the Paramount lot since the good old days when Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri used to vie with each other in little matters of red carpets, tons of orchids, and gallons of temperament. Of course you've already read in your favorite magazine, (talking about SCREENLAND, Toots) the battle of the Cadillacs waged by Marlene Dietrich and Mae West, who happen to have adjoining dressing-rooms on the Paramount campus. Well, the latest is that Marlene, not to be outdone by Miss West, now has a colored maid. Mae has had the famous Libby do maid service for her on the set ever since she has been in Hollywood. But Marlene has never had a maid. In fact it was always part of her publicity that the glamorous Dietrich had no maid. Well, as I said before, the entire cast of "Desire" nearly fell out of their chairs when Marlene walked on the set the other morning with a colored maid.

Spencer and Mrs. Tracy are giving their first big party in a year, with invitations that say "swimming, dancing, riding and ranch sports." Certainly sounds as if no one will have time to be bored. The trouble with most Hollywood parties is that the host expects the guests to entertain each other!
WHEN all is said and done there really seems to be nothing to the rumors of the Jeanette MacDonald—Gene Raymond romance. It came to an abrupt end when Jeanette left for Lake Tahoe with the "Rose-Marie" company, and with my own little eyes I saw her receive flowers but daily from Bob Ritchie, who is on his way back to Hollywood after a business trip to England and New York.

GOSH, we have heard of sound ear-pounders in our day, but Merle Oberon gets the prize. That girl sleeps with three alarm clocks in her room! She gets up, still asleep, and turns off two of them. Then she plays a good joke on herself and has the third one hidden so she has to look around for it—and by that time, she's awake. Hardly seems worth while to get up at all if you have to work that hard at it.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell had the other patrons all in a dither when they dined at the Café Lamaze, and wound up at the Trocadero, the other night. It begins to look like Love. We passed them driving over the Pass from Toluca Lake the other afternoon—in Dick's big open roadster, Joany all snuggled down in a big warm coat, looking up with those big eyes. Hey, Mary Brian!

SPONSORS of Dick Powell's Friday night broadcasts have done their Xmas shopping early, with the result that to Lionel Barrymore goes the distinction of being signed to the longest contract ever written by the radio impresarios. Commencing with this December 25th, Lionel will bring you Scrooge in air presentations of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" on Xmas days up to and including the one that comes in 1938.

You who have seen Lionel in his many masterful screen performances, know what an excellent job he'll make of it. The always modest Lionel says he's "going to school," studying radio technic. It's a different medium of drama than stage or screen, he says, and declares he must learn how to do it. Which reminds this corner of an incident when Lionel modestly made his way into films for the first time.

At home! Edward Arnold, great screen character actor, with his wife and their pet Boston, snapped in their patio.

Boats television! Here's how Lionel Barrymore will look as Scrooge in a radio version of "A Christmas Carol." It will be presented on Xmas day.

radio was then a producer, by the way—Lionel was being urged by the publicity director to pose for a portrait. "Shucks," he grinned, "they don't want to see me. Take pictures of the girls," However, they put the pressure on him. Barrymore was playing a rough western character and was in costume. So they borrowed a celluloid collar from one of the grips, (the only one about who wore Lionel's size), put the publicity man's necktie on him, and made him sit while the still-man shot a few plates to give the publicity department the only portraits it could get of its star.

(Continued on page 76)
Learn the art of perfuming as Hollywood knows it—to make "Great Moments" even greater!

By Elin Neil

Perfume Personality

Who wants to be known by the perfume she wears? Olivia de Havilland doesn't. This swiftly ascending star who gave up a college education to play Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," admits her favorite extravagances are buying lots of flowers and perfumes. She is far too clever, though, to let any one perfume dominate her the way the "black narcissus" lady did. Olivia's perfumes, like her clothes, are slaves to her personality. And you'll find several fragrances on her dressing-table to suit the different moods that go to make up the vibrant, lovable person who is Olivia de Havilland to her family and friends as well as to screen audiences.

Perfumes are like people. Every one seems to have a living personality whether it is the pure essence of a single flower, a profusion of friendly flowers, or a mysterious fragrance you can't define but which calls up memories of scenes long forgotten.

You must be oh, so very careful in the perfume personalities you choose to mingle with your own—just as careful as you are in the choice of your friends or your clothes or the surroundings in which you live. For your perfume expresses you as definitely as your conversation.

You wouldn't wear the same clothes day in and day out, or confine yourself to a single friend. That would make life too monotonous, and the impression you gave the outside world would be so all-the-same and uninteresting. There's monotony in perfume, too, if you always stick to the same one. Besides, you deprive yourself of that grand feeling of emotional "lift" which a new and exciting perfume, like a new dress or hat, can give you.

Think of your perfumes like the colors you wear. They must be flattering to your mood as a dress must be becoming. And you can count on them to do a lot toward making the "Ensemble You" as charming as possible. I've always believed there is color in the fragrance a perfume wafts around one.

The fresh woody odors call up scenes of the forest—tingling brooks and ferns and wildflowers in careless profusion. And the impressions they evoke are filled with soft greens. Green is the soothing color. Wear the woody perfumes for those elfin, sympathetic moods, and people will seek you out for the calm and peace you bring.

Yellow and orange are the gay. (Continued on page 90)
knew her own colorings were attractive. Felt she had nothing to fear.
She waiting. Heard nothing. A week later she was tested again.
'She wasn't good—in color! She found that out, definitely, after a third test. If she had been one of their more probable stars they might have gone on with more experiments in make-up, more tests. As it was, they were through. Diana's contract was not renewed.

For the first time since she had entered the world of pictures she was in a panic. Frightened. Bewildered. In three weeks her salary would stop. What if she couldn't get a new job right away?

She got in touch with Twizel, her agent. He was a little disturbed because his com-
mission might stop but optimistic, too. Other studios would welcome Diana. Maybe not right away—there were so many new girls who were making good—but if she were patient they'd find something for her in a studio that wasn't going so wholeheartedly into color. Diana felt cheered up. Her buoyancy didn't last. Her little band of followers was not cheerful. Even Tony was worried. He hadn't been working steadily. He was free-lancing, and although he was still a well-known star his popularity was passing.

At dinner he urged Diana to go away with him. She was not working in a picture, that meant three weeks' vacation with pay. They could go to Mexico, have a wonderful time. No one would know.

If things—went down—she would still have this memory! Why not? The idea buzzed through her brain.

"I will not be kept waiting any longer!" Tony said. He seemed insistent now.

"All right," said Diana. "I'll go.

"In the morning?"

Diana nodded. Might as well decide something!

She went to bed, sure of what she was going to do. She woke up, still sure.

He had brought her breakfast to bed—fruit juice and toast and coffee—it had been a long time since she had dared eat more for fear of gaining weight. Her personal maid and the morning paper were on her tray. She picked up the paper. Read the headlines. On an inside page she started to read a news story. Stopped. Started over again. Sunny Beck! She couldn't believe it!

The little fool! Sunny was mixed up in the dirtiest sort of a scandal. With that awful little director she had brought to the party. His wife had raided a bun-
galow. Found her husband—and Sunny. And claimed she found drugs, too! She was giving evidence, now, in order to get a divorce. It meant the end of Sunny in pictures! They were careful, in the movies, about scandal. If a star were very im-
portant her studio would undoubtedly work hard to cover things up. Otherwise, not only would there be no one to help her—but the doors of all studios would be closed to her.

Diana didn't like to read fiction in which girls "came to realize." She almost smiled, now, when she thought of herself in that same position. For she had, indeed, "come to realize." Why, she was planning to do something just as silly as Sunny had done! Sunny was only an extra. She was a star—had more to lose. Yet there was no studio to protect her. Maybe Tony's wife was looking for just such an opportunity!

She reached for her telephone, telephoned to Tony, told him her new decision. She was a little piqued because she did not act as if his heart were broken. She knew this meant the last of Tony. Well, that couldn't be helped, now. She felt absolutely weak. Tony had been such an important part of her life since she was in the movies. Now he was gone! She realized he had never really loved her. She was young, attractive, new. That was all. Perhaps his wife wouldn't give him a divorce. Perhaps, like so many married men in Hollywood, he had stayed married so he wouldn't get mixed up in any other entanglement. She was better off without him. And she felt terribly lonely and at loose ends.

She begged her mother to go away with her. Right away. Mrs. Wells was used to Diana's vagaries. Since her husband's death, life had not seemed very real to her. Uprooted from a small, conventional community and thrust into Hollywood she had tried to adjust to it. She had found her own friends. The Hollywood of the movies had never been very close to her. Diana's problems did not seem real. It was too late to live, now.

Diana's maid packed the bags. Diana ordered her car. She and her mother and her maid went to Palm Springs.

Palm Springs is a hidden oasis, a painted desert in a real desert. The hotels are luxurious—and three feet from them the desert closes in. The houses look as if they had imagined themselves in a curious dream. Now, the season was nearly over. Oddly dressed people in abbreviated sports costumes were still around but the hotel was quiet.

Diana had been drinking too much. She told herself she'd cut that out. Here, away from her crowd, it ought to be easy enough. Yet she took a drink in the morning and several during the day, had cocktails before her dinner, a couple of highballs later. Her nerves were on end.

She was mulishly restless. Couldn't think. She'd pick up a book, read a few pages, throw it down.

"Let's leave this place!" she said, after three days.

The maid packed again. The car was summoned. A few hours' ride, first the desert, then Riverside and the lovely green country outside of Hollywood—and she was home.

She breathed deeply when she saw her own beautiful house. Why had she ever wanted to go away?

She spent a luxurious day in bed—and didn't have a single drink. Then she was restless again.

Iowa Summers wanted to see her. She hadn't seen Iowa since she had read about Sunny. Before she'd seen her frequently, given her money. Iowa looked tired.

"Sunny went home," she said, "She was the best friend I had in town.

Diana made a mistake, then. "Why don't you go home, too?" she asked.

Iowa flared into sudden temper.

"You're a nice one to talk," she screamed.

"You—who have everything. You're a star! I'm as beautiful as you are! I had no better chances. That's why.

Diana tried to soothe her, Iowa's voice rose higher.

"Maybe you want me to go because you're tired of lending me a little money. You couldn't possibly miss it. I live cheap, in a little room. You have all this. But I'll get ahead! You're jealous! You want me to go home! She was crying, now.

There! There!" said Diana, as if she wasn't talking to a very little girl. "Of course you'll make a good temper."

"You have everything!" wailed Iowa.

"Well, my contract is up and they aren't renewing," said Diana. "Splendid is going to make me out of color—and I don't photograph well, in color."

Was it Diana's imagination—did Iowa look pleased at the news? 'You'll get someone else,' she said. She left as soon as Diana gave her some money.

Diana's group of companions were still around constantly. For lunch, for dinner, for cocktails. She told no one what had happened between her and Tony—and acquaintance were too smart to ask ques-
tions. She heard that he had gone to Mexico.

Diana went to parties. She allowed a dozen men to escort her. Some of them were gay, fun-loving. A few drank too hard. A few were old, boring. None
was prominent. She knew they felt it an honor to be seen with her. If they got too many invitations they didn't dare to refuse them. Some of them, like Forest Drury or Marcus Williams, were pleasant. In restaurants she paid the bills. She knew that most of the good-looking young men who were still unmarried were broke. Waiting for fortune.

The three weeks of her contract passed. The stream of gold stopped, suddenly. The huge expenses went on. And there were no new offers!

She tried to curtail expenses. Let an unattractive young gardeners come drive. She cut out most of her entertaining. Bought no new clothes. This made her feel a lot cheaper. Bills, on the house and furnishings, rendered monthly, still poured in.

The group of young men she knew what going on. She didn't want her to eat her meals—sang her praises?

A curious thing happened—and, oddly enough, Diana was not really surprised. The sympathy of most of the good-looking young men who were still unmarried were broke.

There were two or three pictures—and you're out. Diana hadn't heard that often enough. She had had her bad pictures. Had failed in a color test. And no other studio thought her worth making any sort of an offer. Was this what had come of all her dreams?

Failure—and debt—and oblivion?

She began to live off her small savings. The money rolled out of her savings account so much faster than it had rolled in.

Fear seized her. What was she going to do? What if she had to lose her home—everything? What after that?

One day she found Iowa again. Iowa needed more money. She saw herself another Iowa, trying to make enough, in extra parts, to get by. She wasn't an Iowa, she was a star, an Iowa, Iowa had only dreams. She tried to talk sensibly with Iowa. She couldn't refuse her the few dollars that meant the difference between meager comforts and real starvation.

There were fewer invitations. Hollywood knew if a person is going up or down. And the crowd hats failures, his almost a superstitious fear of them. Diana had never been a real Hollywood personality. She had enough temperament for that. The stories that made her glamorous and romantic were as much fiction as were the stories of so many other stars. She was the sort of woman she never was given that was all. Pretty girls who had a flair for acting and who photographed well and who, through a chain of circumstances, become stars. This one could be—and frequently was—destroyed by a whisper, by a few bad pictures. Glamour fades more easily than it is created. This office was

There were no new offers of jobs. The few parties she went to were just drinking parties—where everyone stood around and talked and everyone else—and there the failures were more in evidence than the successes.

At home, the sympathies were less and less. For a while, her mother had luncheons alone, dined alone. The big dining-room seemed curiously bare and empty. There had always been a gay crowd there, fluttering, hungry.

Diana tried not to drink. Gradually, she broke herself of the habit that had begun to take hold on her. Yet it was so easy to ring for a highball, when she was feeling blue. She felt blue and unhappy most of the time.

One morning she didn't have the energy to get out of bed. What was going to happen to her? When the maid brought her breakfast she drank her fruit juice listlessly, crumbled a piece of toast. Her mail was uninteresting. She knew any news would come over the telephone.

She picked up the morning paper. On an inside page, as she had read, unex-

I think you can get your teeth into it. She's hard, clever, just the kind you can play.

"It sounds grand," said Diana. "I'll—ask my fiancée."

"Fancée?" Herrick scowled.

"It's all right!" Diana smiled, now. "It's the boy I was going with when I came to Hollywood. Remember?"

"Of course," said Herrick. They were all smiling, now.

"A sensible thing to do," said Trauber.

"You'll decide right away, We want to begin shooting in ten days."

"I'll let you know in the morning," said Diana.

At seven Michael was there. He was

No sound track's needed to prove that Warner Baxter can strum a swell serenade on that guitar—Margo's eloquent expression makes that plain.

pectedly, about Sunny Beck, she read the last chapter in the life of Iowa Summers. Iowa had committed suicide.

She hadn't even left a note. Just a pretty girl, who had been an extra player, had found life too difficult. Her body was being sent to Iowa. She was going home, after all! Diana hid her head in the bed clothes. Sobbed with horror.

Suddenly, she knew what she must do—what she had known, instinctively, for days. She must telephone Michael!

He had said—if she needed him. She gave the number. Shivered. What if he no longer cared?

His voice was dear, friendly, comforting. More than that, it was thrilling to talk to Michael—as it had been when she first met him—before things happened to her.

It was all right! Michael was back! Michael was coming to dinner. At seven! Michael!

The telephone rang. It was Twizel, the agent.

"That good news?" he said. "Trauber. Thanks you've been in the dog-house long enough. A decent offer. Not as large as you've been making, of course. But good options. Says he's got a story just made for you. Wants to see you at two-thirty."

It was on the tip of her tongue to say she couldn't come. She knew how Michael felt about movies. But she was a star—couldn't give up. And there were debts—and her mother to be looked after.

The old studio. Trauber. Herrick. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of them.

"The part," said Trauber, "is that of an older woman than you've been playing but

even handsomer than she had pictured him. Tall and bronzed and young and dependable. Before she knew it she was in his arms, had told her story. Up until today.

"So you're out of pictures," he said.

She told him the newest chapter. His brow clouded—but only for an instant. Michael had learned things, too.

"If you still care for me," said Diana, "we could get married, be together. We could live—here. I know my real friends, now. You won't have a lot of imitations cluttering up the place. Part of a star's salary must go for living—like a star. You can pay a proportionate share of living expenses. And we can both save—"

"And stars, these days, have children, don't they?" Michael asked.

Children are the smartest thing to have," Diana told him.

They both laughed. Even before dinner was announced they were in the midst of plans. A short trip to San Francisco. After a wedding with only the Stones and her mother and Sara and Bob. And later, when they were—home—a few friends in people they both liked. And remembering, always, that a star has—problems. And that Michael's life and Michael's career were important, too. It all sounded so grand—and simple and real and logical.

"Why didn't we think of it before?" asked Diana.

"Neither of us had brains enough," said Michael. "I'm sure I didn't—and even the most beautiful star in the world can be a little—dumb."

Diana couldn't scold him for that—just then. She kissed him, instead.
the proper poke to make those false teeth fall out. But Uncle stood up, furious. But before he had a chance to do anything, the brat had fled, and was leading him a merry chase around the house.

When he arrived with her uncle, wondered Merle. Why did he take this thing so seriously? Didn’t he realize how absurd the whole thing was? Heaven, the things that people took seriously! There was, for instance, the day that Merle noticed that there was only one rose left in her uncle’s garden, and salliéd for to pull that rose. How was she to know that the last rose of summer was her uncle’s pride and joy? Coming back from the garden, she had crawled into mud that went up to her knees. Yelling for the gardener she stood there, with the rose that she had plucked up by the roots in her hand. And there her uncle found her. His eyes had been opened wide, but she was just as indignant as if it was her nose to which attention had been called.

One day when lessons grew boring, Merle passed a note to a friend. The note said, “Look at Huffy’s polypockey nose.” Huffy, of course, being the nickname of the teacher. The friend looked and passed the note on, and someone else. From hereon happened in that school, they sent for Merle. Merle thought they were all little mad, but at the same time she was afraid of all the things they would do to her. The most innocent pranks were treated as though they were criminal offenses. What Merle probably resented, though she didn’t analyze it at the time, was the fact that the said teachers were all deplorably lacking in a sense of humor.

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her first childhood romance. When she was sixteen she quarreled with the boy she loved because of the jealous scene he made when she danced with another partner. She could have answered him tactfully, and then she would never have had to regret ugly words spoken in a moment of fury. But it wasn't in little Merle at sixteen to answer anyone tactfully. So they had parted in high dudgeon. Later he had come back to her, begging her to make up their quarrel. By this time the carefree rapture of love had been lost, never to be recaptured.

Now Merle recalled were the words she spoke when she lost her temper with a girl who had been one of her best friends. Merle came late to an appointment. The friend began to upbraiding her. What did she mean by always coming late? Didn't she have any consideration for others?

Incensed at being criticized in this way, Merle gave the other girl ball for ball. He words flew between them. Then they did something that was very foolish but very human. The other girl began to throw some of the things she had done for Merle. "I did this and so for you, and now you talk to me like this," she exclaimed bitterly. "Oh, yes," said Merle, "but think what I've done for you. Think how many times gone to great trouble and invited you to stay at my flat so you wouldn't have to go back to London alone late at night."

The other girl and "Damn the words she could have bitten her tongue out for saying them. On the other girl's face was a stricken look, and Merle knew that her angry spirit had been broken by it.

Realizing that the things her friend had said were spoken in a tantrum, Merle forgave her, and the two remained friends outwardly. But underneath their friendship was a bitter seed of resentment which Merle knew she had sowed. Never again did her friend accept her hospitality. Never did she wholly forgive and forget, for whom could she blame her?

By that time Merle was panic-stricken about the things she had done and said when she was in a temper. She knew that she ought to learn to control her hot young blood. But she did nothing about it until—

One day, furious at a friend for lying, she struck her in the face. It was the first time in her life that she had ever done anything like that. She looked at her hand as if it were an unclean thing. She turned hot and cold by turns.

She realized, then, and there, that she was her own worst enemy, and that it was up to her to make friends with herself. She could be anything she wanted to be, do anything she wanted to do, and yet not all of it would count a whit, if she didn't learn to control herself.

I wish I could tell you that she found some magic method of self-control, some simple method by which we could all conjure up self-control when wrecked by fury. But I have a funny sort of idea that people read too much, they read the truth, love the stars, and not a lot of synthetic stuff. So I can't honestly tell you that. She simply made up her mind that she would never allow herself to unloose that fury which she had thought of to that resolution like a Trojan soldier. And gradually, as she ceased expressing the rages that used to torment her, she came to feel the

She still has temperament, but her temper is well under control. When Douglas Fairbanks played with her in "The Private Life of Jean," he knew her temper. Merle. That little bit of temperament you have isn't bad. Every real artist has it.

In Hollywood, where she made "Folies Bergere" and "Dancing Lady," there hasn't been a single faint rumbling on the sets where she worked. All has been quiet, peaceful, and serene.

Mr. Eddy isn't the sort of person of whom anyone could ever make a mart. But I'm certain that unless there's darn good cause for it, she'll never again lose her temper. For her will and power and her won't power are tremendous.

**Man's Man, Woman's Man, Child's Man—Nelson Eddy**

**Continued from page 20**

of the Lodge that I laid weary eyes on Nelson Eddy that night after my twenty-four hour tussle with the peaks. Mr. Eddy was completely surrounded by women, five beautiful stock company girls, hairdressers, seamstresses, and there was no room for a fan writer with train smoke in her hair to barge in. So I had to content myself with Lucien Littlefield, a grand character, a story-teller, and one swell guy—but alas, not a substitute for Nelson Eddy.

"So you want me to talk about Nelson Eddy and Mr. Littlefield with mock gravity. "How you women do go on! I could tell you such entertaining things about myself, but no—it must be Nelson Eddy. Well, Eddy is a man's man. I've worked with many a screen hero in my time but never one whom I liked quite so much, and I'm sure that goes for the rest of the men in the company. I'll give you an example. The grips organized a ball game outside the Lodge there the other afternoon and when Eddy heard about it he threw down his new and pushed everything aside and insist upon umpiring. Every time he called a foul, the boys simply sit him with abusive language and baseball bats, and there was no struggling and nothing like if I ever saw one. Well, I have seen screen stars with lovely marcelled waves umpire games on these location trips before, and the boys never questioned his opinion or talked back—he was definitely an outsider and treated as such."

"This place is just like a summer resort hot," Jeanette MacDonald said as she dropped by the table on her way to bed—those four A.M. calls are really something—"Every time Nelson Eddy enters the dining-room or the club-room dozens of pairs of eyes are glued to him, and you can see the sort of wistfully and hopefully. You can wonder how well surrounded he is now—well, it's like that every meal. Of course it would seem that the gay girls and the beautiful girls would be the ones to attract him mostly, but really it is the lonely, forlorn-looking girl who always gets most of his attention. He told me once that he was lonely so often in his youth that he can never pass by a forlorn person without stopping."

That gave me to think. For my interview in the morning I would be the most dejected person in the world. And believe me, dejection would be easy enough in the cold gray dawn. But of that more anon. Everybody that night wanted to tell me something swell about Nelson Eddy. One of the hairdressers got stories to tell with the little boy who lipped. He was staying at the Lodge with his mother and father; and of course the first night he found Nelson in the dining-room he elevated himself up and said, "Pleas, Mr. Eddy, throw a thong."

Now if there is anything Mr. Eddy, or Miss MacDonald, or any singer loathes it's to have a person come up in the midst of dinner and demand a song. "I'm sorry, somny," he said, "but you see I've been working all day, and I'm tired and I can't sing a song." "Thur," said the fellow, "but if I could thing I'd thing a thong." "Sorry, but I'm too tired to thing—sing, I mean," and Mr. Eddy continued with his steak. But he seemed to have lost something of his color, and I was going to laugh at the end of Sandy's amusing story, and after the coffee, bless my soul, he went over to the table where the little boy sat with his parents and explained to them that he was tired and was going to bed right away. And then he saw a tear in the little boy's eye and he was lost. For almost an hour he sang with the songs from "Naughty Marietta" until little "Things a thong" went right off to sleep. That's all very nice, I said, bellishing it as usual. "I understand now that Nelson Eddy is a good sport and a man's man, and a good sport and a woman's man, and a good sport and a child's man—but where, oh where is his sense of humor? Before I can declare la grande passion and la gouvern toujours for Mr. Eddy I gotta have sense of humor."

"All right," said Tootsie, one of the Metro secretaries, "this will sly you. The other night we had Major Bowes amateur hour in the club-room and everybody in there with a trembling little singing song for a dance or something. Nelson Eddy and Dr. Lippe worked out a routine that had us in stitches. Nelson would sing, "Little Mary Had a Sleigh Ride," which describes in great detail how poor little Mary fell off her sleigh, and at the end of each verse he would suddenly stop singing and Dr.
Lippe would play on the piano. ‘Massa’s in the cold, cold ground.’ Naughty, but kind of cute.” Yes, I liked Nelson Eddy better after that.

High up on a crag, at the foot of a waterfall, along about eight o’clock the next morning I met Nelson Eddy. He had come down. He had had to leave the Lodge without his breakfast, in the stiff breezes of the Canadian Mounted. He had to climb two hundred yards to the top of the crag. He hadn’t had his meals, nor blankets during the night and had caught cold, and into the container of coffee which one of the props had finally managed to get, he had just fallen asleep to the repulsive looking insect. “This,” I said to myself, “is going to be a new low in interviews.” But I must have looked awfully dejected and forlorn as I sat there holding on tightly to the side of the mountain with my teeth chattering like a typewriter, for Nelson Eddy actually warmed up to me. He gave me his chair, his sweater, and his hand—the time I nearly fell over backwards down the mountain side. And while we waited for the sun to reach a certain spot, so he could dash up on his horse and find a blue print, “Rose Marie,” he gave me a little bits of his life.

He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and when he was a small boy he was the soprano soloist in the boys’ choir at Grace Church there. But when he grew older and started going to school he did less and less singing and spent his time playing baseball, drawing comic pictures of his schoolmates, and pulling the curls of little girls. He fell in love when he was seven with a little lady of six and he used to throw spitballs at her, dip the curls in the inkwell, and chase her home from school with a volley of rocks. But when he grew up he changed his romantic tactics, thanks to his bad teeth. He has been on the Verge several times, but has never married, mainly because he has had to work so hard. When he was fourteen his mother and father decided to separate and little Nelson’s play days were over. He had to go to work to support himself and his lovely mother who has always made a home for him. The first job was as a telephone operator in the Mott Iron Works in Philadelphia where after a couple of years of shaving he made the magnificent salary of twelve dollars a week. One day he decided he hated it—so he thumbed his nose at Fate, resigned, and went to look for another job. After tramping the entire length of Chestnut street he finally managed to find a job on the Philadelphia Press at eight dollars a week. It was a night job and during the day Nelson took a correspondence course in art, business, and music. He made up his mind to be a reporter, to go to the law school, and to become a famous lawyer. While he was advancing as a newspaper man, and studying hard on his correspondence school work, Nelson bought once more to take an interest in singing. He was far too poor to have a teacher, so he worked out the unique system of learning operatic arias from phonograph records, and he became so enthusiastic over his music that one day he gathered up nerve to walk into the conservatory of Darin Bisham, one of the greatest tenors of his time. After several serious talks with the boy Bisham convinced him that a little study wouldn’t hurt, and so Nelson gave up his newspaper career and started his singing lessons in earnest. After the death of Bisham he was taught by William V. Villonat and Dr. Edouard Lippe, who has been his teacher. Nelson made his debut on the stage in the society show, and attracted much attention. Later he sang leading roles for the Savoy Opera company, the Philadelphia Operatic Society, and the Philadelphia Civic Opera. Since 1930 he has sung as guest artist for the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

In March, 1933, while on one of his national concert tours, Nelson gave a recital at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and not only did the music lovers of Hollywood, including Edna May Oliver, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, the Freed Marches, Miriam Hopkins, and that Swedish girl, Miss Grete Garbo, go simply mad to hear him, but in one of the pictures, so did the movie executives, and they swarmed around his hotel suite the next morning like bill collectors. Nelson Eddy increasingly began to worry about Metro, and all the world knows was a tremendous success in his first important screen role, that of Captain War- rington in “Nancy.” After that, he was in “Rose-Marie,” and once more co-starring with Jeanette MacDonald, he is making “Rose-Marie” with the magnificent scenery of Lake Tahoe as a back drop setting.

When he was a little boy Nelson’s ambition was to become a doctor and speed through the traffic in an ambulance. But now his ambition is to appear in a picture, which he will entirely carry by dramatic ability and not by voice. Nelson is rapidly approaching his latest ambition. Of his performance in “Rose-Marie” Van Dyke told me, “His best performance in his last picture is his worst in this picture.” Well, performances or no performances, all you can get to do is to hear you hear Nelson sing the Indian Love Call. It’s tingling all through the Tahoe mountain, and it’s ringing all through my ears. It’s terrific.

Freddie’s Life and Adventures

Continued from page 25

playing it and what did it feel like?” Well, it felt like—well, let’s say you had a very dear friend whom you loved and he said to you: “No, I don’t want to play on my guitar. I want you to play”—a while and pretend you’re me and do all the things I used to do.” Well, of course you’d say yes in a minute, wouldn’t you, because it would be the thing to do. And that’s what it felt like to play David Copperfield.

The reason he was such a dear friend of mine was that he used to read his books on a white and pretend you’re me when I was quite small and couldn’t read myself. You remember telling you last time that I was rather a nuisance and wouldn’t stay quietly beside her. So Nelson, because, being very curious, I always wanted to know what was in the book. Then after a while I read it myself, and it was exciting. To see certain things that I read it again, and then I read it again—that was three times. And when it came to the amusing bits like Aunt Betty and the donkeys, I laughed so loud that once I actually fell out of the chair and everybody came running to see what was wrong; but it was just hilarity. I kept saying: “Why wouldn’t it be?”, but as time went on, we sort of forgot about really hoping to play it, because Cis said they probably wouldn’t even receive our letter if Nelson wrote it.

Then when we heard they were going to put David into the films, Cis looked a bit wistful and said: “How nice, Freddie, if Cis wouldn’t it be?” And Cis said: “Yes, wouldn’t it be?” But as time went on, we sort of forgot about really hoping to play it, because Cis said they probably wouldn’t even receive our letter if Nelson wrote it.

Then came the holidays, and we wanted to go to Scotland. And one day Cis said: “Why not go to America for a holiday instead?” I could hardly contain my excitement except one thing, and that was leaving Granary and Grandfather behind. It was quite a wrench, you see, because I always used to help Granary down the curb and do various little things for her, and there wouldn’t be anyone left to play cricket and badminton with Grandfather, and run races with Granary. I had to decide whether I would go to America, and it seemed the thing to do. And I used to be half on the running-board, looking at the skyscrapers. I thought any minute they were going to fall down. Only after being on top of the Empire State Building, it spoilt me. The other skyscrapers never looked so massive after that.

Well, then we went to Hollywood because Cis said, having come so far, “Why not go on to Hollywood and see what could be done about the films?” I had to laugh because Cis said, why not, as though it
were just a holiday thought, but of course it had been in the back of our heads all the time, and we pretended it wasn't so to be not too disappointed if we failed.

Going to California always reminded me of a joke. An Englishman once came over — the porter had got to us, and thought he'd like to go to California. After about four hours on the train, he asked the porter if they were near California, and the porter said no. Then at last after about a day had gone past, he said: "I'm sure you must be fooling me. This must be California!" The porter said: "No, sir, California." And when they finally did arrive at California, the Englishman said: "Lord, I don't think it was such a great thing that Columbus discovered America. He couldn't have missed it."

That's just a joke, but still we understood how the Englishman felt, being rather ill-informed ourselves.

There was one point where I should have willingly stopped, and that was when we saw some cowboys go canvassing down the trail. They had red shirts, just as they do in the books about cowboys. I think I might really have leaped through the window with excitement, except that the train was already changed, and I decided then and there to get off at the next station and be a cowboy. But Cis decided otherwise. When I grow up and retire, however, I want to buy a horse and have all the family over from England, and then we can all be cowboys together—though now I come to think of it, I don't know whether it would specially bore me about wearing sombreros and red shirts.

Well, the next thing that happened, we arrived at Hollywood, and Cis wrote a letter to someone, and strange to relate, this time there came an answer. I remember Cis looking at the answer, rather dumbfounded, and saying: "Well, it seems things are moving in America." And the letter asked us to come to the studio.

Mr. Selznick was there and several gentlemen whom I didn't know at the time, though later I knew them very well—Mr. George Cukor and Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Estabrook and Mr. Rowland Leigh who's my most intimate gentleman friend nowadays, and he gave me a job. He felt Cis might object to the gun, and he thoughtfully gave her a drip-coffee pot at the same time—to disarm her, she said. She said she thought it was splendid. It's not really dangerous though you see, because of course I don't put any bullets into it, but it's rather nice, just having it to flourish about and startle people with. I try not to startle them badly—just enough so that it's pleasant for me and not unpleasant for them.

Well, to get back to the studio: they asked me if I'd read it—the book, I mean. And I said: "Yes, I've read it four times." And then they asked me to do a recitation, and I did "Friends, Romans, Countrymen." I can't recall everything that happened, but I remember Mr. Cukor saying: "This is David." And I thought he meant me, but I couldn't be quite sure, and Cis and I looked at each other and I could see she was feeling the same way. And then when we found they really did mean me, we were terribly happy, of course, because of having hoped so long.

I can't say what part of the film I enjoyed best because every scene had its saddestess and its gladdestess. If you see what I mean—one day I was happy, then I wasn't, then I was—in the film, of course. In the play I was not so happy. The reason was because of Mr. Cukor. I love Mr. Cukor. When I had to cry, some directors might have said: "Now you've got to cry." David didn't take me by the side and tell me about the scene and the why and the wherefore, and why David was crying, and how much to cry, and just sort of work with me.

But one day, I remember, the tears refusd to roll out, try as I might. You can see how that would be, can't you, if you were perfectly happy and had nothing at all to cry about? Only it was very im-portant that I should, because in the pic-ture my mother was dying. So Mr. Cukor called Cis and said: "Please try to make Freddie cry."

And Cis took me just off the set, and said: "Freddie, I want you to think of someone you love dying—me, for instance." And I said: "Oh no, Cis—it must be something reasonable. Praps if I saw you crying, it might help."

So we both sat together, and I said: "Cry, Cis, cry," and presently she did, and then I did. And suddenly I looked up, and there was an electrician looking down at us from above, and he was holding a lamp and looking down at us like this, with his mouth and his eyes wide open. And it was so very funny that we both burst out laugh-ing and then we had to start all over again. That's one of my choicest memories, this electrician sort of gawping down at us while we sat there peacefully sobbing to-gether.

The first day on the set I hardly realized what was happening really, because there was so much to distract me, like the booms and the lights and all the contraptions, and people calling: "Hold it" and "Save them" and "Turn them over." And another in-teresting thing was to see the characters come out, just as though they were coming out of the book, like Aunt Betsey and dear old Peggyotty and Mr. Micawber and the Murdstone.

Oh, and that reminds me—I'd like people to know, because they sometimes ask me whether I hated the Murdstone. Even Miss Kemble Cooper herself—she played Miss Murdstone, you remember—once asked me: "Freddie, don't you hate me?"

But of course I didn't—only on the set otherwise she was charming.

And Basil—Mr. Rathbone, who played David's cruel stepfather—is my friend, and my heart quite ached for him, because I knew the beating part was more difficult for him than for me. Oh, but I'll tell you one thing. Basil said to me, "You see, is so tall, and when he arrived at Aunt Betsey's on the small little donkey—not a donkey, a burro—well, poor Basil being so tall, he almost happened under the burro—and it did look funny to see this tall, severe-looking gentleman—he's not really severe, you understand, just in the film—to see him come staking in on this little burro, as though he were sort of pushing it along. We had many a laugh over that burro, Basil and I."

That was when we were on location with the burros, and I loved being on location, because Mr. Cukor used to order ice cream for everyone. He had only a tiny carton for himself, because he was dieting, though I and everyone else had nice large ones. But one day he did me an even greater service than ice cream. There was something strange about it, because only the night before, Cis had dreamed about seeing me in a field, and there were horses in the field, and she thought I was being crushed under these horses, which made her a little uneasy. Well, sure enough, we were doing the scene where David is bidding the Micawbers goodbye. And how it happened I can't imagine, but as I reached up to Mrs. Micawber, I missed my footing and slipped under the horse and the horse started to go. But Mr. Cukor grabbed me and pulled me out before I was damaged or even had time to be frightened. So Cis decided she wouldn't worry about dreams while I had such a good protector, since she has quite enough to worry her without, poor darling. I mean she has a vivid imagination, and always expects to find me in pieces on her doorstep.

There's only one thing I didn't like about "David Copperfield"—or rather, about films generally—and that's being measured for costumes, because they try so many different angles and thingummies, and I'm not very good about standing still, because I'd far rather not. Praps I shouldn't mention it at all, only when you're telling your life, I think you should mention the shadows with the sunlight, especially when they're such small shadows, otherwise it might be monotonous. Like seeing films, for instance. I once saw the trailer for "The Bride of Frankenstein"—all about a monster and his beautiful bride. I should have liked awfully to see the film, but Cis said no, it was too horrible. I love seeing beautiful films, like "House of Rothschild" and "Judith of Marietta," but I do think, if you see too many of them, they're likely to get tiresome after a bit. But if you see a nice little horror for a change, you appreciate the beautiful things all the more.

It's one of the points Cis doesn't quite agree about.

Well, then the film was finished, and the next exciting thing was the premiere. We were dressing and I remember I was snapping my garters, it's a habit I have, when suddenly I looked at Cis and realized what an extremely important event was happening in our lives, so I asked God please to make "Copperfield" a success and reward my auntie for all her kindness, because this was her night.

Then we went to the preview at the Chinese Theatre, and there were a great many people, and someone put me in front
of a microphone and told me to say something, but I can't remember what I said because of all the excitement. Then we went inside, and presently the film started with the actors' names rolling up on a sort of manuscript thing and people clapping. And do you know, they even clapped when my name rolled up, which was frightfully kind of them, because I was a stranger from England and they didn't know me.

I held Cis's hand because I could tell she was rather nervous, and when it came to the beating part, I kissed her because I thought she might feel badly, and I couldn't comfort her on account of not talking. It's very interesting to see yourself on the screen, you're sitting down and yet you can see yourself moving about. But the most interesting part was later, because I hadn't watched them shooting it, and especially the wreck. By jove, that was a splendid wreck, wasn't it? I should certainly love to have been in it.

Well, I think that's all about "David Copperfield." After the preview? Well, everybody was sort of pushing and rather excited and trying to find each other, and we were trying to find Mr. Cakor to say thank you. And we found him in the aisle, and said thank you from the bottom of my heart. And going out, other people stopped us and shook hands and asked me to sign autographs. And somebody asked us to go to a party, but Cis said it was time for me to go home, so we went home.

But we did do another exciting thing before going to bed—we called Granny and Grandfather about the preview, and next day we got a very lovely cable back, which said congratulations, and I think it must have been signed by practically everyone. My friend in Warnminster, don't you, Cis? We were very happy about that because, since they couldn't be present to share the joy, at least they were sharing it by wire across the seas.

After that we went to New York, where so many things happened that it's all sort of jumbled up like a hash in my mind. But I remember the newspaper gentlemen who came to see us, because they were so very jolly and, instead of asking questions, we just played ping pong and chatted about this and that. And dear Major Bowes gave a party for us; it was my first grown-up party, and I had a new Eton suit, and I took my pistol along. I have a knife, too, but I've always liked pistols better.

And I remember the Dickens birthday dinner, because I had to make a speech, so I said: "If Dickens hadn't been born, he couldn't have written 'David Copperfield.' And if he hadn't written 'David Copperfield,' I couldn't have acted it. And if I hadn't acted it, I should have been here tonight. So his being born was pretty lucky for me, wasn't it?"

I didn't mean only because of the dinner, but because of everything. And that's not a joke.

(Next month: What Freddie's been doing since "David Copperfield").

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Fencing for Trim Figures

Continued from page 57

and have a button on your foil so that you can't be hurt. But if you have no fencing instructor in your town, or feel you cannot afford an instructor, you might think you'd better do without.

The most graceful men of any age lived during the era when fencing was man's greatest sport. They were far more graceful than the women of their day, for women then were weighted down by voluminous clothes, had no freedom, never exercised.

I've said that fencing teaches you how to walk. All fencing is done on the toes and the balls of the foot. The ball of the foot takes the weight of the body, then you glide or spring lightly in the advance and retreat.

Many modern doctors say that many of our ills come from our feet. Learn to walk on the balls of your feet and you'll be well.

One of the early Roman emperors used to buy beautiful women slaves in the slave market. They looked wonderful to him when he saw them sitting on the block, but when he got them home he discovered that they walked with either a waddle or a thump-thump-thump. This worried him considerably until he decided that the culprit was that his beautiful slaves had flat feet! He had wedges of wood made and strapped under their soles so that they would have to walk on the balls of their feet—the first high heels. Modern women, however, have developed high heels to the point where they are stubs that ruin rather than help the feet. Fencing helps correct this condition.

You can buy a foil for as low as three dollars and a half. A flexible stick 34 or 35 inches long can be used for fencing exercises. Wind some adhesive tape around the heavier end to serve as handle. The advice given by a master fencer as to how to hold the foil can't be bettered, so I repeat it:

"Hold the foil as if you had a bird in hand, firmly enough to prevent escape, but not so firmly that you will crush it."

1. Position of attention—sometimes called the carry. The body is held erect without stiffness, the chest well up, knees straight, feet at right angles, one heel behind the other, body turned slightly to the right, left hand at side, right hand, holding foil, extended at shoulder height to right.

The right foot should be in a straight line with the right foot of your adversary to whom you are presenting your right side. The reason you don't stand squarely face to face with your adversary is that thus you would have to defend a larger target for your foil.

2. Salute. We salute our adversary at the beginning and end of all bouts. There are several variations of the salute, but the one commonly used is as follows:

Standing as before, bend the arm so that foil and forearm are perpendicular to the floor, the fingers facing the chin. Then the weapon is dropped, unless it is found that the arm is straight and the foil tip about six inches from the floor.

3. On Guard. To the trained fencer, the guard is an easy position for the beginner, it is, most decidedly is not.

On guard is the position of readiness for defense or offense.

We will do it in four counts:

1. Hold the left position of salute, slowly turn the tip of the blade to the left toward the body until you can lightly hold the tip end with the left hand, the blade parallel to the floor.

2. Raise the foil horizontally over the head, still holding the tip lightly in the fingers of the left hand.

3. Release the tip of the foil from the left hand, but keep the left arm in its raised position, wrist and hand relaxed and gracefully arched. Rotate the point of the foil forward until it is on a level with the shoulders. At the same time bend the knees and turn them out. This is something trained athletes find it hard to master, so be sure you work at it.

4. Advance right foot straight forward in the direction in which it is pointing two foot lengths, pivot the foot and turn out at right angles. Hours of practice are needed to acquire a correct, evenly balanced, graceful guard position.

The right hand (hand of foil), should be breast-high, the blade forming a straight line with the forearm, the tip of the foil at about the level of opponent's eye. The body must be slightly separated, as present as little target to opponent as possible. Balance is necessary to quickness and readiness. This is attained by equal distribution of one's weight on left and right legs.

Practice before a mirror to see if you have attained the correct positions. Do this over and over until each movement of the hand flows into the next with precise action, such as is necessary in fencing, the bent knees, with feet at right angles and so separated that the balance is well placed, and so extreme longer react to rapid agile movements better than any other position. It is important to practice this position until it becomes a perfectly natural one.

The way to find out if you have the correct guard position is to make the call.

After assuming the guard position, we ask for the call. This is performed by
But secretly she cried over her pimply skin.

Mary, why don't you ask a boy and come tonight, too?

Who? Me? Why, you know I hate boys—why, I wouldn't be seen with one!!

But, actually, of course, she wants to be pretty and popular.

Nasty, horrid minkies! If I could only get rid of them!

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style.

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

___clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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stamping twice with the right foot. Unless the entire body is in perfect poise, you can’t give the call without losing your balance.

Footwork in fencing is naturally important.

The advance is performed by stepping forward about ten inches with the right foot. The left foot follows so that the same relative position is kept as before the advance. Don’t change the position of hands and arms.

The command is: “Advance one, advance two, two calls, salute, carry.”

The retreat is a corresponding figure. Instead of starting forward, you start backward with your left foot, follow it with your right, remembering to keep perfectly poised.

The jump advance is difficult. Its value is speed and surprise. The leaps are very great when well done, and there you gain lightness in footwork. Holding the guard position, you leap forward a short step, holding the feet in the same relative position all the time. You leap backward in the same fashion.

If you perfect yourself in each of the above movements, you will be surprised and pleased, I hope, with the improvement in your walk. But don’t forget that all this must be done on the balls of the feet.

Now we’ll take up the lunge, which is the climax of all fencing movements, it is made in order to reach your opponent with the point of your foil.

Assume the guard position.

For this position, you first extend the right arm fully, without a jerk, without locking the elbow or tightening the shoulder. The body is propelled forward by using the hip and advancing the right foot. The left arm is dropped backward fully extended, with the palm up. The right knee is now perpendicular above the instep. Left foot must be absolutely flat on the floor. This is necessary in order to keep from sliding close to the opponent, and as a base to depend on for recovering from the lunge. The body is erect, but lines slightly forward to the right to give a little more ease to the natural tendency to fall forward.

From the lunge, we must in a single movement recover to the guard position. Left foot planted firmly as a base, left leg is quickly bent, pulling the body back, while the right foot returns to the normal guard position. The weight of the body must be shifted backward, and here is the chief function of the little used left arm, which in returning to the guard position gives leverage and balance to the body. These movements are simultaneous.

The lunge and the recover put a great strain on the beginner, and while good fencers can make a hundred consecutive lunges without fatigue, the beginner may find two or three lunges fatiguing.

When you are tired, STOP. There’s always another day.

Take the lunge easily, and recover in the same way. Practice before your mirror, resting often. Do this daily until you can do it without strain.

Fencing is one sport that you need never give up. It keeps you in health as well as in grace. I have a fencing teacher on the lot who is 65 years old, and as agile as if he were 20. He will be able to teach, if he cares to, when he is 75 or 80. I attribute my perfect health to the foil and saber. I have never had so-called stomach trouble, indigestion, or any other ill. My fencing keeps me in condition.

Fencing is a stimulant, the best tonic money can buy. It brings the blood coursing through the veins, burns up fat, and builds up new. It makes you sure of yourself. It’s simply not possible to strike an awkward pose if you are a good fencer. It is true of all other sports easy, because it develops your mind.

James Davies Answers to Questions

Molly M., Cambalilla Hill, Bombay, India:
Cut down on sweets and do the hip-roll exercise every night and morning. The hip-roll, if you remember—lie on the floor, ajar over closer than ten times to the right and ten times to the left.
Pearl C., Drexel Hill, Pa.: You are about 20 lbs., over-weight. General reduction will probably reduce your last measurement. Go in for a strict diet, cutting down on sweets, drink fruit juices, eat plenty of leafy vegetables and fresh fruits. Walk whenever possible, go riding, and do a daily dozen night and morning.
Margaret S., Minneapolis: You ask what to do for a sagging bust. If you are overweight, first, take off excess pounds. Have you correct posture? If not, acquire this first. Here’s a good exercise—which is also excellent for your particular problem.
Sit straight in a chair, back pressed against back of chair. Draw the abdomen up hard and press down with the elbows, holding the position until aware of the muscle stretch.
Betty D. V., New Haven, Conn.: Are you overweight? If so, follow directions for weight reduction and that will help enlarge your bust. Also try arm-folding exercises, in which you throw arms back to touch fingers behind. Take a rod, hold it behind your head, whichever you raise it over your head, down to ground in front, up again and back over shoulder. Do this to music.
Mary M., Princeton, West Virginia: I believe what you need to do is to improve your appetite. Try getting up early and taking a walk before breakfast. Also walk whenever you can and do deep breathing exercises in open air. Go in for some interesting sport.
Beatrice H., Brooklyn, N. Y., and all those who write complaining that their hip measurement is too large:
Trunk bending and twisting exercises will definitely improve your figure.
Here’s a tip:
Stand with back to a wall, take a step forward. Stretch arms up as high as you can, chest well lifted, elbows and hands flat on wall behind you. Arch trunk as you “walk” down the wall with your hands.
Frances, Wichita, Kansas: Do not jump rope. It breaks down muscles of breast, unless done very lightly. Do above exercises.
N. Eaton, Canton, Ohio, and all those who ask about stout legs:
Stand with right foot in front of left, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right foot, knee stiff, 18 inches from floor. Give high jump upward, at same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right. In landing, bend knees and ankles so you come down softly. This exercise requires much poise. Repeat with left foot advanced.
N. E. of Chicago: Clasp hands back of neck; force head backward as far as it will go, then push chin forward until it rests on chest.
Rotate your head in a circle from left to right across chest and from right to left across back.
These are good for that “widow’s hump” at back of neck.
"MY HANDBAG CONTENTS NEVER SPILL OR GET LOST,"
says Sally Eilers

"... I INSIST ON MODELS FEATURES THE SECURITY OF THE AUTOMATIC-LOCKING Talon SLIDE FASTENER"

Today, Hollywood actresses are buying handbags with a great deal of caution. They are avoiding the unreliable, loose-closing kind of bags—and choosing the one kind that gives absolute security as well as smart style—handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

Handbags completed with the small Talon fastener close quickly ... easily ... surely!

It's always a good idea to look for TALON on the handbags you buy. Then you can take for granted smart design and excellent quality, because only the best manufacturers feature this fastener on their models. And the best stores sell them—in styles of the latest fashion.
We want YOU to test the Perfolas tic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slender self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

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Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

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Please send me BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolas tic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Pacific. One by one, she brings out the note-books neatly written in pencil, scarcely a word ever changed. She shows you the manuscript that grew from a handful of sentences into the book "House For Sale." She shows you the three note-books into which she poured the fine study of a young woman, published under the title: "The Ancestor.

Elissa is the author—as well as the actress. And some day, when the actress gets too old to act, the author will carry on, ageless, perhaps, living on in her books long after the actress is dead.

Chark Gable has two hobbies. Hunting and fishing.

"But they're so closely teamed, they ride as one," he tells you. "They both mean outdoors. Deep woods and distant streams—away from people, away from cities. Even when I was a boy, hunting and fishing were my favorite sports. Now that I'm a man, they're my favorite hobbies. There's a difference," he explains. "When you're content with an occasional hunting or fishing trip and the standard equipment provided by a sporting goods store, you're a sportsman, not a hobbyist. But when you carefully and affectionately collect guns and fishing tackle—when you read all the books and magazines you can find on the subject—when you spend hours planning trips into untrodden places in search of a certain trout stream, then it's more than a sport. It's a hobby."

"Of course, since I've been working so steadily, I haven't had time for a really satisfactory trip. What I want to do is to pack into northern Canada or into the High Sierras and stay there for a couple of months. But something's always turned up to prevent my going. Well, with a sunny grin, "I'm willing to compromise with life. One of these days, I'm going to build a permanent home. I'm going to have a room devoted, exclusively to hunting and fishing apparatus. Then, even if I don't have time to go out on those trips, I can at least be happy standing in that room of mine, admiring the guns and things and dreaming of the day when I'll be free of work."

Gable is not the only star who answers to the call of the outdoors. Henry Wilcoxen's hobby is sailing. He purchased his own boat—and he mans it himself. And every minute that he can count as his own is spent somewhere on that blue Pacific.

As according to one handsome Englishman, heaven's not overhead. Heaven's here and now on the sea! There's nothing like a south wind to brush away the cobwebs of care.

A hobby can be more than just a hobby. It can be a life-saver. The stars work at top speed. After a big chance is done, there's that terrible feeling of let-down. You've known it. We all have. Times when you labored under a strain, and you're wound up tight as a clock. Then suddenly, it's ended, over. Reaction sets in. Reaction—that's ten times worse than action.

It's then you need something to turn to immediately, completely. It's very important to unwind, slowly, calmly.

Well, what do you do? You—and you—and you...

Ginger Rogers finds distraction in her music. She composes it. Ginger is a real musician.

Irene Dunne collects rare perfume. She's studied her subject, tracing it back beyond the time of Cleopatra.

Lionel Barrymore divides his talents between steel etchings and the composition of concerts. You knew he was an artist—working in the medium of grease-paint. You didn't know that he had been to Paris, seriously courting his muse as well as his music.

Neil Hamilton is a recognized magician. In fact, he's so good, that he was once president of the National Society of Magicians.

Chick Chandler raises bees. Not the ordinary flower-garden variety. Chick's Bees are spelled with a capital B. His apiary is for champions only.

When he first began to be interested in antiquities, William Haines collected purely for his own enjoyment. Now he's a recognized authority on the subject and has a fine antique shop in Hollywood. He interior-decorates the homes of his fellow stars. If you, like I, saw his hand-painted pianos in which he specializes, you, too, like I, would refuse to oblige with "chopsticks."

It's surprising how many high-brows you find behind the grease paint.

From the time she was six years old, books have been Evelyn Venable's love. No, she did not write them. She collected. She was particularly interested in Shakespeare. From his books, she graduated to his manuscripts. Of course, collecting manuscripts is a costly hobby. But it's worth it. It pays in the coin of that deep, spiritual beauty you see in Evelyn Venable's face.

That favorite of yours, Francis Lederer, rides a most unusual horse. He devotes all his spare time, his extra pence and his Sunday oratory to urge it to its goal. He's even organized a society with branches in many parts of the world—on the run. No, it's not all play-acting with Lederer. Deep in his heart is his dream to end all war—and bring about world peace. The hobby of an idealist, perhaps. Well, why not? And when Francis is in lighter moods, he models in clay—and if he ever tires of acting he can always be a sculptor, and a good one.

Each star to his taste.

James Blakeley takes his mind off his work by taking to turtles. Yes, turtles.
"If you don't tell your husband, I will!

DR. LINITA BERETTA
leading gynecologist of Milan, Italy,
tells how a marriage was saved
from disaster, when a timid wife
found courage to face the facts

"One day a timid young woman came
into my office... nervous, worried,
unhappy. She told me her husband,
too, had become irritable and cold.
In fact, he wanted to give up his
business and get away... by himself.

"Then out came the usual story of
ignorance, fear and false modesty.
I showed her how proper marriage
hygiene with reliable "Lysol"
would provide the peace of mind
which would calm her worries, re-
place fear with assurance. Even then
she was timid.

"Finally I said, 'If you don't tell
your husband your real problem... I
will.'

"She was almost hysterical with fear
and embarrassment, but she knew
that I meant what I said. A few
months later she came to me again—

a different woman!

"I thought you were cruel,' she con-
fessed. 'But now I'm so grateful. My
husband and I are happy again!'

"I would like to give every married
woman the same advice, which has
helped so many of my patients... proper feminine hygiene. Regular
use of "Lysol"—because "Lysol" is
a truly effective germicide. And yet,
used in the proper dilution, it is
gentle, soothing—and antiseptic.
Physicians everywhere prefer it."

(Signed) DR. LINITA BERETTA

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You
1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and re-
liable. Contains no free alkali; cannot
harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true
germicide, which means that it is effective
under practical conditions... in the
body (in the presence of organic matter)
and not just in test tubes.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions,
because of their low surface tension,
spread into hidden folds of the skin, and
thus actually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is a
concentrated germicide, costs less than
one cent an application in the proper
solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The odor of "Lysol" dis-
appears immediately after use, leaving
one both fresh and refreshed.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full
strength, no matter how long it is kept,
or how much it is exposed.

Don't risk your happiness on untried
experiments when, for nearly 50 years,
"Lysol" has proved it deserves the con-
fidence of millions of women who use
it, thousands of doctors who advise it.

Throughout your home, fight
germ with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that
threaten your family, but you must
fight those invisible foes through dis-
infecition. Use "Lysol" in washing hand-
kercloths, bed linen, feminine, and to clean
telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laun-
dry, kitchen and bathroom.

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP
for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white
soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant
properties of "Lysol". Protects longer against
body odors, without leaving strong after-odor.
Washes away germs and perspiration odors.
Your favorite drug counter has it.

© 1935, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
Exquisite but not Expensive

You know what turtles are, don't you? No, not turtle-doves. No, not turtle-neck sweaters. Turtles, yes, the fast ones make the race track. The slow ones make the soup. The smart ones make the Blakeley grade. Blakeley has them trained so that they answer by name when he calls to them to come out of the water. Stop wetting your little feet! No, come out this minute! And then, he rewards them. Yes, they eat right out of the palm of papa's hand.

John Lodge may have given up law for the screen but he hasn't given up burning the midnight oil. From his famous grandfather, Henry Cabot Lodge, John has inherited the finest collection of law books in the country. He plays on the screen. He works at his law. The actor is still the lawyer.

Tennis is her hobby. Early rising is her fetish. Claudette Colbert never, never, never makes engagements during the week when she's working at a picture. What does she do? She goes to bed. Early. Very early. She stays up late only on Saturday nights and that's only because she can sleep late on Sunday mornings. She tells you that sleep keeps you vital, young, and beautiful—and tennis keeps you trim.

John Boles is a champ on the bicycle. He rides at least twenty miles a day to keep in trim physically, and reads at most one French magazine a week to keep in trim mentally.

There you go, jumping to conclusions! No, he doesn't do his reading while riding on his bike. John's an actor, he's not an acrobat.

Modern fiction has no place on her five-foot reading shelf. Marian Marsh subscribes to poultry journals. She raises chickens. Not ordinary fowl. No; fine, two-winged aristocrats. White meat—or nothing! Marian's secondary hobby is—Persian Cats. She raises them, too.

Gary's Gallant Fight for Freedom

Continued from page 15

Gary has been in Hollywood enough years to know how jealous the town is of a couple's peace. But he isn't the sort who is daunted. He is in love, and love has found a way.

This return to him immediately to his habitual silence so far as his relations to Hollywood are concerned. He is taciturn not only because discretion is the smartest system in a town where personalities are all-powerful; but also because he has concluded that, in any event, he is going to be the girl of his heart. He has seen that the privacy he naturally thinks suitable is the safest bet. Consequently, he confines romantic discussions to screen lines. His wife, however anxious Hollywood is to X-ray her, is beyond reach.

She, indeed, is the foremost factor in his unceasing, silent campaign to safeguard what he senses is his heritage. He will not let any adverse influences touch her, as he will not let his straightforward, simple manner of living be transformed into a spectacular splurge.

He told me of the home they are finishing. It is the first house Gary has ever built, and it reveals him more clearly than anything else to which I could point.

It is having a living-room, dining-room, den, two bedrooms, kitchen, and servant quarters. Adjoining the garage Gary is having two rooms, one of which is a little studio where he can paint, and keep his hunting trophies. The other room will be a workshop, for he likes to do things with his hands.

There are no arrangements for entertaining on the grand Hollywood scale. No private moving picture screen, not even a play-room. Gary is not one to reflect on his fellow stars. But if he were to be frank with you, I suspect he would say that he considers a "play-room" an odd reflection on one's guests. That he doesn't care much for people who must be hustled off to a special room, where the floor is laid to hear the brunt of spilled drinks and the furniture is designed to withstand whoopee.

He and Mrs. Cooper have a genuine appreciation of the beautiful. Their cottage is the first true case of Bahamian architecture in America. Last Spring they managed to steal a few weeks' vacation in the islands, and were so intrigued by the picturesque places the seafaring descendants of the English have built there that they have had an exact copy of the type made for them. Several garden acres are to conceal them from the nearest neighbors, so that they will have a tiny kingdom quite apart.

Gary scoffs at articles pointing out new phases in his life. He contends that were he John Jones nobody would wish to comment. To him there have been no well-defined divisions.

But he is not John Jones, and he is still too modest to comprehend what a vital personage his performances have made him to many people. With content he has evolved. Because he has been silent to interviewers you may have presumed he hasn't much more than mere charm. I can assure you he has.

Here is a star who is up on almost everything that matters. Who is admirably sane, to whom new faces and new friendships mean much. Only he refuses to be a puppet, to be capriciously hampered by Hollywood fashions.

Here is a man!
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

J. W. Sorry I can't clear up that little matter about Leslie Howard. If he does go in for the English sport of the 'nut and sounds,' he hasn't confided in me. Mr. Howard recently completed his long run in his very successful stage play, "The Petrified Forest," in New York. And listen! Warners are making "Petrified Forest" for the screen and of course Leslie will have the lead. That's something to look forward to, J. W.

Mr. A. L. Yes, you are right about Nelson Eddy appearing in "Student Tour." His appearance in that picture started something, for the lovers of good music and better voices are begging for more of Nelson Eddy. His singing in "Naughty Marietta" was the tops. Now come on, M-G-M, and don't keep us waiting so long for Eddy's next, "Rose Marie." Nelson and Art Jarrett did the singing in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford.

A New-Comer. Here's my hand and a hearty welcome to you. Rochelle Hudson is making hit after hit in her roles and a bright future is assured her. She was born on March 6, 1915, in Claremore, Oklahoma. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. She had a fine part in "Les Miserables" as Cosette. Her most recent hits are in "Curly Top" starring Shirley Temple, and "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda.

Josephine T. So you saw "All the King's Horses" three times and hope to see it again. With Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis in the leading roles and Carl's singing A Little White Gardenia, no wonder you haven't been yourself or anyone else for that matter. Carl was born on December 24, 1896, in Copenhagen, Denmark. When Carl sang a duet with himself in that film, it wasn't the first time that he had done that stunt on the screen, for he had harmonized with himself in "Two Hearts in Waltz Time" several years ago. His first American film was "Murder at the Vanities." Charles Boyer has been on vacation in his native France, since making "Shanghai" with Loretta Young and Fred Keating. Cheer up, he will be back soon.

Patient Mary B. Dick Powell spends his spare time, if he has any, playing tennis and golf, but with his radio broadcasts and picture work, time never hangs heavily on Dick's calendar. He was born November 14, 1904, in Mountain View, Arkansas. His first screen appearance was in "Blessed Event" in 1932. Dick is single, in spite of the fact that many lassies would like to lead him to the altar. His latest films include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Page Miss Glory," and "Shipmates Forever."

Jean E. Russell Hopton is very much in demand by the various studios but not on contract, so I haven't any definite address to give you. George Murphy can be reached at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gowen St., Hollywood, Cal. He played in "I'll Love You Always" with Nancy Carroll. Russell Hopton has appeared in "Times Square Lady" with Virginia Bruce, "Wings in the Dark" with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy, and "Car 99" with Fred MacMurray, Sir Guy Standing and Ann Sheridan. His latest are "Midnight Page Woman," with Bette Davis and George Brent, and "Cheers of the Crowd."

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DON'T allow to remain rolled up.
DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.
DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.

IVORY FLAKES 999% PURE
Here's Hollywood!
Continued from page 60

THE first thing Anne Shirley did when the studio picked up her contract was to buy a little house for herself and mother in the Hollywood hills. It's the first time in all her life she has had anything she owned, and she's proud! Less than two years ago Anne and her mother were living in two rooms over a grocery store. Then came "Anne of Green Gables" and Success.

People at the Fox studio are still telling about the time Will Rogers, who didn't go in for emotion much, broke down and cried when he was doing the jail-wedding scene with Anne Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend." Yes, the little Shirley is a real actress.

Located on location by a group of her young admirers, ZaSu Pitts signs and signs the autographs they clamor for.


finally officially introduced Miss Sidney gave him the ice and said in frigidare tones. "Kindly refrain from calling me Mrs. Cerf in the future. It isn't funny." And so they were married.

THE best-seller, "National Velvet," has been re-written so that an older girl has the leading role instead of a fifteen-year-old, as in the book. Current rivals for the part are Katharine Hepburn (who already has the hair-cut for it), and Claudette Colbert. Claudette is one up by being right on the scene of action, Paramount. Katie would have to be loaned out to them by RKO-Radio, and studios are seldom in a lending mood when it comes to a Hepburn. The part calls for an expert horsewoman, and what do you bet both girls are practicing up on their equitation, (don't we know the words, though), right now?

ETHEL MERMAN is knitting a lovely afghan, out on the "Anything Goes" set. Something about it looked familiar to Bing Crosby. He wondered about it out loud. "It's the same one I started when we made 'We're Not Dressing' two years ago," Ethel explained. "And Bing remarked, 'What is this fatal power I have over women? One look at me and they knit an afghan?"
Reserved for Romance

Continued from page 22

to be interviewed solely on the subject: "Don't Pray To Be Tall, Even If You Would Be Handsome," for we had heard he had lost some good parts on account of being too tall. We thought it might interest the readers to contrast this with some woman who had found her height an advantage. When we got into the discussion with Mr. Aherne, and this subject was brought up, he was perfectly willing to talk upon it, and so matter-of-factly that he feels his height is the greatest asset he has. The disadvantage of his being short is negligible that they only point it out the story of how fortunate he is to be so tall.

"Yes," he added, "there was a time when I seemed all legs and arms and far too tall to be cast as the high-school boy who comes on to the stage, swinging his tennis racket with careless grace. The grace was all missing, for I was trying desperately to make myself two or three inches shorter.

"But, since maturity, my extra inches have brought me nothing but good luck. In British pictures, I was quite accustomed to having my charming vis-a-vis stand on a box or other elevation, when our close-ups were being made, as the cameraman thought the composition was not so good if I were several feet taller than the woman. Not so in America. The women would more likely remove their shoes so the difference in height would be even greater! For so many years, one requisite for stardom in a woman was that she be very slight, so when she had a leading man much taller than she, it made her seem shorter. I believe this is one of the reasons that all women like to look up to their leading men. I am speaking literally now, of course.

This was a lengthy speech for Mr. Aherne unless you are an old or intimate friend. Nor that he is quite as shy as Gary Cooper has been pictured—he is the exact height of Gary, by the way, six feet two—but he has all the English restraint which has been ascribed to him, which I personally found so paralyzing in its effect on an interviewer, and about which I spoke to him as soon as we met.

He was astonished at the reference to my inhibitions produced by the much-publicized English reserve. And he certainly doesn't believe he has it in any marked degree. After an hour of delightful conversation with him, I forgot that I had thought so.

I assure you he is honest in thinking you want to know only about his stage and picture experience. He belongs to the type of actor who has been taught that his work on the stage is for the public and his private life is his own. I tried to make him understand that this does not apply to avid picture fans that regular attendants of the cinema will know all about their favorites, or they will choose new objects for their adoration. This was beyond his comprehension. He wanted to be polite and obliging but he just couldn't believe that ideas of his would carry weight with readers. Surely they only wanted a good performance on the screen and cared not a whit about the type of breakfast food he ate!

No matter how exclusively personal he feels his reactions should remain, I knew Scudder and readers would be interested in more about him than how he feels about his height! He met my every onslaught with an absolute aggressive determination to keep the conversation perfectly impersonal. All the while I was wondering if George Moore, in days gone by, had been interviewing a man of Aherne's prototype when he spoke of his "literary perplexities." Mr. Aherne doesn't want to be classified,
THE NAiled EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beard. Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Loll, your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.

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Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!

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Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you direct her to the note care of Department C12, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto.

Scoop! SCREENLAND gives you the first picture of the new Bahama-style home Gary Cooper is building—the first true type of this architecture in Hollywood.

level-headed, expert judgment of players and pictures, went into quite a dipter when she learned that the M-G-M studio could not make up its mind about the person to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet. It couldn't be they were in doubt with Brian Aherne already under contract to them!

This strange man, who has swept the staid theatre-goers quite off their feet, has one of those irregular faces that are interesting and unexpected. The intelligent blue eyes are clear and bright, his light brown hair complaisant. In his lighter moods, his face has a whimsicality, a pleasing and mischievous shimmer, it is so alive. He walks, sits stands with an erect and careless attitude, suggesting assurance of power. Yet there is something completely charming, inconsequential, and naïve about him! And within a marked strength and solidity to him, as well as deftness. He finishes his sentences.

It doesn't take an hour to sense Mr. Aherne's great appeal to women, and it is quite different from that of so many. His attentions do not make you feel you are the only person in existence at the moment, as does the art of some; nor is there a marked indifference on his part that leads to pique in a woman and compels her to try to interest him. Rather is there a conscious responsiveness in the man that makes you feel you are important and interest him, it is your own fault. He is like a rare violin, from whom the artist may draw unexpressed emotions, but from whom the amateur will evoke only discordant vibrations.

His good humor is so effervescence it is like sparkling champagne. It is difficult to keep your mind to the matter in hand, because you are waiting for his infectious laughter, which fills the room with a contagion of good-will, as when I explained to him that he could refuse to answer any of my questions, without giving offense. I wish you might have heard his laugh! No wonder he laughed, for I have rarely seen a man who has so mastered the art of not talking upon a subject he does not choose, and at the same time not offending the interviewer. He might easily be a pupil.
of the great Lord Chesterfield, "the only Englishman who ever recommended the art of pleasing as the first duty of life.

On the screen, he makes a brand of screen love that produces a vicarious thrill in the women audiences. I remarked to him that while men may admire lack of sophistication in a woman—as it gives them the feeling they would like to instruct her—women cannot tolerate anything the least amateurish in the love-making of a man. Women of all ages agree on this. With that irresistible twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Perhaps that is why I am so unlucky in my love-affairs." And with every other actor praying for his brand of luck!

Brian was born Brian de Lacy Aherne, in King's Norton, Worcestershire, England, on May 2nd, about thirty years ago. The Irish characteristics he inherits from both parents. The creative instinct is strong in the entire family, the father getting his satisfaction from creating beauty in stone—being an architect—and is engaged in his profession at the present time in Birmingham, England. The desire to act was strong in the mother and, while she never became a professional, she was always interested and actively engaged in amateur theatrics, being one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company.

It was inevitable that this love of the theatre he transmitted to her offspring, so we are not surprised to find all three of her children in the same profession—acting.

A brother Pat and a sister, both younger, have hardly had time to make such a reputation for themselves as has Brian.

But Brian reverses all the ordinary rules of the young man who, against parental authority, runs away from school to become an actor. His parents were prepared to educate him for the theatre and at ten years of age sent him to a school for actors. A year of it was all he could stand. He wanted to prepare himself for a man's work, and at that moment he didn't think acting filled the bill. He even parted company with such clever associates as Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward, in order to enter prep school elsewhere. From there, he went to Malvern College, after which he took a "clerkship" with a merchant in Liverpool. When he had applied himself diligently to this for two years or so, he was thoroughly convinced that his chances for promotion were slight, so he set about to make other opportunities for himself, still not seriously thinking about acting as a profession. Down to his last five shillings, he turned to the theatre in desperation.

The success he made in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," "White Cargo," "Rope," "The Silver Cord," "She Stoops To Conquer," as well as a series of Barrie plays usually played only by mature men, has now become a part of theatrical history. He never gave up acting again and he has never been down to his last shilling. He has had the average amount of worry over pictures, worry over losing a part, anxiety over a play that failed, etc., but from that day to this he has never had financial worries. "But," he adds, for fear I might think he was bragging, "it doesn't take a great deal to satisfy me."

It was not, however, until his triumph with Katharine Cornell, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," that the picture publicates decided he belonged in Hollywood. It took much persuasion to bring him here; he simply could not think of himself as a photographic subject; but now he is here, we shall not let him get away again. Don't get excited if he runs over to Italy for a month or so; he will be right back, for he remains under long-time contract to M-G-M.

And, girls, the very best news yet, he believes in marriage!

When I first questioned him about it, in

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mock-seriousness, he replied: "What do I know about marriage? I am neither married, nor engaged, nor in love!" When he saw I was waiting for further enlightenment, he said, in a musing manner: "How could I help believing in marriage when I have such a convincing example in my own family? My brother Pat is married and has two delightful children. Every time I visit them, I think I must go right out and get married immediately."

The brother is married to a professional, too—one of the famous teams of vaudeville artists, "The Houston Sisters," who are so well and favorably known in Europe. While Brian thinks that, generally, it is difficult for two professional people to make a success of marriage, if both continue with their careers, he insists his brother's case is merely the exception to the rule.

"I believe in marriage," he has great respect for the institution of marriage. The most interesting people I know are the happily married. Yes, it is something to look forward to in the future, though I assume that I shall not yet, nor have I even been chosen by one. This doesn't sound as if he were even slightly disturbed by Hollywood's divorces. "I have seen "Live and Let Live." He is too young and too brilliant to make unbreakable rules for himself or others, as only fools never change their minds.

I do not need tell you he golfs, swims, rides, and does all the athletic things, but what he enjoys most of all is brilliant conversation. He prefers small parties, where conversation is possible, as does Ruth Chatterton, who, by the way, is included among his friends. When I urged him to tell me who his friends are, (for he is much beloved in the film colony, not only by the English group but by others as well), he laughingly replied: "How can one name friends? How does one know until a friendship has been tested? And then one always has some bitter disappointments, as well as some delightful surprises."

When I thought to persuade Mr. Aherne to discuss the charms of the American women as compared with the European, he side-stepped it too beautifully! You will recall Leslie Howard and Chevalier both made it plain that there are great differences in the appeal of women of various nations. Brian thought a minute and then replied: "The woman of greatest charm is the woman who has a giving heart. I have seen all kinds, beautiful and homely, young and old, graceful and awkward, and the woman who never gives is the woman with the unselfish heart. The memory of her never dies!"

"I Can't Write About Them!"

Continued from page 27

Certainly there is no more delightful way to spend an hour than with Claudette. She loves to gossip about who wore what where and how she looked in it, and she's worse than any fan about Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams." If you catch her in her dressing-room she'd just as soon cold-come her face and put on a hair-net as not. And she says exciting and interesting things without taking a drop of your blood to prove you won't quote her! But what I like best about her is the Colbert ability to poke fun at herself. When she puckered out all her eyelids to make way for more pencil lines at the dictates of a studio cameraman, she was, by her own word, hysterical with laughter for days, and she thinks her newly reddish hair is hideous. There's very little Claudette won't talk about from her latest lingerie to her last nightmare. She

Wendy Barrie smiles her thanks when a property man gives her nice fresh carrots. They're in Wendy's diet, and she loves 'em.
understands every angle of publicity and she is willing to co-operate to the fullest. Other writers have done splendid stories on her, but the Colman under my eyes becomes a dusky, heady beauty without eyebrows; a small-town cosmopolite; a siren and a sorority sister in the same paragraph, which just doesn’t make sense.

And last, but by no means least, there is Ronald Colman. If Mr. Colman has kept an expensive account on me, it must be running into an appreciable sum by now. At considerable private expense, (his, not mine), I have interviewed Ronnie at least a half dozen times without one shabby phrase to show for it. He has hustled me in popular cafes and in studio commissaries. He has taken me to smart tea places. We have enjoyed cocktails in his dressing-room. And in view of the fact that he is my favorite actor both on and off the screen, you’d think something would come of all by now!

I remember our first appointment was in a little tea-room across the street from a Culver City studio. It was one of those foggy days that you aren’t supposed to mention, (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce please ignore). The pink and blue and white table lamps glowed defiantly against the gloom and with Ronnie himself, there looking and acting and talking exactly as he does on the screen, it was just like a scene lifted out of one of the bulldog Drummond series. Nor was Mr. Colman difficult to interview. Contrary to expectations and previously published reports, he talked freely and humorously about himself, even going so far as to say that he was a woman-hater as advertised.

But when it came to putting the spirit of the interview on paper it read so much like one of the scenes from his picture I decided I’d better have another interview with Ronnie and get him into a less fictional background. Result: a noontime appointment in a publicity department with Colman sitting on the edge of a desk talking about his career. Now a publicity department for a setting and a character for a subject are the least glamorous angles imaginable. So when I tried to write that story it read like Robert Benchley’s “Treasurer’s Report” and I had to ask a by-now highly nervous publicity if we could meet somewhere else. A year later we me over a luncheon table, but something got in the way, (maybe it was the food), and that story was never written either. The last most recent time was in his dressing-room at the studio, all of six months ago, and I can only sadly add that the editor who assigned me the story is still waiting for it.

The other day someone helpfully suggested that maybe the reason why I couldn’t say anything about Mr. Colman is because Mr. Colman never says anything, and that you can’t describe his charm for two thousand words. But I know better. It isn’t Ronnie—it’s I. Maybe I’m just overtrained in an attempt to write the best Ronald Colman story that ever came out of Hollywood.

So I guess the only thing to do is to write to my sixtyish Jean Harlow yarn, my tenth William Powell, my fifth Norma Shearer, my sixth Carole Lombard, my Steeneth Any Other Star, and yes, even my fourth interviews Carbo. I’m just not the progressive type!

WATCH for the second in our series of movie bachelors at home in the next issue.

We will give you an intimate close-up of Randy Scott and Cary Grant in their new home.
struggle which will be worth-while portraying. I trust her good taste not to permit her to play even the most sordid characterizations with vulgarity or cheapness, but with a certain spiritual value which will lift them above the ordinary, and justify them.

I could be ashamed, chagrined, mortified, shocked, surprised, disapproving and all these negative things about Bette's work if I felt that she were not doing the best that she could.

I do not care what parts my daughter plays just as long as she does them honestly, intelligently, squarely.

Who is going to exact the cruel, pitiless, wicked parts that show the world some important things that are the matter with it, if it is not someone who will and can?

Many a woman or girl who has never stopped to realize what vanity or possessive tyranny can do to another had an opportunity to see it with drastic reality in Bette's work with the incomparable Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage." Many a foolish woman in love with her husband's partner may come to realize the consequences that may come from playing with fire, as in "Bordertown."

I am willing for Bette to play the roles of even the worst type of women on the screen today just as long as the story meets this requirement: that the "badness" receives its punishment in the end. Wickedness does not go unpunished in real life, although it may often seem to. "Badness" does not pay. A picture is immoral to my point of view when crime and viciousness or deceitfulness are left unpunished at the end. It is an added sin to send out pictures in which right does not triumph and evil go down in defeat, since most pictures are seen by children and by others whose sense of right and wrong may not yet be clearly established. Crime should never be glorified.

I do not mind but it is strange when one stops to think of it, that Bette's greatest success today has been built on the very type of "bad" woman from the knowledge of whose very existence I tried to shield Bette as she grew up, although I must say I never hesitated to talk out the subject of "bad" women or any other topic with her thoughts automatically express themselves through certain patterns of movement, whoever thinks them. None of these things did she learn in any school she ever went to. What it was that told her what sharp, vicious jabs of words, what acid, supercilious tone would shrewd the soul of a sensitive man and make his heart sick, I have not the slightest idea. Certainly nothing I ever taught her led to the intuition that with a fluttering of the eyelids and incoherent bewildered uttering of words she could convey the mental collapse of the unfaithful, murderous wife of "Bordertown."

I do not pretend to know the alchemy of thought-forces which enables one person to move others and influence them to undreamed of effects. But I do know good work, clean-cut work, intuitive work when I see it. I do feel the surge and fire of dramatic temperament. I have always known that Bette had a gift of performance which would some day surprise the world. I say it proved when the first preview of "Of Human Bondage" was held in Santa Barbara, and Bette's husband "Ham" and I were held spell-bound, glued to our seats for one hour and a half while the picture unfolded. (Bette, as usual, had been too frightened to come to the preview!)

Although her confidence in her work has grown, she still sits home in terror until the previews and premieres are past when I felt that she would profit from hearing something about it from me. I think that is one reason why she is so direct and fearless. There are no dark and "not to be entered," mysterious corners in her mind. It is almost unbelievable that my blue-eyed daughter with almost Puritanical New England background has her name in electric lights all over the world for playing a type of heartlessness exactly the opposite to her own natural, loving self. And that the world of critics have acclaimed her performance of a mean, low woman who did not hesitate to hold a human soul in bondage as the best portrayal of mental cruelty ever put on the screen.

I do not know how my daughter learned the pantomime, the leer, the shrug that pictures meaning of soul, of too much sex and cruelty—except today we know that and she has seen what the final verdict is. I was visiting Bette for a few brief weeks. Bette's husband and I were both out when the studio telephoned to say that the picture would be shown at Santa Barbara, so we did not learn of it until 6:30 that evening when we arrived at home. They had sent us our seats just in time to reach Santa Barbara, a hundred miles away.

Having Bette's high-powered car was the only thing that made it possible for us to get there without a morsel of dinner. We took our seats just in time for the first close-up of Bette was flashed on the screen. For one hour and a half of horrible reason we sat riveted without speaking a word, with only a glint in the eye and then at each other. We left the theatre in absolute silence. Neither of us knew what to think, for we felt the picture would make or break her. We felt that the acting was superb, but would the public like the unpleasant story as well as the people at the preview seemed to like it. I think one of the reasons she was so highly successful in the picture with Leslie Howard and in "Bordertown" is that she is so honest and also so without vanity. While she loves to buy clothes in gorgeous clothes, she is just as willing to wear ugly clothes and look repulsive or whatever it is necessary to look to portray reality. If she had been willing to accept a characterization which would only make people like her she would have missed the greatest chance for acting that has yet come to her.

"Bette owes all to you," some of my old friends have said. This is not true. I have shielded her from as many humdrum duties as possible. She has been free to pursue her way un molested by me. I do not hover around her at the studio, as I have already intimated.

Her career has been possible only by her own indefatigable perseverance and her ability to live understandingly every part that has been given her. (The most perfect of them all so far is one that I like the best, was the poignant, heart-breaking rôle of Hedvig in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," which Bette played with Bilson and Yorka several years ago, on the stage.)

One way in which I know I helped her to develop her imagination, her intuition, her dramatic fervor, was in aiding her with her reading. From the time she could hold a book she was spelling out words and trying to read.

It was then—when she was just a tiny thing puzzling over her A. B. C's and fairy tales—that I learned there was a hidden land within my little daughter's heart of hearts into which neither I nor any one else would ever be permitted to enter, but outside of which I should always have to sit and wait for her.

I felt that she would meaningly shut any one out, for no child was ever more open and friendly and generous than she; but that no one could possibly enter with her because it was her private little room of her own. It was the land into which she retired with the books she read. The land of make-believe where she became one with the little girl she was thinking about, and for the time being was completely absorbed in everything the story-book child did. Many children are like that of course. Perhaps you were!

And then the day would come when far-away look would be gone, when her eyes would be all bright and dancing, and she would be jumping around, helping with

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Cora Sue Collins and Otaile Kruger, daughter of Otto Kruger, are fast friends. Cora Sue plays with her pal's daddy in a film you'll see soon.
the dishes, "picking up" the living room and weeding the garden, bustling about as busily and merrily as ten little girls. And I would say to myself, "Isn't it nice that Bette is home again?"

I became used to saying goodbye to her laughingly by the name of the heroine of the new book she was embarking on; one of these make-believe adventures. And how many there were! With Alice into "Wonderland"! With Jo March and the whole March family in "Little Women's" temporarily picturesque home life! Sharing the adventures of "Dotty Dimple," "The Little Colonel" and all "The Five Little Peppers," to name a few. She made up plays and carried on imaginary conversations with them. As she grew up her reading became more intellectual and cultural. She did less imagining on her own initiative, but more absorbing of what the author had to say.

Today whenever she embarks upon a new picture I say "Goodbye" to her as I did when she was a little girl, by the name of the rôle she is to play. For from the moment she receives the script and leaves for her first day's work at the studio she runs away into the land of make-believe again, taking with her the new imaginary character that she is to clothe in flesh and blood, and closing the door behind her. From then on until she finishes the picture, she lives, breathes, sleeps and eats the new story. Her sister Barbara's dresses which she has brought home from the dress shop where she is employed with the avowed purpose of selling them to her sister, languish on their hooks. And Barbara and I and "Ham," all three, will see practically nothing of our brilliant and witty playfellow.

Sometimes Bette manages to telephone Barbara and me at 6:30 in the morning when she is leaving home for the studio, or around 1:30 at night when often she is just getting home. Sometimes when she is desperately tired or exhausted and her schedule will permit, she manages to come over and take refuge for an hour or several hours or perhaps a day or two in "Wendy Cottage," hidden away under a hill and filled with sunshine, where Barbara and I have our home.

The simplicity and charm of this tiny place rests her and gives her a chance to do the same simple things that she did as a child at home in New England. Bring in the firewood for the delightful fireplace she recently had put in for us. Dig in the garden. Arrange my Bowers. Read before the fire, while her mother shields her from pursuing friends and undue pressure from without. Nothing more wild than a mild game of cards or a sun bath on the "Wendy" roof is practically ever indulged in—unless it is a game of parchesi in front of the fire on those rainy days that come much more often than Easterners are supposed to know.

Especially has she enjoyed the restfulness of visits to this little place since her producers have concentrated on giving her the highly dramatic pictures of which we have been talking, which test her strength and disposition to the utmost.

The "Wendy" is a contrast to Bette's own more formal home with its exquisite exactions and management. Contrary to common belief, Bette is not a simple home lover with domestic inclinations. She knows perfection in housekeeping and demands it. Her home is beautifully luxurious in every detail. Three perfect servants, (my selection), carry out her every wish—and heaven knows there are many!

The tiniest scratch on her white picket fence or a scrap of paper in her back yard never escape her attention. The tangle of her brass wood box or the slant of a cushion may mean an unpleasant or a pleasant evening at home. The fact that she cares for only simple foods has led some to believe that it is necessary for her to diet. This is not true. She eats heartily, but her favorite foods are wholesome and plain.

One of the secrets of her growing success, I feel, is due to the regularity and charm of her life. I have never seen two people so happy and congenial as Bette.
"Hami"—but there has been so much written about this relationship that I shall not need to say much about it. Bette finds much pleasure in watching her husband play polo or golf. She loves to entertain. They ride a lot in their car. In case she needs comfort or such wisdom as I can share with her—not to say ginger cookies and potatoes mashed with butter and lots of cream—we have discovered that she is bringing to life.

I always made it hand in hand to the movies. But I don't know to this day whether Jimmy really wanted to give me a rest or whether he just wasn't able to talk a word under the circumstances prevailing.

"Oh, sure, we have lots of arguments, but none of them are personal. It is always about our work and detail and politics, things which I can't understand."


McHugh gave me a patient look. 'Lady, you are growing up.' We are serious, earnest, and I hope intelligent. We are supporting families—I have three youngsters—and buying insurance and paying taxes. Oh, a few jokes, if they just occur to us. Not at our expense. But we are all story-tellers. We love 'em—clean, half-clean, dirty, any kind, so long as they are funny and have some characterization in them. There is a constant race on to see who will hear one first and tell it to the others before they have heard it. Both Pat and Jim are never so pleased as when they get me switched onto telling yarns of the McHugh family's early days. We were a big family and we did the old-time small-town rep shows. There is another 'Human Flyer's' in which I play all the characters. They must have heard it fifty times, but they still have me at it. Some of our experiences in the rep shows would be so funny if I was making them up. He went so far as to give a dinner one night for my mother and father and all the family he could get to come just to check on me."

Pat and Frank were in stock in Baltimore at the same time, and later in New York shows. They had a favorite way of slipping them Sunday nights. They would get up (reasonably) early and go over to the Lamb's Club for a big breakfast of Irish bacon and eggs—nobody around, nice for talking. Then they sauntered over to Broadway and got in the front seat of an open-faced street-car, and rode down to the Battery. They would diamente, stroll around the deserted Wall Street. ('no one around but the cops') at one trip not long ago. I mean, you know, a cruise. The purpose was a rest for me, but I figured we would discuss and scream and argue the way we always do. Well, we never did眈川��會 Sect. 2

"And that's pretty crazy. But you have to admit the guy is consistent. All these years he's been pampering for a boat and he isn't going to let a little thing like his stummick stop him! We went for a
end, Trinity Church at the other, and really see New York.

Pat's wife was playing in a company with Frank, long before Pat met her. You see what a close family this really is; all of them have known each other for years. Frank says his own wife was the local girl who played fifth business in a Hartford company, and that's where he met her.

He has known Kibbee since he was a boy—that is, Frank was a sixteen-year-old stage manager of a company in which Kibbee was the character man. He says Kibbee tries awfully hard to sell them on the out-door life, hunting, fishing, and golfing—but they are tough to sell.

"We don't all do the same things, in our work or out of it. We would be pretty monotonous to each other if we did. Pat likes to play hand-ball and amuse the baby and give barbecues best of all. He's about the worst business man in the bunch, he will tell you. I like to carpenter around the house, putting up shelves and things," Frank told me.

Hugh Herbert is the picture-stealer in the bunch, but nobody seems to hold it against him. He has just bought five acres out in the Valley with 150 trees, some of them banana trees—("bananas grow in California, but don't like to," he explains)—and is about to build a house. There is a totem pole out in front of the property, a great mystery, nobody knows who put it there; but he is going to leave it to help his friends find the place. You see they have to find it, because he's depending on them to build the house. He is laying in a big supply of hammers and saws and kegs of beer, because what good are your friends who brag about their carpentering if they don't prove it?

Hugh Herbert says, further, Thursday is his favorite day in the week because the cook is out and he can mess around the kitchen. So far, he hasn't had the temerity to invite anyone, but he's working up to that. He is the "ad-lib" artist in the group, preferring to think of things on the spur of the moment. "But for heaven's sake, don't get me in wrong with all the writers over here," he begs. As a matter of fact, his part is seldom written in. It's just left up to Herbert. For instance, lines like that one in "We're In the Money" when he starts overboard, and someone asks, "Can you swim?" Herbert answers "Tell you in a minute"—and jumps.

The very strange thing about it all is this—the wives are just as good pals as the husbands! They have had a sewing-club for three years which meets every week at their various homes. Mary Jenkins, Billie Cagney, Eloise O'Brien, Brownie Kibbee, Dorothy McHugh, and Mrs. Herbert.

"All they make," wails Frank, "is baby blankets! We never get our socks darned."

_The 8th WOMAN_

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to drop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer severely. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! 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. And they do not contain any narcotic.

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.

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Here's a freshly different, more alluring lipstick shade that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moonstruck jungle night—the new Jungle shade of SAVAGE Lipstick! It's a brilliant, vivid, brighter red—the most exotic color ever put into lipstick—and a truly adventurous hue! And in Jungle indelible! So much so that its intense color becomes an actual part of you... clinging to your lips... all day... or, all night... savagely! There are four other SAVAGE Lipstick shades: Tangerine (Orangeish) ... Flamingo (Fivety) ... Natural (Blood Red) ... Blush (Changeable). 30¢ at all 10¢ stores.

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DEPT. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINTRY winds remind us that HIND'S HONEY and ALMOND Cream is out in a new dress! Perennial favorite for chapped skin, it's always been. But now it's so improved you can't find a trace of greasiness and you've rubbed it in, and a new plunger top makes it easy to apply just the right amount. It's distinctly softening and whitening for one's hands. Besides this, it makes an excellent after-bath rub for us whose skin gets dry and "itchy" from cold weather and artificial heat. It will fix up a dark or reddened "Y." too, and it's marvelous to smooth out chapped, weather-roughened legs and heels.

HERE'S a quick pick-up treatment to make you look fresh and charming for that heavy date. Cleanse your skin, then apply a generous coat of Jeanne D'Or Honey Skin Food and leave it on while you take your bath. This cream contains pure honey, one of the finest natural beautifiers, which makes it an excellent night cream.

WITH an eye out for Christmas gifts, we discovered a perfect jewel of a loose powder vanity at the Primrose House. It's square with a nice deep powder-well and is beveled down to gracefully slim edges. Blby enamel, smartly trimmed with silver, and wonderfully light. Comes in a gorgeous rich shade of red, trimmed with silver, too. It opens with a spring catch, and there's another spring catch to open the powder-well, so the danger of breaking one's fingernails simply doesn't exist. And the powder won't leak out. There's a sands combination of square vanity and a Primrose House lipstick to match.

HOW tragic it is to see a pretty girl with a complexion marred by blemishes or acne! We're always tempted to say: "Oh dear, you don't keep your skin clean enough." Some skins need special cleansing to get out the imbedded dirt and blackheads that lead to skin eruptions. Kleerplex Wash really does that job of deeper cleansing. You simply wet your face with hot water, apply Kleerplex with a gentle rotary motion of the fingertips, rinse with more hot water—and then plenty of cold.
Hollywood Stars at Their Worst
Continued from page 17

burned magnificently: "You fool!" she shouted, "why don't you look where you're going?" The "fool" turned out to be a columnist and a critic on an evening newspaper. Well, poor Madge knew just what to expect after that.

That old debonaire William Powell is at his worst in any kind of a card game except poker. Now I don't mean he's a poor sport or a bad loser, none of that. Bill is the hysterical type when it comes to cards. Just invite him some evening for a serious little game of bridge—or hearts, if you prefer. The more serious you become, the funnier Bill will think the whole thing is, and very likely just as you are about to make a grand slam Bill will start laughing his head off. The whole thing is just too amusing to Mr. William Powell. Of course he will make very smart and disconcerting comments all during the game, and if he finds that you are getting annoyed —(you're an old trump if you do)—he will probably break into song, or maybe tell a joke. Playing bridge with Mr. Powell is nothing less than a three-ring circus.

Automobiles, and they've been, bring out the worst in Mae West. Mae has an eye for a big car and a flashy car, and she doesn't want any of that. Now on the Paramount lot going her one better. About a month ago Miss West crashed through with a new Cadillac that was a dream to behold, and parked there in front of her dressing-room. The dressing-room occupied by Marlene Dietrich, and what do you think? Bless my soul, if Marlene didn't drive up to her dressing-room the other day in a brand-new Cadillac, but with a couple of more cylinders than Mae had, and with an engine that stuck out about three inches more. (Miss Colbert's and Miss Lombard's Fords a few yards away looked mighty tacky, you can be sure.) Well, it was a sight to behold, two beautiful cars parked there side by side all during the day; but just the other morning Miss West's "old" car disappeared and in its place was a new car with definitely more cylinders and more streamline than Miss Dietrich's car. Dear me, how these girls do go on!

The new screen idol, Nelson Eddy, can be found at his worst at any of those long-drawn-out Hollywood dinner parties where you sit for hours and hours toasting with everything from caviar to brandy. Nelson's not a connoisseur of food; to him food is just something to keep life in the old body; and he can't go into an ecstasy over a crown of lamb or a sauce Marguery.

Johnny Weissmuller and Randy Scott can most assuredly be found at their worst on "date" night at the Trocadero. Johnny is working in a new "Tarzan" picture and Randy is making prints on "So Red the Rose" and both boys have hair down to there—yes, they can almost sit on it. Mable. Well, with a pair of leopard trunks and an old Confederate uniform the long locks look okay, but with modern tuxedos they look kind of terrible. And ah, the Dream Prince of us gals.

Shirley Temple is going to have a Xmas Party! Shirley hopes that all children can join her party by having one exactly like hers.

YOU CAN GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A SHIRLEY TEMPLE XMAS PARTY

In December Silver Screen, on sale November 7th, there is a full description of Mrs. Temple's plans for Shirley's party—the recipes for the food, the games to be played, and how to decorate the table. All done inexpensively, but gay and happy.

Be sure and get your copy of December Silver Screen and give your children a Shirley Temple Xmas Party.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 7TH AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

STOP A COLD
THE FIRST DAY!

Drive It Out of Your System!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift method. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

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All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for any reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Shirley's card front full us a making new Co big an Trust would STOP just comes three-ring Xmas to right was happens flashy couple-Mrs. Bless d Bill children Playing a room a behold, joke.

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ON SALE NOVEMBER 7TH AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
Clark Gable! Clark is definitely at his worst of an afternoon when he drives into the studio lot just to see what went on during the three weeks he was away on the mountains on one of his hunting trips. For when Gable goes fishing or hunting he doesn't shave all while he is gone, and when his three weeks, my, my, Mr. Gable has quite a growth. He's enough to frighten little children.

Carole Lombard is at her worst after a party. Carole, party in Hollywood a famous; she is the one perfect hostess I have ever met. The party may last for hours and hours, but all that time Carole will stand there kindest and glancing beautifully truing a trailing gown, (ever since she was a child Carole has been a pushover for anything that trails), always seeing to it that everyone is introduced and being looked after, always saying the right thing, and laughing at the right time at her guests' dull stories; just being oh, so beautiful, chic, and formal. But along about three o'clock in the morning when the remaining guests have been packed away in their cars, loudly declaring for the benefit of the entire neighborhood that that few of the best parties ever, our Lil' Missy Lombard relaxes. Usually there are about five people left, five of the good old faithfuls who have been asked to stay. Carole leans on the floor right in the midst of the supper debris, her train in the roquefort dress, her corse is being sprinkled with anchovy oil, her slippers kicks into a corner of the room, and in Lombard goes to work on a hearty meal of fried chicken, baked beans, and cheese. I think it is then that I love Carole best. I wouldn't miss a Lombard gorge and an after-party-talk-over for all the rice in China.

Joan Blondell is always at her worst when she goes on one of those back-to-back-film-sets-weekend nature walks with her cameraman, pins up her hair, and lets nature take its course. Nature usually does. Ever since she was a kid Joan has been crazy about camping out, fishing in a mountain stream or the Pacific, cooking at night over a camp-fire, and sleeping between blankets out in the open; and naturally you wouldn't expect her to think much of a New York Good- man model when she goes in for this little pastime. She doesn't even take a box of powder along, much less rouge and hair-dressing apparatus.

One of Joan's week-end trips is memorable. She had made about four pictures straight and was dead tired, so she put on her oldest shorts and sweater, no shoes or crepe de or must-wash, and with her sister set out for Tent City— which is one of those places where you can rent a tent with a stove and a bed for two bucks a night and pitch your tent along with several hundred other people. Sure enough, just as she figured, no one suspected her of being Joan Blondell, the New York reporter a few months ago, swam, rested, got sun-burned, and dug her toes in the sand. And then, bless my soul, a newspaper reporter, also vacationing there, discovered her. There was nothing to do but give him the requested interview, which Joanie did. But here's the pay-off on the whole story: two weeks later Joan read in a South American newspaper the following excerpts from the interview: "I found Joan Blondell in a spacious cottage overlooking the ocean, tastefully decorated with furnishers and green plants, where she delightfully tinted pillows adorn the room. The scene represented a very fairyland ... Miss Blondell was charmingly attired in a gorgeous gold and black de chiffon with elaborate flowers print, a dark horse hair hat trimmed with dainty yellow flowers, black silk hose, black satin sandals with gold heels. On the right wrist a gold bangle, and..."
on the left a gold wrist watch, around her neck a small gold necklace with small amber insets, a head of curly blonde hair takes the place of ear-rings...

Well, Miss Blondell nearly dropped dead when she read that. Considering the fact that all she had on was a pair of slacks and a sweater and a diamond ring the young man did very well.

Locations and sets are always good places to find stars at their worst, for there is nothing like the tedious toil of making a picture to bring out the bad in you. It was on the set at Paramount not so long ago that I discovered the long lanky form of my favorite actor, Gary Cooper, stretched out back of a lot of props. Mr. Cooper, it seems, was having a snooze and furthermore, Mr. Cooper was emitting a series of human-like noises. Good for Mr. Cooper.

Practically the same day I was on the "Tarzan" set and found Maureen O'Sullivan wallowing in a huge tub of mud, slimy, oozing, bubbling mud, which was getting in her hair, and her eyes, and everything. When Maureen climbed out, one of the grips turned the hose on her to wash her off, and she was crossing the stage to speak to me when the director shouted, "Do it over once more, Maureen, the sound was bad. I have never seen such enraged fury on a pretty face before, and I think Miss O'Sullivan without the least effort could have murdered the director, the sound man, and everybody on the set including Johnny Weissmuller.

I caught the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald being balked by a horse on the "Rose-Marie" set in the famous Sierra mountains and I must say that certainly brought out the worst in her. Jeanette isn't afraid of horses, she is a good rider, and she naturally wants to master the situation. Well, this horse was a country horse, by the name of George, and I rather fancied I heard the following conversation between Jeanette arrived to do her scene.

"I'm going to put this horse up."--Jeanette MacDonald.

"What's up?"--George.

"I don't know, I've never seen a horse like this before. It's got me all tuckered out."--Jeanette.

"It's all right, I've worked with worse."--George.

"I'm going to put this horse up."--Jeanette MacDonald.

Anyway, Jeanette swung herself in the saddle and said a polite gddiep, and gave George a gentle little prod in the ribs. But George no gddiep. He didn't move. And he just stood there for the evening minutes during which Miss MacDonald coaxed and wheedled and chucked anddid all the little things that usually make horses get a move on. Finally she turned to him with all, rose on his hind legs and let out a nasty snort and Jeanette like the Indians of old was about to bite the dust when she was rescued by a whole army of technicians. What she said about George was plenty! Charlie Butterworth can be found at his worst on a fishing trip. Not that he goes native and plays dandies--no, Charlie dresses very well for the fish, never even removes his coat, but he does expect a littleco-operation from them. I was on the boat for two days and two nights Charlie didn't catch a thing. Charlie was beginning to get pretty sore about it, especially as everybody else was getting plenty of bites. Then he felt a tug at the reel, yelled like a school boy, and everybody on the boat rushed over to help him and find out if it was the jaws of a whale."Certainly, I didn't insult her," said the star. "You know I'm not the least bit temperamental. I just told her to get the hell off my set!"


If you wish to receive this weekly feature, send this card to KLEERPlex Co., Dept. 9, 80 Perry St., New York City. Obligations at any Post Office.

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONTEST WINNERS

GRAND FIRST PRIZE: Shirley Temple Outfit.
Mrs. Mary Z. Greene, R. R. No. 1, Dunn, Tenn.

SECOND PRIZE: $50.00 in Cash.
Sister Marie Genevieve, Sup't, St. Vincent's Orphanage, Santa Fe, N. M.

THIRD PRIZE: Shirley Temple Big Doll (22")
Miss Aileen Donnelly, 125 Bradley Avenue, Bergenfield, N. J.

FOURTH PRIZE: $25.00 in Cash.
Mrs. T. R. Thompson, 312 S. La Luz, El Paso, Tex.

FIFTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dolls.
Miss Natalie Jamison, 552 Mississippi Road, Darien, Conn. Miss Maxine Moore, 760 Garden Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. Miss Mildred A. Dittmar, 22 Baltoer Avenue, Summit, N. J. Miss Helen Newman, 1416 Wolfe, Little Rock, Ark. Miss Dorothy Myrke, 146-15th Avenue N. E., St. Petersburg, Fl.

Mrs. Pearl Daniels, Winter Haven, Fla.

SEVENTH PRIZE: $10.00 in Cash.
Miss Marilyn Androck, 2115 S. La Brea, Los Angeles, Calif.

EIGHTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Dresses.
Miss Mary Lawrell, 2315 Castilewood Drive, Toledo, Ohio. Miss Beverly Sone, Texas Wesleyan College, Fort Worth, Tex. Miss Mary Jean Burke, 4911 Prospect, Kansas City, Mo. Barbara Jean Tague, Chey Chase, Md.

NINTH PRIZES: Shirley Temple Outfit.
Miss Gloria E. Goveira, 600 S. 63rd Street, Miami, Fla. Miss Patricia Ann Bridges, 1311 7th Avenue, Bunnell, Ala. Miss Maude J. Stonekamp, 315 Market Avenue, Names of the 500 winners of the Fourteenth prizes (autographed photographs of Shirley Temple), are on file in offices of this publication, where they may be examined.
Shirley's Chum Speaks Up
Continued from page 51

from now on!” Melancholy, finely acted.
Shirley went to Honolulu this summer and Marilyn went to Panama.

"J just have to see Shirley, mother," said
Marilyn, "and exchange views on the va-
cation situation. I went to take her to
lunch at Bullock's Wilshire. I suppose
she'll have her old carrots and peas as usual.
But I'm going to order a cream cheese and
jam sandwich. You should see the ice-
cream cake parties we get at Fox every
time we finish a picture. And once," here
Marilyn nearly strangled with laughter as
she wriggled under the table to retrieve a
toy, "Mr. Cummings sat right down on a
tack in his chair!"

The merriment ceased suddenly and she
eyed her mother intently. I hastened to
break an awkward pause.

"Is there anything you'd rather do than
work in the movies?" I asked.

"No, not it. I can't wait to see Shirley," she
said. "But I'm going to have a baby in about
five years. Two of 'em. Twins. Two girls.

"Do you think you could take care of
two babys?"

"Course. All I'd have to do is wash 'em and feed 'em and put 'em to bed. I have
been potty-trained and I can dress myself
and undress 'em in the public."

"How many dolls have you?"

She thought seriously as she tried to
stand up and half her edges. She then
waved a leg vaguely at Mrs. Granas, "You
figure that one out, mother."

Mother, being temporarily at a loss, made
a helpless signal. Mrs. Granas offered to
take her teeth. She gave a sob back at the
upward, vacant row of gum. Her upper are
practically non-existent.

Shirley's lost some teeth, too, she said,
"but you gave me false ones on wires.
She takes 'em out to eat, though. And
they have to be put in a glass of water to
keep the color. And one day the property
man didn't see it and poured some liquid
inside the glass of water after lunch, and
nobody could do anything more on the picture
until the teeth were found. The whole
company crawled around on the ground
through the trees looking for Shirley's
teeth. Thank goodness they were still
white."

Marilyn doesn't like pictures very much
unless they are Shirley's. However, she
drew down to admit a sneaking liking for
Laurel and Hardy, Our Gang, and Joe E.
Brown. She HATES pictures about
L-U-V.

"I earn fifteen cents a week," she told
me proudly. And then she sent what was
unspeakably a hit to her mother's direction.
"When I get it," she added.

"You see, mother takes all my money to
pay things on."

"Why, Marilyn!" protested Mrs. Granas,
looking desperate.

"Well, remember the laundry man that
came to collect."

Fortunately the idea struck the young
lady at this moment to go into an intricate
tap routine.

"I know any little girls who would
like to go into the movies," she gasped, her
curls bobbing up and down as the house
shook, "tell 'em that I advise 'em to go
to dancing school. That's how I got my job.

Marilyn and about seven other little
girls appeared in Shirley's first picture in
a party sequence and Marilyn was chosen
from the group to be Shirley's stand-in.

"It was the biggest day in my life," she
told me.
The tap dance came to a limp and abrupt close.
"Mummy," Marilyn said, climbing into her mother's lap, "I'm so tired."
Her eyelids drooped heavily; her shoulders sagged, her little mouth was pouting. The child seemed exhausted. Conscience-stricken, I rose to go.
As I walked down the path to my car, I heard Marilyn coming behind me. Her eyes were wide awake and shining, her mouth stretched into a broad grin. She was as vital and fresh as the dawn.
"I'm going to play," she shouted, turning her hand over the lawn. "I'm going to play, I'm going to play!"

**Picture-Making in Paris**

Continued from page 33

let out a creak and groan at a most unexpected moment. Finally, around the tenth time, the wheels acted in a manner befitting the solemnity of the occasion and the scene was O.K.

Then, feeling very drab and seedy surrounded by such splendor I edged into a chair next to Elissa, who was a heavenly vision surrounded by the clouds of veil and yards of train. John Lodge joined us and we had a grand visit. Both of them are equally at home in French or English. Naturally, with her youth spent in Europe, I was not surprised at La Landi's French; but to hear perfect French, without a trace of an accent, flowing from John Lodge was a pleasant surprise. He seemed perfectly at ease in his red and gold uniform chattering in French. They are both enchanted with the photography of "Koenigsmaark." Miss Landi said they told her it would be good, but with the memory of perfect Hollywood camera work she went to view the first rushes with a bit of fear—only to walk out full of praise.

The exteriors were taken at a beautiful castle near Rambouillet, where the President of France's summer castle stands. Lodge is delighted to be in Paris again and renew old acquaintances. If the present picture finishes in time he will go to London to play opposite Anna Sten. If not, he has several other projects. In "Koenigsmaark" Pierre Fresnay plays the same part in both versions. He played in New York last winter with Yvonne Printemps in Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece" and is a fine actor.

A couple of days later I had cocktails with Miss Landi in her Paris apartment. Without her tiara and wedding finery she was even more lovely. Her bronze-gold hair and gray-green eyes need no other aids to set off their beauty. We talked of cabbages and kings, of movies and books, paintings and youthful days in England. Reluctantly, I left; but with a warning that I would camp on her door-step. Said she would be disappointed if I didn't ring the door-bell and walk in! Her sister-in-law and other members of her family are with her, so it's a charming, though temporary, home circle they have here. When "Koenigsmaark" is finished she will go to London to play with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in "The Amateur Gentleman." Miss Landi is very serious about her literary work which she can't do when making films; so after "The Amateur Gentleman" is finished she plans on playing the stage in New York, which will give her time to wield her pen.

Run into Richard Dix as I was leaving Elissa Landi and today's boat is bringing in Fredric March and his wife, Helen Hayes, Douglas Montgomery, and Edgar Selwyn. So you see Paris seems quite a suburb of Hollywood. I'll tell you more next month.

---

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For a good emotional binge, an interesting story and a fine production, this is it. The famous team of "The Champ," Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, are re-united in a circus story about a little boy who loses his wife and baby boy. He spends years searching for the boy. Beery turns in one of the best performances to date. Jackie is growing up to be a fine actor. Sarah Haden and Spanky McFarland, great.

Two wistful lonely hearts, with their pitiful pretenses and frustrations, are sensitively portrayed by Zasu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell. They find each other at Coney Island, only to be lost again—but not for long. The finish goes a little too far for logic, but the rest is played and directed with feeling and a good, firm soft-pedal. Walter Catlett is amusing as the butler-inner who finally brings some good news.

Plenty of exciting action about an English bishop who loves detective stories and finds himself in the midst of a case to solve. Beautifully played by Edmund Gwenn, that Bishop is from the English stage. Maureen O'Sullivan is delightful as the spunky inventor's daughter who has her father's papers stolen back again from the original thieves. Reginald Owen, Dudley Digges and the others make up a really fine cast.

"Horse opera" deluxe. Whether or not you're a western fan, here's action, fun, and excitement. The cast, a regular round-up of some of the films' greatest Western stars, includes Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele, Tom Tyler and many more. Boots Mallory is the pretty girl whose ranch is being raided by rustlers. Plenty of gun-play, and a pistol duel between Carey and Tyler that's a thriller. A swell Western.

Jane Withers proves herself an all-round entertainer for excellence in this story of a stage child, taken illegally from an orphanage by the cruel couple who over-work her in vaudeville. As escape, she masquerades as a boy, and on the open road has the amusing experiences and complications which make up the chief interest of the film. John McGuire, Sidney Tolmer, Sally Blane and others in the cast give fine support.

Muni never disappoints, and here is no exception. An interesting characterization of a surgeon setting up practice in a small town, facing its hostilities and getting involved with a gang of desperadoes whom he is instrumental in bringing into the hands of the G-Men. There's also an interesting romance; Ann Dvorak figures here, and engagingly. Exciting, suspenseful, and Paul Muni. What more do you want?

A fine production of the well-known Gene Stratton-Porter story; a good clean film, with lots of laughs and thrills, for all the family. Virginia Weidler puts it in her pocket and takes places. She is the whole show. Tom Brown is Freckles, and Carol Stone is his school-teacher romance, but the love story is second in importance. A simple, sincere, and entertaining picture, recommended for everybody.

For a good homey evening among regular people, and a few laughs, you can't beat this story of a small-town judge, expertly played by Walter J. Kelly. Robert Cummings does a lot with the problem-young man who is finally won over by understanding and heroic patience. Marsha Hunt, the romance, is charmingly natural. In supplying comedy from the colored element, Stepin Fetchit really goes to town.
Luxable fashions are important in the wardrobe of this popular star. You'll see her wearing them in Universal pictures. Clever girls take her advice—stick to Lux!

Every costume that's safe in water, Gloria Stuart insists must be Luxed. Others, like the frock she's wearing at right, must have Luxable trimmings.

“I try to guess how often my things have been Luxed, but they look new so long I'm a mile off!” says Gloria.
"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan

Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke— and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.

In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

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Story of Shirley Temple’s New Picture

How Hollywood Wives Handle Gossip Rumors
Beginning a New Serial by Margaret E. Sangster
Strike that COLD at the source before it gets serious!

Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

After any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, ’32 and ’34 show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

10¢
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says... "You're a charming woman."
And a woman's eyes may answer... "You're a likeable person."
And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?
It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.

Ipana plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
January, 1936
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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good...
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho... Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—

Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT
THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind
HER house is so very English, with its high hedge, its ivy-covered walls, and its Mother Shipton knocker on the front door, that you rather expect its tenant to be a prim English miss.

Instead, she is Ann Sothern, luscious little blonde, who in spite of being born in North Dakota of an American father, looks like an idealized version of the pride of Denmark. Her mother is Annette Yde, noted concert violinist, who first opened her blue eyes in that Scandinavian land.

“My mother made out the menu for us today,” said Ann, after Robert, the butler, had shown me into the living room and Ann’s two dogs had been persuaded to curtail an exuberant welcome. “She fixed every dish herself, so you can be sure it’s right.

“Cooking is an art, anyway. As much of an art as acting, I think. My mother is a genius at it, but my sisters are like me—they hate anything to do with a kitchen. None of us knows a thing about preparing food and making appetizing dishes, but it comes naturally to Mother. If you have the gift, you’re blessed; if you haven’t, you’re out of luck.”

Ann, a nautical figure in dark blue pajamas with white sailor blouse, led me up a single step to the dining room where the feast was spread out on the walnut table.

Here is the menu:
1. Rugert Laks Med R0dbeder
   (Smoked salmon and egg)
2. Hummer Med Mayonnaise
3. Sardiner (Sardines)
4. Rullep0lse (Recipe below)
5. Leverpostj Med Agurkesalat
   (Liverwurst and cucumber)
6. Oksesteg (Beefsteak)
7. Flækesteg Med Rødbeder
   (Pork roast and beets)
8. Aeg Med Benfrisild
   (Egg and boneless herring)
9. Frikadeller (Danish meat balls)
10. Dansk Ost
    (Danish imported cheese)
11. Hard boiled sliced eggs with large slice anchovy
12. Chicken liver, sliced cucumber
13. Kaffebrod (Danish pastry)
14. Kraemmerhuse (Danish pastry)

“You can tell how to fix most of the dishes if you know anything about cooking, or have access to a good delicatessen—at least, so I’m told,” smiled Ann, “but Mother will tell you about the odd ones. Rullep0lse, for example. It’s delicious. You can serve it, as you can serve almost all these things, at a cocktail party, a mid-day luncheon, an after-theatre supper or a Sunday night collation.”

Rullep0lse

This is a sort of head cheese made of the side of lamb in which is rolled ground, well seasoned veal. The roll, sewed into place, is boiled in salt water, and when tender pressed flat in a press. Slices are served on tiny squares or oblongs of pumpernickel.

When you make Danish meat balls, Mrs. Lake (Ann’s mother, whose more celebrated name is Annette Yde) directs that you use ¾ pork (Continued on page 83)
Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

Hepburn

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

An RKO Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"
TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

May Robson's first under her new Universal contract is a happy choice and a grand family picture, with this salty old girl just as you like to see her. She plays a rich, domineering old spinster, by accident thrust into the home of a barber and his adopted family. A kidnapping plot adds to the suspense. Henry Armetta, William Barrad, Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry and others contribute excellent support.

Frisco Kid Warners

Jimmy Cagney is back again with his punch in a picture that does him credit and vice versa. This is the Barbery Coast as we all imagine it really was—plenty tough and elemental, with romantic overtones. Cagney fights his way to head-man of the waterfront. His girl is Lili Damita, and his comrades Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, and George E. Stone. Ricardo Cortez is a slick gambler. First rate show.

To Beat the Band RKO-Radio

Hugh Herbert and Helen Broderick, (remember her in "Top Hat"), teamed in a very light-minded farce—but my, how you'll laugh! Hugh is about to marry a frolicsome babe named Phyllis Brook. But a rich aunt dies leaving him millions if he'll marry his widow within the next days. The babe is palmed off on Roger Pryor, and Helen Broderick, a woman lawyer, gets Hugh. Absurd story, but funny.

Remem-ber Last Night Universal

Pauline Lord, Louis Heywood, Nydia Westman, and Basil Rathbone, all giving excellent individual portraits in a drama of mother love, and a film that slips naturally into the "tear jerker" category. It is a picture offering many very touching moments and entirely worth seeing if you are in the mood for the mother love type of poignant drama. The setting is England and the theme self-sacrifice. Good.

I Live for Love Warners

Some fine, rare Eddie Horton for the Horton collectors, who can't expect to find him at better advantage than he appears here as a dyspeptic, given only months to live by his physicians. Imagine Eddie with only three months to live? Naturally he gets involved in a bond deal and is accused along with the girl, for whom he gallantly assumes the blame. The comedy situations are many, and very amusing.

It's in the Air M-G-M

Hilarious murder mystery—fancy that! This kids all the mystery pictures ever made, and develops into a riot of crime and comedy, with Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, and Robert Young, all giving of their best. Arnold is the crime detector, Constance the charming and helpful wife, while Sally gets mixed up in the story that provides the mystery. Surprises and laughs galore.

I Live My Life M-G-M

A display of gorgeous gowns worn by the exotic Del Rio, and the fine voice of Everett Marshall save this from going hay-wire. The story concerns two temperamental artists who everlastingly walk out on each other, and when peace is established the problem is to keep them from being too friendly for good "box office" appeal. It is weak on the story side but the songs and gowns offset that.

A cast of screen unknowns contributes to the beautiful music and magnificent ballet which serves as background for this story with a serious peace angle. Frank Parker, radio star, pursues Tamara, dancing star, to Europe, finally catching up with her aboard the Normandie. The songs by Parker, the exquisite ballets, and the fashion show put it over.

Three Kids and a Queen Universal

A little conceit concocted to prove that Jack Benny and Ted Healy can get a laugh every time they speak a line. When you add Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, and Grant Mitchell to the combination you have a comedy gallery hard to beat. Benny, who lives by his wits—but not well—announces he'll make a stratosphere flight, to win back his wife, Una. Then he has to make good. It's good fun.

I Found Stella Parish Warners

One of the best Kay Francis pictures, but you must take plenty of handkerchiefs. Kay is a popular actress in London who, because of a mystery of her past catching up with her, deserts her play and dons a disguise to her "Flight to America." Honoured by the press she sinks to burlesque, but is rescued in time. Sybil Jason, Ian Hunter, and Paul Lukas are all splendid. Good, both for story and acting.

His Night, Out Universal

Sweet Surrender Warners

Surrender to the pleasant and charmingly told story of a girl (Una Merkel) who takes up a job as a social worker and is successful in all her undertakings. Her chivalrous employer (Eddie Foy Jr.) finds her beautiful, and his employer (Jack Benny) finds her charming. A picture that gives a laugh every time it speaks a line.
An Open Letter To Jean Harlow

DEAR JEAN:

Congratulations! You've done it again. Goodbye, Platinum Blonde! Hello, Brownette! And definitely Howdy to a clever gal.

You're Hollywood's smartest Head-Line Hunter. You know that Jean Harlow must always be News. She must never be old stuff. From the first Harlow has hit the headlines. When she ceases to, she'll no longer be Harlow. But that will never be. I can just see you, Jean, in the year 2,000, tossing away cane and ear-trumper, leaping out of your chair by the fireside, and preparing to give Shirley Temple III a run for the box-office with your new invention, the Goldette Bob. It takes you to think these things up!

You're front page or nothing. And you're always front page. Your latest news is—Brownette. You've exchanged your platinum tresses for a bewitching new shade—frightfully becoming, and hairdressers will bless you anew. In "Riff-Raff" you try out the new shade, and if the advance pictures on this page are any sign, you are going to startle the folks all over again. Which is your intention, and your astute producers'.

And a good idea, too. What most producers and stars in Hollywood don't seem to realize is, how old hat they get in no time at all. Of course I understand that, when surrounded by so much self-made glamor, it's only human for Miss Star to begin to believe it herself, and to feel that she is immortal; when the truth may be that while still tops in Hollywood, she is rapidly being relegated to thirty-sixth place in the hinterlands, due to the fact that her deadpan and same coiffure and style are beginning to pain the audiences. But not every star is as smart as Shirley, who is right now learning new tap routines to keep her vast public from being bored; or as you, Miss Harlow, who, weary of your own platinum blondeness, decide to change it before the cash customers catch up with you.

Congratulations again. And, just as girl to girl, how do you get your hair to look like that, anyway?

Delight Evans
How Hollywood Wives

John Boles’ wife, left, has the most amazing answer of all! Right, Leslie and Mrs. Howard. Below, Gary Cooper with his wife, Sandra, whom he protects from rumors. Read how Mrs. Cooper handled a reporter’s embarrassingly frank personal question.

Frankly answering the colorful question most often asked wherever screen celebrities are discussed

When a funny-paper wife catches her funny-paper spouse flirting with a bathing beauty, she invariably clunks him over the head with a rolling pin, thus settling their domestic problem in true funny-paper fashion.

When the bride’s “best friend” calls up to tell her that George was seen walking down the street with that red-head in his office, she usually receives the news with a scornful laugh into the telephone, and a deluge of “humiliated” tears when George gets home.

Mrs. Married Woman of Ten Years or Over is merely supposed to sigh and ignore any blonde trouble that comes up.

And then, there are always those blissful bunnies who, apparently, never hear anything suspicious about their husbands!

But these are not the wives of Hollywood! Like the ill-fated Marches of “Green Hat” fame, actor’s wives are never let off anything!

How would you like to open the morning paper over your orange juice and coffee and never know when you are going to read that your husband had been lunching
Handle Gossip Rumors

By Dorothy Manners

The most famous screen newlyweds, left: Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. Right, Betty and Bob Montgomery, who laugh off rumors. Below, Clark with Mrs. Gable. In circle, Clark with admiring fans in Guayaquil, Ecuador, during his recent vacation.

at the Vendome yesterday with that new foreign import in his current picture? What difference would it make that the chatter-writer tried to gloss over the tasty line with the well-oiled "... but Miss Europa is Mrs. Star's best friend." The very popular wife of one of our most popular stars once laughingly told me she had been the "best friend" of more women she'd never met than any other person in the world!

How would you like to go to the telephone and be barked at by a live-wire newspaper man who wants to know if you've heard all the gossip about your husband and Miss Mixit? And what are you going to do about it? And, thanking you in advance, will you please give him the exclusive story of the divorce?

How would you feel to hear it blared into a million radios that the real reason the man you married was going to New York was not to catch his latest premiere, as advertised, but to catch up with Dolly Dimples of his last picture, who is vacationing there?

In almost any other walk of life, the wives of public men are more or less protected against actually having names called in "rumors," except in the most flagrant cases. But gossip has seldom spared the gallant married ladies of Hollywood. Perhaps they are fated to public embarrassment because (Continued on page 63)
FOREVER YOURS

By
Margaret E. Sangster

PART I

TOM KILDARE glanced thoughtfully down the length of the room. It was crowded with girls, and they were all pretty. All, that is, except one—for the girl who stood in the corner nearest the door possessed small claim to prettiness. She was tall beyond the average, and gawky, and badly dressed, and had large hands and larger feet. There was no apparent reason why Tom's errant gaze should have come to rest upon her—nobody else had given her a flicker! When he said—

"I want the girl in the corner—the big girl with the eyes," everyone laughed. The laughter persisted until Tom raised a commanding, authoritative hand.

"I'm not kidding," he growled, "hush your noise, you half-wits!"

Somebody murmured, sotto voce, to somebody else: "It's given the boss a turn having Lila Bell walk out of the picture. I've heard that certain minds behave that way—crack up, I mean, under pressure."

Tom's manager, Monte Feinberg, moaned, "Gosh, Kildare, this is a comedy you're making. That girl will be as out of place in slapstick as a fur coat in a Turkish bath. Comedy! She looks as if she were going to burst into tears any minute. Have a heart!"

Tom Kildare never minded what people said to him or in front of him or about him or how they said it. He was always ready to take a suggestion and make the most of it. He was a regular person—a grand mixer, according to the studio—and a studio can be a star's severest critic as well as his best friend. But despite his amiability he knew his own mind, and when he did the talking he was head man. Now he might have been deaf for all he answered Monte Feinberg's perorating. The hand that had been raised for silence made another gesture—a beckoning gesture.

"Come here, kid," he called to the girl in the corner. "I've got things to say to you."

The girl emerged from her shadowed niche. The other girls in the room—there must have been at least fifty of them—stared at her, and a giggle ran across them the way wind runs over a field of wheat. But Tom, watch-
Glamorous Hollywood challenges the brilliant gifts of a famous author! Here is a stirring novel depicting the colorful life of a land where the real is often stranger than its own make-believe

more articulate nurse-maid had put in an appearance.

"I nevaire could learn to wear an apron of postage stamp size, and my leetle cap would not stay straight," she explained. "I looked fonney the whole time, so when I was out of a job and I heard they needed extras for the comedy of Meester Kildare—"

Tom chuckled. "I call that clever reasoning," he commented. "How'd you know about me, anyway?"

The girl from France colored. "I had watched you on th' screen," she said, "at a carnival in the village where I was born . . ."

Marie Kastelaine—the name had elements of fiction, but it wouldn't do. People couldn't spell it or pronounce it. Tom's publicity man changed it—without benefit of clergy—to Karen Kent. Karen because the Norse were in high favor, then—Kent because it was easy. Karen Kent looked well enough in small letters on the bottom of a program—it would shimmer nicely, if need be, in electrics. Also, the entire world could say it with ease and grace!

Karen was awkward at the start. So awkward that she evoked groans—and a few good-tempered jeers—from the studio kibitzers. Part of her awkwardness was a burning self-consciousness, but part of it was an acute desire to please Tom, who had given her a chance. She tumbled over herself as a willing, clumsy puppy does, whenever he made a suggestion or issued an order. When he exclaimed at her abject obedience she flushed a guilty scarlet. She might have been a high school girl in the throes of a desperate crush on a professor—indeed, she might have been anything! But despite her blushing and her lack of grace, Karen's eyes were worth writing home about, and her unruly mop of straw-colored curls had a curious charm, and her wide mouth—when she smiled—was tremulously tender.

Tom Kildare—master showman—made the most of her awkwardness. It was especially his meat; her deadly seriousness was better than custard pie when it came to slapstick. But never in his most exploiting moods did he forget that expert comedy is near to the dividing line of tears. There were close-ups of Karen that were meltingly lovely and wistful, and (Continued on page 66)

I wasn't born yesterday. What if she can't speak English? What if she's tongue-tied? What if she's deaf and dumb? I'll bet she can make signs!"

After all Tom Kildare was right—English was relatively unimportant; talking pictures were as yet beyond the horizon line. And the girl could make signs—and how! Her screen test proved that.

Star beginnings are exciting. They're more than exciting—they're adventure and romance and brief glimpses of ecstasy. In the casual friendly studio of Thomas Kildare—a studio dedicated to the pantomime of an actor who had been a music hall favorite before he became a motion picture comedian—we watched the birth of a screen personality. The girl was French Provincial—Marie Kastelaine was her name, she informed us haltingly on that day when Tom lifted her from the group. She had come to America as nurse-maid to the child of a west coast millionaire whose family had summered in a chateau not far from Marie's home. She had been dismissed from service when a smaller and

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN
PARIS

IT WOULDN'T surprise me in the least to see Charles Boyer dashing to catch the boat train next week decked out in the full regalia of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. At the moment of this writing, he is making a film version of "The Tragedy of Meyerling" in which he plays the part of that ill-fated son of the Emperor Franz-Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria. He played the same part on the stage here in Paris a few years ago. This French film is full of romantic charm and a cast of Parisian favorites supports the now internationally popular Boyer. His leading lady, Danielle Darrieux, is to leave soon for Hollywood, where she will surely be a big success.

They were working day and night. Already Boyer had put off his sailing three times. All of this did not seem to upset the suavely romantic Boyer, for he told me, with an amused twinkle in his eye, that last year he was making the last scenes of "Le Bonheur" at nine o'clock in the morning when his boat train was leaving at eleven. Wiping off his make-up en route he barely caught his train. So he expected to do the same thing this year.

It has taken America, or more definitely Hollywood, to put Boyer "on the map" as a popular idol. For years, here in Paris, he has been looked upon as a fine, sensitive actor generally playing the leads in the dramas of Henry Bernstein at the Gymnase Theatre. Never anything sensational. Then came the trip to America, and after Indifferent success he has blossomed out as the heart-throb of the moment. He is very sensible not to desert Paris and the French public, as some of his compatriots have done much to their sorrow, so he spends five or six months here each year either making films in French or appearing in the theatre. Hence his filming over here.

I went out to Joinville, near Paris, where most of the French studios are located. The same producers are making "Meyerling" who did "La Vie Parisienne" in which Conchita Montenegro and Neil Hamilton played the English version. All about were sets of Vienna of the '80's, with lovely ladies in the quaint dresses of that time. Men in uniform, royal trappings and the Eagle of Austria everywhere about.

When he had finished his scene Boyer came over and greeted me in splendid English. When I complimented him he smiled and said "My English wife is mostly responsible for that."

He is a very quiet, thoughtful type—smoking endless cigarettes—but there is always a subtle twinkle in his dark brown eyes. For a Frenchman he resorts very rarely to shoulder-shrugging and waving of hands.

"We have had a delightful summer, for I wanted to
Continental Close-up of CHARLES BOYER

Our Paris correspondent reports for you on how Boyer works and plays in his native land

By Stiles Dickenson

show my wife the beauties of the French country-side. Being English she used always to rave about the English country-side. Now she seems to have forgotten that in her enjoyment of France. I took her around to a lot of castles, but I'm afraid we are what you might call lazy tourists, for we ride around in the car and just sit in it instead of piling out and thoroughly seeing the sights. After all one can absorb the beauties of a place better that way—and very comfortably too!

"It was very hard at first in the English films for me because one of two of the directors I worked with would constantly re-write scenes and give me the new script a very short time before shooting the scene. That made it very hard for me to learn. In my later films we worked from unchanged scripts and it was much easier for me. Then there are much fewer French people in Hollywood now so I am almost entirely with Americans and English when not working. Ruth Chatterton is a great friend of ours. By the way, she speaks fluent French. She has taken up—" Here (Continued on page 86)
Colman Talks!

By Ben Maddox

"There are, I find, all kinds of actresses in Hollywood. When it comes to pointing with pride to an all-'round captivating member of the feminine sex—I propose a toast to Miss Elizabeth Allan! "Or 'Liz,' as her friends venture to call her. Oh, quite by definite permission, I assure you. Her approval of the nickname instantly indicates something of her jolly nature, doesn't it?

"She is only in her early twenties, and yet already she has discovered secrets of good living that a lot of people don't stumble upon until they're far too old to exercise their knowledge. But Miss Allan has been smart enough to search for truths!"

Ronald Colman, considered the most sought-after man in the whole picture colony, was speaking. It is a rare victory to capture his attention when he detects reportorial intentions. He habitually flees from anything smacking of advertisement. He wants to let his screen self represent him.

However, he had invited me to luncheon and so there was no evading me. With his dark brown eyes flashing that special Colman charm, and his manner as flawless as ever, he walked beside me into the Café de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The noon-day bustle in the studio restaurant ceased momentarily as he entered. He is the most untheatrical of stars. Yet he is so distinguished in his handsomeness that even the blasé stop to look at him.

When we had ordered, and had skipped lightly over various current topics, he suddenly began talking about Elizabeth Allan. I had maneuvered our conversation to women. For once he did not parry. He was openly enthusiastic.

"As you know," he declared, going serious, "she has had the rôle of Lucie Manette in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Dickens heroines are all comparatively colorless. He had a keener grasp on his comedy characters and on the boys and men about whom his stories really centered. So Miss Allan was up against (Continued on page 78)
The Lady Talks Back

is a member of his exclusive Hollywood clique. She sees as much of him socially as almost anyone and so knows exactly what's so about him as an individual. But Elizabeth isn't the bold kind who wants publicity at any price. She had no notion of spoiling a fine friendship by random chattering. And I understood immediately why she checked on me. Colman is somewhat of a male Garbo. He goes into no deliberate mystery mood and he is frankly appreciative of interest. Yet he has never turned confidential regarding his innermost feelings. His chosen intimates loyally respect this reserve.

"When I reached him on the 'phone this morning he informed me you had already held a conference about me. He insisted he was anxious to read my retort. So —let's proceed!"

I waved her into the big easy chair. She is small and slim and across the desk was indeed a pleasant sight. Her eyes are nearly green and her hair is a vital, fluffy brown. The chic slack-suit she wore was gray, and her accessories were of a becoming pastel shade of orange.

"He is thoroughly remarkable in many ways," Elizabeth asserted. "Ronnie, for instance, has no star notions. He doesn't consider himself superior and he doesn't take advantage of his opportunities to be ritzy. He lives comfortably, but not in the lavish show-off manner. He'll always listen to advice—from the humblest source, too."

"His international reputation for reticence has built up a legend of aloofness. This isn't press-agentry. Ronnie can't make friends easily with everyone. He does prefer to keep his personal thoughts to himself. And he isn't a gadabout."

"You'll never run into him (Continued on page 80)"

And now read what Elizabeth Allan really thinks of Ronald Colman

I HAD to wait my whole first year in Hollywood to meet him, but he was worth it!

"Romie is like you've heard he is, and then again he's not that way at all. He is very happy. He's far from being a recluse.

"He is all I had anticipated—and much more. My great expectations haven't been let down the least bit as a result of working with him daily and getting to know him.

"This exciting Hollywood is a brand new thrilling world to me. And after seeing and becoming acquainted with a good portion of the players here, I'm convinced that Ronnie is not only super-charming. He's the wisest of them all!"

Until Elizabeth Allan telephoned Ronald Colman she hadn't made up her mind what to do about me. She told me so as soon as we retired to a quiet office at M-G-M.

She had been advised why I wanted to talk to her. No woman in the movies should have a better conception of the intriguing Mr. Colman, I had announced. Having acted opposite him on her last assignment, she is sure of his attitude towards his career. More importantly, she..."
Scoop! Claudette Colbert begins a new love and a new life. Here's the first true story of the star's romance and rejoiced when she was gay and triumphant; but never since our first meeting have I seen Claudette so happy, so ecstatically happy, as she was the day she told me she was going to marry Dr. Pressman. It wasn't what she said, but the way she said it, with that cute little choky stammer that she has when she gets excited, and her eyes, no longer veiled by impenetrable calm, but resplendent like the morning star, and I who deal in romances as a grocer does in cheese, I who pay my landlord with love's young dream, suddenly realized that I was seeing something honest and beautiful, for the first time in many a year, and I was awed like a child entering a church. Yes, it got me! I've been reading poetry ever since. "And the sunlight claps the earth. And the moonbeams kiss the sea; What are these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?" (Oh, don't mind me—Shelley and I have been going on like this for days.)

About a year ago, some months after she had separated from Norman Foster, Claudette met her future husband, though anything but husbandry—(Note to Miss Colbert:
I know that is not the correct meaning of that word but I like it there)—was on her mind at the time. For seven years or more Claudette had suffered with sinus trouble, and had been to a number of leading physicians in New York who operated and eased the pain temporarily, but as soon as she started a picture with those big lights glaring at her her sinuses would start cutting up again. Finally, someone said, "Why don't you see Dr. Pressman? He's the best nose specialist on the West Coast." So Claudette called on Dr. Pressman, and it definitely was not love at first sight.

It was several weeks before she even noticed what he looked like, for every time she opened her eyes all she could see was a long instrument probing around in her nose and hurting like the mischief. But as her sinuses grew better, and the treatments (Continued on page 68)

Spotlight Contest
1,000 Prizes Awarded Every Month

Just Answer Two Questions:
1. Whom do you select as Spotlight Cover Girl?
2. Why do you think she deserves this tribute?

Screenland's Spotlight Cover Contests have aroused great enthusiasm. The beauty of the covers, their novelty, but most of all the fact that screen-goers have the deciding voice in selecting the girls to be featured on these striking covers, and in special stories in the magazine, appeals to everybody.

It's your opportunity to express your admiration for your favorites. The movie girls are eager for the distinction of being featured on a Screenland cover, but there's added significance when you, their own public, are responsible for this signal tribute.

Every month 1,000 reproductions in full color but without lettering, are awarded to the 1,000 voters whose entries are judged best. These fine reproductions are worthy of framing. Send in your selection now, and win a color portrait of Claudette Colbert, our Spotlight Girl this month. Start the collection of a gorgeous gallery of filmdom's most beautiful girls.

RULES OF THE CONTEST
1. Use coupon printed at right, filling out with name of your selection, and your name and address.
2. Write a letter, not more than 100 words, telling why you think the girl you select deserves this distinction.
3. This contest will close at midnight January 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, identical prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions are final. No entries will be returned.

I am entering the Screenland Spotlight Cover Contest, with my letter enclosed.
My star selection is ________________________________
Name ________________________________
Street address ________________________________
City ________________________________ State __________
Shirley Temple's new motion picture makes the most appealing of short stories here, for the whole family to read and enjoy.

There had never been such a birthday before. Always there had been a party, of course, and games and fun and ice cream and cake under the sweep of willows on the Cary lawn. And Uncle Billy shuffling his old, black feet along under the weight of silver trays laden with glasses of lemonade for the children and other frosted glasses with swirls of mint topping them like gay bouquets for the grown-ups.

There had been presents on those other birthdays, too, and her mother looking prettier than she did on other days even, with the flush of Virgie's own excitement caught in her cheeks and the smile deepening in her eyes and her father's laugh coming even oftener than usual.

But this birthday was different. For Virgie was six. That meant she was no longer a baby. And beginning to be a little girl meant that she wore a party dress that could have been a replica of her mother's. All white it was, and as sheer as a cloud with festoons of rose-
buds and ribbons sprinkled over it, and pantaloons peeping below of real lace!

That wasn't all, though, this feeling of being—well, almost grown up and Uncle Billy calling her Miss for the first time. For she was dancing today. Not the funny little jigs Uncle Billy had taught her but the way the grown-ups danced when there was a ball at the Cary plantation.

It was the minuet she was dancing and Virgie chose the fat little boy none of the other girls would dance with because even the ice cream he was eating couldn't completely banish the woe-begone look from his face.

Everybody must be happy today! That was Virgie's sole thought, and everybody was happy until the awful moment they heard Fort Sumter had been fired upon. For days afterwards Virgie relived that scene, the horse wheeling up to the East portico and the rider covered with the dust of his mad gallop flinging the reins to the stable boy and dashing into the drawing-room to shout the news.

Virgie didn't know what war meant then. She only knew the fun was over, and where there had been laughter before there were tears now.

It's over, she thought. The party and the fun and all the happiness. It's over. It's over.

Old words, these, to be written on the heart of a child. Wise words to give her a wisdom no child should have. For the first time she saw panic in her mother's eyes and in the eyes of all those other women who gathered their children around them and clung to their husbands' arms as if they were afraid ever to let them go again.

After that there was the loneliness of days without her father's laugh and his step around the house and Virgie held back her own tears when she saw her mother cry, and did all the funny little steps and sang the songs Uncle Billy had taught her. But somehow it was even harder when her mother didn't cry, when she tried to smile and the smile became a twisted mockery on her lips.

She was to know that (Continued on page 71)
SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Edited by

Ginger Rogers

The dancing darling of the films presents a pre-view of her new clothes. Ginger sounds the grace note in glamor with the gorgeous gown, left, shimmering with silver beads; and the blue taffeta picture dress, below—both worn in her latest picture, "Tamed"

Ginger introduces "The Rolled Coronet," a new coiffure. Here's the trick: brush gleaming, well-groomed hair straight back from forehead and off the ears; the high rolled coronet is placed far back on the crown of the head, a complete circle instead of the customary half-crown. The ends are curled casually.
Advance news! Above and below, the perkiest ensemble ever designed for a Hollywood beauty, created by Bernard Newman for Miss Rogers: co-starring steel-blue taffeta blouse and dark blue taffeta skirt; featuring elaborate shirring; too, too box-office! Then, hopping ahead to Spring, or Bermuda cruises: blue-and-white print, with pert bow. Next, pajama perfection, in pink satin, piped in plum, and monogram on three-cornered pocket. Top—and tops!—light grey wool with blue polka dots and blue taffeta revers, cuffs, and belt.

Look into the fashion future with Ginger Rogers! Her clothes have rhythm, as gay and provocative as her dances with Fred Astaire. Only Ginger can be Fred’s dancing partner—but every girl can see to it that her own wardrobe carries out the idea of gaiety and grace.
Glitter for Glamor!

Glitter, Kay Francis, in your housecoat of metallic stripes in red, gold, green. (Left, above). Or like Miriam Hopkins, in silver lame with cape collar, above. There's gentle glitter, too, in Jane Froman's tunic, below: white metal-embroidered crepe with military frog fastenings. Gay, goryous glitter in green, lavender, gold, in the hostess gown worn by Rosalind Russell, left center. Elizabeth Allan selects the frosty glamour of silver lame, extreme left, for big evenings.
Hollywood Fashion Highlights:

Bette Davis, above, in black wool, satin, and caracul. Ann Sothern, above in center panel: first, in a two-piece frock featuring square buttons and a draped scarf that gives the effect of an additional collar; then in Russian mood: fur hat, collar, cuffs. Bette Davis, again, at extreme left, sponsors the shoulderslash. That's pretty Irene Hervey smiling above her blouse with its grand, convenient slide-fastener. The heart halo hair-do is a Max Factor creation for Binnie Barnes. The evening hat is a Rita Kaufman design, modern adaptation of an Elizabethan coronet in black lace and velvet. Effective!
CONFESSIONS of a Gag-Man

By Walter H. Schmidt

With Drawings by the Author

"WACK!" went Harold Lloyd's yard stick, smack on top the head of one of Hollywood's cleverest gag thinker-uppers. No way to treat an employee, even if he happens to be the worst feared of all Hollywood menaces—a gag writer for pictures!—and even if just the moment before this same gag writer had ventured a gag that turned out to be more feeble than funny.

Yet the gag writers at Harold Lloyd's "laugh-thinking-up" conferences don't mind this good-natured spanking treatment in the least. It keeps them awake for one thing, and it can't injure their vanity or cause embarrassment because the latter two are elements unknown to a Hollywood gag-man.

More exciting and funnier than comedy scenes on the finished screen, are the gag-men's "laugh building" conferences held previous to the shooting of each picture or scene. Every studio in Hollywood is equipped with its own special little army of sad-faced writers whose job it is to make guffaws and belly laughs when scenarios are in need of such. There is little left in the movie curriculum that hasn't been trimmed down to "accurate system." Camera technicians, property men, publicity department, executives, all have their various duties running on a more or less efficient system. Even the actors are put through studio "star training" schools, equipping them with the power of turning their emoting "on" and "off" to the click of a director's finger. But no such system can be found for the gentlemen who think up our film laughs. There is an unusual task that defies man-made system or time-clocks.

No price is too dear for laughs in movieland. Even the lowliest gag writers on the lot, (who write scripts for "short" comedies), receive from $150 to $200 and more, a week. The late Wilson Mizner was perhaps the best known and most highly paid of all gag writers. He used to charge $1500 cash "on the table" before he'd even consider opening the cover leaf of a failing script. Charlie Rogers, M-G-M gag writer, once showed me a check for $600, the result of an afternoon's brainstorm in aid of that popular comedy pair, Laurel and Hardy. Al Boasberg, who writes as well as directs his own comedies, demands a percentage split on the box-office receipts, often netting a small fortune as a result.

Your correspondent started his gag writing career at Hal Roach's Culver City Studios, romping and breeding
Up Pops The Past!

For the first time your pet comedienne reveals her most exciting experiences, as recorded in her diary through the years

By Una Merkel

November 10, 1933: Heard a picture supposed to be called "World's Shadows," starring Lillian Gish, was being made at Griffith's studio. I went down today and asked for a chance in it. 'Twas my first venture out into the "big city" world! Well, a Mr. Jerome Storm saw me and, wonder of wonders, said I looked so much like Miss Gish that he would let me be her "understudy" in this picture. So, I have a job and everything on my first trip out!

December 9: D. W. Griffith has started another film. I flew into my clothes and set forth for the studio this A.M. As I write this I am tired, having worked all day. Don't know whether I was promoted or de-moted. Anyhow, I am an extra in this. A working extra has this advantage over a loafing star—she eats and enjoys life! I am happy to be working again after several days of doing just about nothing. Carol Dempster, Mae Marsh and Neil Hamilton are in this film and they all seem very nice. P.S. Neil is quite handsome and very, very polite!

December 10: O joy of joys, what perfect bliss! D. W. has picked me out for a small part in his picture. That is something, isn't it? And won't I work hard to succeed! I certainly do admire Lillian Gish—she's grand! I never expect to be a great star like her or like anyone; in fact, because I know I am not an actress in the true sense of the word. I just have to do things in my own way, because it seems natural to do them.

December 25: Merry Christmas, diary! "Same to you, Una," did I hear you say? Thanks! Spent today with all the folks and received some extremely nice gifts from relatives, girl friends and a few—well, just a few—from boy friends! Saw an ad today about posing—maybe I'll be trying that one of these days, who knows?

January 1: Greetings, New Year! May you be a prosperous and kindly one to us all. Think I will start the new page with this thought—"If only I can give happiness to people and hurt no one—but I am sadly afraid I play at life, dodge issues and see what I want to see, not what really is."

January 2: Hurray! Landed a part today as Mrs. General Pickett in the Abraham Lincoln picture. Went to the studio hoping for the (Continued on page 74)
A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door... or at your office... the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her... until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt... her loved ones threatened... her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes... for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know... THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

SHOW THEM NO MERCY!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS
Encore for the popular co-stars of "Naughty Marietta." Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are teamed again in "Rose Marie." (We love you!)
Jean Parker as a Bonnie Lassie!

You've been wondering what's happened to pretty Jean Parker? Well, here she is, as she appears as the leading lady in "The Ghost Goes West," produced in England.
Heroic Highlander, is Donat's new, dashing rôle in his latest British cinema in which he woos our own Jean Parker, borrowed for the film from Hollywood. Nice, new team!

Robert Donat
as a Modern Lochinvar
Surprise, Surprise!

Marian Marsh, at extreme left, that hitherto demure little girl, suddenly shocks you with her come-hither portrayal for Director von Sternberg, in “Crime and Punishment.” Paul Muni, left, in his amazing make-up for “Enemy of Man.” Herbert Marshall, goes whimsical in “If You Could Only Cook.”

Just when you think Hollywood won't fall for any more foreign importations, along comes Simone Simon, darling of the French cinema, and 20th Century-Fox engages her. Left, Simone in two poses—naughty, in close-up; then nice, with a chic new hat.

More surprises! The case of Robert Allen, left, could happen only in Hollywood. New York’s prize male photographic model, he was signed for films, but failed to register. Back to the old job—to be discovered anew and put into Grace Moore’s picture, “Love Me Forever.” Now he’s really going places. Right: what, another movie Greta? Yes—this time blonde Greta Nattler.
The most fascinating thing about Hollywood is its ability to do the different thing, to make you say: "What next!"

The greatest surprise in many screen seasons: Katharine Hepburn masquerading as a boy for "Sylvia Scarlett," shown in scene at right with Bunny Beatty. Only in Hollywood would a world-famous opera star discard tradition to appear as a night-club cutie, as Lily Pons, below, does in her first film, "I Dream Too Much."
GARDENIA:
Wendy Barrie

ROSE:
Rochelle Hudson

JONQUIL:
Cecilia Parker

Garden of Girls!
The beauties of Hollywood remind their admirers of favorite flowers. Do you agree with our selections?

POPPY: Katherine DeMille

CHRYSANTHEMUM: Claire Trevor

VIOLET: Heather Angel
Here's to LOVE

Scenes that speak of love in eloquent pantomime! Above, Bette Davis and Franchot Tone, a new team. Right above, Herbert Marshall and Frieda Inescort, altar-bound in "If You Could Only Cook." At right below, Lotus Long and Mala express South Sea romance.

Peggy Conklin and Lloyd Nolan, above, show that lovers can laugh, in this close-up from "One Way Ticket." Right, James Melton and Jane Froman, popular radio stars, featured in "Stars Over Broadway" and proving potential candidates for screen stardom.
Advance flashes of the screen's new romantic thrills! Right, Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett, teamed again in "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo." Below, left to right: Henry Fonda and Lily Pons; Joan Arthur and Leo Carrillo; and, hold your breath, Mae West and Victor McLaglen in Mae's latest, "Klondike Lou."
Picturesque Portraits

Lili Damita, fragile, French, and fascinating, is the siren of "Frisco Kid." Now we know what caused that fire!

Warner Baxter, as the best bad man of the outdoor days of '49, Joaquin Murrieta, in "Robin Hood of El Dorado."
Dietrich in "Desire." Is that box-office or is that a stampede? Marlene's leading man is once again Gary Cooper.

James Cagney, in his most colorful rôle so far: the fiery, fighting "Frisco Kid." Cagney wearing the high-hat is news!
They Make a Game

Sure, acting is work! But there's a spontaneous spirit about it in every studio. Left, Sally Eilers runs, not walks, to the set. Right, Bill Powell clowns between scenes with "The Great Ziegfeld" beauties. Below, Jack Oakie gives it and Ethel Merman shows she can take it.

Anything for a laugh! Right, Bing Crosby, that old cut-up with whiskers, kidnap Ethel Merman. Left, Eddie Cantor showing off to Rita Rio and a chorus beauty in "Shoot the Chutes." Above, left, Allen Jenkins sneaking up on Hugh Herbert. Above, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, two good storytellers on holiday between scenes: "Have you heard this one?"
You hear too much about acting being hard work, and not enough about the fun it is!

The gang's all here, above, and the director is going crazy, while Carl Brisson, William Frawley, Inez Courtney, Arline Judge and Eddie Davis get into the spirit of the next scene. Right, those mad, mad Marx Brothers, Chico, Harpo, and Groucho, say they'll be hanged if they'll get to work, and the girls take them at their word, all for "A Night at the Opera." Below, Edna Mae Oliver doubling in brass.
Gay gals and lads of Hollywood love the great outdoors. Find Gladys Swarthout, badminton beauty; Ronald Colman, Gertrude Michael, equestrians; Freddie Bartholomew, miniature Tilden; Ruby Keeler, snow baby; Gloria Shea and Barbara Kent, tennis teasers; steeplechase sweepstakes, played by Grace Bradley and Adrienne Marden; and Jackie Cooper directing his pals in an outdoor movie.
Every screen star has a hobby. It may be golf, as with Wheeler and Woolsey; or dogs, which Heather Angel dotes on; or thoroughbreds, such as Louis Hayward's. Or sand-skiing—see Anne Shirley; or painting, which Guy Standing goes in for, watched by Grace Bradley and Frances Drake; or Carl Brisson's trophy-collecting. Victor Jory and Florence Rice prefer the bridle-path. It's a racquet for Nelson Eddy.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
From "Enemy of Man" starring Paul Muni
I FOUND
KAY FRANCIS!

And where our writer found her, and how, and what she said, makes the most amusing story you've ever read about the star sophisticate

By Margaret Angus

THE first time I met Kay Francis in the flesh she was taking a bath, and was very much in the flesh. Quite pretty too. It was last summer and the rumors were getting about that Warner Brothers' most glamorous star was falling in love again, and with a writer chap named Delmar Daves, and naturally Mag the Snoop couldn't let things like that go on without sticking her nose into it, heavens no, not me. Remind me to do something about curbing my curiosity sometime, it gets me into the strangest places.

Of course I couldn't exactly picture the exotic Kay romancing with a studio writer, a typewriter pounder, no less. Kay is easily one of the most sophisticated and charming women in Hollywood, and when you think of men in connection with her you visualize monocles, top hats, moonlight on the Riviera and champagne cocktails—certainly not pencil stubs, second sheets, smudges, and ten o'clock of a hot morning in Burbank. Why, only a few weeks before Kay had returned from a series of social triumphs abroad that would make a queen turn green with envy, for she had all the eligible males in London, Paris, and the Countess di Frasso's Rome at her feet, offering her every kind of a little tid-bit from a medieval title to a Castle in Scotland with a ghost in the left wing. And of course it was no secret that ever since her return a certain Italian nobleman, introduced by the Countess di Frasso who is one of Kay's best friends, had called frantically and eloquently over long distance from Rome every few nights. Yes, there must be some mistake. As I recalled Delmar Daves he was anything but Old World. A rather studious looking young man, not handsome, but with a pleasing smile, who had been around Warner Brothers for a number of years scribbling out dialogue for the lads and lassies of the screen. How long he and Kay had known each other I do not know, but I do know that they did not start having "dates" until "Stranded," which picture Kay starred in with George Brent, and which picture Delmar Daves wrote dialogue for. I am fairly reliably informed that they met on the "Stranded" set one fine morning during a heated argument over Miss Francis' lines.

Well, I pondered over the idiosyncracies of fate all the way out to the studio in Burbank and right into the publicity office. Would someone take (Continued on page 73)
ONE of the rarely beautiful pictures of all time! Here is your cinema escape from the realities of light love, easy laughter, and manufactured mystery, to the heights of exquisite emotion. You remember the Du Maurier story—or do you? It is perhaps the sentimental classic; it has been a play, an opera, a silent film; and now it has been really immortalized in a practically flawless production. The mood of the motion picture is one of mystical love, beginning with Peter and Minsey playing together as children: "dreaming true." Later the lovers are separated, Minsey marries another, becomes the Duchess of Towena. Such is the subtle appeal of the romance as enacted by Ann Harding and Gary Cooper, you will forget your modern notions, and before you know it you will be swimming in sentimental tears. The story of "Peter Ibbetson" may date, but the romantic atmosphere is so skilfully contrived that the picture becomes a truly poignant experience. Gary Cooper's Peter is his finest portrayal. Miss Harding also surpasses herself. The supporting cast is just about perfection: Virginia Weidler and Dicky Moore, charming as the young Peter and Minsey; John Halliday, Ida Lupino splendid.

PROVING that grand opera can be fun! Lawrence Tibbett's new picture, as big and impressive as his own fine baritone, is grand entertainment, a feast for the ear and the eye. Cleverly plotted to humanize Mr. Tibbett's glorified song recital, it has a most amusing story with a background of the great opera house in action—and of Alice Brady in action, which is perhaps even funnier. You will like Miss Brady as a temperamental prima donna who manages to give grand opera the most hectic moments in its dignified and dramatic history. When the capricious Miss Brady finally walks out, Mr. Tibbett takes over, and everybody's happy. Lovely Virginia Bruce is the love interest with Luis Alberni contributing another one of his inimitable Italian characterizations, and George Marion, Sr., superb as the maestro. As for the star, he is prodigal of his talents, flinging magnificent music about with abandon from "Glory Road" to "Pagliacci." What's more, he sings with such genuine heartiness that I'm afraid we'll be spoiled for any singer less robust and vital. Why not a full-length movie opera, now that Mr. Tibbett has proved himself a picturesque screen personality? That man makes old opera young and human!

THE spectacle of the month: a mighty and impressiv picture foretelling a future in which England and the United States are united by a tunnel under the ocean. It is one of the pictures which will be widely discussed, and you will want to see it. "Transatlantic Tunnel" was produced in England, with prominent American players in the cast: Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson in the leads. This makes it of particular interest to American as well as British film audiences. If you are fascinated, as I am, at glimpses of an imaginary future, you will be held enthralled as this story unfolds. Richard Dix has the principal rôle, that of the engineer who plans and executes the daring work of the transatlantic tunnel, at the cost of his personal happiness. His wife leaves him; his son is sacrificed to the Tunnel. But eventually the great work is completed and the man who dreamed and achieved it can rest content. Madge Evans and Helen Vinson are excellent as the wife and "other woman." There is human and artistic interest in the fact that two fine actors, Walter Huston and George Arliss, are seen in portrayals of the President of the U. S. and the Prime Minister of England. A gracious idea!
Hands Across the Table—Paramount

THE gayest picture of the month! Light, frankly frivolous and frothy—and the first opportunity in too long for Carole Lombard to prove that she can be one of the most ingratiating charmers on celluloid. Maybe this isn’t an “important” picture, but you will have more fun watching it than most of the weightier numbers. It’s a minor triumph for any picture to make you think, when leaving the theatre, that the director, the stars, and the cast had a perfectly grand time making it—no work at all, just play. Vina Delmar’s story makes Carole a manicurist whose mind is made up to marry for money. Fred MacMurray, poor in worldly goods but equally rich as Carole in charm, is engaged to marry money. Then—they meet. Well, maybe if any other two screen people met it wouldn’t be good news. But with Fred and Carole, it’s perfect. You will find you have their happiness very much at heart, and because Ralph Bellamy is cast as the wealthy “other man,” there is just enough suspense to keep you interested, even though you really know perfectly well there can only be one ending—happy. I don’t know when I’ve enjoyed a screen team as much.

Rendezvous—M-G-M

YOU may complain all you please about Hollywood cycles, but I have no objection to them if they are “Thin Man” cycles. Ever since that elegant cinema, William Powell has been playing the same man, with variations; and somehow it’s perfectly satisfactory, and I wait for the latest edition with the same avidity as I used to look forward to the endless “Five Little Peppers” series. Now, now, Bill—I’m not calling you a “Little Pepper,” merely implying that like the series of juvenile books you can go right on forever as far as I’m concerned. That is, if you keep up the high standard of “Rendezvous.” The title doesn’t mean what you think, at all—the “rendezvous” is in World War-time, where some troopships meet in the Atlantic. Thanks to the enamored Rosalind Russell our Thin Man is chained to a desk in Washington working out codes, to keep him “safe.” But Rosalind guessed wrong—there is all the excitement anybody could ask, what with enemy spies and their chicanery. Powell is, as usual, wittily equal to all emergencies. This Russell gal is deliciously clever as the Thin Man’s new woman. She has gaiety and a gallant beauty—and a voice!

The Three Musketeers—RKO-Radio

Here’s a rousing, realistic presentation of the beloved Dumas characters which makes splendid entertainment for every film-going family. It is perhaps the most vivid version the screen has seen of a costume piece—for only the costumes seem to date: the people in them are as spirited, as “modern,” as moving as today’s heroes and heroines. I had no fond memories of the senior Fairbanks’ filming of this classic, so the comparisons which have been made to the detriment of the new version, are more odious even than usual. I don’t see how the present picturization could be bettered. True, Walter Abel is a more human, less swash buckling D’Artagnan, but that’s how Dumas wrote him, I believe; and the small boy doesn’t live who won’t adore the Abel portrayed. No chance for punning at this actor’s expense—he is obviously so much more than able, adequate, or competent. Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen, and Onslow Stevens are capital as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Margot Grahame is a gorgeous Milady, Rosamund Pinchot a perfect picture of the Queen of France, for whose fair sake the intrepid Musketeers fought so gallantly. Never a dull moment when these Dumas boys are battling. You’ll enjoy every bit of it, I hope, as I did.

Thanks A Million—20th Century-Fox

A MUSICAL picture—with a difference! No operatic arias; no colossal choruses—instead, a Bright Idea by author Nunnally Johnson, who quaintly believes that The Story is Important, and so far has been right. This time, the idea concerns a stranded musical show mixed up with a political campaign. It sounds pretty crazy, and that’s the way it turns out. You’ll love it. Fortunately, Mr. Johnson’s dialogue and situations have a grand cast to help put them across. For instance, Fred Allen, from radio, who is even funnier in films than you’d expect. More of Mr. Allen, please. His droll humor is something the screen needs regularly. Radio doesn’t do him full justice. Then there’s Dick Powell, back on the job as the screen’s best light comedian after his enforced Shakespearean interlude, singing and romancing with Ann Dvorak. High spots are the Yacht Club Boys’ alphabet song; Patsy Kelly’s comedy; Rubino and his violin—without Eddie Cantor. Raymond Walburn, who is making quite a nice reputation for himself as our most amusing inebriate—remember his butler in “She Married Her Boss” —scores again; and Margaret Irving from the stage is a handsome addition to the repertory ensemble. See it!
A gift of fragrance rare... can be your tribute to a friend's loveliness! "Gar- denia de Tahiti," new Len- theric perfume, has all the languor and rich, sweet lush- ness of South Sea nights. It's $4, and purse sizes are $1.25 and $2.25. Houbigant's eau de Cologne is an artistic mas- terpiece in its graceful gourd- shaped bottle. Four favorite fragrances—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Bois Dormant and Fougere Royale—at $1.65 and $2.75. For dressing up a dressing-table, there's an exquisite little DeVilbiss per- fume atomizer in white or green Lenox China at $1.50.

Christmas Shopping

Merry Christmas and “bon voyage” to ladies who travel! Frances Denney's traveling bag is equipped with everything one needs for skin care and make-up. It's a smart trick—in black, brown or deep maroon—compact and easy to carry. A lot of beauty for $10! Put an Eastman Jiffy Kodak on your Christ- mas list—for him or her. It opens out at the touch of a button, and you press another button to take a grand, clear picture. ($8). Helena Rubinstein makes the Beauty Band- box. It's oval in shape, rich raspberry in color. Fitted with a complete beauty treatment and make-up necessities. For dry, normal or oily skin—$5.
Let your Christmas gift selections express your own good taste

Luxury extras for evening! The evening bag of silver-finished lace ring mesh has three pockets, one closed with a Talon slide fastener. Made by Whiting and Davis, and looks much more expensive than its $5 price. Hudnut's evening cigarette vanity is smartly designed in black and white, or cream and blue. Contains a loose powder well, compact rouge, and room for five cigarettes. ($5). Thrills enclosed with Gotham Gold Stripe evening stockings—the sheerest made but with strength in those gossamer-fine threads! $1.95, or $5.70 for a gift box of three.

Takes Center Stage

Every woman loves a vanity! Max Factor has done up a gift set in true Hollywood style. An adorable slim vanity with compact rouge and space for loose powder comes with a lipstick to match, both encased in a gay Christmas box. ($2.50). A purse ensemble set from Coty has a single compact, perfume in a metal purse container, and "Continentale" lipstick — all matching in gold-tone finish and color inlays. ($4). The new Jewel lipstick by Miyon is a charming little gift. In black, red, or green enamel at $1. You'll probably want one yourself—the lip rouge is so smooth, lasting and non-drying! In three flattering shades.
Who's Afraid of the Little Black Cat?

By Reginald Taviner

WELL, Henry Fonda wasn't. Otherwise he certainly would never have brought that cat to Hollywood at all!

A lot of folks believe that little black cats mean big gobs of bad luck. Particularly when starting anything as important as a movie career they'd detour around Cape Horn rather than meet up with one. Especially theatrical folk—but then, Henry Fonda is such a swell actor that he doesn't have to be "theatrical folk."

It's true that Henry was playing the lead in the New York hit "The Farmer Takes A Wife" when Winnie Sheehan of Fox first saw Henry and signed him to play his same part in pictures, and Henry first saw the cat.

You might say though that it was a first appearance for both Henry and the kitten because Henry had never been on Broadway before and the kitten picked that particular night to be born. In the play they had an old stage cat and—well, you know what stage cats are.

If Henry remembers correctly there were six kittens altogether, but only this one came with white stockings on.

So, when the play closed, Henry and the little cat boarded the train for Hollywood, though they'd only sell Henry a Pullman ticket. He had to hide the kitten from the conductor and feed her from an ashtray. She slept in Henry's coat pocket and whenever she had to meow Henry had to sing. Henry isn't especially proud of his singing, but even a Pullman conductor can't put a passenger in the baggage car for singing even like Henry does.

Anyway, Henry arrived in Hollywood with the little cat still under one arm and it wasn't very long before he had tucked Janet Gaynor's picture right under the other. That's the same kitten you saw on the screen with them.

And now for the past history of Henry:

It's a cinch that the fair housewives of Omaha had no idea who was delivering their ice along about ten years ago or Henry Fonda would have been star salesman for the ice company and awfully late getting through work.

As it was, all the housewives probably saw was a cake of ice coming in the back door with a very tall, gangly, and amazingly blue-eyed youth ahead of it. They'd have noticed those eyes, all right, even while the ice melted on the kitchen floor, because Henry's eyes are the bluest you ever saw. They're like summer sunlight on the ocean, you think at first, and with the same sort of tangy depth in them. (Continued on page 65)
Freddie's New Adventures

Master Bartholomew tells you his recent experiences—personal and professional—in this, his own story

As Told to Ida Zeitlin

SINCE the end of David Copperfield, so many interesting things have happened to me that I hardly know what to tell about first. Before that, everything sort of led into David Copperfield and that was the center of everything, if you see what I mean, and all the other things were rather on the edge. Like one of those beautiful whirly firework whatmenots, with a very bright fire in the middle and sparks flying off on all sides. Since then, my life's been a kind of jumble—a terribly happy jumble, of course, because of acting which is supposed to be work though it's really nothing but fun, and because of Cis and horses and all the kind friends I've met here. Only what I mean to say is, if it sounds sort of jumbled when I tell it, that's the reason.

One of the loveliest happenings was playing the son in Anna Karenina. My friend, Basil Rathbone, was the father and dear Miss Garbo was the mother. And that reminds me of a thing we both laughed at, didn't we, Cis? Because one of the papers wrote that I'd never heard of Miss Garbo till I played with her. Well, that's entirely not true. Because while we did live in a small English town, still we weren't primitive. And I imagine anyone who never heard of Miss Garbo would have to be primitive or else quite deaf, don't you think so?

But I will let you into a secret. And the secret is that I was slightly apprehensive about working with Miss Garbo, she being such a great actress and me being nothing at all—I don't mean, of course, that I'm just empty air—I mean, by comparison. But she soon reassured me and all my fears went away, because nobody could be afraid of anyone so sweet. We had a secret understanding together that if she forgot her lines, I'd tell her, and if I forgot mine, she'd tell me. But we both seem to have fairly good memories.

We talked chiefly about horses, because horses are my favorite thing in all the world. She likes them too. Or maybe—you know, it never occurred to me, Cis, till this very moment, but maybe she was just kind enough to talk about them because I couldn't practically talk about anything else. You see, I almost have a horse. He was sort of promised to me, but I mustn't say by whom, because it's not altogether certain (Continued on page 84)
HOLLYWOOD is still talking about a girl who said "No" to a film contract. She's eighteen-year-old Betty Jean George of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and, by virtue of a title won in competition with 1,800 of the Southwest's fairest, is "Miss Queen of the Southwest of 1935." Betty Jean won her title in a contest conducted at picture theatres in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. She also won a free trip to Hollywood, and a screen test. Offered a part in Eddie Cantor's picture, and later a short-term contract at Paramount, Betty Jean graciously refused. Why? Well, you see Betty Jean hankers to be a designer and creator of women's fashions, and wants to complete her education and preparation for such work, despite the fact that she is an accomplished pianist, a pretty good tap-dancer, the possessor of a pleasing contralto voice, and has studied dramatics at college. Here are the physical specifications which won Betty Jean her crown in a beauty contest: Dark hair; brown eyes; height, 5 feet, 3; bust, 32; waist, 23; hips, 36; thigh, 20; calf, 13; ankle, 8½— inches of course.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will amaze and astonish you with still another accomplishment in "Captain January," her next picture. She is going to sing a song in four languages—count 'em—French, Chinese, Russian, and Hawaiian. Picked up a few words of the last in Honolulu. Has been taking French lessons for some time. Will study up on the other two.

OLD Massa William Powell is making a new collection of "dull" books for his library. One of Bill's chief hobbies has always been collecting dull books, and he already has the most soporific library on the West Coast, he will tell you with the pride of a collector.

OUR demon correspondent in London reports that Douglass Montgomery and Virginia Cherrill, (ex-Mrs. Cary Grant, if you don't remember), are in the throes of something or other.

Betty Jean George of Oklahoma, right, won a beauty contest but refused a movie contract. Above, in Hollywood with Guy Kibbee and his daughter.
Screen Town life reported by candid camera and news flashes

By Weston East

WHEN Sophie Tucker opened at the Trocadero recently for a limited engagement Hollywood dressed up all la de da in top hat and tails and declared a night of hi de ho. Sophie, who has been around a bit in the last forty years and picked up assorted songs, gave of her Art and Hollywood went noisily mad. After she had sung "Life Begins at Forty" Sophie sort of suggested that we have a Life Begins at Forty Club. A few men responded but no women, which is quite natural as no woman has ever lived to be more than twenty-nine in Hollywood.

There to give Sophie a big hand, and hoping to be pleasantly shocked, were Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Carole Lombard, Bob Riskin, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Tom Gallery, John Arledge, Bette Davis, Marion Davies, Ruby Keeler, Leslie Howard, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Fanny Brice, Ann Pennington and Ted Lewis, and dozens of other celebrities.

High-spots of the evening, besides Sophie's songs, were: Norma Shearer's hair-dress topped by a gold laurel crown which made Norma resemble a Roman Empress; Joan Blondell and Dick Powell danced every dance together and Joan has never looked so lovely as she did in her newest evening gown and a sable cape, my dear, sable; George Baines was there with a brunette; Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond had a table by themselves, but that's not a romance, just friendship in its finer aspects; Bob Ritchie was there without Jeanette MacDonald, which is news. Well, anyway Jeanette wasn't with Gene; Mrs. Joe E. Brown's emerald tiara was nothing less than sensational; Fanny Brice and Irving Berlin in a thumb that would startle the Cubans; Ruby Keeler in a simple suit amid the emeralds and emeralds.

THREE dates in a row for Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero—looks serious.


WHEN Lyle Talbot discovered recently that his home town, which happens to be Brainard, Nebraska, was still showing silent pictures he hied himself to the manager of the one local theatre toute de suite. "Say, what are you going to do when you run out of silents?" he wanted to know. (The week Lyle was there they were running Percy Marmont and Rin-Tin-Tin.)

The manager scratched his chin slowly. "Well, I hadn't been thinking of that," he said. "Of course with a town of only four hundred population and most of them Bohemian, no one can understand talking pictures anyway."

"Did it ever occur to you it might be a good incentive for them to learn English?" was Lyle's argument, and the manager agreed to put in sound equipment—if Lyle supplied it. Lyle did, and donated the first talking picture besides.

DID you know that Fred Stone, (and will you ever forget that danged shirt of his in "Alice Adams"?), was once Jim Corbett's sparring partner and second in the ring? Furthermore, Corbett predicted that Stone could have been light-weight champion of the world if he'd kept at boxing. But Stone chose dancing instead—and finally got to Hollywood, thank goodness for that.
THE Beverly Hills court will be packed to the rafters when William Anthony McGuire is called to defend his Schnauzer for disturbing the peace. Every one in the province has a dog or dogs—(Harold Lloyd has nine Great Danes)—and is curious to know how the case will be decided. If the complainant wins, any number of other cases may be entered. Other Schnauzer owners are the Warner Olands and Woody Van Dyke, and the Scotties around Beverly make up a population all their own.

THEY laughed when Gene Raymond sat down to the typewriter—and Gene had the laugh on them. He rattled off a page in practically no time and using all his fingers, too. (Better than most of us can do.) Seems Gene's hobby is fooling with stories and plays at home.

ELEANOR POWELL writes to an intimate friend at M-G-M: "Please do not take my reputed engagement seriously. I wouldn't let anything interfere now with my future plans. I am too young and have a lot to do on the screen and stage before marriage." She adds that Abe Lyman is a nice boy—but no wedding bells. Once before, Lyman was engaged to a picture star, Thelma Todd. That fell through too.

SALLY LOVE BICKEIL, sister-in-law of Fredric March, is giving a song-story recital soon at March's residence in Holmby Hills. Mrs. Bickel lives in Chicago and has given several recitals there.

THE animal kingdom does its bit for the screen. Above, for laughs, Walt Disney's "Three Orphan Kittens." Right, Buck, hero of "Call of the Wild," proudly stands guard over the lovely Rochelle Hudson.

DOLORES DEL RIO is initiating something entirely new in screen individuality and prestige. You'll remember in her rôle in "In Caliente" she wore nothing but white, from bathing suits to negligées. Again in "Meet the Duchess" she carried out the one color scheme idea—this time, black. There are shimmering black satins, cellophanes, velvets and taffeta for evening. Duvetyn, crepe and woolens for the street, a black jersey bathing suit and chiffon and georgette negligées. And now you see, husbands, why your wives go pleasantly mad over a Del Rio picture.

Screen drama—finished and in the making! Above, Sylvia Sidney and Melvyn Douglas in a close-up. Right, Robert Taylor carries Irene Dunne from the scene of accident as John Stahl, seated left, directs a new film, "The Magnificent Obsession."
IF YOU did not hear the first performance of Demetrie Trobonesky on the radio, you will never have another chance, because it was also his last. Demetrie's other name is Erik Rhodes, who has amused you with Fred Astaire in "Top Hat," and he sang for the same reason love-sick blades write poetry in the spring. Seems he composed a song for his reported fiancée, Katherine DeMille, and couldn't get up to Big Bear, where she was week-end, to sing it to her. Erick was desolated. He hit upon the idea of looking up an old newspaper pal who has a chatter program with incidental music, and asked to sing his song.

While a Hollywood wife is taken for a ride in a wheelbarrow by her own husband, Allen Jenkins, above, a star puts crimps in her bob—left, Margaret Sullivan caught by the candid camera, cutting her tresses.

"WITHIN three years—five at the most—black and white motion pictures will be as antiquated as black hose on a well-dressed woman." Thus spoke Robert Edmond Jones, dean of stage designers. And Mr. Jones should know what he is talking about. But Bobby, sheer black hose are exactly what the well-dressed woman is wearing! Just the other day I saw Claudette Colbert wearing them with a very smart black ensemble. Also Glenda Farrell and Myrna Loy. Tsk, tsk, you'll have to think up a better simile than that next time, R. E. J.

THOSE in the know would have us believe that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are in the "just good friends" stage now. Jean has been stepping about lately at the Trocadero with J. Walter Reuben, the director of her new picture "Riff Raff," and Mr. Reuben being young and handsome and very eligible they make a most attractive couple. And Bill has been turning up at parties, including Kay Francis' house warming, with girl friend. The extras on the "Riff Raff" set assure me that the director is very much that way about our Jean. It seems that when Jean blows up in her lines Mr. Reuben will smile sweetly and say, "My mistake, I'm sorry; will you please do it just once more, Miss Harlow?" But when Spencer Tracy or any one else goes up in his lines Mr. Reuben snaps, "Do it again, Tracy." (Continued on page 90)

There's fun as well as work in acting for the screen. Above, Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien in what surely doesn't look like it's hard to take. Left, further details of the action scene being played by Robert Taylor as the rescuer of Irene Dunne.
Hollywood Figure

WE MIGHT call this article "Don't go to extremes!" for that's the dangerous thing about diet and exercise. You must use moderation in both.

The girl who has gone along eating whatever appealed to her, hopping into the car to go three blocks, huddling over the radiator when she felt chilly, curling up in a knot to read, leaning against a wall or a piece of furniture when she had to stand, suddenly gets a look at herself.

She bulges in the wrong places, her shoulders are stooped, her chest caves in, her face looks drawn.

Or, she has a pronounced hip-spread, her neck looks short because of a double chin and lunched shoulders, she seems almost as broad as she is long. No wonder she is horrified! And therein lies the danger.

She immediately rushes to extremes. She starves herself. She exhausts herself with too much exercise, or she goes at her chosen routine so strenuously that she builds up a set of unsightly muscles.

Alice White, who posed for the illustrations for you this month, is a good example of a girl, naturally inclined to be plump, who has learned how to keep off the pounds without losing energy.

"I was as round as a ball when I was a child," Alice told me, when we were talking over her method of keeping fit. "I was always eating. I remember I used to go around with a bag of candy in one hand, a bag of peanuts or cakes in the other, nibbling first from the right bag, then from the left, and getting fatter by the minute. My family didn't approve of it, but they couldn't do anything with me. I liked to eat and so I ate.

"When I was twelve years old, they sent me to a girls' camp for the summer with the idea that I would be trained down and put in condition. I hated all sports and all exercise, so I refused to have anything to do with them. I sat around in camp, reading or sewing or taking naps, and eating, eating all the time. Living outdoors gave me an even bigger appetite, or else I ate because I had nothing else to do. The other girls were out riding, hiking, swimming, dancing or playing games.

"By the end of the summer, the rest of the campers were brown and strong and healthy, and I was so fat

that when I got off the train my family didn't know me. My eyes were almost closed with rolls of fat and I could have rolled easier than walking.

"Even after that I didn't wake up to the necessity of slimming down until I came to Hollywood. Then after school one day, someone I knew suggested that I meet Betty Compson, who was one of the big stars on the screen at the time. I was all thrilled. I thought her the most beautiful creature I'd ever laid my eyes on and we had a nice time.

"At length Betty said: 'You're a cute kid, and you might do well in pictures, but you'll have to take off at least ten pounds before anyone will look at you.'

"With that incentive, I made up my mind to lose. I had massage—I still have massage—and I went on a diet. I didn't go in for the eighteen day diet so popular about that time, or any of the strange 'no food with my meals' affairs. I merely cut out desserts and sweets, ate Melba toast instead of bread, and took plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables and salads.

"For a time I had to experiment with exercises, for I am the type that over-develops easily. I tried swimming, only to discover that my arms and shoulders got out of proportion—you see, I'm so tiny, (only four feet, eleven inches tall), that a muscle sticks out on me where it wouldn't be noticed on a larger girl.

"I tried dancing, skating, bicycling, in turn, and developed huge thigh muscles (Continued on page 82)
of the high voltage love interest that is part of their husband's business. Or perhaps it is all because actors get paid for making love to other women, so about how a romantic rumor is cooked up about him out of office hours—not even his wife. It's all in the good-old-game of sex appeal. Even though the fact has been pretty well established that the average actor's wife has to "take it," or leave him, I've been wondering just how they go about handling the delicate domestic problem of greeting Harold Hero at the door the evening of his latest rumor?

Would you be ultra smart and pretend you don't even hear it?

Or would you play safe by bringing it up deliberately and laughing it off?

Or would you yawn over it as just part of the actor's routine?

You'll look around a long time in Hollywood before you'll find a more popular wife than Mrs. Clark Crawford. But this was not always the case. When Clark was first getting his glamour wings, Mrs. Gable, in the background, was particularly re-sented by all the young ladies who would have liked to become the romantic menace for their own. But now I think it's pretty safe to say that Rhea Gable has more friends in Hollywood than her famous husband, and one of the greatest secrets of her success is the way she handles the rumor problem.

She is responsible for one of the cutest wife cliches to ever go the rounds. It happened several years ago when Hollywood was so busy romancing Clark Gable and Joan Crawford that the busy boys had a hard time finding pictures turned out on schedule. Apparently everyone in town had heard the "hot" rumor, but Clark. Joan was terribly upset about it and even went so far as to give out fan stories denying the whole thing as absurd. But Clark, apparently, didn't read fan stories.

Anyway, after it had been going on for about six weeks, Clark blew into the publicity department one day, so excited he was nearly exploding.

"I tell you over heels in love with Joan," he glovered, indignantly, "and what's more Rhea says that the next time I fall in love with Joan someone ought to tell me while it's going on—because it's all over now! The morning gossip column says so!"

On another occasion, Clark was at the breakfast table reading the latest figures on the income tax, and Mrs. Gable, as is the feminine custom in Hollywood, was reading aloud from the chatter columns. She began, in parrot fashion: "Who is the male star who has so completely overcome his once violent dislike for a certain blonde star that he just can't let hold of his sight on their new picture?"

"Who is it?" inquired Clark in that preoccupied manner which husbands tend to their wife's early morning "repeats."

"It's you and Miss X" (naming his current co-star).

"You don't say?"

"Uh-huh," replied Mrs. Gable, turning the page. "Look here, it says that Southern California has lost their star quarterback for the season. Now aren't you sorry he played football?"

And that's why the rumor problem is handled in the Gable manner, just as little items of interest along with the other local happenings.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery is one who thoroughly believes in the humor treatment for rumors. When Bob's supposed infatuation with "Miss X" was not only the chief topic of conversation in Hollywood, but was being blared in almost every Hollywood periodical in the country, Betty Montgomery called him one day at the studio.

"Hello," she said with a giggle in her voice, "this is Mrs. M."

"Well, doggon't!" said Bob, and here I was expecting it would be Miss X!"

When Bob and Betty went to parties they'd give a duet on the finer points of his romance. Bob would start to tell the story, but it was Betty who would supply the details.

Bob would say: "So one night my car broke down right in front of Miss X's house and what did I do but go right up to the door and let myself in with a key—"

"It wasn't that way at all," Betty would correct. "Don't you remember, your car broke down, and then the maid stuck her head out the window and yelled, 'Is that you, Mr. Montgomery?' and threw down the key to you?"

"And the next thing you knew we were down in Palm Springs together—"

"Santa Barbara," from Betty.

"All right, from Bob, "you tell it." And Betty would tell it, and the way she told it did more to laugh this rumor into the discard than any hot and indignant denial from Bob could ever have done.

Since Gary Cooper keeps Sandra Cooper as aloof from interviewers as Garbo keeps herself, it is impossible to get a direct reaction in Sandra's own words as to how she would handle rumor trouble. But if you can believe the Los Angeles newspaper reporters, Sandra never reads a newspaper or a gossip column, so she never has any rumors to handle.

Not so long ago when Gary and his ex-girl friend, Lupe, accidentally and unaccountably got hooked on the same plane for passage East, the papers were full of a little drama which took place at an Eastern airport.

The photographers had rallied around to add a bit of flash if she should take up with Gary. "Sure," said Lupe, who is always game for anything. But Gary would have none of it. And did Lupe burn? Not in the least. Rumors got so out of the scrap that they called Mrs. Cooper and asked whether she thought Gary should, or should not have refused to have her face taken—and no scanners could have made a story out of that.

"You saw the story in the evening paper?" they prodded, gently.

"Sorry," came the cool, society tones of Mrs. Cooper. "I've never read the papers."

"But this is what happened: Gary and Lupe got off this plane—"

Suddenly the reporter realized he was talking into blank space. If Mrs. Cooper doesn't read the papers, she apparently isn't going to "listen" to them, either.

Dixie Lee Crosby is the only Hollywood wife I have encountered who will come right out and admit that rumors "burn" her. In fact, Dixie fairly sized when the columnists turned on the heat and went right for her, and felt that all was not well in the Crosby menage.

"Of course I don't get angry with Bing," she explained. "Why should I? Bing and I knew better than anyone else how we were getting along. It's too dangerous not to stop them. The first thing you know people really begin to believe them. Even your friends hesitate to call you up because they've heard where you and Bing are having trouble."

If Dixie is the "lightest" lady about rumors, Mrs. John Boles may go to the head of the class. I recently conversed with a Mr. who is the most genuinely pleased about them!

"To be perfectly frank," laughed Marcelite, "Johnny doesn't supply enough rumors around Hollywood! I know when we first came here, I really had to bound him to play more ardent love scenes with his leading ladies. Maybe it is because I've always been a marine idol hero-worshipper, myself, that I like to see my screen heroes play their love scenes as though they really meant them. Actors should have their romantic reps and it's part of their business. And I don't care what they say, I think any woman in the world would be bored with a man that didn't have interest in women."

The first time Marcelite ever read a rumor about John, it wasn't as daring as she might have hoped, but it served its purpose. The rumors had noticed John Boles lunching in the studio commissary with his leading lady! When John came home that night Marcelite met him with the item outlined in red pencil, in her hand.

"Why, Mr. Boles, you devil!" she kidded.

"If you don't cut that out," warned Mr. Boles, sheepishly, "I'll clunk you over the head with a rolling pin."

Which is certainly the reverse of the funny paper technique.
Eleanor Powell graces our niche of fame this month because the letter writers wished it so, and for the very good reason that Eleanor won top honors in her first important film.

Salutes and Snubs

"BESTS" OF THE SEASON TO DATE:

My screen superlatives of 1935:

Best Picture: "David Copperfield.
Best Musical: "Robert.
Most Exciting Newcomers:
Luise Rainer, Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell.
Best Performances:

THE KATZ PLEA FOR KITTENS

Watching the entrances capers of my small, somersaulting paws, Young-Frenchbot-Tone, as graceful as Hepburn, sturdy as his namesake, and intelligent to boot, I wonder kittens are not substituted for dogs, (with all due respect for Asta, Buck, et al.), in comic sequencs now and then.

Mrs. I. Katz,
23 Ellsworth Ave.,
Brockton, Mass.

AH, THERE, ELEANOR!

A new star graces the heavens. The rhythmic tapping of dancing feet fills the air. A shadow hovers and floats away.

Whence cometh the song I hear? Ah, there she is! Eleanor Powell!

Thomas Nathan Pappas,
921 South Grand Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE NEW JEAN ARTHUR

A battery of salutes to Jean Arthur, the Girl Who Came Back—and How! The little mouse-face of a few years ago didn't compare with the sparkling Jean of today. That unique childish voice and refreshing personality should take her straight to stardom.

Bobby Rabet,
818 Whitman,
Seattle, Wash.

Tell Us What You Think!
Your letters are welcome

Here's the department that affords opportunity to have your thoughts and ideas spread on the record for all to read. You'll get a thrill seeing your own opinion expressed in your own words, over your own name if your letter is published.

Write your letter in fifty words or less, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.

MERLE'S FASCINATING FOOTSTEPS

Not the best "still" of the month, but certainly the best walk—Merle Oberon as Kitty in "The Dark Angel" leaving Alan after her confession of love. After seeing this twice, I wanted to learn to walk all over again.

Mary Wondrel,
8214 Fulton St.,
Toledo, O.

MORRIS MAKES GOOD

When I saw Chester Morris at the San Diego Exposition and asked him for an autograph, I discovered he is as grand off the screen as on. He isn't conceited, and he's considerate of his public.

Priscilla Denny,
544-57th St.
Oakland, Calif.

FREE ADVICE TO CONNIE

In the November Screenland article, "Connie and Dolores Talk About Each Other," I agree with La Bennett—that Del Rio looked lovely with long hair. But so too did Connie, especially in her old picture, "The Goose Hangs High.

Mrs. R. E. Harr,
704 Arch St.,
Meadville, Pa.

WHEN JOE E. COMES TO TOWN

I live in a small town, and when "Bright Lights" had its showing here, was that theatre packed! In less than 48 hours everyone who had seen the picture was telling everybody else about the B-B-Big Passey Cat and Little Mouse. May I lead in 3 B-B-Big Cheers?

Olive-Barbara Anderson,
114 W. Cameron St.
Hanford, Calif.

WE THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

Edward Arnold's superb performance in "Diamond Jim" made me long to see him in other stories of that era. What a wonderful Grover Cleveland he would be in a story similar to Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling.

Amie Campbell Jones,
220 North Mount Vernon St.,
Prescott, Ariz.

STANDS PAT WITH PATSY

Patsy Kelly's pert charm has jolted hit parts with Benny, Jolson, Davies and others into leads. In her quaint, complaining way, Patsy reduces stars to stoogedom, and so I think she's a star all by herself.

Bettye Lewis,
6657 Reynolds St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

AUTHOR-EXTRAS

I wonder how many filmgoers noticed that Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht appeared in that provocative play "The Scoundrel?" They were a couple of bums in the flophouse scene, and I thought the presence of the authors added a deliciously piquant touch.

Gerda Browne,
9859 51st Ave., S.W.
Seattle, Wash.

EUREKA! A NEW STAR

When I saw "Escapade," with Luise Rainer, before my very eyes a comet flashed across the screen and a new star was born—a star who entralls and captivates. For the first time in my life I felt like shouting Brave!

Jayne A. Hale,
530 Clave Ave.,
Saratoff, Pa.
Incidentally, although he's outgrown the gaucheess, his general appearance even now is such that Fox visualizes him as Honest Abe in his log-cabin days and therefore, in eluding any picture for him, he be called "Young Lincoln." Henry, actually thirty, only looks twenty-two or three; but don't let your chronology of the Great Emancipator fool you about Henry. Even Lincoln's best friends certainly wouldn't tell him that he was a matinee idol.

Henry's ice-man days were also his college days—and his gas station, telephone trouble-shooter, and insurance salesman days as well. By night he was a window-trimmer, screen-washer, and amateur actor. The amateur part is not a reflection on his ability, either, because he seems to have had a lot of that even then. He just didn't get paid.

Henry hasn't always wanted to be an actor. He has always wanted merely to get along. Although his forbears founded the town of Fondla in New York state Henry's own parents have never been wealthy, and for some time past both his mother and his father were invalids. It is the greatest regret of Henry's life that his mother never lived to see her son's success; she had always believed in his ability, always encouraged him to accomplish things through hard work and thereby make his achievements lasting; and she passed away just as he was upon the threshold of the triumph she had dreamed of for him.

By the same token Henry is eternally grateful to Winfield Sheehan for sending an advance print of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" to his father's bedside during the illness to which the elder Fondla recently succumbed.

"I didn't ask him to," he said simply, "I didn't have the nerve. But my father had been bedridden for quite a while before his death, and when Mr. Sheehan heard that his doctor had told me on the phone that dad was so anxious to see me make good on the screen, Mr. Sheehan rushed a print of the picture to Omaha immediately and had a projector taken right into my father's room—so dad saw his son actually in a picture with Winfield Sheehan.

That's the way Henry put it—in a film with Janet Gaynor. That's the kind of a guy Henry is.

You wouldn't think that a youngsters who so belies his age as Henry does would have gone through such a tough time as he has. Henry has known plenty of heartbreak in the days when he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Before he crashed through to the smash hit in New York he was many times virtually starving—it was as bad as that.

In the beginning Henry didn't know just what it was he did want to do. His talents were so varied that he probably could have made a mark in any of them, and he hadn't found himself. After doing all kinds of odd jobs to work his way through high school and college—he matriculated at the University of Minnesota after graduating from the Omaha Central High—he felt the urge successively for painting, writing, and the stage.

Henry has been a stage-scene-painter and has a trunk full of original plays. He was never satisfied with anything he did; all Henry ever did was "try it, throw it away, and try it again.""I never have been able to finish anything which had the perfection I visualized for it," he said, "so I simply put my work away and did something else. But I'm satisfied with what I've done; and," he added with the artist's dream of the impossible, "I hope that will never be.

Henry's going on the stage as an actor was largely an accident, even as an amateur. He had returned to Omaha from college in 1925 when the Omaha Playhouse was casting "You and I." The director saw Henry one day and out of a clear sky asked him to play the juvenile. Henry was pretty busy with his odd jobs besides painting a masterpiece, writing a play, and sculpturing a couple of monuments in his spare time, the National Children's Theatre in Washington, D. C., and the University Players in Baltimore.

In the summer of 1934 he found himself in a summer theatre in the town of Mt. Kisco, New York, where he designed the scenery and played small parts. And it was there that fate chose to find him on a summer day.

June Walker saw him playing the role of the tutor in "The Swam" that day. Miss Walker had already been engaged to play the feminine lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," then preparing for Broadway, and she ran to Mar Connelly, the playwright, to tell him that she had discovered the ideal young canal-barge skipper to play opposite her. She introduced him to Max Gordon, the producer, and Henry got the job.

Winnie Sheehan went to New York to see the play and saw Henry in it; and Henry saw the little black kitten. Thus fate moves in wondrous ways her queer miracles to perform—and thus Henry came to Hollywood.

Henry likes Hollywood, and asks why should he? In New York they didn't hand him even ham and eggs on a platter, much less whole pictures.

"It's sure funny, though," he said, "here I play 'The Farmer' and that's all about a canal boatman who wants to get close to the soil. Then I play 'Way Down East,' and that's all about a farmer who hates the farm and wants to beat it for the city. Wouldn't it be a kick if people saw those two pictures on a double bill and saw the same guy both loving and hating himself as a farmer? They'd think I ought to make up my mind."

Since coming to Hollywood he actually has gone on the farm—to the extent of renting a farmhouse in Brentwood, anywhere. He did live in an apartment for a while but he acquired a police pup which tore the place to shreds one evening while Henry was away, so Henry decided he'd better have more territory for the pup to expand in.

When he moved from the apartment, though, he wasn't allowed to take the black cat with him. The rest of the residents had grown so fond of her that they all signed a petition to ask him to let her stay.

Henry passes that—but he does wish he could get a haircut. He hasn't had one since last September, he says, and it bothers him. Although so homespun in his pictures he's quite the natty dresser off-screen.

Originally brought out for only the one picture, Henry looks like a fixture from now on. When the executives saw "The Farmer" they immediately saw Henry as a perfect running-mate for Janet Gaynor, freely prophesying that the team would be as big a hit as "D. and K. Carrell once were; but fate is at her queer tricks again. Janet left the picture, and Rochelle Hudson was put into "Way Down East" in her place; and now that Fox sees the rushes of Rochelle they're just as enthustastic about her work as they are about Henry's.

So, although Rochelle has been in a lot of pictures, of course, there are two new stars in one of the year's important productions.

It's "The Farmer," in that unspoiled, boyish way of his, summed the whole thing up when he said: "That little black cat didn't have a thing to say about what was going to happen to it—it just up and took it, you see, and maybe it's the same way with all of us, eh?"
Forever Yours
Continued from page 15

she was given plenty of time for self-expression. Tom wasn't selfish—he was too sure of himself to own or admit smallness of feeling. That big moment on the screen with the untutored leading lady who had asked only to be an extra.

On the screen? Tom shared also quite a bit of his time off the screen with Karen. She was a refreshing experience, a constant source of amusement to him. He had long eyes, but not a trifle fed up with the type of girl who crossed his path.

"I didn't know that anybody could be so naive and live," he told Monte Feinberg, who thought, "She'll get over it—"

Yes, Tom certainly took Karen Kent under his wing! He helped her in her choice of frocks and a dwelling, he taught her to whistle for a taxi and to drive a car. During the evenings he took her places and introduced her to people she should know (and a few she shouldn't), and spoke to her more often in the American language. But he was casual in his teaching—so casual that he didn't realize how much he was teaching the girl.

One night during quite a desovous Karen spoke abruptly, from the depths of her heart. She and Tom had been talking of the scene that they had shot during the day—they talked a lot.

"And of the sequence that was due for shooting tomorrow. And during a brief pause, Karen said—""The thought of seeing more——"

Tom said, "How come?" He nodded grinningly to a columnist at the next table—a columnist who had been hinting that he and Karen were the way about each other. "Try and explain her sky-rocket rise!" the columnist had written, in italics.

Karen crumbled a bit of bread with fingers that were as tense as little twigs. "You," she said, "have geen me the world. Music and clothes and food and an apartment.

"As a matter of record," Tom chuckled, "I'm keeping you, in a synthetic manner! Well, Karen, take it while the taking's good. You've got it coming to you—a taste of luxury."

Karen said, slowly, "France, since the war. You cannot understand the macer-ness of the world. I was so springling from the dead—when you told me—"

Karen murmured, "You are the most tender, most poetic person in the world. To me you are like God!"

Tom chuckled, "The cherubim are turn- ing up their banjoes. How about giving God a dance?"

When Karen's initial picture, as leading lady to Tom Kildare, was released, she attracted an unusual amount of attention. She was different from the average run of movie material, and she got more notice than the average run. In your picture

colony beauty is a drug on the market—the professional reviewers were unanimous in saying that Karen stood out because she wasn't attractive rather than because she was.

"The Kent girl is a comrade," was the verdict, "or is she? Who knows whether she has been invested with the Kildare magic or whether she has talent? Watch her—that's our advice—and time will tell."

"Watch her and time will tell!" We who did the watching from nearly were conscious of amazing marks of progress in Karen Kent. Perhaps it was because, as an actress, she hadn't anything to unlearn. However, it wasn't only her acting that showed daily signs of improvement. It was her appearance, her manner, her poise. Her feet and hands, of course, couldn't get any smaller—feet and hands seldom do! But her shoes, after the release of the second Kildare picture, were being made by a genius in optical illusion, and her nails were shaped and tinted thrice weekly by a special manicurist. Her tall body still seemed to unfold when she was called into action, but the unfolding was no longer awkward—it had become rare and beau-
tiful.

"There's a springlike quality about her," said Monte Feinberg, once. "I missed it—oh, I'll admit a mistake—on that day Tom lurched her. No, not when she springed her dopes—I'm talking of the season. I might've known you wouldn't get me!"

Oddly enough, despite the kidding, his listeners didn't get him. There was something in the way Karen moved that was suggestive of the budding and blooming of an early flower. The angles of the girl were growing into gracious curves. No, not curves, for she'd ne'er be plump. Rather call them gracious planes. And she had learned to brush her lustrous hair until its tumuluous curls might have been made of pale, unulating metal.

By the end of her third picture the fans as well as the reviewers had begun to express themselves about Karen, and in no small fashion—through letters, through (much more vital!) the box-office. When she was forced to move the copy secretary to answer her mail, Tom Kildare suggested a celebration.

"Am I a picker, or am I?" he exclaimed. "Ask are the dress...?"

Karen said, "They're on me. If you call by for me at the house at seven, they will be ready." Tom said, "A regular hostess. And I knew when she didn't possess a cock
tail shaker!"

"Wear your best clothes, Tom. And I'll wear the flowered cheetah you helped me choose. We've been doing the flinch that slanted in a warm, sultry tile, from Karen's chin to the line where her hair touched her forehead.

They had cocktails, poured from a frosted silver shaker, in the living room of Karen's modest bungalow. The fashion in which that room was furnished, the very air of it, reflected Karen. The furniture was of dark oak, carved, dimly polished, reminiscent of the peasant cottage in which she had been born. There was very little color—white, taupes, a trifle of beige, a flash of blue.

Tom, sipping his cocktail appreciatively, said:

"Somehow when I'm in your house I see what they're getting at. The critical, that is. You are different, sort of. There aren't another joint like this in town.

Karen said, "It's true."

Tom's tone was gay as he poured clear amber fluid from the shaker.

"Well, I've put you over," he said, "and that's that. Simple. What are you going to do for me in return, kid? Or don't you believe in returns?"

Karen answered in her throaty voice. It was low, low, but it went:

"It's as I said before," she told him, "you have geen me everthin'. Clothes and food and a home. You've geen me a glimpse of the high places. But, Tom—what can I do for you? How can I make a return? You have no wants, no desires."

Tom said, very casually, ''This is a swell drink, Karen. You can send bar if you ever stop being an actress. At that," he grinned, "you could marry me, you know. Fancy the headlines—Cinderella goes par-
son shopping with the pumpkin that took her to the party! Karen Kildare isn't a bad name, either. The alliteration is as smooth as smooth—he laughed in a boister-
ous manner, as if he had uttered the supreme joke.

Perhaps it was the laughter that made Karen shudder into such an icy silence. Perhaps it was my presence. Tom might have been a bruised spot, inside her-
self, that made her so deadly still. She hesitated for the space of half a hundred pulsations before saying:

"Why do you talk so loose, Tom? You don't want to marry me. You are not in love with me?"
Tom replied with a frankness that was as unconsciously cruel as it was disarming.

"Maybe I'm not, but I dro'n' feel of you. I'm like that sculptor in the legend who made a statue come to life. If you could've seen yourself a few months ago, you'd know what I feel when I see you, now."

Karen murmured, "I do know what you feel."

Tom went on.

"You're an understanding person, Karen. I don't have to explain to you that I'm a confirmed bachelor and that I wouldn't know love if it walked up and bit me. But I'm not kidding when I say that you've done a long run in record speed, and that I'm proud of you!"

Cocktails didn't mean much to Karen, but she gulped down one before she replied. It was as if she were sparring with the minutes. She spoke abruptly as she set aside her glass.

"Tom dear," she said, "let's cut out thee non-sense. I said I had a question to ask of you tonight. That thee was to be an occasion."

"And I," grinned Tom, "said, 'Thank fortune, it's not leap year!'"

Karen continued, "Associated Artists," she said, "have come to me with an affair. They want me to make pictures for them; it's their idea that I break away from the slapsick that I have the straight parts. What do you think, Tom? Is it a bet? Is it the hour for us to—separate?"

Tom's scant proposal was quite forgotten by him. He was the serious business man, now, who had put over a goodly number of serious deals. He said, thoughtfully:

"I would certainly give you a new thrill, doing big drama. You've come a long way, as I remarked a minute ago, but you can't go much farther as the receiving end of my gags. And then, too, there's another angle. In all honesty, you're coping more than your share of the applause. I don't mean this in a belligerent sense, but my leading lady can't be permitted to stand in my light—I'm the star. What I should have is a pretty kid, cut to pattern, to supply background instead of foreground, the dumb bunny type."

Karen swallowed hard. She said, "Let's forget about the celebration we were going to have, Tom. Let's talk about you and me and the future. I think I know the very girl for you. Remember that plump blonde, with deceptives, who fell off the dock, backwards, in the sequence we finished a week past?"

"Tom said, "I remember. A right cute kid, and she won't get fat for a couple of years."

Karen said, "As for me, I gieve notice, now. Thees picture weel be my final one for you. I well sign with Associated Artists no later than tomorrow. And—her voice shook, ever so slightly—thank you, Tom."

Tom Kildare was vaguely embarrassed. He didn't know why. He wanted to take Karen in his arms and comfort her as if she were a child—and yet she wasn't in the least childish, and why should she require comfort? Hadn't she been announcing the break of a lifetime? He said, gruffly:

"You won't sign with Associated Artists or anybody else, young lady, until I've had a look-see at the contract. You immigrant go back a leeg strong manner."—he was imitating Karen's accent—"to look out for your interests. Now in the case of salary—he began to cringe and Karen, smiling at him, felt that he had been her lawyer, or her father, or both. Her heart was made of lead, but she managed to nod agreement and to smile at decent intervals."

(To be continued)
became less strenuous, Claudette began to pay more and more attention to the nice looking young doctor who was so calm, so quiet, and so very efficient. What Claudette when she saw him without that reflector thing on his eye and a sharp instrument in his hand, and so when he suggested golf and lunch one day Claudette quickly accepted and called off all previous engagements.

The first date, however, was a bit disastrous. Claudette, as usual, was late arriving at the club, had a little trouble with her stance, and shot a hundred and fifty! No more, no less. The doctor, I may add, is an expert golfer. "Claudette," he said, when the game was finished, "you have forgotten the horror on Gregory LaCava's face the day he took her to Hollywood's smartest bar and Miss Colbert ordered a start and stop arrangement any time. It is very natural and very fitting that Claudette should fail in love with a doctor. Ever since she was a shy little French girl peeping out from behind the curtains at the noisy kids down on Lexington Avenue in New York, and in those days Claudette looked just like the Dionne quintuplets, especially like Yvonne who won't eat her spinach. Claudette has had great love and respect for the Family Doctor. Although his arrival probably meant sticking out her tongue, a dose of castor oil, and to bed with a hot water bottle, nevertheless...

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The Girl in the Spotlight
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...great form." (Yeah, see I, for Travis Clinton’s creations, but not for the greens.)

And to this day the good doctor will tell you that Claudette has "great form," though Claudette has wisely kept away from the golf course ever since. Well, what with Claudette being an hour late and her golf being poor there was no time for a leisurely lunch at the club with attentive waiters, tinkle glass and soft music, so Dr. Pressman had to take her to a drive-in place—yes, one of those hamburger joints. Now the only thing that Claudette is fussy about is food—it's got to be cooked just so and served just so, and she definitely doesn’t go for hamburgers à la paws. So she was being about as dainty with her hamburger as a Great Dane with a ball when sq-u-i-sh, all over the doctor’s nice white pants, which he had bought especially for the occasion, went Claudette's tomato followed by a whip of lettuce and mayonnaise. The hamburger, strange to say, remained anchored. Well, all I've got to say is that the doctors must have been very much in love or that first date would have been the last.

The next date he took her to the movies and bought her a strawberry ice cream soda, and Claudette must have been very much in love by then for she suddenly decided that strawberry ice cream sodas were the best thing on earth. 'T'Il never...

Even the black cats had fun when Claudette Colbert's birthday fell on Friday the 13th this year. Here’s the star cutting herself a piece of birthday cake as Director Wesley Ruggles and her mother look on.

There were many reasons why this first love didn’t last. Of course reasons why this second love will endure forever. Seven years ago Claudette was trying awfully hard to find her own particular niche in the scheme of things. She wanted to be a great actress, she knew she could never be the great actress, but some place near the top she knew there was a spot for her, and she wanted to arrive no matter how tough the climbing, no matter how painful the heart aches and disappointments along the way. When she started in pictures she did everything that anyone suggested that would help her career, she posed for this and that, she signed releases and endorsements galore, she played in every picture that came her way, hoping against hope that some day one of those roles would lead her to her own particular spot. She didn’t have much choice about those days, she took every lemon thrown at her, and there were some mighty sour ones in the bunch. Many times it looked as if she had completely muddled and that she would have to return to the stage. Not knowing which way to turn, fearing that she would be a flop and sink into that awful abyss of oblivion, Claudette led a confused and muddled life, and you can readily see that marital happiness didn’t have much chance to survive amid...
the chaos. There was no time for home or home life then. Every morning at eight Claudette must be at the studio and often they worked her way into the night, for during that hectic years no one but Garbo went home at five o’clock. On her days off there were publicity pictures, and interviews, and press parties, and fittings, and every end of it. But now and but rest and peace. It was all breathtakingly mad, and hopelessly confusing.

But out of this chaos came serenity. Claudette today is an established star. She makes only four pictures a year and that gives her ample time to enjoy her home and friends, and to lead what we please to call the normal life. She no longer has to fear being a failure, she no longer goes into nervous breakdowns after her pictures for fear that she has flopped so badly that she will ever be seen again to see her again. She knows that the studio is back of her, that she is one of its most precious properties. She no longer has to lie awake nights wondering, ‘How can she make a “name” for herself? She has made her “name” and she has found her own particular niche. In other words, Claudette has her Career Under Control. She can now relax and enjoy the good things of life.

Two years ago when she separated from Nicolai Bulevadov, Claudette said, “A baby should never marry. It’s not fair to her and it certainly isn’t fair to him.” We spoke of this again just the other day and it seems that Miss Colbert has changed her mind. “You can’t be happy without ambitions along,” she said. “I just imagine going home from the studio at night and finding nothing there but a lot of old moth-eaten ambitions sitting around your fireside. Can you think of anything more dreadful? I’m afraid it’s a husband I want to find sitting around my fireside when I get home.”

That’s right, ambitions can get to be an awful bore. But on the other hand, says Claudette, an ambitious young actress who wants a career should not take on a home or husband until she has the career under control. There is nothing so deadly to love as that muddling, floundering period in a young actress’s life. A man, hell-bent on a career, can always marry and drag the little woman right along to the top with him. But not so a woman.

Claudette and Dr. Pressman will make a go of it. Both have passed the age of confusion. Both are well established in their own fields. Both have their careers under control.

Second only to her approaching marriage Claudette is getting a tremendous kick these days out of that home in Holmby Hills which is just about due for a house warming. I saw this home coming on shortly after “It Happened One Night” when one evening at dinner Claudette jabbed a chicken joint rather despondently and remarked, “All we ever have is roast or chicken. It’s just like living in a hotel. Why don’t we have stews and sauerkraut and frankfurters sometimes?” Up until that time Miss Colbert had not too many success in her career to give a thought to anything as homey as Irish stew. And so with the house—the more she had to relate, the more she knew, the more she felt that this was her own. This house has been a long time in the building but that’s because she intends spending the rest of her life in it and she wants it just so.

The third time the living-room was torn out and started over again Daisy Lulacs, one of Claudette’s best friends, remarried. “I think we should all chip in and give Claudette a new living-room for her Christmas present.” I did think once of giving her an oak tree, but good then Miss Colbert had to the tree cost four hundred dollars. Just imagine, and the woods are full of them. Fortunately, Claudette didn’t share my opinion of Nature for Lil Miss Claudette with a magnolia, in her hair cooly kissing Colonel Pressman out under the oaks, yes, suh!

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Betty Lee. The Felix Knight letters from the fans are getting me snowed under and I may send out an S.O.S. Felix, as you know, made his film entrance as Tom-Tom in “Toddyland.” He now lives in Hollywood. Betty Lee is the screen via opera and the radio. But this will break your tender hearts—he flew to Yuma, Arizona, in October and became the husband of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore of the old silent screen days. Alice Moore Knight has signed a contract with M-G-M, so watch for her.

Jo. Been reading my column for years and have never written before—not scared, are you? Peggy Shannon’s most recent picture was “The Case of the Lucky Legs.” Rochelle Hudson is 20 years old and Lona Andre is 19. Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1907. She played with Warner Baxter in “One More Spring,” and you saw her with Henry Fonda in “The Farmer Takes a Wife.” Henry Fonda is Margaret Sullivan’s ex-husband. Katharine Hepburn was born on May 12, 1908. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her most recent starring success was in “Mutiny” from Booth-Tarkington’s novel. Opposite her was Fred MacMurray. The next Hepburn will be “Sylvia Scarlett,” with Cary Grant and Brian Aherne.

Marguerite H. If we who are in constant touch with the screen stars, do not have their home addresses, how in the world can you fans write to them? Sorry to disappoint you but if you’ll address their studios, they’ll get your letters and like ’em. The latest Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell film is “Shipmates Forever.” Appearing with them were Lewis Stone and two screen-promising young men, Nick Foran and Ross Alexander. This is the Annapolis musical movie—sort of sequel to “Flirtation Walk.”

Mary Garden discovered him! Above, Stanley Morner, tenor, has been signed for films by M-G-M.

Tarzan, Jr. Heap big muscle, huh? Buster Crabbe was born in Oakland, Calif., on February 27, 1911. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He attended the University of California. He was married in April of 1933 to Adah Virginia Held. One of Buster’s latest films, “Wanderer of the Waste,” co-stars with Gail Patrick and Jean Jag ger. “Nevada” is his next picture, now in production.

Prunes. It’s all right as long as you are not signed “raspberry.” The two blondes in Loretta Young’s probation class in “White Parade” were Astrid Allwyn and Joyce Compton, and the fat girl was June Gittelson as Pudgy Stebbins.

Tip-Top. You are not the only daffy-down-dilly about Anita Louise. Of course I know she gets prettier with each new picture. She was born in New York City on January 9, 1912. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair. She was educated in New York City, Europe, and in 1927 plans a trip to New Orleans or Charleston, and so she simply couldn’t resist this magnolia. It’s going to be her pet, I know. Any minute now you may see her with Lyric Claudette with a magnolia in her hair cooly kissing Colonel Pressman out under the oaks, yes, suh!

Jane Withers Fan. You are going to see and hear a lot more from your little favorite for in addition to “Ginger,” Jane appeared in “The Farmer Takes a Wife” and “This is the Life.” And is under contract to do Booth-Tarkington’s “Gentle Julia.” Cora Sue Collins isn’t idle, either, for she has played in “Little Men,” “Anna Karenina,” with Garbo, and in “Harmony Lane.”

Tired of Divorces. You have been reading old stuff about Clark Gable, for he is not divorced from his first wife, Margaret. He has been married to Rhea Langham since 1929. He has two step-children. His first wife was Josephineillon. The Leslie Howard bios are still married, but they have two children. Their daughter Leslie is ten and the son, Ronald, is sixteen.

Jane Ellen A. How all you girls rave over Nelson Eddy and why shouldn’t you? This news will please you, for he is to co star with Jeanette MacDonald in “Rose-Marie.” Nelson has blood brown hair, almost yellow, is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is 34 years old. Now hold your breath—he is not married! He was married on screen, but the marriage was no ceremony. He is the head of a home and sends a wife. There has been a divorce but she has not been able to change it. The fact you girls rave over Nelson Eddy is a true sign of the times.
Confessions of a Gag-Man

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basketful of Spanish onions had just gone past them; suddenly his face screwed up into one of those delicious smiles, (eyelids lowered modestly and mouth grimacing from ear to ear), Brother! I defy the groniest man in the world to witness that brilliantly goofy smile of Stan's without having to toss his tonsils repaired the following day!

But when Babe and Stan walked into the gag conference room and parked their camera derbies on the hat rack, we were confronted by two strangely different men. There seems to be a prevailing impression that screen funny men are "that way" naturally and continue with their goofities twenty-four hours of the day. Nothing could be further from the actual truth. Screen comedians are extremely same business men. Their business is to make you laugh. Each mannerism from the exact angle a comedian points his feet to the way he puckers his mouth in talking is the result of thorough premeditation. Through years of research and observation they have thoroughly mastered the complex scale of human emotions. Comedians have trained themselves to turn their camera personalities "on" and "off" at will.

Hollywood's best gag-men are the comedians. Stan Laurel was one of Hal Roach's most brilliant gag-men before he became successful as an actor. Any of the gag conferences for a new Laurel and Hardy picture will find sober-faced Stan in the middle of the perspiring studio brain trust.

There can be no "wrong" stories or gags in Laurel and Hardy scenarios because Stan Laurel has usually had a hand in either the start or the finish, of every gag or idea thought of. Laurel will test the practicability of each new gag by "walking through it," which is a gag-man's jargon for "acting a gag out in the exact manner it would appear on the screen." A gag-man who latherto has probably been portraying an exact likeness of a man in the last stages of sleeping sickness, will suddenly bolt up out of his chair and exclaim: "How about having Stan and Babe coming in late to the club meeting and stumbling their way through the audience until they reach the lecture platform?"

The idea sounds funny—but will it act funny? Chairs are hastily set up in rows resembling the actual club-room scene. With the aid of fellow gag-men seated here and there, Stan "reacts the crime" step by step in the manner of a sober-faced surveyor pacing off approximate measurements for a new dam site. Stan repeats the procedure several times and then nods, "Okay, let's use it!" And so to the next bit of screen funny business.

That, my friends, is how comedies and comedians are born! Skulduggery, endless plotting and research, tearing down and building up, all tirelessly done step by step. Probably not at all in keeping with the illusions you have on your favorite screen comedians, whose antics belie premeditation, so spontaneous do they appear.

Later in Hollywood I had the pleasant thrill of doing gag work for the "Number One man" among present day comedians—Eddie Cantor. This may sound like a belated fit of colossus bragadocio on the part of a former employee, but if you'll check up on your Hollywood "Who gets how much money for what picture" Bluebook, you'll agree with me that Cantor is the king of comedian's row.

Imagine then, the thrill of a young gag writer, barely old enough to have read half way through his required encyclopaedia of Joe Miller, working with Cantor on the Sam Goldwyn lot.

The inner sanctum of the United Artists lot consists of a row of luxuriously furnished star bungalows where the sacred idols of the cinema heavens are reverently protected.

Here during the course of a picture, you can, if your name happens to be Eddie Cantor, or any other name coupled with the equivalent box-office appeal, enjoy the confining comforts of a regular home without leaving the studio grounds. Following camera sessions that last well into the night, stars whose names are registered on the cottages along "Millionaire's Alley," especially those whose own homes are at a great distance, welcome the convenience ofucking themselves into a soft bed within the shadowy walls of a certain bungalow.

And what swell neighbors you'd have! To the right of you would be the cottage of Freddie March and to your immediate left would be neither real nor imaginary. Just a few doors down the street you could borrow lawn-mowers or sugar from Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins or Mary Wainwright. You could talk to them, and you could ever find them in! But ironically enough, stars who have earned the right to occupy these cottages seldom have the time to enjoy their comforts.

Each summer when Eddie Cantor makes his annual move into the studio his cottage takes on the semblance of a gag-man's inner sanctum. Gags written on green sheets of paper, gags on yellow paper, scenario gags, radio gags, gags about Rubinstein and Parnyakaruskis, gags for song lyrics, gags for magazine articles or a new book, all are written care of and with the sure reference by Eddie's two eldest daughters, Majorie and Natalie.

The phone in Cantor's studio bungalow rings constantly. "Would Mr. Cantor be so kind as to play at our benefit?" "Would Mr. Cantor be so kind as to invest in one of our new Hispano-Sweetsixteen?" "Ask Mr. Cantor how he would like to wake up dead tomorrow and hadn't invested in one of our new insurance policies?"

Cantor can do only fifteen different things at the same time so the offered and one other requests for his time each day must be rejected. I had been talking over a few gags with Cantor one afternoon when his phone started to ring. His daughter-secretaries had just stepped out to buy lunch and maybe a couple of new hats. The phone continued to ring. Finally Cantor jerked the receiver and with perfect imitation of one of those tired-voiced phone operators answered: "Mis- tah Cantor's office—hellowoo!" The muffled squeaking continued over the wire. "What line?" "Eddie's line. Or the other end of the line was a pest. "I'm sorry seeeerreee— but Mis tah Cantor is an important character, you call back in another month or two?"

Like all successful people, Cantor is an intense worker. His mind never seems to be at rest. And like all top comedians, Cantor has that all-important "sixth sense" which enables him to judge what the "most" people will laugh at, coupled with a sagacious shrewdness.

He keeps his mind sharp and alert to the changing moods of humor by scanning, with the aid of his two daughters, every local or foreign publication that comes his way. But in the name of humor, Cantor has perhaps one of the largest joke collections and humor libraries ever assembled by one man.

He is always two steps ahead of the best gag-man on the studio lot. As in the case of Stan Laurel, no gag or script playwright visualizes Cantor's final cartoon. But when Eddie Cantor scribbles that final "okedeak" across a script, you'll hear the gag-men blissfully sing in unison. They're sure the script is good now and they know that the picture will make a lot of money because Cantor has a way all his own, about knowing what "most" of the people will laugh at.
The Littlest Rebel
Continued from page 23

war meant more than just being lonely. It meant terror. Soldiers swarming along the roads in front of the house leaving havoc in their wake. Sometimes it was a band of soldiers in blue and sometimes it was the Confederates shouting their rebel cry as the dust flew under their horses' hoofs. But whoever it was they left a mark to remember them by.

Virgie became a "soldier" too, mustering together a troop of pickaninnies and drilling them on the wide lawn, brandishing her sling-shot as if it were a gun and shouting orders in the sharp staccato she had heard the officers use.

Then her father came home again. Not as she had always pictured him coming, flinging the doors open wide and that great voice of his booming through the house. He came at night, hurtfully under cover of the darkness, as a hunted man comes. A man who could find no rest even under his own roof, a man who started at every noise.

It was from the lips of the Yankees who swept up the path one day that Virgie first heard the words "Rebel spy." And they were talking about her father! Her little pickaninny army gathered about her as she drew back her sling-shot and aimed a rebellious pebble at the back of their Colonel's neck.

Colonel Morrison wheeled his horse around and his brusque command came sharply. Then he laughed at the sight of the small girl standing with belligerent feet wide apart.

"The littlest Rebel!" The name came affectionately from his lips but Virgie refused to be appeased. He was her enemy and her small mouth closed stubbournly over the smile threatening to break through in spite of herself.

Virgie knew afterwards what a scy really meant. It meant talk about her father hiding in the woods and being coached on what to say when Morrison's men came back again, and the fear in her mother's eyes as her father started away in the darkness and the sudden anguished cry as she ran after him.

It meant men in hated blue uniforms swarming through the house and being dragged from the closet she was hiding in and seeing her mother come back breathless and with that new agony in her eyes clutching at her heart as she ran up the stairs to help her.

A soldier caught at her mother's wrist and in jerking away from him she lost her balance and fell. Virgie's cries followed her down the long flight of stairs and brought Morrison running into the house.

It was he who reached her first and he was all tenderness to the woman stumbling back to consciousness. But afterwards the child knew his voice could be different. Harsh and frightening as he ordered the offending soldier lashed.

Virgie was beginning to be sorry he was her enemy. For all his bigness and that great strength of his, Colonel Morrison was so kind and so curiously gentle. When he was leaving she aimed her sling-shot at him again but somehow she couldn't help that betraying dimple of hers from coming out of hiding and so she put her weapon away and waved goodbye.

For awhile there was quiet on the Cary estate. Something almost like happiness, with her mother moving about the house again and the letter coming in her father's handwriting that told them all he had reached the Confederate lines safely.

So quiet, that the suddenness of the battle that broke round them seemed to come with added fury. It was a night of storm, and thunder screamed an echo to the shells breaking around them. The slaves had scurried into the woods for safety and only Uncle Billy was there to look out for them.

Virgie flinched when a cannonade of shots shattered the windows of the drawing-room and sent the crystal candelabra crashing to the floor. Another onslaught and the old Staffordshire china in the dining-room was a splintered mass of wreckage.

They had to leave and Virgie choked back her tears as Uncle Billy caught her in his arms and stumbled through the meadow grass to the slave quarters down in the hollow, and her mother cried softly as she kept pace with them.

There was happiness again for Virgie and her father where there had been desolation.
Lincoln's slow smile played again as he signed the order that would spare the lives of two men.

The old slave cabin was a poor shelter from the wind and the rain, and Uncle Billy's eyes followed his mistress anxiously as she shivered in her drenched clothes. All through the night they sat, and Virgie pressed her small fist against her mouth at the sound of each new volley.

Then with daylight the firing ceased and a more frightening quiet closed in around them. A quiet that gave them time to think again and that made Virgie and Uncle Billy hate the racking insistence of Mrs. Cary's cough; that made them see for the first time how ill she looked, with her eyelids drooping over her astonished eyes.

All that day Uncle Billy nursed his young mistress and Virgie sat beside her on the low bed and tried to warm her cold hands in her own.

At nightfall came Mrs. Cary's stricken cry and her despairing voice calling her husband's name, and Uncle Billy shuffled slowly to the window and stood looking out into the darkness.

I'll get young Captain for her, he thought, and a tear trickled down his cheek as he remembered it was he who had brought her bridegroom to her on her bridal day and how proud he had been of them as he drove their wedding carriage. She had been so beautiful then, with stars dancing in her eyes, and her laugh had come so easily.

There was one chance in ten thousand of getting through the Union lines but Uncle Billy took it, and with morning he came back again miraculously bringing her master with him.

So little time was left to them! A kiss, their last one, and a whispered endearment. Even before her father looked at her with eyes suddenly bereft, Virgie knew what had happened.

"Just think of it as beautiful," Captain Cary said, and Virgie held his words around her like a warm, comforting cloak.

"She will never be ill again, or discouraged, or frightened."

Never frightened again! Virgie was frightened as she clung to her father's hand looking down on that new grave. But she wasn't frightened any more when they went back to their own house and her father told her she must be a soldier now too, for he was taking her through the Union lines to her Aunt's home in Richmond.

Things happened so quickly. The omnious sound of hoof beats and her father pulling himself through the secret trap-door into the attic; and then the door flung open and Colonel Morrison standing there and his eyes no longer twinkling or kind as he demanded she tell where her father was.

It was the first time Virgie had ever lied. But she lied now to save her father's life. Desperately and doggedly, so that the Colonel knew she was lying.

He threatened her in a voice harsh with the desperation of his choice, but Virgie stood her ground. And then he repeated the threat again in the same loud voice that could be heard in every corner of the house.

It happened as he expected it would happen, the trap-door opening defiantly and Captain Cary coming erectly towards him.

"I knew that would bring you out."

Somehow the Colonel could not bring himself to meet the other man's eyes, "I really had no intention of hurting her.

For all the sick heaviness of her heart the child had never been so proud of her father before. His words were so simple, so bravely simple. He had come to bury his dead, he said it so quietly, and to take his child to Richmond.

Morrison was moved and a shame new to him colored his face with crimson.

"If you get that child to Richmond it's all right with me," he said quietly. "I don't think my country expects me to make war on babies."

Hurryingly he wrote an order ensuring passage through the Northern lines, and gave Cary his own coat to wear. It would mean death for Morrison as a traitor if he were found out, but at that moment he was neither a soldier nor a patriot—only a father whose own little daughter up North had a dimple to match Virgie's own and whose hair was as curly and whose eyes as blue.

It was a reckless plan doomed to failure, and Cary was stopped at the Union lines and Morrison recalled to face court martial with him.

Death for both of them! That was the verdict. Death for the Southern spy and the Northern traitor alike. How could those level-eyed men sitting in judgment on them know either the desperation or the humanities that lay below the surface? Only they themselves knew that, and Virgie and Uncle Billy.

But Uncle Billy thought of another man who might know. A giant of a man who paced the floor in the White House in Washington. A man whose eyes knew a world's suffering, whose heart was wise beyond the wisdom of other men. Abraham Lincoln—their enemy, of course, but an enemy whose weapons were tolerance and understanding.

It was days before Uncle Billy, with Virgie beside him, could traverse the miles that lay between them and the President, but it was their only chance. And so they went, the old black man and the child, and sometimes they travelled in ox-carts when a friendly farmer gave them a lift; and sometimes they danced and sang for the moments they brought them a little further along the road.

And then Washington, and Abraham Lincoln looking down on a little girl who forced the dimple to her smile again. He had always wanted a little girl but his family were all boys. And one of those boys had died in his arms a few short months before. "Never had I that great heart of his been so vulnerable, so achingly eager to help a child as it was now. But there was his oath of allegiance to remember and his duty to his country.

He sat down and his sombre sweet smile came as he pulled Virgie on his knee, and then they were sharing an apple and somehow they both found they could laugh again.

Then the President remembered why the child was there and put all the lightness away from him as he asked a question. "What did you see as you were crossing the Union lines?"

"Nothing. Virgie's small hand clung the tighter to his. "Cause father promised the Colonel I would be in honor bound not to see anything."

Lincoln's slow smile came again as he wrote the command that would bring life again to two men.

"You have had enough trouble. The huge hand trembled on the curly head pressed against his cheek. "Now you can go home and join your father."

There was happiness again where there had been desolation. And other things for Virgie to learn, kinder lessons that taught her sorrow passes and wars are ended, and that when the last battle has been fought men destined to be enemies can become friends. For a day came when the war was over, and another day that brought Colonel Morrison riding up to their door as a friend.

Virgie laughed as the Northerner mounted his horse in leaving, and the dimple danced and her curls bobbed as she raised her sling-shot again—and aimed! Only it was different this time. Both Virgie and Morrison knew that. A joke shared between friends, and a gay farewell from the Littlest Rebel.
me out to the Kay Francis set? Yes, the entire publicity department, down to the last man, would only be too happy to escort me to the Kay Francis set. Mercy, I was nearly bowled over by such attention, such eagerness, but I soon understood the reason for it all—as, it was not my first lesson in charm taking effect, it was merely that Kay Francis was taking a bath on the set that morning, and breathes there a man with soul so dead, and so forth and so forth. This word certainly must have gotten around for when I arrived on the "Stranded" set with a body of publicity men interested in their art there were layers and layers of men; I do believe every prop boy had six assistants. Baths, I gather, are bright spots in a studio routine.

Did you ever wonder how movie stars take those baths that look so startling, so daring, on the screen? Now, I bet you did, Aunt Hattie. Well, I'll tell you. When we arrived on the stage the property boy was making doubly sure that the supply of warm water in the tanks was sufficient to provide eight or nine "tubs." Kay Francis, all wrapped up in a yellow bath robe, her hair tucked securely in a rubber cap, was pacing back and forth across the set, completely oblivious of the greatly augmented company which waited expectantly, and silently, for her to take her bath.

The bath, it developed, was to be a shower. (Pshaw, said the publicity department. They like tubs better.) The shower stall was an enclosed rectangle the walls of which were opaque glass except for oval openings on each side five feet above the floor. It was through these "windows" that the bath was to be photographed. When all was ready Director Frank Borzage waved his hand, water spurted from the tank, and loosened her robe and moved toward the glass door.

"Are you sure," she demanded, "that the water willplunge you? I don't want it to suddenly turn cold on me the way it did once before."

The property boy assured her that every-thing was in order, opening the glass door until it stood between herself and everybody else, dropped her robe to the floor and stepped inside. A few minutes later and wonderers were framed in the oval window on which the cameras focussed. Kay lathered her neck and shoulders in the most approved manner and started speaking her lines, (remember in "Stranded" where she talked to Patricia Ellis while taking a shower?), but she didn't get far when she let out a terrific shriek. The director jumped, dozens of men got ready to spring to her assistance, and the mixer popped out of the monitor booth like a frightened rabbit. Francis said, "I've got something in my eyes." There was great commotion while her maid, Ida, the wardrobe woman, the script girl and the hairdresser made a circle about Kay while she regained her composure and got the suds out of her eyes. Then she, very unenthusiastically, resumed her bath, the men resumed their fascinated silences, and the mixer was still in his air, and the mixer resumed his duties of operating shower noises and voices.

But it was not long before there was another development. Francis found the improved shower room. It seems that someone must have double-crossed Kay, for the water from the tank was running as cold as a mountain stream. I don't blame Kay for being annoyed for there is nothing so disheartening as a cold shower when you are not expecting a cold shower. I decided that this was neither the time nor the place to interview Miss Francis about romance and Delmar Daves. A wet movie star can be just as cross as a wet hen. So I checked out.

Yes, I forgot to tell you, Aunt Hattie. Kay had on a bathing suit with the yellow robe. And now you know how movie stars bathe for the cinema.

Well, much water passed under the bridge, and out of Mr. Warner Brothers' tank, before I had occasion to interview Kay Francis again. Shortly after "stranded" she packed up and went to Europe on an extended leave of absence, and there was much talk about her getting herself engaged to Maurice Chevalier who was in Paris at the time and to the Italian nobleman who had spent so much on trans-Atlantic telephone calls, London, Paris, Rome and waltz-mad Vienna all got ready to do things up gay for the delightfully intoxicating Miss Francis, whom, the Europeans declared far more Continental than the Parisiennes themselves. The princes started polishing up their titles and the dukes aired out their moldy castles and the Best Families invited Kay for a weekend at Tumbling Downs, or for a little cruise on the Mediterranean. Now Kay likes bridge and backgammon and tennis, and she likes to sun herself on the deck of a luxurious yacht; she likes long, leisurely European dinners with smart scintillating conversation; she likes gold braid and uniforms and the fuss they make over royalty in England; she likes dressing up like a million dollars and going to the opera in Paris—in fact, Kay is quite a sophisticate at heart. But what did she do last summer in Europe? Why, she hardly got there before she turned around and came right back to Hollywood, with still several inches on her height. Was Hollywood surprised! Ever since she has been in pictures Kay has spent her vacations in New York and Europe and has never shown her face in Hollywood until the cameras started turning on her next picture.

Well, according to Kay, she didn't have any fun in Europe this last time because she was sick, and she hurried home to Hollywood because she knows Kay is probably telling the truth. But, old romanticist that I am, I prefer to believe that Delmar Daves had something to do with her spending her real vacations in Hollywood and the mountains nearby.

He certainly met her at the train, as the photographers well noted (there's some talk that he met her at the boat in New York), and every place that Kay has made a public appearance since there has always been Delmar Daves. He was one of the exclusive few invited to her housewarming in October, and he was with her just the other night at the Hollywood preview of "I found Stella Parish." It is an old Hollywood custom that a star always takes the person she likes best to her previews, and the person whose opinion of her picture she values above all others. Well, draw your own conclusions, I'm drawing mine all right.

The second and last time I met Kay was a couple of weeks ago, and it was at her house and I wasn't even asked to take a bath this time, but sat downstairs and waited and admired her living room—her entire house has just been done over by Tidtmyer Douglas, and it is not only a good actor but a good decorator. When she joined me she wore brown tailored pajamas and her hair had just been sham- pooned and set and was quite wet. After, it seems, would always enter into my contacts with Miss Francis. And so for that matter would Delmar Daves. For just as I was suspected, my Aunt Maggie was there to try into Miss Francis' romance. I didn't do so well. Kay was gracious, indeed quite charming. But she didn't give. All she said was that she did not hand me any hooey about "We are just good friends!" or "I hardly know the person. No, what she said was, "I never did like my personal affairs." It was that, terse, dignified, and to the point. And after all, you do have to admire her for taking that stand. I never have any trouble with my male and female, who give out those interviews about the "women (or men) in my life." Cheap, I call it.

Kay was perfectly willing to talk about anything else, and proceeded so to do. She flirted, with me pulling along behind, from recipes, to diets, to figures, to charm, to superstitions, to Europe, to "Stella Parish," to men in general, to clothes, to operations, to old sherry—and there I stopped and had a glass and went home.

"I never diet," Kay told me. "Maybe I will have to some day, but thank heavens I don't have to now. Suppose the reason I don't get fat is because I never over-eat, I eat everything except white bread and potatoes. I don't drink coffee. Oh, I'm a cinch for any hostess. But perhaps she would like to see me sometime and see me when I come home, for I usually raid the refrigerator for bits of chicken and cheese and anchovy knickknacks." (Oh, oh, she was driving me mad with easy—

Kay Francis, little Sybil Jayson and Jessie Ralph before the cameras. Mervyn LeRoy directs.
one good ice-box raid and I gain four pounds! Oh, the injustice of it all.)

But Kay paddled on, not knowing how near I was to slitting her throat. My favorite dish is lamb chops. And I make a mushroom sauce for them that is divine. It's made of fresh mushrooms and cream and Leibig's seasoning and English mustard and salt and pepper and much tasting to see that it's all right. Umm, it's good! Take myself from the electric chair I decided to change the subject as quickly as possible.

Kay thinks the "ten most attractive male players on the screen" are Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Jimmy Cagney, Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Jackie Cooper, Clark Gable and William Powell. She seems towards the "man of the world" type, except for Cagney and Jackie Cooper. She likes Jackie because he makes her cry. "Jimmie Cagney," she said, "is really not my ideal type, but on the screen he fascinates me. But the man who really thrills me most on the screen is Ronnie Colman. Even after I made a picture with him, and then the acid test you know, I still think that he is the most charming and exciting man in pictures.

"I can't stand men who tap their fingers on the table. One man who is quite a dashing one [I am playing a hotel hand. And it certainly annoys me to have a man keep me waiting for that is a woman's privilege. I can't bear to see a man primping or admiring himself in a mirror for that, too, is a woman's privilege.

I don't like the Show-Off or the Athletic Type, the man who makes a great flourishment of over-tipping and the man who borers you to death telling you about his golf score and the number of cold tubs he has had during the day. The kind of man I like—" and there I regret to say Miss Franics must have decided the conversation was getting a little personal for she hastily skipped to superlatives.

She swears she isn't the least bit superstitious but just the same 12 and 13 are her lucky numbers. She was born on Friday the thirteenth, and her most successful pictures have had twelve letters in their titles. She has a pair of pearl ear-rings she wears in several scenes in every picture, but of course she isn't superstitious, no, of course not. The ear-rings are only imitation pearls and they were part of the "props" of her first picture, and when she left Paramount for Warner Brothers she asked permission of the studio to take them with her. I have a feeling about those cheap ear-rings that might be called superstition— if I were superstitious," she said. "I feel lost if I go on a set without them. Yet, just as soon as I finish a picture, I put away and never put them on until I start work again." When she isn't working she doesn't wear jewelry at all. She particularly dislikes diamonds.

The real beauty of Kay is that with all her glamour and prestige in Hollywood she has the most simple and unassuming manner. Kay may not have yachts and race horses and beautiful estates but she probably has more gift edge bonds and good securities than any of her confreres. It's most unusual to find so much good common sense in such a pretty head. Of course a great many of the Hollywood meanies who just want easy money cracks to enjoy life call Kay "stingy" and "Hettie Green." But Kay, quite unconcerned continues to live comfortably but not luxuriously, and continues to be one of the most sought after women in Hollywood.

Kay must have been born with a flair for the "social graces." When she finished school she took a secretary course, even mastered short hand, but instead of going into a business office she secured positions as social secretary with Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Minturn Pinchot, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Those contacts helped her acquire a poise and dignity that is most helpful to an actress. Also the society leaders she gained confidence and self-reliance, which qualities finally inspired the courage to resign her secretarial duties and start her career in the theatre. So no wonder our Kay developed into a sophisticate at quite an early age—how could she help it? hushing madly back and forth to theatre with Vanderbilt's. It was the excitement of knowing rich people and romping over Europe, and the ensuing excitement of the theatre and the screen, Kay has no trouble at all in getting her and she has always kept her mental feet right on the ground. So it is really little wonder after all that Hollywood's world sophisticate comes home from her exciting travels and finds romance right under her nose.

Up Pops the Past

Continued from page 33

February 10: Today witnessed the second MacFadden pose—"Betrayed Girl WITHOUT Child"—ahem—only $15. Seems like a babe in arms is worth an even ten-spot!

February 15: Still being "betrayed—" for Mr. MacFadden and incidentally, for the $15! A most amusing thing occurred today, too. It was raining and I was plenty tired from posing, I started for home with suitcases containing my modelling clothes that went to make up the little country miss, and an umbrella. Just came up from the subway and opened the umbrella when lo and behold, one of the suitcases was with open all my country garments—funny little hats, shoes, etc., including even my—er—er little country "unmentionables," onto the wet pavement! My face was, I know, decidedly red as laughing bystanders helped me gather up the odd collection. Wonder if they all thought those were really my Sunday best?

February 20: Noticed today an artist advertising for a model needed to finish a picture. I went to his studio and rang the bell. He came to the door, very excited and exclaimed: "Whata you want, lady?" I told him and he promptly grabbed both my hands and gave them a piercing look and then fairly pulled me into the house. "I will give you $5 just to draw the hands!" he cried. Then he explained that he was almost frantic because the woman he had painted did not return the last day to finish posing and consequently he needed some hands the "worst way!" "You have the mighty nice shaped hands!" he beamed at me and "I greatly covet owning them." I was terribly flattered and believe me, diary, I ate most royally tonight! 

March 3: Posed for another Italian artist today. This time it was also for my hands. However, this man refused to pay me, saying fiercely, "My dear young woman, you should be lucky and a whole lot thankful to do it for nothing when it's take alone!" "Art's sweet sake is all right," I replied, "but it doesn't pay your carfare or take care of your groceries!" "Pah! be hised," looking down at me, "the true artist does not think of those things—the mere material things. No, no—the mind is on a mucho de higher plane!" I wanted to laugh but didn't—and I wanted to argue further but didn't. I knew it wouldn't do any good. He'd simply made up his mind that he was not going to pay

Fanny Brice and Ann Pennington, who play themselves as they were on the stage, in the new picture, "The Great Ziegfeld."
Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job.

Wish my skin was clear like hers—but this is no beauty contest—bet I'm twice as good at the work.

I would have hired that blonde girl just now. Fine references—sounds capable—but her skin!

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

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

---

Clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood.
Take your Laxative the CHOCOLATE way

Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take... so gentle—so effective.

If you can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But... why?

Why when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness... constipation.

More women take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. And so do more men, and children, too. It’s America’s favorite laxative.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores.

GUARD AGAINST Colds!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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The Notre Dame St., W., Montreal.

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me. So this is a day lost except for the experience.

May 27: Posed for a dancing picture to be used by Statler in his show. Only a tiny little thing to do, but received $40 for this. Guess I’ll buy me a couple of skyscrapers!

June 9: Went to Connecticut to spend a couple of months with wife and baby. July 13: Back in N. Y. and glad! Posed today in some gorgeous gowns for some fashion plates. Must have been worth hundreds of dollars. $5 was the fruit of my labor.

October 2: Hello, diary, old deah! Had quite a time today. A rather well-known party, Mr. and Mrs. G., guess I’d better not mention his name even here, for if he ever found out I had, he probably would try to “queer” me with all his artist friends and that’d be the end of Uma as a model. So, suppose I just refer to him as Mr. and Mrs. G.? Well, I heard through a friend that he needed a girl to pose for some illustrated magazine yarns. I ventured forth and presently was in his studio, Mr. G. turned out to be the very suave, man-about-the-big-city-type. He smiledly motioned me to remove my coat, hat, and jacket. Then he looked at me with a smirk and said: “Now, little gal, suppose you show me just how cute you look in a lil’ bear skin an’ how nicely tiny bitty gilrfriends like you see, precious. I’m an affectionate soul and I must have my little inspirations!” He got his little inspiration all right. As he came toward me I clinched my fist kind of hard and landed right on his jaw! He went down pronto and I mean he went down. I grabbed my belongings and beat it up the street. Angry? I wish! It might have been pink if I am amused, too. I never knew I packed such a wallop!

December 7: How time passes. I started work today on a soda pop commercial, such a novelty—a talking film. Imagine! What funny things these picture people won’t think of next! Director Lee De Forrest worked hard on me the first day on his new venture and for my work I received $30. He asked me to talk into a little instrument so he could tell what my voice really sounded like. I recited a poem—and everybody praised me for it and I am due for a part.

December 14: Just ended five days’ work in the above-mentioned film and started another in Gosh, if this keeps up I’ll have to open up a bank account or something! But I am awfully glad I seem to be getting ahead. Gosh, I wish I could stay here this time! Don’t think this picture will be popular though. People go to see moving pictures move and not talk—or rather, try to talk—some of the talking in this didn’t turn out so terrific.

January 1: Here it is 1927! Greetings, diary, with this thought: “Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure.”

June 6: Whew! What a terribly hot day. I feel like a poor little egg must feel when it’s being fried! Well, I have four days’ work in a film and started another in which Corneil Keefe has the lead.

June 10: Whoops, I’m rich! Just got my check for $100 for the above-mentioned work and started another in Gosh, if this keeps up I’ll have to open up a bank account or something! But I am awfully glad I seem to be getting ahead. Gosh, I wish I could stay here this time! Don’t think this picture will be popular though. People go to see moving pictures move and not talk—or rather, try to talk—some of the talking in this didn’t turn out so terrific.

January 1: Another year—1928. Haven’t been doing you justice, diary o’ mine, but really I have been busy. Today was Mom’s and Dad’s silver anniversary—25 years married. Seems a mighty long time these days! Such a nice party they had and so many beautiful silver presents. I was remembered too—someone sent me some magnificent red roses. Wonder who it was.

February 21: My first speaking part on the stage. Opened tonight and the first thing I did was break a mirror. I would! Charlot!” W.B.
The leading lady.

April 13: An ever so slight play. “The Pook Nut,” written by a chap named Elliott Nugent, is opening and I have a part—nope, I’m not the poor nut! $3 per night for weeks, O.M.G. Claire Keefe and Norman Foster are in the cast.

July 20: “Pigs” by John Golden started a run today. He has hired me as an understudy.

July 23: One of the leads in “Pigs” taken sick! Sorry, of course, but her loss is really my gain. I jump in, being given the job.

July 30: Having a great time and being paid for it! Playing in the above-mentioned picture. It’s due to run for several weeks, so I’ll be saying goodbye.

October 27: Am in a new show, “Coquette,” and Helen Hayes, a most fascinating little actress is leading lady. Don’t think she is the man-about-the-dressing-room today and showed me just how to make up so I’ll look my best. Also showed me many of her treasures and she must have one pink this may be the start of a real friendship. I do so hope it is.

July 20 (1929): “Coquette” is still running, what a show!—with Helen Hayes, the famous August. Helen Hayes has turned out to be a real pal. She is so sweet and lovely—not at all like some actresses I could mention.

September 14: Strolling up Broadway today I ran into a couple of old friends just in from Hollywood after playing a number of smallish roles in pictures. It gave me an idea. How would it be if I went to Hollywood? Could I make a successful debut in films or would I fail? I don’t think it would be so easy as I’ve never made films and ended up by modeling and doing stage work. Who knows but Fate now has it up her sleeve to me for go back to Hollywood and become a real actress? I think I’d like that.

January 2 (1930): Can’t write much this time as I’m leaving N.Y.C. in about a week, three hours from Hollywood! I’m going to be in D. W. Griffith’s “Abraham Lincoln” and will play the part of Ann Rutledge, a wonderful role. This will be the second Lincoln film I’ve been in. Well, I am going to California—here I come!

January 9: Here I am in the world’s most-publicized city. It’s a bit different today. I pictured it like it was here and really I think I am going to like it a whole lot more as time goes on.

March 20: A funny thing happened today. Was sitting in a chair most comfortably when it started to shake and a voice whispered in my ear, “Come on and stretch, sister, we’ve got to hurry up this act. It was a scene!” and before I could say “boo” he had yanked the chair right out from under me—and—kerploosh! Down sat Uma on the floor like a tripe of dishes. I am a study in amazement and indignation and turned at the prop man. The moment he saw my face he was all embarrassed apologies. “Aw, you can’t blame this, Miss Merkel. I thought it was just your stand-in for this scene that was sit-
January 1 (1931): Welcome, New Year! May every man and woman find some good kind of opportunity in front of him or her this year and be earnest enough to avail himself or herself of it! Wan to a party with the folks to to and had a fairish time. I am tired, tho, and that bed of mine does look tempting—so—good-night!

October 4: Get a new job. I'm going to be in "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery. Believe I am due to play Bob's bride. I like both of them immensely so expect I will have a fine time during this film.

November 25: Just signed a wonderful new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer today! They told me that I did so well with my role in "Private Lives" that they wanted me under their thumb so to speak wasn't that a dandy break?

December 1: Well, I'm growing to love this place called Hollywood more each day—all 'cept the rain! Me-no-likee that! Speaking of rain reminds me of an interesting experience that happened not so long ago. One night on my way home from the store I noticed a sign at the side of the road—it was "Road Closed." I didn't think it meant much—probably that the way was a trifle rough or something, so I kept right on going. I knew mother was waiting for things for a dinner party and it was now nearly six P.M. I decided to chance the road ahead, not knowing how long the detour would be. Lo and behold. I soon found my car stuck fast in a sloppy old mud bank! A lovely-faced lady presently came to the gate of a nearby estate and asked if she could do anything for me. I said if I could call a guard and have a man sent out to get my car on safe ground. "I'll do that for you right away," she replied. "Oh, don't you trouble, begged. "Let me do it by myself." "Indeed, my dear," she smiled, "it's no trouble at all. Besides, if you take a step out of your car your feet will take a very muddy bath!" She went into her home and called up, soon returning with the information that a man was being sent right away. She remained at the gate, and I again thanked her and told her she shouldn't wait out in the cool air any longer. "Oh, I wouldn't dream of leaving you out here all alone," she retorted. "I shall remain until I see you safely on your way." Finally, she asked me about my work, saying she had seen me once or twice on the New York stage. Then suddenly it came to me who she was—I knew this sweet-faced soul was none other than the renowned Mrs. Leslie Carter! I was so thrilled and happy to have met her—to know that I had talked with America's great stage star.

December 12: Stayed home tonite, sitting before the fireplace and thinking of a certain young man. He's fine, but not my way. I wonder—if he's thinking of me right now?? He should be, shouldn't he? Sort of returning the favor as it were! I had a fine program on the radio tonight—songs from Old Kentucky—made me just the "wee-eat" bit homesick for a moment. Naturally would, having first seen the light of day from Covington, Kentucky.

December 31: Poor Dad's arm is bothering him tonight. Just before starting for Hollywood, he was injured in an accident. Fractured his arm in 7 places. Still bothers him every so often. Strange—but a death or an accident generally occurs prior to a stage opening of mine or the beginning of a new picture. Opening night of my first stage show my grandmother was taken sick and soon passed on. Just before the opening of my second show my,

NOW-NO BAD BREATH behind her Sparkling Smile!

AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!

POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED

WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!

HE WAS HORRIBLY TO ME—I HATE HIM!

AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH—YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!

JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK OR. MOORE.

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED-TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!

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aunt dropped dead. The day I started on a recut film here in Hollywood, I received a wire telling me that an old friend of my modeling days in New York had just passed away and been dead all three days. These were all tremendous shocks to me, but I have to be true to that old stage code and "carry on." In closing this particular year, will you permit me, dear diary, to record two thoughts that have just flashed thru my mind? "God grant I may always be worthy of all the gifts and blessings He has sent me." "Life is the gift of nature, but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom."

January 1 (1932): Surprise, big surprise! More! rather, Una is now also the proud Mrs. Ronald L. Burla! Yes, I am at last a married lady, married to the certain one I have been dreaming about through these past weeks. Well, my New Year's Day marriage proved an old Hollywood superstition, for I appeared in a bridal veil in a "Private Lives" and see what happened. "A bride in a play brings a wedding day" was right! I am very much in love and certainly as happy as I have any right to be or as I ever expect to be.

February 13: A new picture. "Huddle," been answering fan mail tonight. Occasionally, I get such interesting letters that I feel as if I ought to reply personally, but most intriguing facts are periodically sending me pieces of a fine set of china! They started to arrive right after my marriage. No, hubby's not jealous—he has other girls and are "caused" one himself. Evidently, this particular fan of mine is quite wealthy—and if the china keeps pouring in some day I will have a magnificent set.

May 18: Have been working in "Red Headed Woman" with Jean Harlow—working hard, too, has been little Una. Well, that's what I'm paid to do.

August 2: My next rôle is going to be in "They Call It Sin." I'm quite enthused over the part and hope the film turns out big at the box-office.

November 15: Have been hard at work on my rôle in "Whistling In the Dark." Am absolutely tired to the bone so much to do and record another word!

December 22: This Christmas I've ever spent. I don't think I deserve so many lovely things. One gift in particular I was so thrilled and happy to receive—a gorgeous beaded necklace with a tiny cross attached and it was mailed me from the Sisters at the convent in Kentucky where I attended in my growing-up days. They had heard, they wrote, about my success on the screen and sent gift in "loving appreciation and remembrance of a good little girl who made good in the world." I'll treasure it always and wear it every chance I get. Think of those dear convent Sisters remembering me all these years! Weren't they sweet?

February 27 (1933): Ten minutes ago I completed "Clear All Wires" and now for "Midnight Mary." Mustn't forget to record the Marlene Dietrich party I attended. Was given by the Frank Morgans and didn't turn out such a unqualified success, at least as far as the costume business went. The lady guests were all asked to appear in trousers and shirts and stiff collars. Conrie Connery, myself, and a couple of others were anxious to oblige, so we kept faith with the instructions and weren't at all sissy. Then we discovered the majority of girls couldn't get near their pants, so to say! Mostly, they wore man's suits (with skirts) or just plain dresses. Well, Connie, myself and two others did our part anyhow. Then someone at the party did to pipe up and say that every girl in the room would probably quit her trousers the first time anyone made reference to her as "Flat gal with the shiny seat!" Probably the truth.

March 10: Just a note to record our earthquake. I was talking to mother-in-law via phone when things first began to happen. Exclaimed, "Oh, but something must be the matter with me for I'm shaking like a leaf!" But the matter wasn't with me (even tho my knees were shaking merrily), 'twas with old mother earth! Everything was doing the shimmy—it was a real earthquake!

April 9: Hubby and I attended our first beer party—may be not our last, tho! Scores of film folk were there. Saw Dotie Jordan, looking—usual—pretty as a picture. She has an odd little habit of tapping desktop with the silverware. She is cute, I think.

April 20: Have been playing in "Salt Water" at Universal—M-G-M loaned me to 'em. The other day an unusual event happened. Ah, yes! "I was my hands that sent poor, strapping, six-foot Warren Hymer to the studio hospital for a number of stitches in his scalp, received under fire! It was this way: the action required me to suddenly hit Warren with a water pitcher in this film. The pitcher was of the "breakaway" variety, supposed to break out of an egg, but he hit me in contact with a solid surface. However, somebody must have used too much cement or something in making the peasy ole thing and as a result, profuse bleeding and seven stitches in the hospital was the price poor Mr. Hymer had to pay. Now everyone is taking great delight in teasing me and asking me if I don't pick someone near my own size! * * *

P.S.: Well, fans, we've come to the end of my efforts for the past few months and nobody is fervently breathing sighs of relief! Some day—if you all want me to—I might write up more excerpts from my more recent diaries. Shall I?

**Colman Talks!**

Continued from page 13

-Colman Talks!

"Miss Allan's" father and mother are refined folk. Her father's a doctor, and she has two sisters and three brothers. She was the baby. They lived in Skegness, a tiny English town up on the coast of Lincolnshire.

"It was almost the school-teaching business for her. In fact, she did teach for the better half of a year. But she says she had a gay heart during that interlude because she'd clinched her chance to get away to study acting in London. The Old Vic, which is the most famous theatre in England, awards a year's training to a limited number of promising novices. The performances she gave in her school shows put her through.

"I admire Miss Allan because she invariably does what's at hand—as splendidly as she can. She didn't just sit and trust to miracle, nor lazy through any of the groundwork that's essential to sound progress in any line. As soon as she finished the course at the Old Vic she went looking for work. Something that answered experience. She didn't press for big money for she realized that would follow when she merited it.

"For two seasons she toured up and down England. With a Shakespearian outfit while still in her 'teens, mind you. Many girls think Shakespeare is too medieval for a second thought. They'd rather be in a Broadway musical show, near to night life and rich playboys, than learning their craft by mastering his won-
derful speeches. They fancy, they can eat their cake and have it, too.

When Ronald Colman made that remark I recalled that his own niche in Hollywood had a prelude of genuine striving. He can sympathize sincerely, for he himself has had a struggle in every sense of the word. We have become accustomed to him as a gallant figure in our entertainment world, and maybe you have forgotten the fight he had to wage to rate his opportunity. He hasn't!

He came to America when he was down to his last few dollars. The post-War upset had severely cramped the British theatre. There seemed to be no ray of light in his native country, and he embarked with that same hope for a new deal that has stirred many a person into pulling up stakes and crossing the ocean.

For a memorable month he lodged in a drab rooming-house in New York. When he was literally broke his luck finally turned. He persuaded a stage director that he could handle a Broadway role and from then on he has been increasingly successful.

But this is incidental. He was still telling me about Elizabeth.

"She landed a part with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best her first London engagement. Her romance had its inception shortly afterwards. The Marshalls had a hunch she and William O'Brien, a prominent actors' agent, would click. They introduced the two, and O'Brien's professional interest eventually evolved into a personal one. After two seasons of looking her job, he had her sold on him. So they married."

By now we had completed our ice cream finale and were lingering over coffee and cigarettes. Heretofore I hadn't given Elizabeth Allan an extraordinary amount of thought. But if she can rate such a sterling public recommendation from Ronald Colman she must be truly Someone.

"How would you describe her if you were I?"

He wasn't at a loss. Rather, he was quite explicit.

"I imagine," he said, "that your initial impression would be that she's terribly sedate and shy. Her unassuming way and apparent frailty would deceive you. You'd want to be certain everything was just so. You'd stand or sit very straight and wonder if you were being dignified enough. You'd probably be afraid to be frank.

"But after a while you'd learn what a marvelous sense of humor she has. And how regular she is. Despite that poise she has a knack for saying amusing things. You'd wind up proffering her a hamburger!"

"She has less to say about herself than any actress I've ever met. She's well-read and one of her gifts is an ability to read people like books. She can give you the most expert character analyses—and without ever being catty.

"She's invariably punctual. You don't have to remind her of an appointment, no matter how long ahead you've made it. I have never seen her in the same attire twice, so I gather she is fond of clothes. In the daytime she always wears sports things. Then in the evening she'll astonish you by showing up in frills. She is especially aware of colors and combines them with a fine talent.

"I think a girl has to have a great deal of drive to get ahead in business. Personally, I also believe a woman is foolish to sacrifice everything else for mere fame and money. As a man is, too, for that matter. Miss Allan has too nice an appreciation of life and too active a sense of humor to be one-hundred-per-cent puppet.

"She is personally popular here in Hollywood because she is co-operative and good company. People want her as a guest because she's fun. She's not an egoist.
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The Lady Talks Back

Continued from page 19

at the Trocadero or the Vendome or Hollywood's grand parties. He avoids premières and premières wherever there'll be street crowds. The people even here are familiar with his actual self because they never have a chance to pin him down. He generally doesn't tarry long enough to allow champagne and cocktails to penetrate his resistance.

"But when you are fortunate enough to be accepted into his circle of friends you quickly find that he is delightfully human. He can be deadly serious—yet he knows all the gossips well. Then he lets down that barrier that's instinctive towards strangers. Ronnie really isn't shy at all.

"Whales don't like to be alone and usually he has some friends around. He's fond of reading, but he isn't the type to lock himself in a room for hours. He'd choose companionship any time.

"I think he is the wisest man in Hollywood because he has not been influenced by the fast furious pace of the town. He lives a normal life—a more natural life than any actor I've met here. He simply declines to be on a superficial rush. And by refusing to participate in every phase of the town he keeps himself, Consequently, he is happy. Ronnie is doing the kind of work he enjoys and his 'aloofness' is but a barricade against all those who believe in interference that complicates the average player's day. He's lonely. He remains out of the local spotlight so he will not be bothered with talk of intrigue.

According to Elizabeth, Ronald Colman has no desire to "get-away-from-it-all.

"Once he did have that yen. That's what he was doing in Europe during my first year here. When he returned the urge to 'escape' had apparently died. Ruth Chatterton said he had been in a foreign country, he was trying to be idle. She said she never knew him to be so miserable!

"He was originally on the stage, as of course you know, but he expresses no longing to get back to it. Pictures satisfy him, he wants good ones. When he is ready to play a rôle he attacks it with the zeal of an honor student. Ronnie delves into the time of the story's period. He tries to bring the plot again and again to determine the author's specific intent.

"He isn't spoiled, and when he comes onto the set there is no special fuss. He arrives promptly and demands no extra privileges. Between 'takes' of scenes he doesn't retire majestically in lonely grandeur, but keeps on. There is a strained atmosphere when some stars are working—but never on a Colman set.

He might be a prosperous lawyer or doctor, judging by his conduct. He is completely unconscious of his great vogue.

"I am positive he'll not be the kind who'll hang desperately onto fame. There are celebrities who cling to their youth with a pitiful resoluteness. They have come to believe they aren't just human beings. Ronnie has no trace of that conceit. And here's another strange thing, remembering he's a star. He doesn't want to be pushed over. He wants to be taken for granted, liked—but in a sane style, for the performances he delivers.

"He is very sincere. When he is fond of a person he shows it subtly. He doesn't make a spectacular display of his regard.

"I'd say the reason he has been at the top so long is because he hasn't lost his head, because he's intelligent. He is as careful as he possibly can be about his parts. He's cautious about publicity; the silly sensational stuff is quietly sidetracked. And, of course, he's a hard worker. He never allows pleasure to intrude when it shouldn't. His secret is ability plus conscientious application of the technique he's learned.

"Another notable thing about Ronnie is that he has no 'yes' entourage. As he has accumulated fame and wealth he hasn't acquired a pseudo-royal court. He's not hemmed in by flatterers, fenced off from reality.

"He likes straightforwardness and abhors affected people. He has no inclination for extravagances. He has no chauffeur, as a sample of the simplicity he wants. Ronnie drives his roadster himself.

It was time for us to bid each other goodbye. I had come to put my skill at probing against Ronald Colman's flair for being politely impersonal. And again I'd been foiled. He'd spent the entire noon giving me a build-up of someone else.

He rose and shook hands. "Sorry I have to be running on, old boy. Look. His grin was suave as he added something about hoping I'd got a story.

Well, I think the joke is on him. When Ronald Colman waxes loquacious about a woman, that's news. It gave me an idea, also. If he contends that his leading lady in "A Tale of Two Cities" is so exceptional, then she must be. Why shouldn't she be able to divulge some fascinating facts about this elusive idol?

I am making a date with her and I'll urge her to talk back about him!

The Lady Talks Back

Continued from page 19

Obviously she has a fellow-feeling for whomever she's with. They told me at M-G-M that she wasn't the giggly, temperamental sort. They could depend on her. And for that reason alone she's receiving extra recognition from her employers.

"Did I state that she was adept at sports? She has the appearance of a Dickens heroine all right, and you might presume she'd swoon at the least exertion. Contrarily, she isn't helpless or passive. She adores to watch tennis and has made her way off with a tennis ball. She rides with supreme ease, and swims as well.

"I approve of her habit of using just a suggestion of make-up. I admire her adaptability. Now that she is working here she has acquired Americanisms, without losing her ties to England and the ones she loves there."
“His home-life is that of a sophisticated but conservative bachelor. He entertains moderately. Recently he purchased a new place in Beverly Hills. So far no other men have seen it. He’ll likely have a dinner for ten or twelve of us soon.

“Tennis is his mania. He indulges every day and his favorite stunt is to invite a group over in the afternoon to play on his court. Then they stay on for supper.

“Ronnie may seem excessively mysterious to Americans, but to his fellow Englishmen his characteristics are only natural. He is insensible to what doesn’t particularly attract him. He’s not forward and doesn’t care for those who are.

“Actually, he’s a Scottish blood. Perhaps that’s why he has never been a stock-market plunger! He resisted the get-rich-quick salesmen a few years ago and so doesn’t have to moan over gambles that didn’t win.

“He is endowed with an appealing humor without being the village wit. Music stirs him deeply and he regrets that he cannot play the organ. He doesn’t enjoy dancing, but he does want to take in all of the major sports events. I mean, the tennis matches, the inter-collegiate football games, and the boxing frays. We went over to Pomona one time to watch the circus rehearse, so you can see he’s open for larks!

“Frequently I’ve wondered if he has been hurt by someone in the past. He never confides. The essence of courtesy, a genial companion, he can also be silent for hours. His friends are given to copying him, rather than he their ways. Although he’s weathered on all occasions, he isn’t fussy about his clothes. Often he walks into a shop and picks out ready-made things.

“He seems to have a definite philosophy and it might be summed up as ‘Don’t Wail!’ He calmly secures what he wants, but never is bitter or unkind in his references to others. His chief fear is of being tied down.”

“I asked Elizabeth, then, what she presumed about his romantic side. Having a husband of her own, her relationship with Ronald Colman is strictly one of friendship, of course. Still, she must have observed a lot how he behaves.

“He’s still a puzzle in that regard!” she exclaimed. “He hardly ever has single dates, almost always accompanying some of the crowd—the Barthelmesses, the Brooks, Bill Powell, Herbert Marshall, and a few others who get along well together. Ronnie is as handsome in person as on the screen and women here are keen about him. But if he has had any heart interests since I’ve known him he’s been superbly discreet.”

“Since newcomers seldom crash through into Colman’s circle I wondered how Elizabeth managed the feat.

“Luckily we had many mutual friends. So when I was introduced to him he wasn’t thinking of me as a stranger. It was ‘Liz’ and Ronnie from the start. But it’s odd that I’ve come to know him. I was always a fan of his and I was seemingly a distant from him as could be! Ten years ago, by merest chance, I met his sister. I was a school-girl in a village in the north of England. She was married to a doctor and they came to the seashore. They stayed with us for awhile. I was all agog.

“But then I hadn’t the faintest idea of becoming an actress or of getting to Hollywood. Of acting opposite Mr. Colman. But he’s funny. It’s continually amazing us, don’t you think? I mean that dramatic scholarship. Went on the stage. Then on the screen and on to Hollywood.”

“Elizabeth pinched herself. “Yes, she sighed ruefully. “Right here I am, and talking about Ronald Colman as a friend.”

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So many of the girls who take screen tests at this studio fail because they are round-shouldered. The younger set will have to conquer this fault if they hope to have a Hollywood figure.

Exercises for this defect mainly depend upon your own will power. If you are determined to rid yourself of round shoulders you can try doing these, but it must be an inward watchfulness. You can't afford to slump or relax one minute. When you are standing or walking, keep your eyes on a level; neck, lift your head drop down and consciously keep your shoulders in proper position. When sitting at a table, pull your chair up to it and sit well back in the chair.

The trouble with most of you is that you let yourselves get lazy. You work hard to slim yourselves down to the correct measurements, but the instant you get there, you let go.

"I'm only a hundred and five," I hear girls say in the studio commissary. "I'm going to order chocolate cake and whipped cream today." You must learn to discipline yourself.

Walk after a heavy meal, if you are overweight.

Rest for half an hour before and after a meal, if you would like to gain. Do you know how to rest? Don't lie down in a lighted room, cramped up in a ball with a drop on your head, or on a couch with the whole family chattering to you. Go off by yourself to a darkened room, stretch out flat without a pillow and relax. Don't talk, don't read, don't think if you can help it!

According to my observation of the girls who come to Paramount Studios, and from the letters you write me from all parts of the world, I believe that the chief complaint of all women is that fat will accumulate on the hips and abdomen.

In every issue of SCREENLAND I have tried to give some exercise to vary the excellent one of rolling the pounds off and that of bending down to touch the toes with the fingers—both standbys of generations.

Here are some exercises for general reduction that may appeal to you: (1). Sit on the floor and draw the knees up so that your buttocks are almost touching the thighs. Spread the knees far apart. Grasp the toes with a firm hold. Then swing the toes up over the head, rocking back and forth and bringing the feet down to the floor if possible. Now rock back to the starting position and kick the heels down, trying to touch the thighs.

(2). Place a soft rug on the floor to lie on and lie down on your back. Swing the feet up over the head, trying to touch the floor with the toes. As your feet bring your hips upward, place your hands under the hips to act as a brace, elbows resting against the floor. After you get into position and the feet are steady and well balanced, kick both legs up and down as the knees return to the starting position, bring them as near the shoulders as possible.

Begin by doing these exercises once or twice and work up to ten times.

Double chins are apt to be thought of as something dowagers have to worry about, but let me break it to you that young girls are often too flabby under the jaws. On the stage they just put some rouge on and imagine the roll under the chin isn't seen, but the screen can't be fooled.

Quite often the defect is a question of correct posture and disappears when the girl learns to hold her head up. But if it's really an extra fold, you must do something about it.

Here is a good resistance exercise to strengthen the neck muscles.

With your head firmly placed behind the neck, use the neck muscles to pull the head upward and back. When the head reaches a position between the shoulders with chin in the air, the forward movement is begun. Press strongly on the back of the head while the tensed neck muscles resist. The movement is continued until the chin rests on the chest.

Do this only a few times, twice a day for two weeks. Then gradually increase it. Vary it by lying down on a couch with the head projecting over the edge. In this position, the weight of the head takes the place of resistance with the hands.

Additional exercises for making over your neck are these:

(A). Sit or stand erect. Thrust your chin forward vigorously as though you were pushing something with it. Relax and repeat quickly six to ten times.

(B). Stand erect with hands on hips. Turn your head as far left as you can. Then lower it backward with chin up. Now slowly lower chin until it rests on your shoulder. Raise head up and back again and repeat slowly six to ten times.

Now turn your head to the right and repeat the exercise with face in that direction.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

to 3/4 beef or lamb, season the meat highly with poultry seasoning and onion, add egg, flour, and milk.

I never eat potatoes, bread or pastry," sighed Ann, giving a covetous glance at the cornucopia nearest her, which was spilling its strawberry and cream filling in a mouth-watering blob.

I must have a little power or something, but I never touch those things! They tell me that if I'd worry more I might get very thin and so be able to eat more, but I'd have to eat to suit somebodies too, I worry about first! Kaffebrod is something like coffee cake and you can buy it anywhere. But Kramnerhase is something special!"  

Kramnerhase

These are cornocups filled with whipped cream topped with strawberry jam. For the pastry Mrs. Lake uses:

1/4 lb. butter
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup flour
White of 8 eggs

First melt the butter, mix flour and sugar together and stir in while the butter is warm. Lastly, beat in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Have your pastry sheet hot, and brush with butter. Drop the thin batter on with a teaspoon. It must be paper thin and spread in oblongs. Bake in the oven, very fast, until light brown. Slightly off heat, leaving the sides of the Rev-olver pastries, one at a time, flute with a knife and roll into shape. Cool, on a cakeboard which is exposed to the air.

"Yes, they are good," agreed Ann, visibly, as I lifted a forkful, but "you haven't tasted anything until you've eaten one of Mother's holiday cakes. We have them all through the holiday season and

Is there some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit livingroom? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHBREW and shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, cleaner, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never regret it—of KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

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**Freddie's New Adventures**

Continued from page 57

yet. So I try to think about him, in case of being too disappointed if he should turn into a dream.

But when they first told me, I could hardly contain myself, and ran up to Cis in the dressing room and cried: "I have a horse, I have a horse"—only it was slightly premature, and was half-an-hour late at the time. And then, strangely enough, I burst into tears. And Cis said: "But why are you crying?" And I didn't know, except that I was so happy, which is a queer reason for crying, when you come to think of it.

Then Cis said: "But, Freddie, what can I do with a horse? You'll be wanting me to take an elephant next." So I assured her that an elephant is the last animal I'd ever have to worry about, and seemed to relieve her. And I promised her my five cents a day—that's my allowance—to board him, and his name would be Thundercloud. But she didn't seem to get it. If she doesn't love horses quite as much as I do—in fact, she really doesn't know much about them, do you, Cis darling, except that they have four legs, and she doesn't like me to ride one unless he practically promises to amble along at about two miles an hour and bring me back with my bones

**Screenland**

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WANT A CONINENTAL CLOSE-UP OF CHARLES BOYER

Here's his English failed and with descriptive gestures he showed me what Ruth had taken up. It was aviation.

"Before starting the film we went with the director to Vienna, Budapest, the Tyrol and Venice. At Venice and Meyerling we lingered to absorb the entire atmosphere we could for the film. Of course it's quite different from the Imperial days in which our film is laid. Still it was wonderfully interesting. Neither my wife nor I had been in that part of Europe so we had a sort of honeymoon trip. The wine gardens of Vienna are divine.

"When we started the film my wife went to the country with my mother. My mother speaks no English. When they returned I was surprised at Pat's flow of French. That is what necessity will do, yes? I'm working so hard I see very little of her so she goes with a lot of my French friends, consequently her French is improving constantly. She will soon insist on talking French with me, I fear!"

"We saw Maurice Chevalier the other night at the Casino. He seems more popular than ever with the French. He was grand."

I happened to be at the Casino that same night and on watching Boyer and his wife I marked how he enjoyed the show and his pleasure at Maurice's success. Though Chevalier may have slipped in America he still has Paris at his feet. All of this chatting was at odd times between scenes of Hapsburg splendor and keen garden frolics. An orchestra continually played old Vienna waltzes and I lingered on returned by it all. Soon it ended and with a bump we were in modern Paris.
We went over to Boyer’s house to see his lovely young wife. Pat Paterson. On entering I admired the apartment which occupies two floors overlooking Parc Monceau.

Miss Paterson’s eyes brightened. “Yes, isn’t it attractive? Charles had it all done up to surprise me on my arrival.”

In the same house live the great French actor, Victor Francen, and his wife Mary Marquet, of the Comedie Francaise, National Theatre.

“I love Paris,” continued Miss Paterson, “but I’m really anxious to get back to Hollywood. Back to work and my dogs! It’s all right for Charles here, for he is working, but I’m itching to get back to work myself.”

I asked her plans and she said she would free-lance, having broken her contract with Fox. “There is always one who must make

used the desk very much anyway, but—that it is decorative! Adding, that Randy loved to write when the spirit moved him but the spirit moved seldom.

Down the hall is a cozy combination den and bar that one easily surmises is a popular rendezvous. Both being backgammon experts they keep a table always set, ready to squeeze in a game or two between jumps. Randy says they are ever battling the element of time but can’t keep up with it.

As we started upstairs, Cary suddenly exclaimed, “I’ll bet the beds aren’t made yet. Give me a minute—that’s one of my accomplishments”—but Randy and I convinced him that unmade beds were unimportant, as the procession moved onward and upward.

Opening the door into a large sunny room, Cary announced with a flourish, “We flash the best—first. This is our guest room, that is never used, worse luck!”

“Except by Fred Astaire,” interposed Randy. “He insists on monopolizing it when he comes down for a swim and so far, it belongs exclusively to him.”

Astaire certainly knows how to choose, for the room is like a bower of Spring blossoms in its shades of pink; and the soft rose carpet is surely kinder to his dancing feet than the cement floor of the basement dressing-rooms.

The boys’ bedrooms face the ocean. Cary’s is decorated in yellow, all the way from golden to cream; while Randy’s is most effective in white and red, and both are thoroughly masculine in simplicity. The dressing-rooms and baths follow the same decorative scheme of color.

Aside from the unmade beds, not a single thing was out of place. No loose ties or stray shoes were in sight, and a glimpse into the closets and dresser-drawers revealed perfect order.

“Perhaps being orderly is simply a case of the lowest resistance,” observed Randy. “We’re always in such a hurry and hate to waste time ruminating around for things. It is really easier to put them away when we take them off.”

Standing at the window watching the waves splash against the beach, he went on, “I love the sound of the breakers at night, it hushes me to sleep. You see, my bed is only about a hundred feet from the ocean. Not that I need lulling—I’d probably sleep all day if someone didn’t raise a commotion to wake me up.”

Probably it is because these two are so temperamentally unlike that they live in perfect harmony, with never an argument between them. Cary is English and is impulsive, impetuous, and gay; Randy, from Virginia, is quiet and composed. He also is blessed with a gorgeous sense of humor.

Randy explained, with his slow smile, “There has ever been a bond between our people. Remember, the South was settled by the English; we have always understood each other.

There are, however, some amusing differences. For instance: Both have large wardrobes which they prize, but Randy carefully swallows his clothes in paper bags to insure against moths, while Cary contends the bags keep the moths in and so refuses to use them. He has a trick of leaving his closet door open a wee crack so there will be a circulation of air.

Cary, prefers white flowers for house decorations. Randy doesn’t care about the color; just so there are plenty of them.

Being English, Cary craves meat; he doesn’t care a rap about vegetables or sweets. Randy must have his vegetables and he likes desserts, to say nothing about a weakness for hot biscuits and fried

Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant seen in their first screen appearance together, in “Sylvia Scarlett.”
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Send Theo and Cary to the kitchen, then finish cookies.
Here's Anna Sten!
Continued from page 32

Paul Muni as the great scientist, Dr. Pasteur, with Anita Louise in the role of his daughter.

talent and which convinced him he had reached the end of his quest. Art director and assistant producer is Anna's husband Eugene Frenke, slim, dark, and friendly and passionately devoted to her. For years Anna and he have been planning to make a film together but at the Samuel Goldwyn studios the Great Powers thought their own technical director advisable—which still helped to increase Anna's discontent. She frankly adores the man she has married and has implicit confidence in him. "I will ask Eugene" is her answer to every question raised about her clothes or the scenery or the lighting, and whatever he says becomes Anna's invariable decision.

Looking back, Anna has concluded it was a mistake to change her natural personality for her American screen debut, so she has shed most of the glittering veneer she acquired in Hollywood during that strenuous grooming-time she spent before she faced the cameras. In addition to letting her hair revert to its natural color she dresses it more loosely and she affects a simpler make-up. Her fair skin turned a lovely amber during the six summer weeks she spent resting on the sun-soaked Mediterranean coast so just as she adds the faintest touch of lipstick and trains her brows into a natural arch instead of penciling them to the familiar fanchis sweep-back.

Gone too are the symptomatic furs and the elaborate jewelry and the glaring ultramodern gowns in which Anna was wont to decorate the Hollywood showplaces in traditionally brilliant star manner. Now she once more wears the kind of clothes in which she feels happy. (She never goes to parties and premieres these days, anyway, but spends her evenings contentedly at home, with her husband just reading, sewing, and talking.)

Daytime usually finds her in a tailored cloth suit often of her favorite brown and only relieved with a single ornament, perhaps a gold bracelet quaintly chased which she cherishes as a lucky mascot. Her evening frocks are plain drab sedans and laces, some untrimmed black. I saw her lunching in tweeds and a gingham shirt and incidentally eating rich seafood stew with an ardor that would have reduced her former Hollywood slimming tutor to tears!

Anna is happy in England. She has a suite in an historical Elizabethan manor-house near the studios, spacious old-world rooms with antique oak furniture and flowery chintzes and dim gilt mirrors reflecting the beams that curve across the plastered ceilings. There is a shady garden where on Sundays Anna pours out tea from her samovar amid the roses and where she and Eugene play in white lawn in which cotton shorts and a blue knitted top looking more like a schoolgirl than a famous screen star.

Best of all, Anna has her mother, who was unable to make the long journey from Moscow to Hollywood owing to health reasons but who has managed to fly to London. She is the only blond girl with that serene fatalistic face you see on the Madonna in a Russian ikon. As yet she only speaks a few words of English, but she is so charming when she plans to remain permanently in Britain, looking after her daughter's affairs while Anna and Eugene are working in Hollywood.

For the new Anna Sten—the real Anna, as she says herself—is going to divide her time between California and England in future. Her next film will be made in London, for the new company with which Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, are associated. She will play one of the most famous women in British history. Lady Hamilton is a pert-pretty beauty who has been immortalized on canvas and whose romance with the great naval hero Admiral Lord Nelson is among the world's classic love-stories. It will be a costume pageant of spectacular type, with Anna portraying the dainty-maid who came to be adored by Kings and finally died alone in poverty after her lover had fallen at the Battle of Trafalgar.

When this film is completed, Anna returns to Hollywood. "I must go back for I have a contract to fulfill, and even if I had not, I would still go to convince them.

She believes that her two British films, so startlingly opposite in conception, will prove her justification to the great American public as well as to the Hollywood executives, showing them that the goal for which she is fighting is not beyond her ambitious span.

She asked me to contradict the report that she is selling her Hollywood house, that white mansion in a wooded garden at Santa Monica for which she has spent over six thousand dollars to build and where she keeps her celebrated collection of embroideries and her Samoyed dogs. It will still be her home for several months each year, the home of the new Anna Sten, neither glamorous nor dazzling but a character actress with a firm determination to avoid publicity and an avowed affection for the simple life.

I wonder how Hollywood will like her!
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

MARLENE DIETRICH's dressing room may be full to the brim of Jack Gilbert's flowers—but she goes out to luncheon, preferring to leave in those little private booths at Lucey's, across the street from the studio. The one next to it is at a Premium, but our informant says it's a total loss. Can't hear a thing!

NORMA SHEARER averted a traffic crisis when she arrived at a recent opening. The vast crowd gathered around her car, oblivious to all the other traffic, and Norma saved at least half a dozen calamities when she stepped out calmly and said, "Thank you, but I'm afraid someone might be hurt. Won't you please step back?" Irving Thalberg, who accompanied her, nodded and smiled serenely, as if nothing unusual were happening. So the magic of these two personalities brought the crowd under instant control. And believe it or not, Norma says she didn't feel a bit calm. She was in just as much of a panic as anybody!

THE William Gargans and the Leslie Howards are all made up again. To prove it, Leslie is giving one of his best polo ponies to Mary Garnett, at the Riviera Polo field. Once before, Howard wanted to present Mary with "Demi-tassee," but Bill was against it. Thought she might break her delicate neck. But Bill finally gave in, because after all he ought to have confidence in Mary's horsemanship, since he proposed to her while they were riding horseback, yeas and yeas ago.

CLARK GABLE's reception committee in Lima, Peru, made his American fans look like pilgrims. He got away from the airport alive, which was a miracle. In his hotel, preparing to shave, a mob of girls broke down the door and entered through the window. Clark finally had to attend a large party in his honor, unshaved!

A LITTLE comedy of errors, Bill Powell playing the leading part. Bill went to bed Monday afternoon to give his cold a rest. The studio called and said: "On the set at 7." Bill ran out his small convertible coupe and started. Came the deluge. Tableau: Bill trying to get the one-man top up. No dice. Top ruined. Bill arrives at studio sitting in a puddle of water, and mad, awful mad. He didn't feel any better to hear the call was canceled. Started home, bought some ice cream and stopped at a friend's house. Gate locked, Bill couldn't get in or arouse any interest. Started home again, ran out of gas. Walked to the Beverly Wilshire, telephoned chauffeur. And the silly part of it all is—he woke up next morning without a sign of a cold!

KAY FRANCIS has moved from that little bungalow on Fountain Avenue, where she has lived for years, ever since she came to Hollywood, in fact. She has watched the other stars and startlets expand into huge chateaux, and serenely continued her modest living. But now she has moved, and properly into a huge elegant house, befitting the Francis position and bank-account. Kay is one of the most careful spenders in town, and she will see to it that her career winds up on the black side of the ledger.

ALL the gossips in town have been working on Luise Rainer—she never appears in any of the late spots, never goes to parties—how is a person to get a line on her? So here is how it is. La Rainer has a closed circle of friends whom she sees, and no one else. She is putting in all her time toiling over a ballet, "The Life of Man," which is to last three hours. And she intends to appear in it, playing a masculine part! She is writing the scenario, and working out all the ballet routines. She will be the central character, first as a young boy, then an adult, finally an old man. The score will be classical, with a few excerpts from modern music. Next summer Luise plans to present her ballet in the Hollywood Bowl, after an earlier presentation on Broadway.

JUST to show you the difference in temperatures—Simone Simon, French actress imported by Fox, uses perm inve to put her in the mood for a scene; has hundreds of varieties. Lily Dons, on the other hand, cannot even have scented flowers in her dressing-room before she is to sing in a scene, and naturally, not on the set, either. Consequently, artificial flowers were used throughout her picture.

IT IS with a great sigh of relief that we are able to inform you concerning the Bing Crosby housing situation. Since the Crosby menace, complete except for the wife, the kiddies and the wardrobes, was sold to Al Jolson for his mother-in-law's new home, the Crosbys have been searching desperately for a house. They intend to start building again as soon as they get their wind, but have to park some place in the meantime. We have had awful nightmares about the big and little Crosbys sitting disconsolately on a curb somewhere, but now, at last, the problem is settled. They are moving into Marion Davies' Beverly house before you can say boo-boo-boo. No, wrong again. Marion isn't there. She has rented it to them.

THE newly wed Helen Vinson and Fred Perry said touching farewells at the boat on which Fred sailed for Australia. He plays in some tennis tournaments there. Helen completes contractual obligations in Hollywood, and in three months they both meet in London? Some honeymoon.

IRENE DUNNE had a little sniffl which grew into big bad influenza, when the public prints got through with it. And poor dear Irene, so conscientious, felt terribly, (well, you know what I mean), about the baskets and baskets of flowers that poured in from friends and well-wishers. She didn't know whether to stand in a draught or get really sick, to justify them, or merely invite the donors to tea. She invited them to tea, on account, as the Chamber of Commerce will tell you, there are no draughts in California.
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The Stars’ Love Scene Tabus
First Pictures of Warner Baxter’s Home
What Leslie Howard Really Thinks of Hollywood

Spotlight Cover of Miriam Hopkins
See Page 22
“Not the least of my luxuries

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RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES


A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway
February, 1936
Vol. XXXII. No. 4

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Miriam Hopkins by Marland Stone

We Asked Nelson Eddy: “Are Hollywood Dates Dangerous?”

Fighting words in Hollywood, these—where men as magnetic as the screen’s big now blond singing star are at a premium, and lovely women stoop to follow! Nevertheless, Screenland courageously posed the question to Nelson Eddy, whose second big picture, “Rose Marie,” is ready for showing right now.

What did he answer? How did he take it? We caught up with this latest movie idol whose fan letters have been totaling 3,000 weekly since “Naughty Marietta,” just before he left on a four months’ concert tour of the country. He faced facts squarely; and the resulting story is a great feature you must not miss.

Read the Answer in MARCH SCREENLAND
On Sale February 4

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ROCHELLE HUDSON lives in her “dream house” in Beverly Hills. It’s a French Colonial house of white brick with an emerald green lawn reaching down to the pepper trees that line the avenue. A low white-brick wall encloses a red-bricked terrace before the white door.

Pressing Rochelle’s doorbell, instead of eliciting a peremptory peal brings the sound of chimes. La, la, la, la, la! as though the dream house was happy to have a caller.

“I think everyone in Beverly Hills looked at this house while it was being built,” said Rochelle, proudly. “ Practically the entire population wanted it, but we were the lucky buyers. Perfect strangers still keep coming up and asking us to let them see the place—they are building and they’ve heard how marvelous this house is, and so on.”

“I think it’s so right that I’m taking my time about furnishing it. I want my house to be really mine—my own ideas, I mean, not something an interior decorator has put into my mind. This hall, now, is just the way I want it.”

The hall is in ivory—the graceful curving stair carpeted in powder blue.

“It’s taking longer than I expected to get just the right pieces. After three months, a place is supposed to be furnished, but here we are with nothing at all in the living room or dining room! You see, we are two particular people—my mother and I—and since we are the ones who will have to live with the things, we want them to be perfect.

“So far, I’ve selected three beautiful prints for the living room—one of them is framed—and that’s absolutely all!”

The living room is huge. Since it’s all but empty, it looks even larger. “It could double my time for the Grand Central Station,” quipped one of Rochelle’s young friends. So all the real “living” is done in the sitting room, which is panelled in wood; an Oriental rug in brown and henna shades matches the wood. The draperies are of English chintz and the furniture selected for comfort as well as beauty.

“In California, everyone is supposed to live outdoors, so this is the ideal spot to rest and play in sunshine.” Rochelle opened the French doors that led to a tiled patio, equipped with garden furniture and ping-pong table. “We’re crazy about California things—sun, flowers, and fruits. One of our favorite salads is made with pulp of grapefruit, balls of cantaloupe, and thinly sliced bananas mixed with mayonnaise.

“Oh yes, here’s another: You use cashew nuts, apples and bananas, and a little onion. Don’t laugh! We like all our dishes highly seasoned. (Continued on page 90)
No Wonder She's a Blushing Bride! ... Claudette Colbert practically has to fight her way to the altar with that hard-boiled FRED MACMURRAY in Paramount's "The Bride Comes Home." P. S. — BOB YOUNG is the other guy.

This Doesn't Mean a Thing ... Who said three's a crowd? Not when Claudette, Fred and Bob Young get together.

"Lady, I'm the Boss!" ... Yeah, that's what Fred thinks, the big stiff! But when Claudette begins battling, things are mighty different ... and how they do battle in "The Bride Comes Home."

What's Wrong with this Photograph? ... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE ... DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES
To Lily Pons, the loveliest lark who ever hit high C with voice and personality

Henry Fonda is the perfect leading man for Lily Pons in her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much." Fonda's very American sincerity proves a splendid foil for the French girl's tremendous talents.

The greatest tribute Screenland can pay petite Lily Pons is that there is no temptation to greet her screen début with the cynical salutation: "And still they come!" This latest singer from the Metropolitan Opera House is a very small, rather shy, exceedingly disarming young girl, who flings her thrilling coloratura about as casually as a tap dancer tosses off taps. When she sings "Lakmé" or "Rigoletto" she provides an exciting experience; then she wins us completely with her gay and genuine modesty, as much as to say: "Eet eez nuzzin', nuzzin' at all!" Then there's her sparkling sense of humor, somehow unexpected in a great prima donna; and definitely there is the engaging little-girl quality that, probably more than any other one thing, makes Lily Pons a permanent and welcome addition to our short list of really potent and important screen stars. She has been signed to make more pictures for us—let the next one be soon.
No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS "DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!

“I’m not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you’ll find I’m the woman you’ll always come back to!”

“I’ve never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I’ve lived more in a day than you’ll ever dare live.”

“It’s going to be your life or mine! If you’re killed, I’ll be free... If I’m killed, it won’t matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance.”

YESSIR, “Dangerous” is the label Franchot tags on the screen’s famous blonde temptress. And that’s the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in “Of Human Bondage”, “Bordertown”, and “Front Page Woman”, wait ‘til you hear her cut loose as “the woman men always come back to”, in “Dangerous”.

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you’ll say she’s right when you see what men did to her life. But you’ll certainly agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There’s no use telling you you must see “Dangerous”. Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!
The over-interesting Joan Crawford obliges with a new and striking pose and enhances our niche of fame by popular request of the letter writers. Salutes to you, Joan.

**WANTED: AN OLE MEANY**

Wanted—One old lady without a heart of gold! "Grand Old Girl" was a grand theme—the first fifty times we saw it. But variety is still spice for jaded palates, and I think "Mean Old Girl" would be a title to pack 'em in.

Marian E. Smith, Laurel Beach, Milford, Conn.

**A NEW TYPE FOR JOAN**

I'd like to see Joan Crawford in roles as alien to her real self as are those of Charles Laughton to his own character. I can easily imagine her brilliant eyes and mobile mouth expressing cruelty, ruthlessness—the entire gamut of emotions that brought fame to colorful women of history.

Gayle Rotherock, 819 Inverness Ave., Louisville, Ky.

**WEAVER OF SPELLS**

Paul Muni weaves a spell about his audiences by sheer power of his personality and his almost uncanny sense of projecting himself into a character. His "Dr. Socrates," for instance, was colorful and without trace of the miner of "Black Fury," or the Mexican of "Bordertown." Alice Jane Barry, 514 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

**REVIVALS FOR SCREEN CLASSICS**

Classical literature is available for repeated reading and study. Classical motion pictures may be seen once or twice and are relegated to memory. There are a hundred pictures, most of which have been retired for years, that I should like to see again, but unfortunately I can't.


Write a Salute or Snub in a letter for this page!

Why not share your thoughts about stars and pictures with your fellow film-goers? Write what you think in a letter to this department. Be it a Salute or a Snub, we'll be happy to consider it for publication on this page, so widely read in Hollywood as well as the rest of the world. Please limit your letter to fifty words, and please don't ask us to return letters not printed. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
THAT STIRRING SEA SAGA
Fresh from the excitement of seeing "Mutiny on the Bounty" I am tempted to pronounce it the greatest picture I've ever seen. The acting of Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone was perfect. This is one picture I'll never forget.
Rudy F. Bouteiller, 602 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, Ky.

VIVAS FOR VINSON
Few actresses prove their screen personality as does Helen Vinson. After all the catty roles she has played we still enjoy seeing her, and never stop hoping to see Helen in a sympathetic part.
Lila Searle, 1319 East 17th South, Salt Lake City, Utah

BRAVO FOR TIBBETT
When I saw "Metropolitan" the audience applauded each of Lawrence Tibbett's selections as though he were there in the flesh. And when the picture ended the applause kept on for several minutes. That's a pretty fine tribute to a man who once was considered a "lop" in films.
M. G. Whann, 18 Virginia Ave., Westmont, N. J.

WHAT! NO LEO IN CELON?
For more than six months we in Celon have not been able to see an M-G-M picture. Now what's the use of going to the movies if you can't see Joan Crawford, Gable, Montgomery and other Metro stars? I'm sure if this letter is printed in Screenland some M-G-M biggie will do something about this situation.
Hubert Arseculeratne, Havelock Road, Colombo, Ceylon

NICE PEOPLE, THE TONES
It may interest his fans to know that in the Cornell Alumni Directory young Mr. Tone is listed as Stanislas Pascal Franchot Tone. On a recent New York weekend my lucky star led me encounter Mr. Tone and Miss Crawford emerging from the Columbia Broadcasting offices. Nice people, lovely to look at.
Mrs. Mary Barger, 40 Park St., Brockton, Mass.

SONG AND DANCE FOR GINGER
From the top of her head to the tip of her toes she's wonderful—I mean Ginger "Snappy" Rogers, of course. Seems to me she has paved the way for other beautiful gals who are dancing their way to success.
Eleanor June, Menlo Park, Calif.

SEE THE PRETTY CEILING!
One thing that English pictures have that ours lack is ceilings! You rarely see the ceilings of rooms in our Hollywood pictures, while nearly every English production shows them. To me it adds realism.
Carol Stumce, 433 N. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

SARTORIAL NOTE ON BING
Crosby being Bing, I can bear a lot of his clothing monstrosities, but when he wears plaid caps, I can't take it. It is only when he sings that I can forget Bing's clothes.
Thelma Draper, Altus, Okla.

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to pure Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through many washings!"

CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99 4/100% PURE
"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed ... For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!

IRENE DUNNE • ROBERT TAYLOR

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life"... With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle
DEAR NORMA:

Hurry up and finish that picture! What's been the matter, anyway? You have the script; you have the hair-do; you have the director. Was it the little matter of a Romeo that held you up? If so, why didn't you ask us to help hunt? Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, etc. Everybody seemed to want Brian Aherne to play the part except those chiefly concerned with the casting; but Mr. Aherne, of all people, absolutely will NOT play Romeo. Now Leslie Howard is positively appearing as Romeo—if he doesn't get mixed and play Hamlet. The point is, it's taking you longer to make a movie of "Romeo and Juliet" than it took Mr. Shakespeare to write it—with "Midsummer Night's Dream" thrown in.

Of course, I know you've been rehearsing, and studying, too, all this time. But meanwhile, do you know what else has been going on? Why, Shirley Temple is growing up; and Freddie Bartholomew is graduating into long 'uns; and Cora Sue Collins is looking more like Garbo every day. Not only that: Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard are casually making box-office comedies—silly pictures, but we like 'em; and Hepburn cuts her hair. And what have you been doing? Sending for more professors to ponder over "treatments"; testing for Romes; signing Frank Lawton to play Paris and Edna Mae Oliver to act The Nurse—in fact, daily bulletins assure us that Juliet is doing as well as can be expected and may, eventually, pull through. And time goes on, slowly but inexorably, like a Von Sternberg picture.

Now don't you shake your Juliet curls at me, Norma. It's just because we've missed you from the screen that I'm writing you this letter. It's because I hate to see you turn into a "First Lady of the Cinema" before my very eyes—you, whom I prefer to think of as that very vital, highly competitive person who can't tolerate stale tradition. Don't you remember how you flamed and flared up 'way back there in silent days when someone called Garbo your rival? And how you showed 'em that Shearer could set her own style in sirens, make her own rules and break 'em, too—by playing in "A Free Soul" and other record-smashing successes? You kept us waiting for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—just long enough; a smart showman's wait. But, so far, all we've seen of Juliet is a curly close-up—nice as a tip to hairdressers; hardly an evening's entertainment. Meanwhile, can't you dash off a little number for the fun of it—you know, one of those gay, daring "little" pictures; just good, old-fashioned, low-down amusement? Shakespeare's swell, but we—want—Shearer!

Delight Evans
“Hollywood is a carnival—where there are no concessions”—Leslie Howard

INTO Leslie Howard’s life the great moment has come! After so many experiences he is suddenly, thrillingly at peace. Not simply with those whom he must deal for his livelihood, and with those he loves. But more importantly—with himself.

Finally he is aware of the man he truly is. The impulses toward tempests and tangents are on the wane. The thousands of little pretenses are quite forgotten. He has become certain of the precise kind of person he is, and of what he really wants. The slate is wiped clean of confusions. Life begins!

Rumors always spread about a romantic. They have whispered often about Leslie, because his charm has involved him frequently. He is not an ordinary, humdrum soul; but a prepossessing adventurer who has demanded the very essence of whatever he has tackled.

However, his future, heretofore a vague day-dream, stretches at last plainly and satisfyingly. It is no longer thought of as an escape from perplexing frustrations. The tomorrows tantalize with their opportunities for this clear-visioned individual.

His career as an actor, his family, where he’d best take root—all easily fit into the right pattern. He realizes definitely the contribution of each factor. Circumstances have ceased commanding.

I met this changed Leslie Howard during his filming of “The Petrified Forest” at Warners. At our other meetings, on his previous California episodes, he had been the witty conversationalist, sparkling with the gay bravado of one who must keep up a fast pace for fear that, otherwise, he be left to face realities. This time he walked into the studio café with a quiet calmness. His zest was of a different nature. He seemed vibrantly content.

“It’s nice to see you again,” he declared. “You somehow manage to report me accurately.” A sigh indicated that being continually press-aged was not his notion of fun. One half of Leslie is a perennial Peter Pan, a youthful, lark-adoring boy-man who will never be

Now can be told, for the first time, the very candid views of the romantic Englishman who likes Hollywood—and leaves it, only to come right back again!

By
Ben Mazdox
daunted. The other side of him is the keen sophisticate who, naturally enough, winces at being circused to the curious.

On his last trip home to England, newspaper men crowded about at the dock and peppered him with questions. He was thereafter quoted as saying that he hated Hollywood and that every British actor should disdain it and work in London.

"When they pick out just part of your opinions it is disconcerting. I don't dislike Hollywood, merely some of its conditions. I observed that all picture players ought to try their luck in England. This hardly marks me as an ungrateful wretch, does it?"

And then and there, over a raw vegetable salad he was tempted into investigating, Leslie poured forth the fascinating facts about the self he has succeeded in locating.

"I believe that our ultimate understanding of ourselves is the most exciting single thing that can occur. It isn't one of the fierce joys that are adolescence. We are hemmed in and protected by our parents, or whoever has charge of us, until we are thrust upon the world. Then the fine rules we've memorized are bombarded; we gradually stray into all sorts of pastures.

"How to earn a living is the first quandary. We fall in love, expecting to possess a miracle. The years roll on and generally we are nonplussed at what's apparently happening to us. We watch the rest of the people we know and hear about and it dawns on us that we may be in wrong grooves. We then either dare to do as we fundamentally wish, or we become embittered and resigned to our fate.

"My parents weren't connected with any fashion of theatricals. We lived in a London suburb and I went to private schools. They weren't especially blissful days, for I came out of my shell slowly. I was an imaginative, shy chap, I guess. Perhaps it was release, or appreciation, that induced me to scribble at dramas and be among the school thespians whenever possible.

"When college was over, I achieved a new high in uncertainty. I privately nourished magnificent illusions, of course. I yearned for stage fame and for an emotional companion. I encountered neither and went into a bank as a clerk!"

That period was mercifully brief. Leslie's peculiarly alive blue eyes went warm as he recalled that love had arrived almost simultaneously with the call to France. He persuaded the lovely girl to marry him before he was hustled across the channel, to the chaos and carnage which raged until the (Cont. on page 76)
I F THAT long-coated, long-nosed, high-hatted figure with the Mr. Hyde haircut, commonly depicted in cartoons as a CENSOR, only knew it, his best sex suppressers are not the Hays office officials, the clean-up drivers, or the studio heads; they are the gilded sons and daughters of gaudy glamour, the stars themselves!

They tell me the Hays office has a set of rules a mile long of “Don’ts” For Love Scenes, with paragraphs from A to Z taken up with how long a screen kiss may last, the hot and cold temperature of a salaried kiss, and the exact degree of heat generated by hand-holding. But when it comes to putting the really fancy tabus on love scenes, The Great Lovers themselves have more surprising “I won’ts” than the guardians of public morals ever heard of. When it comes to purveying passion and cunningly suggesting sin without rumpling even a wave in their hair, I offer you some of your first, finest, and foremost favorites!

I dare say you are under the impression that you’ve seen some pretty hectic goings-on via close-ups and long-shots by the Great Lovers of Hollywood. And just why I am continually walking into the rôle of the Old Illusion Dispeller, I don’t know. But if you want to make a wager of it, I’ll bet:

You've never seen Fred Astaire actually kiss Ginger Rogers or any other screen leading lady during the entire span of his very gay and romantic screen life!

There is a certain very glamorous girl who has never uttered three meaningful little words, “I love you,” into a microphone!

Franchot Tone has never gazed deeply into the eyes of any but one screen sweetheart—and you guess who that is!

Janet Gaynor has never been actually kissed on the lips by a movie beau, and that goes for Charlie Farrell in “Seventh Heaven” close-ups, too.

Grace Moore just won’t be embraced. She has her reasons!

And believe it or not, you have never heard that croon-
When it comes to fancy censorship, your fussy film favorites have the clean-up drivers beaten a mile

By

Dorothy Manners

ing romantic, Bing Crosby, utter one line of love dialogue in a picture!

Far be it from me to argue that these personal by-laws, laid down by some of our leading lovers, have their inspiration in making the world safer for six-year-olds, or in any other uplift movement for keeping sex-appeal down. In short, the motives are not nearly so public-spirited, as private! The deeper you get into the subject, the more likely you are to discover that it is pretty cute the way some very professional and public romantics are carrying on the ideals of their private life romances right under your nose without the world suspecting a thing. As just a bare inkling of the sort of thing I'm driving at, consider the former set-antics that used to go on when the Joan Blondell-George Barnes love story was at its private-life height. George used to photograph all Joan's pictures, you remember, and he was always all right until they got into the love scenes. Then, there are those who will tell you, Mr. Barnes' eye never left the camera spy-glass during one wistful screen sigh as Mrs. Barnes emoted. And just by way of proving to George that it was all in good, clean fun, (no matter how hectic the dialogue, or how ardently she had to matter into the ear of an alien male), Joan would cross her fingers at George-Porgy behind the camera! Who says that the soul of romance is dead in Hollywood— even if they are divorced now?

Perhaps even more tender and subtle is the inspiration back of Franchot Tone's polite, but stubborn refusal to gaze deeply into the eyes of any actress other than Joan Tone. Even when her name was Crawford it was the same way! Not that Franchot was unreasonable. He was willing to clasp the Harlows to his heart and register as much intensity as the censors would allow. He'd even go in for some pretty ardent dialogue. But he couldn't, he wouldn't, he didn't and he hasn't ever gazed deep into a single luscious orb—but Joan's.

Several people about the lot where the newlyweds work are more or less sold on the idea that Joan and Tone must have promised each other something about this particular gesture of love-making, because Joan isn't one to do any too much soul-gazing, herself, unless Franchot is on the receiving end of the gaze!

The business-like Mr. Fred Astaire, who handles his career with the same emotional consideration a stock broker gives American Tel. and Tel., or Continental Can, would scoff at the idea that any personal romantic hijinks is the reason back of his refusal to indulge in screen osculation, no matter (Continued on page 87)
MYRNA LOY is just about the busiest movie star in Hollywood these days. You can line up any busy little bees you may have around and I'll match them against Myrna and win. The day I watched her eat lunch in her dressing-room—oh, Myrna was very polite and invited me to have lunch with her, but I had to wait so long for her to finish a scene that I couldn't resist a snack of shrimp and avocado in the studio commissary—well, the day I watched her eat lunch in her dressing-room she had just come from "The Great Ziegfeld" set, she was planning to work until midnight, and get to the studio bright and early the next morning, Sunday, to do retakes on "Whipsaw," and the following Monday she starts "Wife Versus Secretary."

Poor Myrna was in such a dither that she didn't know whether she was Billie Burke and the wife of William Powell, or a lady crook and girl friend of Spencer Tracy, or the wife of Clark Gable versus secretary Jean Harlow. She didn't know whether to put on the blonde wig she has to wear in "The Great Ziegfeld," the brunette wig she wears in "Wife Versus Secretary," or let her hair go natural and titian as it is in "Whipsaw," I'm sure that if any of us had been in a similar position we would probably have just let out one loud shriek, "Yah-a-a-aa-aa," and collapsed right in the middle of the set, making sure, of course, that William Powell was standing nearby to take us to our dressing-room. But not Miss Myrna! If she hadn't told me how pressing the movie industry had suddenly become I never would have guessed—she was so much her usual calm and poised self and didn't show any signs of nerves until the telephone rang three times while she was telling me that she was glad to see me; then she muttered "Darn," or maybe worse, and had all incoming calls stopped.

Her lunch, arrived, a dainty little thing of corn beef and cabbage, which looked as out of place in her extremely feminine blue and white dressing-room as Jack Dempsey would in Adrian's shop window. But I must say it looked awfully good, and I deeply regretted that shrimp and avocado concoction, which might have had chic but nothing else. Once before, I remember, I watched Myrna eat lunch. That time it was ham and eggs, and then as now, she covered everything with mustard. Ah, the appetite of a humming bird!

"What's new about me?" Myrna repeated my question. "Well, pictures?" And right she is. Do you know that it has been months and months and months since we have had a Myrna Loy picture? Much too long. But I don't have to tell you. You probably attribute those low spirits, those spots before the eyes, that burning around the heart to the fact that you haven't seen your favorite Girl (Continued on page 73)
ON A huge, bare stage two slim figures stood. The man was clad in a gob's uniform, the curly-headed girl in trousers of dark blue satin and a close-fitting, sleeveless jacket of paler blue, topped by a natty stock that repeated the color of the pants. From a horn at the side a "play-back" blared, and the two figures went into action, feet tapping, arms curving, faces alight. They met and parted, they twirled and swayed and bent their knees, feet twinkling in patterns more and more intricate. Now she was in his arms—now they were the whole stage apart—now they faced each other, matching tap for tap with such exquisite precision, such thistle-down lightness, such unbelievable harmony of rhythm that you felt the blood mounting to your head in excitement that anything should be so perfect.

The studio crew, going on perforce with their work, managed nevertheless to keep one eye on the dancers. It would have taken a thirty-third degree stoic to keep both eyes off. Here was a million dollars' worth of entertainment to be had for the looking. Here was the spirit of modern dancing incarnate. Here were Rogers and Astaire rehearsing a brand new number! It's probably some such image of Ginger Rogers that you conjure up when her name is mentioned—a bubbling girl with a heart as buoyant as her feet, fun-loving, high-spirited, taking for granted the gifts life has poured into her lap, a symbol of youth and gaiety who twirls and pirouettes her way through a series of carefree days.

If that's your mental picture of Ginger, you'll have to remake it—for, surprisingly enough, she isn't like that at all. Oh, I don't mean that she's nursing some secret sorrow or finds herself bowed down by the weight of an afflicted world. She's a normally happy person, but as different from the merry madcap she projects on the screen as though they were two distinct personalities—as indeed they are.

Watch her as she comes off the set. Assumed animation drops from her like a cloak. Her walk is quiet, her eyes are quiet, her voice is quiet. Her manner is friendly, yet reserved—with (Continued on page 68)

First pictures of Ginger Rogers in "Follow the Fleet"—her new film with Fred Astaire, below. More marvelous dancing and clowning by the idols of the musical movies.

GINGER HERSELF

Meet your dancing darling in a new mood! The best Rogers interview you've ever read

By Ida Zeitlin
Merle talks about Miriam and Herself

By
Elizabeth Wilson

That original young beauty and actress, Merle Oberon, speaks frankly and fully for Screenland about her new co-star, Miriam Hopkins—who apparently can take it, if that grinning close-up across the page means anything. Joel McCrea is the daring young man who supports these talented girls in "These Three," the highly controversial film version of the sensational play, "The Children's Hour."

YOU may as well know the worst! After all these years that I have been telling you that two screen stars just can't be girl friends on account of petty jealousies and major ambitions, it seems that at last I am to be made out a liar—and by none other than Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins.

Why, I could hardly believe my eyes when I picked up the newspaper last month and read that Miriam Hopkins had asked to co-star with Merle Oberon in "These Three"—that which used to be "The Children's Hour." Miriam is a great big Glamor Girl in her own right and doesn't have to run around asking for parts in some other star's picture; in fact, when Miriam is in a picture she is the star and that is that. And the same goes for Merle Oberon. Since the great success of "The Dark Angel," Mr. Alexander Korda's charming discovery can have anything she wants on the Goldwyn lot, or anybody's lot for that matter. And you'd think that the last thing that La Oberon would want would be a co-star. Imagine Joan Crawford or Marlene Dietrich or Norma Shearer allowing Miriam Hopkins to play in their pictures! Or imagine Miriam wanting to. But don't imagine too long because you'll die laughing at the very thought of it. The last thing any star in Hollywood wants is a co-star, and I never spoke truer words!

Well, if Miriam's request to be allowed to play the role of Martha in "These Three" knocked me for a loop, I simply went into a whirl when Merle Oberon announced that she couldn't be more pleased. Hollywood stars aren't like that, I said morosely to myself; they simply aren't capable of a real honest-to-goodness Mutual Admiration Society. I'll just snoop around and see for myself.

Sam Goldwyn certainly does all right by his stars,
I must say. Never have I seen such dressing-rooms! They are in a large apartment building, just like Park Avenue, with an elevator and little white door-bells and everything. And each dressing-room is a complete apartment within itself. Miriam Hopkins has brought in her cook and butter from her beach house and lives there at the studio while she is working rather than take that long drive to Santa Monica every night. The apartments consist of foyer, living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, dressing-room and bath, and are exquisitely decorated with lush drapes, the traditional white carpets, and flowers all over the place. Merle’s apartment looked like the Normandie departing on its maiden voyage. It was quite obvious to me as I settled myself in the most comfortable chair that it was the Lombard’s cowboy party. David is a good-looking young Englishman who can tell perfectly marvelous stories with a cockney accent and whom everybody likes except Irving Thalberg, Junior. He played a villainous role in “Splendor” and was so good that the audience applauded when he was knocked down. So thanks to David and his nonsensical prattling over a bowl of dates (both Merle and David are still new enough to California to get excited over fresh dates), I was spared those awfully embarrassing first few moments of an interview, when it is a toss up as to who is more frightened, me or the star. I usually win. It was no effort to get Merle talking about Miriam, in fact she started on the subject herself between the first and second dates.

“I was delighted when Miriam said she wanted to play Martha,” Merle began. “I don’t know anyone it would be more fun making a picture with than Miriam. Do you know that she has one of the grandest sense of humor I have ever found, and if you have to spend day after day on a hot set with nerve-wracking lights glaring at you there’s nothing so pleasant as having a sense of humor around. Miriam keeps saying, ‘We must be glamorous, Merle, we must act like great stars’—and she will sweep around the set with magnificent hauteur, and then with her famous satirical smile she’ll assure me it’s all a joke but isn’t it fun! Miriam loves to be glamorous with her tongue in her cheek.

“I met Miriam about a year ago at a dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn’s home, and I liked her from the start. She is so different from most people you meet. She has a way of immediately putting you at your ease. Then she and I had adjoining beach houses at Santa Monica and that helped our friendship along quite a bit. I was awfully lonely and homesick in Hollywood last year—it was all so new and (Continued on page 74)

season for chrysanthemums. Vases of them everywhere, with a huge basket of white ones from Mr. Goldwyn. Yes indeed, Sam Goldwyn does all right by his girls! When I think of those cramped dressing-rooms at Paramount and Metro—and Columbia, phooey! Dumps, just dumps. The next time I call on Myrna Loy or Carole Lombard or Claudette Colbert at the studio I shall do so definitely with the air of one going slumming. Mr. Goldwyn has spoiled me for dressing-rooms.

I was introduced to Merle by David Niven, the boy friend, whom I had met under a keg of beer at
FOREVER YOURS

THE novel of Hollywood, by an author whose sympathy and understanding highlight the heart interest as well as the glamor of two famous stars

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART II

WHEN Karen left Tom Kildare, the studio gave her a farewell party. It was a gay, foolish party, with flowers and balloons and snappers and paper caps. Karen was as alien at that party as a Russian wolfhound in a basket of kittens. She tried to enter into the fun, and she tried, later, to be properly emotional over the flowery toasts in which each member of the studio staff claimed to have discovered her.

"When I pointed you out to Tom," Monte Feinberg thundered, dramatically, and untruthfully, "Tom said, 'Baloney!' But I know a genius when I see one. So I insisted—"

His remark was met by a chorus of boos. Even Karen recalled exactly what the manager had said. But when the noise subsided, she murmured—

"You didn't hurt my feelings, Mr. Feinberg. You were correct—I looked like the wash-out! I tell you thees: when I need a manager I weel steal you from Tom Kildare, who cannot properly appreciate talent."

Monte Feinberg said, very seriously, "I'll keep that in mind, Karen."

As a matter of record he did.

* * *

Tom's next comedy, minus the French girl, wasn't quite up to standard. It was a success financially—his comedies always were—but there was a spark missing. The picture went but it didn't make the hill on high. Also, not too surprisingly, people missed Karen—missed her eloquently by word of mouth and by word of pen. They missed her even though the new leading lady with the dimples and the legs—which she kept very much in evidence—was quite adequate. And yet the film was

The most ardent gossips of Hollywood found Karen an enigma. "Too cold to fall in love!" a scenario writer said.
Karen's initial picture without the advice and direction and patience of Tom was another matter. She had never stood entirely on her own before—she had been treated kindly—and her natural talent had been encouraged by people who were prone to be lenient. Now everything was altered, and she did her stuff—often cruelly and clumsily—for a group who demanded their pound of flesh. Now she was the culprit, hurling her defense at a jury who were apt to take the other side from sheer perversity. It was a groping, pathetic, inarticulate performance that she gave, and there were times when her huge eyes might have been the eyes of a blind woman. Once she heard a cameraman laughing about her halting exit from a scene, and she went home to cry herself into a headache. Once she sobbed publicly and piteously on the set, after she had gone over a certain bit of action from sun-up until sun-down.

When the picture was finished two executives sat in dismal silence and watched the sequences stumble one after the other. When the lights came on they faced each other blankly, and had bitter words. Their discussion practically ended in blows.

"She's a bust!" the first executive raged. "She's so dreadful she makes me want to scream. Throw her into cheap comedy where she belongs. Maybe Kildare will take her back if we pay him a bonus."

The second executive answered bravely:

"I tell you, Jim, she's lousy in this, but she has it! She'll be worth shooting the works on, one day. I don't know what it is she's got, but it's a gift!"

Jim sputtered a reply, and was his face red! And because he was the ranking executive the picture was shelved. It was very nearly scrapped, but a scheduled feature went wrong and the fate that watches after ex-nursemaids was kind, and the picture was gradually released. And then a minor miracle happened. The public, with an established taste for Karen, and a keen curiosity about her, was unanimous in its verdict. As a dramatic actress Karen Kent lacked polish, finish, confidence, what have you! But she possessed a quality more important than any of the qualities she lacked.

The groping, inarticulate performance became news—honest-to-goodness news. Later it was to become history and to suffer many revivals.

Incidentally the fan magazines bestowed a name upon the something that Tom had first sensed in Karen—the quality that had arrested the attention of the beleaguered executive. They called it glamour.

** The breaking off of their business partnership didn’t mean that Tom Kildare and Karen Kent ceased seeing each other outside their respective studios. They continued to go about—at least on the surface—in the old way. They were the most firm of friends. Tom was invariably gay, with a touch of his inimitable slapstick, unless he was giving advice. He still chose Karen’s frocks and he personally selected her chauffeur and her butler—that seal of screen success! Her new contract—certainly she got one—bore the mark of his Celtic cunning.

Karen, unlike Tom, was uniformly quiet when they were together. She didn’t have (Continued on page 78)
The 2 Influences in Her Life

HOLLYWOOD is agog! A new star has bobbed up on the horizon. A star of such brilliance, in fact, that this land of shadows is in imminent danger of being well lighted. And the illumination already throws into bold relief certain cantankerous traditions that have been a part of the Hollywood galactic system this many a year.

Yes, the Garbos, the Hepburns, the Dietrichs and the others of the lovely-to-look-at-but-impossible-to-see school of thought had better trim their lamps. They’re likely to need the light. Gladys Swarthout is in town!

Gladys Swarthout, you ask? Yes, indeed! She’s that famous “boy” of Metropolitan Opera fame. The dazzling youth of “Rosenkavalier.” The slender page, Stephen, of “Romeo and Juliet.” Of course, she has sung her way through many a be-skirted rôle, too. As the violent, passionate, ill-fated Carmen. As Niejeta in Rimsky-Korsakoff’s “Sadko.” As the fascinating Duchess in Verdi’s “Luisa Miller.” And so on.

In the realm of opera, concert work, and radio she started a revolution by having a face and figure as lovely as her mezzo-soprano voice.

In Hollywood she has upset the works. Her complete lack of temperament, her disarming graciousness have made her “tops” with everyone. The Cinema Capital is unstrung. It has been accustomed to watching its super-glamorous darlings bloom with haughty radiance inside a protective covering of glass. And now? Why, here is an exquisite rose, this Swarthout, growing contentedly and agreeably outside the green house! If you think that isn’t a phenomenon, there’s something wrong.

If these remarks seem a bit hysterical, consider this. Recently I spent three weeks lurking on a set while trying to get an interview with a stellar personality who shall be nameless. I watched her read, yawn, fiddle with her costume, stare abstractly into space in the hours she —and I —spent while she wasn’t before the camera. But it was never the right moment to disturb her. She was moody. She was explosive. She didn’t like interviews. Finally through some strange working of fate the “right moment” arrived and she consented to answer a few questions. But it took three weeks. Sometimes it takes months.

Now consider this. When (Continued on page 66)
EVER since his twenty-first birthday, Hollywood has been standing by waiting to watch Jackie Coogan hit the high-spots with the thousand dollar bills his childhood genius earned him.

Where would the first great child actor of the screen find his happiness now that he had become the boss of his own million dollar trust fund? Movies, millions, and marriage were at his command, and rumor had it that young Coogan had been waiting for just this chance to spend without benefit of parental guidance or trust fund watchfulness. Even the headliners weren't quite sure just how much Jackie had to spend, but the guesses were between $500,000 and $2,000,000.

On that fateful twenty-first birthday even Mussolini and Haile Selassie had to make room for Jackie on the front pages of the newspapers, for everybody, over twenty years old, remembered "The Kid."

To the movie fans of fifteen years ago he is still the wistful, bedraggled urchin who reached such heights of genius at the finger tips of the great Chaplin that the memory of his shadow has far outrivalled his physical presence on the screen. Hollywood, closer to him, has watched indulgently as the chubby-faced little boy outgrew his stardom and developed, first, into a long-legged, skinny young school boy and later into the juvenile romantic delight of the gossip columnists. But a couple of months ago, when The Kid became twenty-one, the outside world and the inside world were united on one point of interest:

What was the richest kid actor in the world going to do with all his money—now that he had it?

For if that question could be answered, one would also find the answer to an even more important question, what kind of a man had The Kid become?

Certainly the newspaper clan left no stone unturned in their guessing game. Yachts? Imported automobiles? Diamond rings for the pretty little girls he took to Hollywood parties? Travel? Maybe, his own motion picture company on a major scale?

I understand that so persistently did the press stalk him on his birthday that Jackie went into hiding, refusing to answer the dizzy questions shot at him by reporters over the telephone. In fact, for two entire months he had managed to elude personal interviews pretty well. I ought to know. I'd been on his trail almost that long!

When I finally tracked him down at the Santa Monica Swimming Club he told me that it was the "confoundedest thing" that had ever happened (Continued on page 82)
DICK POWELL pointed with pride to a thriving fig tree. Then, admitting that as yet, he had no vine, he showed me its substitute, a graceful olive tree that is the show piece of the patio, at his new home on Toluca Lake, just over the hills from Hollywood on the fringe of San Fernando Valley.

Ever since he left the family fireside to become Arkansas' favorite Rising Son, Dick has dreamed of building a home of his own. Now, his dream has come true, and he joins our famous group of movie bachelor housekeepers.

It is always interesting to see what kind of setting these bachelor stars choose for themselves, and visiting their homes offers surprising glimpses into the off-screen life of our film heroes.

"I'm definitely domestic in my tastes and grew tired of renting," Dick told me one recent Saturday morning, as we sat in his sunny living room. Then, flashing his million dollar smile, he added, "I'm too noisy a tenant with my mi mi mi mi daily voice practice for hotel and apartments and I had to get a house in self-defense. So, I bought this acre that backs up against the Lakeside Country Club, and only a few minutes from the Warner Brothers studio, and built a home. Now—here I am,
Bachelor at Home

more comfortable and far happier than I've ever been!"

It's a beautiful place. The house is white California Colonial, built around a wide patio that extends down to the shimmering swimming pool, with the playhouse on one side, and rows and rows of flaming petunias on the other.

These petunias are a precious asset. Popular flowers of his native Arkansas, they hold first place in Dick's childhood memories and he gave up the spot allotted to the tennis court so he could have quantities of the gay blossoms. They cover about a fourth of his acre. The jolly bunch over at the studio have dubbed him, "Petunia King of Toluca Lake," and daily, one by one, they solicitously ask about his garden.

"I drew the floor plan of the house myself," he explained, with a bit of pride. "Of course, there were a few blunders that had to be rectified, but the whole thing gave me a terrific kick. Now, I have the building bug. I'd really like to build another home just for the excitement. No, there wouldn't be many changes but I've learned a lot of things that I might incorporate.

"I'm not extravagant," Dick went on. "I've always saved my money and followed the rule never to buy anything I couldn't afford, so everything here is paid for. I went a little wild at first and had the thrill of a spending spree, but I got over that. Now, there are several things I would like to have but I'll wait until I feel justified before buying them. Anyway, half the fun will be gone when there is nothing else to wish for. (Continued on page 84)
Let's be bucolic! Do you know which stars are really business-like about going Back to Nature? This story gives you the facts

Is Hollywood

THE very newest rumor to ooze out about Hollywood is that the town’s royalty has gone crazy over ranches.

You gather that it’s now right to be rural and that your favorite star is in the dell. That chit-chat at today’s smartest film soirees concerns cover-crops, instead of the old standby—the dirty work put across by a rival. The cinema elite, you may gasp after listening, get no kick from champagne. From a cow, apparently, what a thrill!

But honestly, has Hollywood gone hayseed?

Just to be ornery, I’ve investigated. Yes, there is somewhat of a “trend” towards getting back to nature, but like most other tittle-tattle about our movie colony this whole thing has been grossly exaggerated by overzealous press boys.

Comparatively few players are seriously interested in a rustic existence. As for those who actually labor themselves? Well, here’s what’s what.

The grand-daddy of the movement was Doug Fairbanks Sr. Ever a man of expansive moods, in one of them he hit upon the idea of retiring to the normal peace of the countryside. He and Mary were then at the zenith of love and popularity.

Emissaries were sent forth to locate a place where they could again rub shoulders with everyday reality. The beautiful, rolling hills north of San Diego seemed the perfect Eden. Doug took three thousand acres and next day his notions were colossal. He would have a feudal estate, no less. Early California style, with his men toiling under his benevolent direction. An elaborate hacienda was to be the grand centerpiece, and the gay, glamorous days of the dons were to be revived.

Only somehow Doug never followed through on his plan to build with Tiffany trimmings program. There were always pictures and visiting nobility and then the split with his Eve. He still owns the property, and perhaps when his worldly wanderings cease he may yet wind up there.

Adjoining the Fairbanks’ holding is Bing Crosby’s ranch. Two years ago Bing had the same get-away-from-it-all twinge. He surrounded an old adobe house with every modern convenience and then signed a long-term screen contract which has kept him from all except spasmodic jaunts South. Of course, when the Crosbys do vacation “at the ranch” they feel like real tillers of the soil. To Hollywood columnists they are!

For a while Gary Cooper lent his name to the ancestral cattle range in Montana. Unfortunately, the depression hit the dude trade and so his brother has resumed con-
Going Hayseed?

By Dickson Morley

Charlie Ruggles, left, just a good, old hayseed. Eddie Horton, above, looks over his acres. Joel McCrea, below, as a milk-man; and, right, robbing the roost with Frances Dee McCrea, at their ranch.

trol as of yore. Wide-open-spaces Cooper has settled down in citified Brentwood.

But now as to which stars do spend their spare time really participating in the business of ranching?

The biggest plunger has been none other than Clara Bow! What’s more, she’s made money at it. Gone from the screen for some time, the redhead is not forgotten and she plans a comeback this winter. Since determining to resume her career she has built in Beverly’s exclusive Bel-Air district. But those great Nevada stretches where she regained her health and her perspective will ever be home.

Clara and Rex Bell lease four hundred and fifty thousand acres of flat cattle range from the government. Rex personally runs it, while the former flapper rules the kitchen. Their ranch is a ten-hour drive from Hollywood.

Regular tours of inspection being on Rex’s program, Clara tells me she goes along with him. They put packs on their horses and stay overnight at the various cabins they have at strategic points. They have had their exciting happenings, too. Last winter there was good old-fashioned cattle rustling, until Rex stopped it in true movie hero fashion. More recently their great Dane turned wolf, sneaking out to join the pack bent on killing the calves. Yep, Rex and Clara are serious ranchers.

Next in earnestness rank the Joel McCreas. Joel was as anxious to have a ranch as he was to become a star. His thousand acres near Ventura were fully paid for when he proposed to Frances Dee. It was “Love me, love my ranch!”

Right after the honeymoon they moved into their home there. Encircled by low hills, it is far from the artificialities of the studios. Carefully they are establishing a little heaven, entirely apart from the confusing crowds.

Joel’s cattle have made his ranch self-supporting and he rides the range at every opportunity. Although his most embarrassing moment occurred when a photographer asked him to pose milking a cow! A whiz at every other barnyard feat, he’d overlooked that basic accomplishment. And his humiliation was complete when Frances calmly stepped forward and showed him how to proceed. Joel didn’t recover until he discovered she’d hired one of the hands to teach her while he was out riding! Now he’s an expert himself.

Whenever the McCreas are not actually working on a picture, they stay at the ranch. They have become so enthusiastic about the simple system that they are going to run a dude ranch for (Continued on page 69)
"Poor little girl, stranded in Hollywood without a scrap of culture!" A scenario writer named Garret Fort made that remark about ten years ago to a rather pretentious young actress from New York when she bemoaned a lack of intellectual interests in the picture colony.

Well, ten years isn’t so long in which to develop from infant to adult, but our town has made the grade! The intelligentsia rash enough to moan for culture in this enlightened day is very apt to be composed of those disappointed pseudos who have found the company too fast for them. Even the hard-working old name-game gets them nowhere any more. A few good big names sprinkled liberally through their conversation, with a note of intimacy, used to get these birds by. It is now actually necessary for them to have read the books written by their big-names, have looked at their pictures with some artistic evaluation, and to have heard their music often enough to really appreciate it. A desolating state of affairs for pretenders, you will admit.

The proven wit and wisdom of the world has congregated in Hollywood and improved not only the entertainment you see on the screen, but the screen village itself. The chorus girls who used to sit around on the set swapping idle gossip, are now quietly engrossed in a tome whose title would astonish you.

By Ruth Rankin

Jean Harsholt has a fortune in Dickens' "firsts." The Warner Olands, below, are Hollywood intellectuals. Hugh Walpole and Constance Collier bring brains from Britain. Robert Montgomery has a fine Max Beerbohm collection, including the original MS. of "Zuleika Dobson."
Grace Moore arrived, and everybody began taking voice lessons. Max Reinhardt has started a Shakespearean frenzy. Robert Edmund Jones, foremost artist-stage setting designer has awakened us to the possibilities of color on the screen. Dorothy Parker's quips are passed around every day, fresh from the source—no more waiting until the New York boys hand them along. (Ha, that for you, New York!)

So, our recently quaint and naive village, the butt of many a satiric joke by the intelligentsia lads and lassies, has expanded into an exciting, cosmopolitan city. The beautiful irony of the situation being the fact that the most rabid fun-pokers are now simply delighted to have a job in Hollywood and are largely concerned with having their options taken up!

Constance Collier says she has never seen such a change in a place. She was out here in the early Chaplin-Griffith days, when we were pretty raw. She hurried away, shuddering slightly—this brilliant actress, writer, and wit from England. Now, you couldn't coax her away from Hollywood! Constance Collier is the friend and confidante of one Noel Coward, who wrote the introduction in her book, (Continued on page 70)
THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER... DRAMA... SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936
. . . ablaze with color . . . crowded with the drama
of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER
Even greater than in "42nd STREET"

ALICE FAYE

JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE * MONA BARRIE
GREGORY RATOFF * DIXIE DUNBAR
FATS WALLER * NICK LONG, Jr.
KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar
Carole Lombard, the star sapphire girl, in typically gay mood—need we direct your gaze to the opposite page? That huge hair-clip Carole wears is the famous star sapphire which, set in a ring, was Bill Powell's gift to the beautiful blonde who was then his wife.

No wonder they smile! George Brent, informally happy in formal attire; Dick Foran, who brings a new measure of dash and good looks to western roles; and Ian Hunter, ruggedly suave British actor, all handsomely present on this page to take well-merited bows.
General view of the main entrance, at top, showing beautiful landscaping, with steps leading to the swimming pool. Warner's favorite spot is the recreation room, at upper left. Back of the tapestry at the right is his screen for projecting movies. The projection equipment is cleverly concealed at the left. French doors lead to a formal garden. Above, the tennis court, where the Baxters take on Hollywood's best racquet wielders, and regarded one of the finest privately owned courts in the world. It is the scene of many a match in which screen celebrities engage. Left, Mrs. Baxter, with Paddy, Australian heeler dog, in the garden.
As a personal tribute to SCREENLAND readers, the Warner Baxters for the first time permit photographs to be made of the beautiful hilltop home in exclusive Bel-Air

The Baxters' Home

Rare tapestries decorate the beautifully panelled walls of the spacious living room, shown at top of the page. The color scheme is golden brown, highlighted by shades of rose. At upper right is the western entrance and the southern exposure, which overlooks the tennis court. Above, a portion of the attractive pavilion facing the swimming pool, and gathering place for Warner's coterie of friends, including Bill Powell, Dick Barthelme, Ronald Colman, Frank Lawton and Clive Brook, who are also Warner's tennis partners and opponents on Sunday mornings. At the right is another view of the swimming pool pavilion.
First, consider the amorous advance, or advances, of Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, tripping across these two pages in "Riff-raff," to a highly satisfactory clinch. Then you'll see, center, Jeanette MacDonald embracing Nelson Eddy for "Rose Marie," and Bing Crosby crooning to Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes." That's Jean Parker pretending to prefer a knight in armor to Robert Donat; while at the upper left you note John Howard admiring waterbaby Wendy Barrie—as who wouldn't!
It takes two to make the best pictures, as these dazzling duos prove.
First, Eleanor Whitney, the new tap-dance sensation, whose lithe figure you see stepping around these two pages, and whose piquant close-up appears above. Eleanor, a pupil of Bill Robinson, who calls her "the fastest dancer living," appears in Paramount's "Millions in the Air." Watch out, Ruby and Eleanor Powell!

New Girls in Town!

The beauty above is Anya Taranda, in Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Strike Me Pink." Right, above, the newest darling of them all—little Darla Hood of "Our Gang." Then there's the handsome blonde from radio, Harriet Hilliard, RKO-Radio's pride and joy, first seen in "Follow the Fleet." Directly below, sweet Rosina Lawrence.
Everything stops when the latest flock of lovelies descend upon Hollywood. They can act, they can tap, they can sing — and just look at 'em!

Meet Kay Linaker, right, Warners' new beauty. Above, Metro presents white-hopes Stewart and Loring — Nell left; Ann right. Reading right up, June Travis of "Ceiling Zero," blonde Phyllis Brooks, ex-artist's model; and smart Lucille Ball, whose ambitions are as lofty as her Alpine hat.
Platinum Blonde Number One

Alice Faye is queen of the blondes in "King of Burlesque" with Warner Baxter, now that Jean Harlow has abdicated.

When she isn't busy at the 20th Century-Fox Studio filming her new picture opposite Mr. Baxter, above, Alice Faye is enjoying her Beverly Hills home, shown at right, with Alice waving a welcome.
Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew share adventures in "Professional Soldier"
You Have to be Crazy to Get Ahead in Hollywood

Katharine Hepburn, at top—and tops—poses for weird pictures and wins. Francine Larimore, noted stage actress, has heard about Hollywood—and arrives to begin her new contract complete with pedigreed dogs and luggage. Consider Eddie Cantor, who gets crazier, and funnier, in every new film—at right, in “Strike Me Pink.” Cesar Romero revives the matinee idol tradition: chest appeal.

Bill Powell takes it all with a grin—that’s why he makes good movies. To Bill’s left, observe those high-priced artists, Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, whimsically partaking of a running-board snack, between scenes for “Magnificent Obsession.” Finally, at top, see how silly Robert Young can look for his art, with Fred MacMurray in “The Bride Comes Home.”
Even Shirley Temple is a gag artist in the town where originality reigns supreme—in cycles.
The loveliest girls in the world are captured by Hollywood. Top, Grace Bradley. Directly above, beauties of "The Great Ziegfeld." Right, one of the Paxton Sisters from "King of Burlesque." Every real girl show has its torch singer—ours is Ethel Merman, at left.
With special shiny make-up for an elaborate number, the chorus girls of "The Great Ziegfeld" take time out for lunch. Right, Toni Lanier, called by Florenz Ziegfeld himself "The Girl with the Million Dollar Legs." The Lanier limbs are 41 inches long; thigh, 20 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 8 inches; size shoe, No. 5. You'll see Toni in "The Great Ziegfeld," which stars Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer. The fantastic scene at upper right is one of the dazzling numbers from "Anything Goes."

Left, the other Paxton Sister, pretty and pert. The rollicking roller-skaters at right are Maxine Jennings, Lucille Ball, and Jane Hamilton, whom you'll see in the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers film, "Follow the Fleet." We certainly will!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur in "If You Could Only Cook"
Beautiful Baffler

The decorative Dunne’s reserve may bewilder many, but not the reporter who analyses Irene here

By Leonard Hall

HOLLYWOOD, that western hamlet which glories in the obvious, has always been completely baffled by Irene Dunne.

Here is a young and beautiful woman who insists on living what the film colony considers the life of a crabbed spinster, devoted to good works and, perhaps, a dog of the more obnoxious type. Entitled by her good looks and stellar eminence to all the normal pleasures of a film star, such as getting divorces or wafting hard rolls at her sweetie-pie in the Tropadero, this odd Dunne girl tends strictly to her tatting in the studio, exhibits no boy-friends, and tags along with a married couple when she does appear in public!

Hollywood is not only puzzled by these strange antics, but is even a little annoyed. What in the heck, the town asks, is the use of being a movie star if you are going to live like an antiquated librarian? But it is a notorious fact that Hollywood baffles easily, and is far too busy patting its own shoulder-blades to bother a great deal about what makes a lady tick.

Because of her alleged lack of color and glamor, (O despised and shopworn word!), a legend of dullness has grown up about the fair Irene. Many of my colleagues shrug their best shrug at the mention of her name, and say “Oh, Dunne! Nice girl—but what can you say about her? She’s the worst copy in the world!”

From this superficial opinion, I loudly dissent. I am fascinated at the sight of a lovely girl who can live a quiet life in the midst of insane exhibitionism, who is content to slave for months on end in the film canneries, and gets her modest relaxation out of smacking a little white ball hitter and thrower on the greensward.

So little does Irene Dunne resemble the movie star of song and story that she is actually unique, and to the resolving of any mystery about her I have recently addressed myself. Here are my findings.

For eleven months a year La Dunne labors like a bargee in the studios. She is an honest, earnest worker at her trade, and she never gets push-over roles. You will note that Irene Dunne plays in the tough ones—“The Magnificent Obsession,” which she has just finished, was months in the making at Universal, and wore her almost completely down.

The twelfth month, usually, is her own. Packing her prettiest toggery, she plunges eastward to let her hair down and relax.

She recently completed one of these thirty-day junkets, and I succeeded in wheeling my way into the presence to finish my microscopic study of Irene Dunne on a tear.

When the lovely one arrives in her beloved New York, it is no Little Grey Home in the East for her. No indeed! She moves right into a fancy hotel right in the center of the town’s nocturnal burly and burly. From the goldplated Hotel Pierre, where she was in residence when I dropped in, one could hurl a brick in almost any direction and hit a nifty night club, or one of these chromium bars infested by the Fifth Avenue Drinking Set. Out west the girl may prefer to lurk in the suburbs, but in Manhattan she wants to be where things are most apt to happen—though, alas, few do.

Doc Griffin, her dentist husband, moves in from the outskirts, and for the period of her stay they are always together. It was in this family suite that I found her, though the Doc was still at his office doing a bit of bridgework.

Irene was looking extraordinarily lovely in a suit of black silk lounging pajamas (Continued on page 58)
Ah, Wilderness—M-G-M

A FINE family picture, which should not be missed. From the play by Eugene O'Neill, this nostalgic drama is a rare and rather lovely thing, of particular appeal to those who can remember back to 1906, but almost equally interesting to the younger generation; for it tells of the emotional life of a typical American family, with emphasis on the son of seventeen, and the father who understands his trials and temptations. It is the father-son theme that makes this picture of unique appeal—and for once, the father and son are not played by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. No—Mr. Beery in "Ah, Wilderness" has a surprising new rôle, and a good one, in the ne'er-do-well, bibulous uncle of the family; while Lionel Barrymore, at his mellow best, is the father. It is Eric Linden, however, as the boy with his seventeen-year-old problems weighing him down, about whom the interest revolves; and Mr. Linden does an excellent job. Cecil Parker as The Girl in his Life is engagingly natural; Spring Byington is a delight as the mother; Aline MacMahon contributes a choice spinster's portrait. Clarence Brown directs with all possible sympathy and understanding—he must have loved his job.

The Bride Comes Home—Paramount

SPEAKING of touches, there's the Lubitsch Touch, which I happen to like better than the DeMille or even the Von Sternberg Touch. Mr. Lubitsch is no miser with his touches; he contributes them lavishly to Paramount pictures these days, and one of the happy results was "Hands Across the Table," remember? This month's most amusing light number is also rife with those piquant touches, never heavier than a gentle nip or a naughty tap or even a capricious kick, of which Lubitsch alone is master. Of course, it helps to have Claudette Colbert playing another one of her grand, gay gals, this time with a terrible temper, who can't decide between two such swell leading men as Fred MacMurray and Robert Young. She fights with Fred, makes up with Bob; and not until she is almost married to one, in a mad, merry elopement, does she suddenly switch to the other. You guess. By this time you're dazzled with the bright dialogue and the aforementioned touches, to say nothing of Claudette's charm, Mr. MacMurray's nonchalance, and Mr. Young's imitation of Robert Montgomery; and the dizzy ending, which Edgar Kennedy steals from the stars, will leave you limp. Fred MacMurray is our favorite actor—until further notice.
ENCORE to "The Little Colonel." If you liked Shirley Temple in that picture, you'll enjoy her in this, a child's-eye view of the Civil War, highly sentimental but somehow appealing. Shirley looks devastating in her hoopskirts and pantaloons, emits convincingly when her Confederate father goes to war and she and her mother and the darkeys are left to defend their plantation home; dances adorably with Bill Robinson, and finally wins you completely, if you still needed winning, in the best scene little Miss Temple has ever performed before the cameras—that in which she pleads with Lincoln to spare her father's life, munching half of the Great Emancipator's apple as she sits on his big desk, crying and being comforted on the executive shoulder—probably the prettiest picture of unspoiled childhood we've ever seen. Oh, if only Shirley can stay that way! The other high spot of "The Little Rebel" is the dance in which Shirley performs the amazing feat of keeping up with Bill Robinson in the hottest routine this great colored performer has ever devised. The children will like this picture and shouldn't miss it. John Boles, Jack Holt, and Frank McGlynn are fine.

A Night at the Opera—M-G-M

RIGHT now I might as well break down and tell you that I'm the one who laughed at the Marxes' old pictures. This makes it a little difficult to go on and tell you how funny I think their new picture is; but I can try, if I'm not too weak from laughing. To begin, the Marxes are only three where formerly they were four; in addition, "A Night at the Opera" is the longest film comedy ever made. If this doesn't make sense, then neither does the picture. It was this show, you know, that the gallant Brothers tried out in stage form first, before filming a foot. What the customers guffawed at, stayed in; the sequences received in stony silence are still on the cutting-room floor. From now on, this is the only way to make comedies. Practically every scene is riotous, from the moment the Marxes arrive in New York as stowaways, to their big night at the Met—when they show us grand opera from the rear. Yes, Groucho talks, Chico plays the piano, Harpo honks and strums the harp—but it all seems fresh and new. Allan Jones, handsome newcomer, sings with charming Kitty Carlisle, whom we haven't been seeing often enough lately. Walter King is another noteworthy member of the big cast. See it if you don't mind laughing until it hurts.

I Dream Too Much—RKO-Radio

LITTLE LILY PONS makes her screen bow to you in such unpretentious fashion that you're sure to succumb! Lily is a prima donna—yes. But Lily is not buxom, or palpitating, or awe-inspiring. This frail, tiny thing possesses the world's greatest coloratura voice; but she has fewer airs than a torch singer. She is humble rather than "gracious," so when she gives out in arias from "Lakmé" and "Rigoletto" you are all the more ready to blister your paddies in wild applause. Pons' ingratiating personality covers a multitude of story shortcomings in "I Dream Too Much," the plot of which is as fragile as its heroine. Seems Lily is really a housewife at heart—perhaps the fact that Henry Fonda plays the husband is the excuse. At any rate, her heart inclines toward home and kiddies; but her amazing voice makes her, willy nilly, a great opera star, with Osgood Perkins, that fascinating actor, as the perfect impresario. Still, fame fails to quench Lily's domestic yearnings, and, nicely enough, she has her composer-husband's opera produced, so his amour propre is restored. And there's other amour, too—in fact, some of the sweetest love scenes we've seen. That wonderful

Crime and Punishment—Columbia

DIRECTOR VON STERNBERG'S first picture since the great Dietrich Desertion is something to see. Whether you'll enjoy it, or whether you'll feel that the punishment does indeed fit the crime, I can't predict. It offers all of the famed Von Sternberg effects: fine photography, handsome backgrounds, careful characterization. But in place of the exquisite Dietrich close-ups, you have Peter Lorre's talented features, brooding or twisting—and don't ever tell me you were bored by Dietrich's beauty! Mr. Lorre can be even more tiresome when he, and Mr. Von Sternberg, let loose the arty "touches." Dostoevsky's classic of the murderer whose own conscience betrays him would seem to be the ideal vehicle for Von Sternberg's directorial and Mr. Lorre's histrionic talents, and so it proves—to a certain point. There is power and pathos in Lorre's portrayal of the student who commits the perfect crime; there is impressive menace in Edward Arnold's police inspector; and a fine performance by Elizabeth Radson as the murderer's mother, while Marian Marsh and Talia Birell prove themselves as actresses as well as beauties. The dénouement is grimly thrilling. For sheer dramatic pictorial appeal, it's a triumph. Better not miss it.
Claire is a movie blonde—with a difference! She has warm brown eyes with which she surveys the fashion scene and selects only the clothes that are becoming. "Chic at any cost" is a silly motto, according to Claire. She prefers wearable, tailored things, such as the pajamas, above. Simple ensembles for evening—not scornful of a silver-fox cape, but refusing to be smothered. Her dressing-table, left, is dedicated to the creams and powders she actually uses; but she splurges on perfume, depending upon the mood of the moment—below.
She's a Hollywood Blonde—but she has brown eyes and eminently sensible ideas about clothes! So listen to Claire Trevor's charm secrets.

The full-length pictures show, first, Claire's tea-time costume: sophisticated simplicity in her matelasse frock; flattering flared to her black felt hat; antique gold and emerald chain for accent; and a quartette of sables for elegance. Then her gay velveteen and plaid suit; green jacket, gloves, shoes, and alligator hand-bag; green, orange, and blue plaid.

Claire Trevor was well-known on the New York stage before signing for pictures; and she was one of the first girls in the film town to sponsor the "Be tailored before noon" vogue. Left, Claire's correctly tailored suit, with just the right hat. Right, Miss Trevor's touch enlivens her evening coiffure with a cluster of metal clover blossoms, slightly deeper gold than her hair. With clever inconsistency, Claire tucks one above her left temple and the other on a level with her right eyebrow—which is, by the way, unplucked.
The lovely cinema sirens on this page are giving you flashes of their favorite effects. Carole Lombard, above, wears a sumptuous cape of cross fox over knife-pleated black crepe, with hat, gloves, bag, and shoes of black antelope. Next, Barbara Stanwyck swathed in silver fox, topped by a "churchman's crown" of black felt trimmed with silk tassel. Jean Muir returns from England complete with Sealyham, lynx-trimmed tweeds, and a feather in her hat. Dietrich dotes on her white chiffon negligée, divinely draped. Olivia de Havilland, right, in young and frilly, billowy flame-colored chiffon.
Gay as anything, the gals on this page! Center, Marguerite Churchill, making her come-back in "Man Hunt," tops her costume gown of blue crinkly satin with the season's most delectable turban: blue and silver metal cloth of conical shape with flat crown. Top, Una Merkel and pert braided beret. Madge Evans' hood, worn to keep curls in place on big evenings. Then Katharine Hepburn and her pet felt. Right, Mary Carlisle goes Eskimo in white suede jacket with fur-trimmed hood. Olivia de Havilland wears a ribbon hat tilted over the right eye.
Hands to Love

By Elin Neil

To Marlene Dietrich's expressive, perfectly groomed hands goes much of the credit for her enviable position on the top of Hollywood's ladder.

WHEN you see Marlene Dietrich in her new picture, "Desire," look at her hands—and make a firm resolution to take better care of your own! Marlene has one of the loveliest pairs of hands in Hollywood. They are beautiful to look at when they are perfectly still, and she knows how to use them in all those fascinating expressions of emotion that are so important to an actress' art.

Your hands, more than any other part of you, are what you make them. There is no such thing as being born with ugly hands. Large or small, slim or wide—whatever the shape and size of your hands, you can make them attractive by graceful movement and perfect grooming. Some of the most unshapely hands naturally are the most intriguingly expressive!

Here's my list of "Don'ts" for hands: Above all, don't be self-conscious about them! Keep them in the best possible condition, move them slowly and gracefully—and then forget about them! When you're playing bridge or joining the gay repartée at a dinner table or having sweet nothings whispered into your ear, you don't want to be bothered about how your hands look. You want to be sure they're right.

Don't wear bright red nail polish or one of the exotic new shades like gold, silver, or bronze unless you feel perfectly comfortable and at ease with it on. If you are the kind of girl who can wear striking clothes and unusual hats without being self-conscious, you can go the limit on tricky fingernail effects. There are plenty to choose from this season.

Don't let your hands get bad habits—like crooking your little finger when you hold a cup, fingering gadgets while you are talking, or moving in jerks. Hands should be kept flexible from the wrists and free for action. Their movements should be slow, sure, and with an easy grace.

Marlene Dietrich studied violin for a concert career before she was in pictures, and she still plays for recreation. This probably contributes (Continued on page 95)
BROADWAY, these days, is just Hollywood’s Other Boulevard. Time was when a Broadway star, a Broadway playboy, or anybody on whom the Broadway label could be pinned, was the big news of this and other towns of the land. But now Manhattan’s own newspapers play up and its crowds gang-up the visiting film stars, while Broadway’s own simper unnoticed in the dark that surrounds the spotlight.

Manhattan is said to be right back to good times in the theatre. At this writing some 40 odd plays staged, and only 16 failures. Thus the statistics prove it’s the best season in years. The data also prove that about half of the total plays put on have had the backing of movie money, but let that pass.

For the real low-down on what it means to be a Hollywoodian on Broadway, note who get the play from the oglers and the autograph fans at theatre openings and night clubs, and who get their names in the Broadway columns next morning.

Manhattan is still the center of radio broadcasting. But you can walk by the NBC or CBS studios any night without getting pushed around—except when a movie star is doing a microphone show between very social engagements at the swank clubs and homes of Manhattan and Long Island.

Stars of the stage and radio who are at the crest of their popularity behind the footlights or the microphones become NEWS as never before if they come back to town with a film success to their credit. Witness how the town became more Jane Froman and James Melton conscious after the Manhattan premiere of their picture, “Stars Over Broadway.”

Even novelists famous around the world, including one with such a flair for getting in the headlines as H. G. Wells, learn, as Wells learned recently in Manhattan, that they just ain’t seen nothin’ yet, until the newspapers are told they have something to say about the films.

Of course, Manhattan still has an identity of its own. After all, the film celebrities come to do New York (Continued on page 71)
The Two

Here's Robert, who wanted to be a doctor but is glad he became an actor, and tells you just why

By
Virginia Wood

I'd been turned over to a nice, clean-cut young man, who was also wearing make-up. I found out later that his name is Don Miloe and that he not only acts as stand-in for Robert, but is his very closest friend.

"It was very funny, how we met," Robert told me, right after he'd come in. "Don had been sent out to Pomona College to look up a friend of his. The friend happened to be someone I knew and was expecting Don in order to make arrangements to rent an apartment with him when he finished school and came on in to Los (Continued on page 92)

IN THE first place, Arlington Brough had no intention of coming to Hollywood. In the second place, he little dreamed that within a year or two he would have become a movie actor. And in the third place, he had no earthly intention of changing his name.

After all, he was christened Arlington Brough, and you can readily imagine that after this rather impressive title, Robert Taylor would seem a trifle unromantic. But the studio thought that Robert Taylor was a very nice name. So before he realized it, he had made a couple of pictures under that name and there wasn't a thing to do about it.

He admits, though, that he doesn't mind being called Bob. And he's the kind of chap you'd probably be calling "Bob" after the second meeting.

When I sat down opposite him the other day at the luncheon table, I was totally unprepared for the vital, unspoiled freshness of this boy from Nebraska. After all, I'd been hearing tales of his wealthy parents and how he'd never had to earn his own living, and I'd rather anticipated a somewhat dissipated young fellow who would probably "broad-A" me throughout the interview.

Robert had been shooting a rain sequence on the back lot at the studio, where he's working in "The Magnificent Obsession," and had been obliged to return to his dressing-room to put on dry clothes before appearing in the restaurant, so he was a little late in arriving. Meantime,

He was Arlington Brough before Hollywood discovered and renamed him Robert Taylor. Now one of the screen's most popular leading men, he finds the name as well as the game and fame, entirely to his liking. Left, with Eleanor Powell, his heart-interest in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and, below, rehearsing with Irene Dunne, star of "The Magnificent Obsession."
Taylors

Here's Kent, who divulges some hitherto closely-guarded secrets about his fight for recognition

In the first place, Louis Wiss wanted in the worst possible way to come to Hollywood. In the second place, he wanted desperately to become a motion picture actor. And, in the third place, he was perfectly willing to adopt a screen name.

After all, he was christened Louis Wiss when he was born on the little ranch near Nashua, Iowa. It was a good name and Louis was proud of it, but he realized that it didn't sound very romantic. So, when the studio finally decided on the name of Kent Taylor, he was very much pleased. All he wanted was to see it on the screen.

Kent, like our other Taylor, Robert, acted in all the high school plays. There the comparison ends. Acting, he found, was very difficult.

"It may have been because I was so darned serious about it," Kent admits, "but I was always doing something wrong. I remember one time when I was wearing a crepe-hair mustache for a character part in one of the school plays. At the psychological moment, it fell off and the entire audience started laughing. It was always that way."

Kent's acting career came to a sudden end after he left high school. The family finances didn't look very healthy at the time, and Kent was obliged to go to work. He started his business career as a window-trimmer in a department store in Waterloo, Iowa.

Thereafter, he became a shipping clerk in a packing house, a concrete mixer and a tender of gas burners in a nut and bolt factory, saving what little money he could toward bringing his family to Los Angeles, which had become his undying ambition.

When they finally arrived, Kent and his father decided to buy a small business. They purchased a tent and awning shop and set about building up a trade. His father took care of the management of the shop, while Kent went from house to house, canvassing accounts.

Kent was a hard worker, and his pleasant voice and winning smile made him a good salesman, so the business started growing.

"Every time I pass the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, I get a thrill," Kent told me one day. "You see, that was one of the biggest jobs we ever (Continued on page 93)
Here's Hollywood

LUISE RAINER seems to be the town cut-up, and really it's kind of refreshing, so long as it doesn't go too far. She refuses flatly to be moved from her old dressing-room to a very grand new one. The other day she visited friends in Santa Barbara and left her purse. When she drove back, the family was out, so Luise entered, found her possession, and just by way of amusement, rearranged all the furniture in the living-room!

JEAN PARKER is terribly upset over the Francis Lucas, bank-clerk, publicity. She says the press misquoted her when they

printed “her only love is Lucas!” She spent a week in New York and most of the money intended for the trip to Hollywood, on long-distance telephone calls, being homesick. Then her friends assembled for a welcome-home, and being interested in the Lucas situation, asked many questions. Jean was so upset she ran out of the house and left them, taking her dinner at a remote little tea-room down near the beach.

Well, well, the honeymoon can't be over with Jean Crawford and Franchot Tone taking lunch together every day. Joan looked exceptionally well when we caught her last week in the Ambassador wearing a red suede suit and hat.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S Christmas present to Joseph Von Sternberg was a whole forest of silver birch trees for his new estate in the San Fernando Valley. The only other silver birch we know of in this vicinity are planted in front of Rupert Hughes' home on Los Feliz, and now completely conceal the Mediterranean house.

Topics of Talkie Town! Camera and news shorts

By Weston East

If Fred Astaire goes into his dance, maybe that feeling the ocean seems to be giving him here, will vanish.

First still! Fredric March in the name role for "Anthony Adverse," with Olivia de Havilland as Angela.

Elsa Lanchester, wife of Charles Laughton, in character for her part in a film recently made in England.

John Boles has purchased several acres between Mary Pickford's and Charlie Chaplin's homes, and they are delighted to welcome John as a neighbor. The only difficulty is the large and noisy machine just now excavating John's cellar. It gets up early—much too early—and it looks as if Johny will have to be an extra good neighbor to make up for the loss of sleep in that vicinity.
DON'T let 'em fool you, the Dick Powell-Joan Blondell romance is warmer than ever. Maybe Joan did take a flyer out once or twice with her ex-husband, George Barnes, but Dickie heads straight for Joan's house when the day's work is over. Maybe he just goes to play with the baby—one of the most adorable youngsters, "Normy," a bouncing robust fellow, is doing some pretty good walking these days, and the cutest thing you ever saw in a sailor suit.

MARY BRIAN has her work cut out for her, and she won't have a ghost of a chance to get lonesome way over in London, if such a thing remotely threatens. Her brother Terry expected her home some time ago, and stocked up the fan-mail in a spare room. Well, along come a fire marshall on inspection, and he informed them the mail constituted a fire hazard! (Hot letters, huh?) So Terry crated it up and sent it to London, and Mary will be snowed under for weeks to come.

TWO rumors being vigorously denied by the subjects are the Jolson-Kecklers and the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles. Ruby explains herself fully when she makes denial of the rumors about herself and AI. Perhaps we'll tell you her full story next month. It's interesting. Wesley Ruggles has been very ill, and will go to Johns-Hopkins for observation and possibly operation. Arline will join him there.

SEE MS as if picture stars can develop the most amazing new talents in the shortest time—and they have a way of fitting the rôle they happen to be playing until, if we were not awfully noble about such things, we would almost regard it in a suspicious light. What brought all this on, Jean Harlow plays the secretary in "Wife Versus Secretary," and right away on the very heels of that news, arrives the information that Jean surprised the director no end by taking dictation in shorthand, and rattling away on the typewriter like a machine-gun. Well, Jeanie, maybe we do you a rank injustice, but honest now, honey, isn't it all a perfectly remarkable coincidence?

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The Dionne Quintuplets now feature film stars! First still of the famous Quins with Jean Hersholt as the Doctor, and Dorothy Peterson as the Nurse, in "The Country Doctor." The setting is their own nursery.

Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall—Hollywood says they're altar-bound—attending a preview.

John Barrymore entertains with a piano solo between rehearsals for the air program in which he appeared with Wally Beery and Lola Lane.

PAUL MUNI, after his triumph in "Paster," took a train out of town up-state to a large colony of Chinese, where he will live for the next two weeks to steep himself in the atmosphere for "The Good Earth." I have heard several interesting opinions, pro and con, and mainly from actors, concerning the advisability of such a move. The fact remains that Muni's characterizations are always profoundly interesting. He works himself to such a pitch of preparation that usually he has to take to his bed for a few days before the beginning of every picture, with nervous indigestion. He will play the rôle of Wang, in "Good Earth." The cast will be all mixed up with Hollywood and Oriental actors. Luise Rainer will play the wife, Olson.

WALLACE BEERY gave us this rare bit of philosophy the other day and it's worth passing on. "There is a compensating balance somewhere in this mystery we call life. A fellow can get just so low or just so high, and then something swings him back to normal." It's been said before, but not quite so well.

REALLY, somebody should organize a Hollywood Hypochondriac's Club, and the membership would be a staggering number of stars. Probably the charter member ought to be Eddie Cantor, who "enjoys poor health" more than any man alive. The other day, he and a group of cronies could think of nothing better to do, so they went to Eddie's doctor and had him take their blood-pressure! Sam Goldwyn is high on the list: so is Darryl Zanuck. Wallace Beery does all right by his doctor, and Claudette Colbert and Glenda Farrell can have more fun out of a headache! Hughie Herbert says he would love to be one, it's such a lovely world, but his doctor is so discouraging—just says "there's nothing at all the matter with you," and poor Hughie is desolate.

THE Gloria Swanson-Herbert Marshall romance seems to be dying a natural death. We hear on good authority that Marshall may spend Christmas with his wife, Edna Best, in England, and see his child again.
A certain blonde star who is on the skids made life pretty merry for the press, the studio, all her co-workers and servants, not to mention her husband, when she was riding high. She would like very much to have the press, particularly, kiss and make up and drop in any time—and incidentally, print something about her as frequently as possible. This is going to be a little difficult to arrange, especially among the boys and girls who stood out in the cold damp rain when she was married.

**In an ocean of orchids and with lots of lace for her hat, you see Luise Rainer in her new rôle as Anna Held.**

I had more fun over in the Warner commissary, watching Errol Flynn mix himself a cocktail. (No, not that kind. They don't have 'em in studio commissaries.) Errol took some catsup, chili sauce, Worcestershire, red pepper, salt, and every other little thing the waitress could promote, and mixed half a glassful, which he downed in a gulp. He's the world's healthiest-looking young animal, so it certainly must agree with him. After that, he proceeded to put away a lunch of everything on the menu, and discourse with twenty people, more or less, who paused at his table. Quite a guy.

**Franchot Tone, along with a number of other players including his wife, (Joan Crawford, you know), is taking voice lessons from Otto Morando. The Morandos have long been among the most colorful families in Los Angeles, and are just as celebrated in their own right as no matter who takes lessons from them. But the point we started back there to make is that Franchot's chest has expanded until he had to have all his waistcoats let out!**

John Halliday is what you might call an enthusiastic angler. He is travelling 14,000 miles to New Zealand where he says is the best sword-fishing in the world. Will take Mrs. Halliday and ten-months-old John. The Hallidays' house-guest in their Santa Monica home has been Humphrey Bogart, working with Leslie Howard in “Petrified Forest,” same part he played on the stage. Humphrey will move into town—perhaps for some time, if he signs a contract as several studios have invited him to.

Too bad Ruby Keeler didn't put that steak on Dick Powell's eye before he got hit. A scene from the new film in which Ruby and Dick co-star.

**Every studio has a “crying room”—over at M-G-M, the stars rush over to Dora Ingram's little bookshop across the way, and Dora has to wring out her shoulder every little while. At Warner's, they rush up to Maggie Maskel's office and tell all. Maggie is a very swell gal who works in the publicity department, and the big chair in her office has been named the “mourner's bench.” An understanding girl, who might be a player herself, is that attractive, Maggie lends a sympathetic ear to the little Anita Louises and Olivia de Havillands when things get a bit thick and a good cry helps. And, let me hasten to add, Maggie is as un-pumpable as a priest, after these confessions. Nobody ever found out what the cry is caused by, and probably nobody ever will. Even misunderstood actors have been known to find their way to Maggie's little den, and if she ever wants to write her memoirs—which she will not—they would make good reading.

There is one actor in town who never gets a moment's peace over his luncheon, and if he weren't a convivial soul, he couldn't stand up under it. Hugh Herbert's table in the Warner Green Room is permanently crowded. People enter and make a flying leap for it. And somehow somewhere, in between the soup and salad, he manages to keep everyone roaring. No one tells a story like Hugh. Maybe it's old, maybe it's new; nobody cares. It's the way he tells it, that has you choking on your cutlet. Hugh gives away a thousand dollars worth of talent a week, we would venture to say at a conservative estimate.

Once there was a fellow named Pat—but that's another story. This one pictured above has to do with the arrival of Pat O'Brien in New York, where, as you see, the crowds followed the famous actor around.
A close-up of Mary Taylor and John Howard in “Soak the Rich.” You'll be seeing lots of Howard, because Paramount thinks he a real "find."

**TITLEs have a way of being too appropriate, sometimes. There is the title to Dietrich’s next—“Invitation to Happiness,” which one hopes she will accept. And “Turn of the Wheel,” for Gertrude Michael. It was a turn of the wheel that put Gertrude in the hospital, after an automobile accident. Another title for Gertrude is “Woman Trap,” and Wendy Barrie gets “Millions in the Air,” which seems to tie up somehow with Woolworth Dom- hue, who is the boy friend.

**MAE WEST drives around town often with her body-guard, the ex-Boston prize-fighter, Johnny Ettizano. Mae, it has been revealed, is in deadly fear of having acid thrown in her face after several fanatical threats. Johnny has a multitude of duties—chauffeur, (sometimes), actor, confidante, and escort.

**CURRENT big excitement still centers around Clark Gable, who has assumed all the blame for the whole business. The Eastern society girl business is out, so far as Sissy-Dee says. Naturally, when he was in New York he would see the niece of the Countess di Frasso, who is one of his good friends in Hollywood. The real lady in the case, we are given to understand, is a Hollywood actress, whom Clark will marry when the divorce proceedings are over. He and the girl have been so cautious about their romance, never being seen together, etc., that it is simply a matter of conjecture whom she may be.

**LOUISE FAZENDA’s Christmas dinner was entirely home-grown. She raised the turkey on her San Fernando ranch, the vegetables came fresh from the garden, the fruit and nuts from her own trees. Louise has gone bucolic in a big way, and there is not another actress who knows more about food and how to put it together. A knowledge, by the way, which is no longer scorned. It is rapidly gaining a place among the major arts, and you ought to hear some of the more glamorous gals get together and brag about their cooking!

**IMAGINE Madge Evans irritation to find herself in London on her recent trip, with twelve pairs of slacks which took up quite a lot of room in her duffle-bag, only to find out she couldn’t wear them. Some kind of a law or something. And, aren’t slacks again! Luise Rainer’s mama has taken up a firm stand against them.

(Continued on page 98)
The 2 Influences in Her Life

Continued from page 26

I went to Paramount to get an interview with Glady's Swarthout. I was accompanied by the usual fear and trembling, the usual despair that I could never say or do anything right. It had been one before Hollywood caught up with her. What was even worse, she was not working in just one picture. She was struggling along in two. For she had already started work on "Give Us This Night" with Jan Kiepura when Paramount decided to make some added scenes for "Rose of the Rancho." All in all, there was enough chance for an interview to seem remote.

Before I knew what was happening I was out on Stage 10. I was talking to Gladys Swarthout in her private dressing room. She was just beginning to sing the magnificent song that would ring out the last act.

Yes, her movie career is further complicated by the fact that she has a twin sister, Roma, who is also appearing in pictures. She is the lank, blue-eyed Roma, some of he time she masquerades as Don Carlos, the bandit leader. This happened to be one of those times.

During the action of the scene I saw her eyes stray occasionally to a figure en-cased in brown tweeds standing on the side lines. This was Frank Chapman, husband of Gladys Swarthout and Influence Number One in her private and public careers at this time. Very much like an animated metrophone, he swayed vacantly in the dusty melody that she was singing. He used his snarling pipe as a baton. While she sang for the camera he sang silently for her, helping her with the tempo of the number. The scene ended, the Swarthout eyes so eloquently shadowy returned to Frank seeking his reaction. He smiled, nodded, stuck his pipe back in his mouth.

Such a ritual is a familiar sight on any set where the Swarthout is at work. She relies on her husband for advice and criticism. And he, in order to help her with her new career, the movies, has put his own work aside temporarily. He, too, is a concert and opera singer by training and has had offers of his own for picture work.

If I had entertained any thought that Glady's Swarthout might not be quite sure of her own identity as a result of her being involved in two pictures and three parts all at the same time, I abandoned the idea as soon as I met her. She knows exactly who she is and what she is doing. Her every movement, her slightest gesture is as definite as it is graceful. Her ready, flashing smile is warm enough to thaw the jaded, chilly soul of any studio gate man. Incidentally, when she shakes your hand she means it. Her grip is as firm and muscular as that of a professional tennis queen.

As I watched her refresh her makeup with a sure, practical touch it occurred to me that here was a person who would give compact to the old dictum that an intuitive understanding of the female is essential to any plane of her. As she looked up from her make-up box I was therefore prepared.

"SCREENLAND wants to know all about the two influences that have helped you along with your career," I blurted.

She leaned forward eagerly in her can-vas chair. Her eyes grew even darker with the seriousness of the thought about to be expressed. After a moment's concentration she said, "Yes, there have been two influences. First it was my sister, then my husband—now, of course, it is my first husband, then my sister. They are two of the most generous, self-sacrificing people in all the world!"

Her glance traveled up to the athletic form of Frank Chapman. He was now standing on top of a "prop" rock talking with the director and gesticulating with his pipe. A Princeton graduate, an athlete, the possessor of a solid, definite personality. No one is likely to call him Mr. Swarthout—and get away with it! But he deserves still further mention. Not only is he an outstanding baritone; he is also outstanding as a cherub-upper of pipe stems. He chews his way through them as easily and as speedily as a beaver might gnaw through an oak.

The slight pause occasioned by the upward glance of my interviewee ended. She continued in her throaty, modulated voice: "Indeed I don't know what I should have done in these hectic months out here in Hollywood without Frank. This seems such a many-sided man to me here I've felt as if I were on a flying trapeze, and sadly lacking in the sustaining poise and assurance of that young man of the song! Without Frank I should certainly have lost my hold and gone spinning off into space.

"Why, I can't understand all these stories about the incompatibility of marriage and career in Hollywood! It seems to me that marriage is most necessary. A husband can be such a marvelous guide, such a balance wheel in his wife's career. Here, more than anywhere, I have felt the need of honest guidance, critical support and dependable frank. No," she added with a quick smile, "that isn't a pun. That's a fact. Frank is just that!"

I was doubtfully fortunate. For I've had the help of two people who are just that. Sometimes when I'm singing here on these sets and trying to keep up on Frank's Frank — and cutting the right tempo I remember the many, many times when my sister used to help me in just the same way. Then I was a little girl—finally very happy to interpret correctly my andante, allegretto, and allegros. And dreaming dreams, of course! Incidentally, they didn't include anything so astonishing as all this! Well, that's the only thing about being a star—your personal, the encouragement, and self-sacrifice that those dreams have come true. She—"

Whatever it was, she couldn't finish. She had just interrupted her consistent director searching her out to summon her back to the cameras. You see, those large, dusky eyes of hers are both ornamental and very useful. They help you to see a trick and do a trick. After looking at them for leaving but assured me that she would return as she rose to the full extent of her five feet four. With a technique that contrasted oddly with her height and form, she daintiness she took a hitch in her trousers and swung the huge black sombrero on her head. Before anyone could scramble for her assistance she had lifted herself effortlessly into her silver-mounted saddle.

As I noted the deft elocuence of her movements it seemed to me that here was a natural, an instinctive showman. That is the quality in Gladys Swarthout which—when even they were children and hardly thinking of the future at all—her sister, Roma, must have recognized and felt compelled to nourish. Anyway, nourish it she did. For it was Roma who set the foundation for Gladys' career at the sacrifice of her own.

Roma was studying music when it was discovered that Gladys, three years younger, had what the teacher termed an "extraordinary voice." Meanwhile the elder sister discarded all thought of a musical career of her own and devoted herself to the task of helping and encouraging Gladys.

"No one has ever had a sister like Roma—at least, that's what I think. More than a sister, she was really my inspired guide." Gladys' expression was serious. Her eyes were sober as she was saying it. The scenes of the past which inspired these sentiments. Yes, she had returned to her haven behind the "prop" rock and had resumed her conversation as if it had never been interrupted.

"Roma was always so marvelously helpful, so patient, so considerate. When it was decided that Gladys would give up the piano she immediately set out to teach me what she had learned of the piano. Being three years older than I, she was already quite accomplished. Later when I was further along she studied voice too. She worked terribly hard, but not for herself. It was always with the idea of helping me. Sometimes it was her to the idea of learning more thought and effort into my career than I did myself."

"And right here I'll have to admit that I always have. And I used to spend a lot of time thinking about the fun I was going to have at that dance next week, or planning some means
of eluding the family and meeting that young man after I was through singing at the church social. Or wondering what I could do to make that dress look just a little different for some party or other! I'm afraid that my belief in the theory that 'all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl' wasn't shared by my parents. But Roma was always there, making excuses, taking my side. She took my side even though she wasn't as much interested in adventure as I was.

"Of course, she has always been the soul of the family, the real student. Her grasp of musical technique was more secure, more fundamental than mine.

"But even more important than all that was the feeling of confidence it gave me to know that Roma believed in me. It did more than chase away the blues—those moments of hopeless melancholy that everyone gets who is pursuing some artistic goal. Her devotion to my career, to the career she had literally handed over to me when she might have had it herself! That was always a spur to my ambition. I knew that to repay her I would have to justify every hope she had for my success. So I really worked twice as hard as I might have otherwise."

"Finally when I was started my sister married and went to live in Italy. I was terribly busy, of course. Auditions, concerts, radio and then—opera! It was rather a mad whirl and there were many moments when I felt quite lost. Quite like a puzzle that has just been spilled, hither-thither from its box! I was very much in need of some one to whom I could turn for a bit of honest advice, for some sincere and unbiased criticism. I needed camaraderie—love.

"Well, I found even that. There he stands!" She leaned back in her chair and waved proudly in the direction of a cloud of pipe smoke which was Frank Chapman. She grinned. "You see how outrageously lucky I've been?"

She has been fortunate, of course. Usually genius has to struggle forward alone. A great talent has a way of inspiring envy and hatred in others. If it's painting, other artists are delighted to pronounce your masterpiece a hopeless smear. If it's writing, bookworms gnaw continously at your ink-stained soul. Great actors spend half their time extracting from their quivering gobs the harps tossed by outraged rivals. Singers seldom find a life a lifting melody. Her career among the grace notes is frequently a process of hurling the discordant jibes of others.

In spite of all this, one still shines with stellar radiance the light is likely to be as chill and forbidding as it is bright. But here is Gladys Swarthout! Perhaps she's the exception that proves the rule. Perhaps it is because she straggles up the ladder of fame has not been lone-some that she shines with a light as warm and friendly as it is steady and sure. She's her own. She admits it! She admits to admit that there are been two people who have assisted her inmeasurably, Roma and Frank—two people who are the most unselfish, the most considerate in all the world, she thinks.

But no matter how convincingly she puts it, no matter how earnestly she pleas, no matter how about the dark insinuation of her glance—it hasn't all been luck! It hasn't all been due to the beneficial, the happy influence that her sister and her husband had upon her. After all, she is the sole owner of a rich and interesting personality. A lovely voice. A beauty that presages a new deal for the opera-going public. A graciousness that has all Hollywood standing on its ear!
Ginger Herself

Continued from page 21

the reserve that any person of taste maintains toward a stranger. But as you talk to her, you're likely to see flickering up from the depths of her gray-green eyes a gleam of fun that may presently translate itself into speech. As when she turned to me, the barest hint of a smile lifting the corners of her mouth, and inquired gravely: "You remember those question-and-answer games children play in school? What's your favorite color and your favorite flower and your favorite movie actor? I always hated answering those questions. I could never decide whether blue was my favorite color or green, or whether I liked Harold Lloyd better than Charlie Chaplin. So there I'd sit, gnawing my pencil and wondering who invented the darn game, anyway. Maybe," she said, her smile widening a little, "maybe I've carried that feeling over from my childhood. Maybe that's why I'm not much good at interviews."

We were in her dressing-room now, but don't imagine that Ginger was resting. The wardrobe woman, the hairdresser, the maid were moving back and forth. There were trousers to be pressed, slippers to be fitted, curts to be arranged, make-up to be repaired. But despite the activity, there was no sense of strain or bustle; no fluttering, no fidgeting, no impatience. Ginger sat before the mirror, applying paint to her lips with deft, sure strokes, turning her head this way and that for the hairdresser's convenience, making occasional requests for what she needed, and answering questions meantime with more pertinence and good humor than I could have achieved in the cosy relaxation of a boudoir.

"You know," she said, "I sometimes think I'd like to take a nice little vacation—digging mines, for instance. I can't help laughing—with a tear in my eye—when people say: 'What fun it must be to dance for a living!' Well, if you call it fun to rehearse eight hours a day for five or six weeks while your hair gets wet and your make-up runs—to get so tired that you feel it's asking too much of your legs to drag you to bed, and still to go on dancing—all right, then, it's fun. Just about as much fun," she said, eyeing me speculatively, "as it would be for you, if some- one put you in a hotbox with a typewriter and told you: 'Now write a lovely story.' I'll tell you something nice, though. Her eyes were flickering again, though her mouth remained sober. "We get a whole hour for lunch! "I love dancing, of course," she went on, "when I can just dance. But I don't get much time for that. Between pictures? Well, there hasn't been much between-pictures for me lately. When we're not rehearsing, there are fittings and stills—and interviews." This with a smile that revealed any string of reproach. She might also have added, though she didn't, that there were tests to be made with Harriet Hilliard. When Miss Hilliard was cast as Ginger's sister in "Follow the Fleet," Ginger insisted, despite the navy program, on making the tests with her—"because it will be easier for Harriet to work with someone who knows the ropes."

"I even had to ask some of the stores to stay open at night," she was saying, "so I could buy my winter wardrobe. And now that I've got it, there it hangs! Of course I can always get a kick out of opening the closets and taking a look at the clothes. And who knows? I may even get a chance to wear one or two of them before they go out of style." Her voice was tranquil, unruffled, unforced. She was analyzing, not complaining. You got the impression that she would indeed, like any girl, come the chance of using her pretty things. But if the chance didn't come—well, that was that—and where was the sense in making a fuss?

It's this quality which seems to be her distinguishing mark—an acceptance of what fate brings, an unexacting attitude toward life, an instinct against combat, wherein lies perhaps the source of her serenity. Even as a child, she didn't ask for things.

While all her friends in Fort Worth went scooting around on bicycles, Ginger was apparently content to go afoot. For all you heard from her, you might have thought that no such thing as a bicycle existed. And when she entered the dressing-room one morning, to discover a shining new bike against the wall, instead of flickering herself with squeals of delight on the toy, as most children would have done, she flung herself on her stepfather and burst into tears, moved more by the love that had prompted the gift than by the gift itself.

On another occasion, unaware that Ginger was behind him, her stepfather entered the car and started closing the door. "Daddy," said a still small voice through the window, "please open the door." A glance at the white face told him what had happened even before he opened the door in desperate haste and released her poor crushed fingers. He was beside himself with horror. "It's all right, daddy," she said, clambering into the car. "It's all right. Let's go."

"You see," she confided later to her mother, "he felt so dreadful. I didn't want to make him feel any dreadfuller."

She was a self-contained child, serious, dependable, aware at an early age of her responsibilities. She was only seven when her mother found it necessary to send her alone from New York to her grandmother in Kansas City. Putting Ginger on the train, she wired a friend to meet the youngster in Chicago, where she would have to change. The friend was late. A frantic hunt for Ginger ended in the station restaurant, where she was discovered perched on a stool, eating her dinner. "Thank you for coming, Aunt Neil," she said politely. "Won't you have dinner with me?"

She knew that when you visited people, you brought them gifts. Hardly had she stepped off the train into her grandmother's arms before she began explaining anxious-
ly: "I looked for something in Chicago to bring you, Grammy, and I saw a very pretty darning basket, but it cost eight dollars. And I began thinking how many stockings eight dollars would buy. So here, Grammy—" she thrust a moist, crumpled bill into the other's hand—"there's a dollar and you go buy what you want."

Not the sort of child, was she, you'd expect to see grow into a singing, dancing star of stage and screen? But the girl of today is that sensitive child grown up, while the romp of the films is an actress's disguise.

Ginger herself never expected to sing and dance for a living. "I was lacking in ambition of any kind," she said with rare self-knowledge. "I marvel when I talk to the children of today. They all have ideas about what they intend to do. I had none. I was just enjoying myself. I danced for my family's amusement and amazement, and that was all. Then I entered a Charleston contest, because all the other neighborhood kids were entering, and they said I was a good Charleston dancer. And I won. The prize was four weeks in vaudeville, and it went so well that I just kept on. Sheer inertia, I guess—although she had everything I lacked—foresight, determination. I had nothing but an inferiority complex, while she had a complex or whatever you like to call it that overrode mine. I was always willing to let the tide carry me—still am. She fought upstream. When I said: 'I can't,' she said, 'You can'—and I did. And I'm grateful."

"It was mother who was forever telling me I'd eventually be in pictures, and I'd scoff. Why? Well, it's obvious, isn't it? I knew I wasn't the pretty one. I knew I wasn't any of the things that the movie industry calls glamorous or dramatic. I'd made several tests, but it always ended there, and I wasn't surprised. What did surprise me was to go to play Puff Randolph in 'Young Man of Manhattan.' And what surprised me still more was suddenly finding myself with a five-year contract in my hand."

"I didn't come in as a dancer, you know, and I didn't advertise the fact that I was one, because I had no particular yearning to dance on the screen. Dancers, I thought, don't last very long in the films, and I wasn't especially interested in fading right out when I saw that comedians and dramatic players could go on for years. So I was kind of happy that they didn't know I could dance. But," she added, carefully penciling a line along the edge of her upper lip, "they found out somehow. And here I am.

"Please," she said, wholly serious for a moment, "because I'm telling you all this, don't run away with the idea that I don't enjoy my dancing roles. I do. And I love working with Fred. Who wouldn't? But I'm glad to be doing comedies in between. And some day—if I don't have to tighten it too hard," she qualified with a comical tilt of her brows, "I want to do a straight serious role. In fact, I've got it all picked out, but I'm not telling, because you'd probably give me the horse laugh, and the old gag about the clown playing Hamlet. Just the same, the demure little smile hovered a moment, "you can't really tell about the clown till you've tried him out.

"There." She was ready now—curls and lips, trousers and stock and little tight jacket. With the tip of her finger, she dabbed at one of her eyes that had been bothering her.

"Must be the lights, Miss Ginger," said the maid anxiously. "'No,' replied Ginger, all lightness again, her secret hope tucked back where it belonged. "Just a sorry eye. One side of my eyes, I guess."

I watched her again as she joined Astaire on the set, as the "play-back" blared, as she whirled, smiling, into the maze of the dance—a figure of airy grace, casual, breezy, ultra-modern, with all the pep and exuberance her name implies and never a thought that lay beyond the moment—the Ginger I knew on the screen.

But behind her I saw, and shall always see, another figure—that of an old-fashioned little girl who worried at seven about a gift for her grandmama, and set her teeth hard over an agonizing pain because she didn't want to make someone she loved feel "dreadfuller."

**Is Hollywood Going Hayseed?**

**Continued from page 31**

Hollywood folk. It will be near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Joel has sixty-five hundred acres of mountain land optioned and he intends to work some of his cattle and ready to receive paying visitors next summer. There will be deer and bear to shoot, trout to catch, and cowboys to add color to living amidst the pines.

Our active list emphatically includes Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. They have sunk their picture earnings in a forty-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. This is just across the hills from Hollywood, an easy run from town. They personally pick and sack a generous share of living amidst the pines, and cow. In fact, Ann pulled the same stunt as Frances Dee McGee. She hired the itinerant milkman who "services" them to teach her to milk. Which job she undertakes more frequently than you'd suppose?

Ann's study of bacteriology continues out there, and her knowledge of botany is coming into practical use at last. The Fentons have a greenhouse in which she tries her skill at nursing rare plants. Once nath about travel, they now hate to leave their ranch. They live in what was intended to be a guest-house. When they found they were having so much fun without importing company they shoved out a few walls and called it their little nest.

Paul Muni is right across the road on a ten-acre walnut ranch. The main idea with him is to have a quiet residence in a bit of pleasant rural atmosphere. He has his study, an ex-set dressing-room, parked out beneath the trees.

Louise Fazenda is more energetic. She's on a walnut grove twice the size of Muni's, and she bosses all the details. The expensive Spanish farmhouse she is completing is beautifully furnished with the fine furniture she has long been collecting. But she knows her walnuts as well as her antiques.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are being publicized as farm-dwellers. They have taken a crack at it in the way that appeals to most movie stars. First they lavishly remodelled the house, their ten acres of oranges being chiefly landscape. Al asserts that he'll be jubilant if they come out even. The one thing he demands is enough fruit and flowers so he can pick a basketful for a sick friend—at a moment's notice!

There isn't a busier actor in Hollywood than Edward Everett Horton, who resides near Al and Ruby on an eight-acre plot. When he put down his hard-earned cash they told him very particularly that he could grow anything but cherrie. That was a red flag. Mr. Horton promptly planted hundreds of cherry trees. After half-a-dozen years they're quite large,
only they don't bear a bit of fruit. He's also been continually adding onto his home and another wing has been going up this winter.

A tractor and a plow are Warren William's prize possessions. His five acres are in adjacent rolling foothills. When an industrous mood overwhelms Warren he goes out to the property and moves in swimming pool set-up a jaded glance and lies for “the back forty.” There, arranged in regular overall, he plows like mad. He's even invented a stone-catcher; it's hitched onto the tractor to keep his land ultra-neat. But being so meticulous hardly ranks him as a real farmer.

Paul Kelly expects to be one, though. He went for a drive recently with a wily real estate agent and ended up with thirty-five acres of barren property. Now a California-Spanish farmhouse is going up on it and Mrs. Kelly plans to move out to pioneer this spring. Paul fancies he'll sell fruit. The unique feature in his plans, however, is the private slaughter-house he'll erect. He says he'll raise pigs and kill and store them. He seems he's doing this for himself on account of his never in his life had enough ham!

The only other two stars actually engaged in combining a touch of ranching with their private home-life are Charlie Ruggles and Wally Ford, both go in for chickens. It's Charlie's dream to have ten thousand layers laying daily. Meanwhile, he gets enough eggs to take into a Hollywood market to swap for his supplies. Wally concentrates on broilers and prize samples roam his half-dozen acres.

A few of the players have farms as investments, and occasionally sojourn at their mansion-houses.

The once so-secret Richard Dix hide-away has materialized as a big chicken ranch in the Malibu Hills. Edmund Lowe prefers grapes for his fifteen hundred acres near San Jose. Warner Oland has a fruit set-up near Ventura, an island off the coast of Mexico where he breeds Brahman steers, in lieu of Connecticut.

Retiring to dignified New England farms is the ultimate goal for Robert Montgomery, Joan Bennett, and Miriam Hopkins. Caretakers hold down the historic old houses which they are slowly filling with valuable antiques. As yet the soil hasn't been tackled, nor farm machinery bought. When Ramon Novarro purchased twelve thousand acres at Durango, Mexico, the story spread that he was retiring to his native town. No so! Ramon has informed me that he merely made the buy to aid relatives who couldn't meet the mortgage. And he isn't quitting acting any time soon.

Irene Dunne has sixty acres up in Maine, which she wonders what to do with. And Kay Francis did possess a rural haven in Massachusetts. She lost it along with hubby Ken McKenna. I mustn't forget Alison Skipworth's chicken plot on Long Island, either. Skippy bought it decades ago and has never got around to retiring to it.

Away over in jolly England Mary Ellis has a terribly well-groomed farm. The Vegetables of this sire win prizes! And she has just added Bo the swimming pool—to give the neighbors something really to gossip about on the party wires.

That's the truth about these back-to-the-farm storks. Aside from these particular ranch experimenters, the rest of the movie stars are still city slickers!

“Harlequinade.” She holds court in her Beverly Hills home, just as she does in London and New York, usually sitting up in bed with a cup of tea in one hand and a Pekinese in the other, and all sorts of actors, actresses, writers, director-playwrights, poets—engaged in noble conversation of which she is the ring-leader. An indomitable party, the Collier, her mind keen as a rapier and engaged in a variety of intellectual pursuits. Perhaps you noticed, when you saw “Peter Ibbetston,” the adaptation is credited to one Constance Collier.

Miss Collier has the nearest approach to a salon in the town, and if you engage in a dull conversation in her house, it is your own fault.

Important writers are now attracted to Hollywood who never before took pictures seriously. They come out to work, and they have definite and constructive ideas for the screen. No longer are they ashamed of the idea. They do not think it is all madness and champagne any more. The place that used to be full of play is now a work-shop, and the hi-hat intellectuals have come to regard it as a medium that demands their best work.

The group that held out the longest includes Marc Connelly, George Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Eugene O'Neill, DICK MILLER, Bob Benchley.

The group that has the most fun and makes Harry Ruby's house a headquarter for horse operas, George O'Henley, Hecht and McArthur when in Hollywood, scribe Jim McGuiness, Comic Sid Silvers, Benchley, Connelly, Kaufman, Irving Berlin, and a host of others. Let us talk of A. Miller, (on ladies' day) and; when actors are allowed, Groucho and Harpo Marx. This bunch could be called the Thirteenth Square Boys in Hollywood. They are a club with no by-laws, and Harry's house is elected because he is the only bona fide bachelor among them. (A bachelor in Harry's house is a man paying alimony to only two wives.) The married men are all jealous of him, the widow and maidens are all trying to marry him, (at least re-decorate his house), which makes it quite an amusing rendezvous at all times. The club meets almost every night to converse, to hear Gilbert and Sullivan records, to play mad imaginative jokes on each other.

Harry Ruby writes gags for the Marx brothers, Wheeler and Woolsey, and Joe E. Brown, composes popular songs, is a baseball nut and has a great collection of books on baseball. On the other hand, he has a superb collection of firsts in great English literature, and Jack London's original manuscript of “The Princess,” one of London's forgotten rarities. A gentleman of contrasts, Mr. Ruby.

Ed Sedgwick, rough-and-tumble director and ex-Texas Ranger, has the largest collection of books and literature on the World War, except that in Stanford University. Ed has also the most comprehensive collection of dime novels in existence. (If you have any old "Diamond Dick's" in an attick trunk, get 'em out. They're worth dough.)

Have you heard of Robert Montgomery's Max Peerbohm collection? He has the majority of original dippens, scripts, and first editions of this writer-caricaturist. The high spot of Bob's European trip was his visit at the Peerbohm home in London, where he purchased the original manuscript of "Zuleika Dobson." I don't know what he paid for it, but a dealer in collectors' items once told me it would be cheap at sixty-five dollars.

Edgar Allen Woolf collects cook books and has hundreds of them. Eddie Horton has a passion for them, too, and not only collects but uses them. (So does Woolf, and it is one of the things he cultivates.) Eddie is a cordon bleu in the kitchen, can run you up a Crepe Suzette in no time at all. Cooking, in case you think it is merely an oddity, is regarded in our Hollywood as an intellectual endeavor when approached with enthusiasm and research.

Edward G. Robinson is a patron of the arts in no merely ostentatious manner. He knows. Grant Woods' "Daughters of the Revolution," the painting by a ranking American that aroused much controversy, hangs in the Robinsons' drawing room. Robinson has representative modern French—Matisse, Picasso, Derain. He has every Van Gogh, several priceless museum pieces by Vincent Van Gogh, who realized during his short tragic life, exactly one hundred dollars from all his works. Now espionage, one of the elusive things, has got hold of it's worth many thousands. Each visiting celebrity who paints or sculpts, heads straight for the Robinson home, where he is assured of a warm reception, even bed and board, as long as he cares to stay.

The Warner Olands belong in the upper bracket of Hollywood intellectuals. Mrs. Oland's class Edith, Edward A.'s beautiful painter, a painter of great distinction. The Olands show cinema society, so-called, and flourish in a small select group of friends, most of whom are interested in the arts. They were the first translators of Strindberg, and produced several of his plays some years ago. Their friends include the Diego Riversas, whom they visit in Mexico, and they have an interesting collection of Rivera. Another painter in whom they are interested is Modigliani, and interest-
Iging examples of his work hang on the walls of their enchanting beach house in Carpenteria. Warner paints the loveliest little sunlit landscapes, like poems. Both of the Olands are brilliant scholarly persons with a fine appreciation for the art of living. At intervals, they jaunt over Europe, leaving two big cars in the garage, taking a Ford. They entertain rarely, preferring to invite a few friends at a time to their truly epicurean dinners, which are an experience one remembers always. I think for genuine sophisticates, in the true sense of the word, the Olands belong at the head of the class.

Jean Harlow wrote a book. She put it away for two months to cool, went back and read it then, was her own critic, and decided it was terrible. She is rewriting parts entirely, but some day you may see it.

It is a trite difficult to think of the Marx Brothers as high-brows, but I am afraid it has come to that. They study international politics and relations, until they speak with authority. Chico is a piano student, Harpo is good enough on the harp to have been invited by the great conductor, Otto Klemperer, to play a solo part in a symphony concert. All of them collect first printings of new books by experts; and when they buy a book, it has to be a first edition in the dust jacket. Chico is acknowledged to be the best bridge player in the village, and plays for dollars.

Hugh Walpole is forming an extensive collection of Americana which he intends to give to a British Museum. He is especially fond of Herman Melville firsts, and the New England poets; he has a huge collection of books published in the 1890's.

Jean Harlow bids at every sale of the American Art Association in the Anderson Galleries, in New York, for first editions. He is a cautious and contemplative buyer, never improvident as we imagine collectors to be. Jean bids purposely low, figuring if he gets one item out of every sale, he is doing well. Hershot has a fortune in books, many of them Dickens firsts, and prefers to invest his money that way. He and Walpole are bosom companions.

Sid Silvers, (the funny man in "Broadway Melody," who wore the girl's clothes), collects Ring Lardner, and is determined to assemble the best collection extant. Speaking of Sid, I have to pause and relate an amusing dialogue between Sid and Harry Ruby which I overheard in the M-G-M commissary the other day. (Sid, who used to stooge for Phil Baker, and get paid for it, now stooges for Harry, writes.) They passed by a huge baked ham on a side-table. "Who is that?" asked Harry, dead-pan, walking by. "John Barrymore," answered Sid, who knows all the answers.

Charles Chaplin's home has practically become Athens on the Hill, in Beverly. He entertains all the psychologists and philosophers. No great thinkers arrive who are not invited to the Chaplin estate, and Charley discusses learnedly with them, too.

Frank Capra, director of "It Happened One Night," owns a first edition of the "Decameron," a little item which set him back not more than eight or ten thousand dollars. He also has one of the most discriminating assortments of firsts in great English literature.

Joan Crawford is an omnivorous reader of modern literature, reading everything printed as fast as it comes out, but is not particularly discriminating in her choice. Joan has changed greatly in the past five years from the dancing daughter to the cultured lady. In place of Bing Crosby records she now plays the Beethoven Fifth, and has developed, in a phenomenally short time, the appearance of discrimination.

Nelson Eddy can be relied upon to entertain a roomful of guests more expertly than perhaps any other singer in town. He has a routine of his own invention which puts them in stitches. You may not know that Nelson is a self-educated young man. He did not even get through high-school. But it would take some sitting up nights to think of a subject to stump him. Nelson is now studying banking and history. He has given all the religions and philosophies a good going over. Earlier in his career, he took seven correspondence school courses.

Claudette Colbert goes in for fine bindings of various periods, and has a passion for sets of books by various authors. Her new house should rank high among the genuinely fine dwellings, since it is being architectured by Lloyd Wright, foremost architect and son of the celebrated Frank Lloyd Wright.

Besides Joseph von Sternberg's really magnificient collection of modern art and sculpture, (the expensive Brancusi in the country), Joe should go down in history for having the largest collection of self-portraits ever assembled.

Jean Harlow is coming out of Hollywood's"psychological" period. He is certainly giving Hollywood a cultural fame, there is, in our midst, a distinguished gentleman named Walter Arensburg who is known to few in the colony but whose fame has extended to far parts of the earth. He has a houseful of magnificient paintings, drawings, and sculpture, many of the modernists, including Brancusi, have signed his guest book. Walter Arensburg collected long before the current rage. Some of his items, ("Nude Descending the Stairs," by Duchamps, for instance), were borrowed by the Chicago Exposition for their art gallery. Aside from this interest, the quiet and amazing Mr. Arensburg is the world's greatest authority on the Baconian Theory, with five stenographers working all the time at top speed on his ideas. His library of data and reference books and Shakespeare is perhaps the most extensive.

All this goes on in Hollywood, my little dears, the land of wiscrackers and dummells. Clonk up some time and go over the Einstein Relativity idea—we'll give you a good run for your money and get it all straightened out for you.

It Happens in Manhattan

Continued from page 59

Whenever they get a breather from the scenes that flourish and bloom under the kindly California sun, and those two famous radio J's mentioned up there—Jane and James, the girl and boy who made "She Done Him dirty"—did declare and affirm, to me at least, that they were glad to be back in town.

Ever since Jimmy Melton was declared "hot" as a film personage on the strength of his work in "Stars Over Broadway," this typewriter seems to hum a little tune whenever it's called on to click out his name. It's rather a humdrum boast, even of his name. Jimmy Melton is, after all, the old familiar yawn-inducer, "I told you so." Maybe it's a machine with a memory, (what could be a P.E.F.?), that coped out the lines which duly found their way into the pages of Screenland for last October under the guise of a creative but not so forthright prophecy that Jimmy Melton was ''the cheap hit." It is the writer's odds, to score on the screen.

As a collaborator in this daring piece of prediction, I was almost—but surely not quite—jittery as Jimmy Melton himself when we two held conversation in an apartment at Mr. Melton's club, the afternoon before the premiere of "Stars Over Broadway."

Of course you know that, with the possible exception of interviewing the condemned who is soon to order that "fat heart meal," there is no place like the presence of a film star about to have his picture get one of those premieres, where the conversation will seem as manufactured as the tunes whistled by greasy-yard passersby. Melton was a surprise in this respect. Oh, he was plenty nervous. But everything was under control, and that happy and confident manner of his was turned on full whenever he talked about anything but the impending premiere.

James Melton got the nickname of "Squirt" around right streets, because he's six feet two in his socks. He needed all of the space afforded by a big divan on which he sprawled to stretch out and relax as if he was a crooked, and avowed that, much as pictures would mean to him if he made good, he would never quit radio.

A subject of conversation he seemed to be interested in explaining why he was feeling pretty wobbly about his career that time I saw him for a Screenland interview about a year ago. "Success came too easy," he said. "When I started in radio most anybody with a pleasing natural voice could shoot right up to the top. But when there started all those great artists on the air, it was a case of working up to that standard or passing out. Well, I was never afraid of work, and I did work, and was around when I was before. But then it seemed to me I was
just going along, not progressing, and about a year ago I wondered if I wasn't just marking time. Then things swung into high again with my present radio contract, and if this picture works out right, everything will be swell.

I had to agree with that, things do seem to be sitting nice and pretty for him.

As an expression of how he really felt at the time—what was on his mind—Melton asked if there was a stage door at the Strand. He figured he might be wise to go in that way, "so I'll know how to get out if the audience thinks me pretty sour on the screen." As a matter of record, Melton went in the main entrance, top hat, white tie and tails, and he came out with applause ringing in his ears.

And Jane Froman! There's a girl for you to watch in pictures. She was not very prominent in the story of "Stars Over Broadway." But there was plenty there to prove that this songbird has something to engage the ears and eyes of the picture-goers. Moreover, there was enough to make Warners snap up her option, just as they did James Melton's, after seeing "Stars Over Broadway." Meeting Jane Froman in person was a new experience when I called at the hotel apartment occupied by Jane and her husband, Donald Ross, singer, actor, radio announcer—and if you look sharp you'll see him as a film actor in "Broadway Hostess." And let me say that when "Pop and Mom," (which, help me, is what Jane and Donald call each other), open the door and invite you in, you're in! For theirs is quite the most informal and stimulating cordiality one can sample in this business of nosying about for a close-up of the people who are in pictures.

There was talk. Oh, lots of it. But chiefly this interviewer was a spectator; a watcher with a fascinated gaze, simply ogled the slight girl in the red velvet frock with a black tie knotted into a bow at the collar of her blouse; and whose expressive hands, perfectly drawn features, and softly glowing coloring—dark hair, violet blue eyes, pale skin—were so very kind to the eyes. Said she: "I don't see how one can be egotistical after seeing herself on the screen. Of all the flattering experiences!"

The text there now seems anything but different—many and many a star, secure in her knowledge of an established position of eminence, has said precisely that. But uncommon indeed was the sheer, and shining, and completely honest declaration the words expressed.

Jane Froman is one of the most refreshingly natural persons you ever met. A large statement that—but we'll let it stand, it's our story, and we don't feel we'll ever be stuck with it.

Before doing the picture, her stage experience consisted of appearances at the large picture theatres around the country, and the Broadway run of the Ziegfeld Donald were planning. The trip came off, as things later turned out. But back to Hollywood. The agents called on the 'phone, and Jane and Donald said "no, we aren't interested in pictures." The more indifferent they were, the more persistent became the agents. The upshot was that Jane took a test at the Warner lot. She was hired. Donald was hired. So the moral seems to be: don't be too eager and you'll get the job.

I was getting my first close-up of a man who had written some biographies and is rightly considered one of the most prominent of modern authors, when I watched the stocky, very well-groomed fellow in the dark blue suit with fine white stripes running up and down it. And after the blue carpet of a movie executive's office with a springy step that seemed to give the lie to biographies which date the birth of H. G. Wells, in New York for a brief pause in his trip to Hollywood from London, where he had recently taken an active part in the engineering of two stories he wrote for the screen, was giving an interview. He was on his way to visit with "my old friend, Charlie Chaplin," and said he wants to turn all he can about pictures in Hollywood.

Wells insisted he is an "amateur" in pictures. But he's no amateur in this business. One of America's foremost writers—Flo Ziegfeld—whenever asked whom he considered the greatest actress, unfailingly, and with emphasis, named the lady who happened to be his current star. Well, that question came up eventually. Like a flash the eminent author who claimed to be a tyro in the field to which he is now devoting all his efforts, answered: "My favorite film actress is Miss Margaretta Scott, who plays the leading role in my picture, 'Things to Come.'"

"Not bad, is it, for an "amateur" in show business?"

One big advantage Manhattan seems to have as a playground for the picture stars is that, if they want to wander about as one of the crowd, it's mighty possible to do so. Of course, if the news gets out they are to be at a certain place there are plenty of fans. But Manhattanites have to know where, and here's a little street scene that proves it.

About sixty paces east of SCREENLAND's office the mid-day crowd swarms all over the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue as they huddle in a black town car driven by a broad-faced Jap pulls up at the curb. Of course, the letters and numerals "ZM 814" in white on the front of the car, and the ground of the car tags is no ordinary clue, and the monogram in the door of the car, tracing in delicate lines the initials "LP" is too incomprehensible to be noticed by any but the most observing. However, when the door does open forth a petite and very chic lady, a close-fitting blue felt set atop a mass of bronze-gold waves that ripple to the collar line of her dripping coat, the initials of special distinction about this lady. And one glance at her being, an armful of fur pieces, walked casually to the entrance of a swank furrier's, should have induced a second look. That second look was enough to tell any autograph collector that here was a chance to hail and imporium both, that opera star and film star, Lily Pons.

And among other impressions that stick is how much ranging conviction Betty Furness can put in a line when she confided as she fluttered from one party to take in another, that she'd "be here another week—I wish it were to month."

And we'll bet that many a young man of Manhattan was at that very moment wishing precisely the same thing,
Friend for quite some time. Cheer up—you'll be cured by Valentine's Day, because glamorous Loy is on her way with a whole load of flattery.

As everybody knows who reads the newspapers, last spring Myrna and her studio had a little contract trouble. Myrna wouldn't sign, and the studio couldn't sign. But that was before that (!), and Metro held a contract that called for a certain salary, and there was a deadlock; and so Myrna just upped and went to New York and Europe on that vacation she had been promising herself ever since she left Helena, Montana, to become a movie star. She took the plane out of Hollywood that followed the plane that crashed in Missouri, and if that isn't nerve I'll eat my hat—but when I said, as much to Myrna as she simply shrugged her shoulders and said, "That wasn't nerve. Remember lightning never strikes twice in the same place!" Anyway, I was so glad to get away from Hollywood and pictures just then that I would probably have taken a sky rocket if anyone had suggested that would be the speediest way to New York."

"It was Leland Heyward, Katharine Hepburn's agent, an experienced pilot, who warned Myrna not to take the plane that crashed on account of bad weather conditions." However, Myrna confirmed, "when we were caught in a thunder and lightning storm above Kansas and the plane began to rock I wasn't so sure but what Nature was going to make a lie out of that old bromide."

Myrna had a perfectly elegant time in Europe riding on all the trains and planes that she is supposed to have ridden on in pictures, even the Orient Express, the plane that played such an important part in "Stamboul Quest." And she visited all the towns and cities in which she has played spies, and mystics, and ladies in back home in the Hollywood studios. And it was all a lot of fun, and New York was marvelous except that it was hot, but just the same little Myrna was pretty glad to have her contract difficulties all ironed out and return to work and Mr. William Powell.

"The Whipsaw" and "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Wife Versus Secretary" Myrna is scheduled to do the long-awaited sequel to "The Thin Man," and judging by the enthusiasm with which she spoke of it I'm sure that Myrna is rarin' to go for another "Thin Man." And I'm positive I'm ready for a sequel, aren't you? "The Thin Man" is still my favorite picture.

"In the sequel," Myrna told me, "Bill and I will return to San Francisco where my family lives. My family is very rich and society and hollity toity and they don't care much for my husband and his sense of humor. But Bill doesn't let him get down. There's another murder mystery which he solves in a very amusing manner, it is possible the studio will use the same cast, those New York gangsters will arrive in California, and my family will probably become a playboy and Van Dyke, of course, will direct again."

Me now—I can hardly wait.

"I have been married to Bill Powell in four years, married, " ventured "to the Thin Man" will be the fifth. When I came back from New York and found Bill waiting for me on "The Great Ziegfeld" set last week. He had written me and told me it was so casual and charming about everything, and always so gay and amusing I really couldn't ask for a better screen husband. Do you know I still get hundreds of letters asking me why I don't marry Bill Powell?"

"Well," I said, "why don't you? I think it's a good idea."

At times like that movie stars generally manage to change the subject, and Myrna was no exception. "The height of something or other was reached the other day on the 'Whipsaw' set," she said apropos of nothing, certainly not of marriage. "They had to provide a rooster with a stand-in. It seems that little cock was a professional crower, but he wouldn't crow if he had to stand in the lights too long. So they gave him a stand-in. And I can remember that I was a great big girl before the studio considered me important enough to have a stand-in."

Basil Rathbone puts the hypnotic eye on Aline MacMahon in this dramatic scene for "Kind Lady."

Myrna and Bill Powell are charter members of the best Mutual Admiration Society in Hollywood. You can't talk to Bill more than fifteen minutes before he simply goes into ecstasies over Myrna Loy, and vice versa. But, kiddies, I'm afraid that's all. Myrna is paired off with Arthur Hornblow, Jr., a Paramount producer, who is a nice guy even if he isn't a Bill Powell. The gossip columnists all say there will be a wedding ere the birdies nest again. And despite all rumors to the contrary, Mr. Powell still seems to be head man in Jean Harlow's life. Haven't I told you that you can't believe everything you see in the movies—it's all done with mirrors!

As she started on a second slice of corn beef, swathled in mustard, Miss Loy also started on Spencer Tracy. (Tracy co-stars with her in "Whipsaw."). Spence, it seems, brought out a new side to the Loy. Myrna has never been one to play pranks while making a picture, and she has never gone in for gags à la Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby and Jean Harlow and a lot of other movie stars who do anything for a laugh just to liven up the day. When Myrna finishes a scene before the cameras she usually goes to her dressing room to rest or study her script, or else she returns until she is called back to the set. (Of course when Mr. Powell is in the scene this is different.) Myrna is a very shy person, and this makes her seem rather formal and stand-offish when she really doesn't mean to be. If she doesn't happen to know you very well she isn't going to give an inch. anybody afflicted with shyness knows exactly how that is.

Well, Spencer Tracy was so excited over having Myrna Loy in a picture with him that he could hardly eat his spinach for weeks. "Gee, I'm crazy about that girl," Spence would say to everybody at the studio, and I'm pretty sure he counted the days and even the minutes. At last came the first day of production. Miss Loy and Mr. Tracy said "How do you do?" and Miss Loy retired to her dressing-room. This went on for several days, a week, ten days, and Spence was just about to go nuts. He's a very sensitive man, given to moods, and he couldn't figure out why Myrna didn't come over and swap recipes with him. It began to prey on his mind. Myrna didn't want him in the picture! Yes, that was it. Myrna didn't want him in the picture! Oh, how awful, what should he do? So he went into a mood. In the meantime, Myrna had gotten over her first shyness and began to take notice of the old and ugly Mr. Tracy, who sat in his chair and looking as if he had lost his last friend. "What in the world is the matter with that crazy Irishman?" she said to herself. "He doesn't have a single scene. Why do you think What's wrong?" Myrna took one look at that grand Irish man and burst out laughing. "Of course I like you!" she giggled. "I think you are one of the best actors in Hollywood. I'm just shy, that's all. Why didn't you come over and talk to me?"

Well, with the ice broken "Whipsaw" shot up and set in Hollywood. Spence thought up new pranks every day, and Myrna was right there to join in the fun. One day Spencer complained loudly about the wonderful electric victrola belonging to Jean Harlow that played beautiful numbers continually between scenes of "Riffraff" (which picture, I hear, a Paramount "oh well," said Spence with pseudo hauteur. "I suppose you get the best music only when you play with the most important stars."

A few hours later Myrna's chauffeur arrived on the set carrying the oldest victrola in Hollywood. Quite casually Myrna cranked the thing up and it began to play a cracked record of "The Old Grey Mare, She Ain't What She Used To Be" with a blunt needle.

If she has more pictures to make with Mr. Powell, they will probably go around ringing doorknobs. And she's always been such a dignified girl.

Myrna has gone quite social, too, since her return from New York. I don't mean you'll find her dining at the Alnasca or the Tocadero every night, mercy no, not when she's making three pictures at once; but she has attended quite a few parties, and even on one or two occasions. And this is being quite gay for Myrna, for up to a year ago she was just about as much a study of mystery in Hollywood as Greta Garbo. I hear my hat with Carbo stepping out at the Toc and Myrna going in for pranks and parties, the reclose racket isn't what it used to be. And I'm glad—aren't you?"
Spotlight Cover Contest
1,000 Prizes Awarded

Just Answer Two Questions:
1. Your selection for Spotlight Cover Girl?
2. Why you think she deserves this tribute?

PRESENTING an opportunity for every person interested in pictures and picture stars to assemble a wonderful collection of color portraits of the most glamorous ladies of the films! This new and novel SCREENLAND contest also affords opportunity to give tangible expression to your admiration for your favorite actresses.

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First read the rules carefully. Then fill out the coupon on this page, and send the coupon with a brief letter in which you name your selection for a Spotlight Cover Girl portrait, and tell why you think the favorite you select deserves this honor, for your letter to Spotlight Cover Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

One thousand entrants in this contest this month will receive reproductions of our cover portrait of Miriam Hopkins.

The screen stars naturally are delighted to have the honor place on a SCREENLAND cover. The distinction has added significance since it expresses the wishes of the public, whose opinion is the final word of judgment on their ability as actresses and personalities. To the most eminent star, such a tribute is an encouraging and high compliment.

The public, likewise, through these contests, has opportunity to take an active part in the selection of the stars whose portraits are to be featured in a SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover.

In addition to the portrait on the cover, the Spotlight Girl is also the subject of a special and exclusive story featured in the magazine. Thus you help the star while helping yourself to win a prize you will be proud to possess.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Use coupon printed at left filling out with name of your selection, and your name and address.
2. Write a letter, not more than 100 words, telling why you think the girl you select deserves this distinction.
3. This contest will close at midnight February 3rd.
4. In the event of ties, identical prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions are final. No entries will be returned.
6. Mail entries to: Spotlight Cover Contest Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45 St., New York, N. Y.

Merle Talks About Miriam—and Herself

Continued from page 23

strange to me and I didn't know many people and they didn't seem to want to know me, and when Christmas came around as I remember it, a time in England, you know—I thought I would simply die. I remember that Maurice Chevalier and I had Christmas dinner alone in my kitchen table and I could hardly swallow the turkey I was so choked with sobbing thinking about other Christmases I had had in London. You have no idea what a home-sick girl I was. Well, Miriam sort of scented that I was having a dismal time of it, so she took charge, introduced me to her friends, and assured me that it takes a year for Hollywood to "take." She was right. I like Hollywood so much now that as soon as I am financially able I am going to buy a large ranch here and raise all kinds of animals, but especially dogs. I love dogs. You should see my two Dalmatians. I brought them to the studio one day when they were puppies and they made themselves quite at home on Mr. Goldwyn's rug so I haven't dared to bring them here since.

"When the studio wired me that Miriam would co-star with me in 'These Three' I was on the Atlantic and was so thrilled that I nearly fell over-board. I have great admiration for Miriam as an actress. I have been quite a fan of hers for some time, and am certainly delighted at the opportunity of making a picture with her. She flew to New York and met me at the boat, you know, and with her and David both making a fuss over me I really felt quite the returning actress. She had a cocktail party in my honor at her lovely New York home in Sutton Place, and I don't think I have ever met so many important people at one time. They were all well-known authors, playwrights, decorators, painters, architects, and tops in their professions. Miriam's friends are people who do things—people with ideas—interesting people. Most stars, I have noticed, surround themselves with satellites who bask in the glory of the Great One. But not Miriam. She doesn't mind having friends who are more important than she is.

"Another reason I like Miriam is because she is so frank. There are very few people with whom you can be frank, you know that; and being frank with an actress and hoping to keep her friendship is just about as dangerous as slitting your throat with a razor and hoping to live. But true friendship is based on frankness; that is the only way it can survive. Miriam and I realized that appearing in a picture together would be a great test of our friendship, and we know how difficult it is to be friendly with any rival without the old demon jealousy raising his ugly head—so we talked it over beforehand and definitely promised each other that we would be frank with each other. No sulkings over some unintended slight. No pouting like a couple of children. If either of us hurt the other's feeling we would say so. No moods. No temperamental. I'll have you know that it has worked beautifully. We have both been frank from time to time—oh, and I'm not going to tell you what about and here we are in the midst of the picture and as good friends as ever."

But just to cinch it, and just because she is supersitious, Merle Oberon knocked on wood.

Merle is quite enthusiastic over "These Three"—(Joel McCrea is the third)—and she and Miriam both declare that it is the most beautifully written script they have ever read. (Miss Hellman, take a bow.) They had been making that scene where comes to visit Karen and Martha who are up to their ears in a bit of house-cleaning,
Edna had too many pimples
but not for long

Only a few weeks to the big Stewart dance—and no one asked me yet. Of course I couldn't go if I have all these pimples!

Edna, remember when I had a lot of pimples? I cleared them all up with Fleischmann's Yeast. Try it!

Imagine why Wally won't take Edna to the Stewart dance. It's her terrible skin!

Oh, heavens, if that's all! I'll see her about that... I know what to do for pimples.

Why, hello, Edna! Say I know it's awfully late, but I've just decided to go to the Swank Stewart dance—go with me?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make you feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

Clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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What Leslie Howard Really Thinks of Hollywood

Continued from page 17

fierce fury of nations exhausted itself. The winter sun shot through the drapes beside him as we sat there talking, basking his light brown hair into semi-blondness. Of those years in the trenches he preferred not to speak. What is there to say? He returned to England and his bride, anxious only to ease the horrors of mass brutality. He shared the spirit of union and only resources the dull clerkship. He vowed that he would force his way into the magical whirl of the theatre.

His smile was tender as he remembered...
those initial onslaughts on the moguls in power. He had had to begin humbly, touring the provinces. Radiant, inspiring Ruth went along, and so did their bouncing baby boy, Ronald.

He spread his hands, expressing so much with a gesture of lean, sensitive fingers. "I plugged as best I could. Came prominence in London, and then on Broadway. Came Hollywood." With characteristic sprightliness he grasped a tumbler of water and raised it in a toast. "To Hollywood!" he exclaimed. A trace of a sardonic chuckle flashed and was quickly disappeared. He bent forward.

"Please get this straightened out for me. I have no highbrow condescension toward this place. I merely disagree with a number of its customs. I don't concur with the commandment, for instance, that popularity zooms in direct ratio to sensational personal publicity. People will not pay to see fantastic players in any show. The quality of the picture is what counts. I would rather search for quality than for space in gossip columns.

"Fortunately, I do not have to be a yes-man here. I can fall back on the stage and on English films. When I come to Santa Monica I will be determined in advance. I shun the puppetry.

"This brings me to what I have been endeavoring to explain all this while. I have discovered—no! I feel as though I have crystallized at last. Among my dominant desires, I want to be with my family more. What I suppose you might dub the 'real' things in life appeal most strongly. I have perceived, also, that Hollywood, and the routine of a star here, cannot absorb me. Mind you, no reflections! It is just that I am matured. I am terribly fond of the sunshine one can have here. Too, the splendid equipment of these studios for enhancing one's personality is impressive.

"But the money I might earn by staying in California permanently is an outmoded lure. With the higher income taxes prevailing it's impossible to build up a fortune. So the former philosophy of 'let's take the cash while we can and then we'll be set' is passé. You might as well do what you wish because you can't accumulate a huge reserve fund.

"Then, the superficial glitter I might attain isn't intriguing to me. The exhibitionist urge is wearing thin. I even receive less pleasure from acting itself. It doesn't furnish enough mental exercise. I fancy only a beautiful young woman or an exceptionally handsome young man actually responds to wholesale flattery!"

His earnestness rose to a crescendo. "I want to appear in fewer and 'more quality' pictures. And also: I want to swing into the production end. Already I have an interest in an English company. We will not attempt to turn out dozens of films on a big schedule. Instead, the story will first be chosen, the cast then selected carefully. When one unit is started it will be time to plan another.

"There are so many marvelous tales waiting to be screened. I feel we have only touched the surface. I have been delving into historical periods, into every stirring book and play that promises to evolve into a stimulating show. Not with myself alone in mind, as used to be the case, but for the sake of the drama itself. I have practiced filling the roles.

"In stating that actors ought to try English studios I mean in addition to Hollywood. It will be beneficial both to the actors and to audiences for British films to progress. There will be more good engagements for the players and the healthy competition from abroad will automatically weed out the inferior offerings."

Leslie Howard's headquartering in his

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**ALL RIGHT! WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?**

**SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS!**

**YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST—ABOUT YOUR BREATH!**

"THE DENTIST WHAT IN THUNDER!

**HE TOOK HELEN’S HINT**

**BILL, YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT.**

"I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE TOO."

"RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATE’S FOR ME!"

**AT THE NEXT PARTY**

"DEAR, YOU’RE MUCH TOO POPULAR...I’VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!"

"DON’T BLAME ME, HONEY...BLAME COLGATE’S!

**COLGATE’S SURE IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!**

**NEVER HAD ANY TOOTHPASTE THAT MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN, EITHER!**

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**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

**MAKE** sure you don’t have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth...your gums...your tongue...with Colgate’s. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

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**20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much. 35¢**
A native land is no derogatory decision, as you recognize; it is a natural aftermath of roaming and experimenting. Literally, home is an enchanting estate in the countryside, an hour’s jaunt from London. There he has everything from a polo field to vegetable gardens. It is a heaven-like haven from the activity which regularly surrounds him. Although, for a measure of seclusion, he resides at a quiet hotel when busy in London, and locates likewise whenever he is in New York.

The movies, a current national radio look-up, the legitimate—in work that invigorates, Leslie has stumbled upon stability. The more responsibility he assumes, the more details fall upon his shoulders. He told me of his forthcoming production of “Hamlet” on Broadway. “They have been so grand to me, American theatre-goers, that I want to do my utmost in thanks!” Essaying the title role would be sufficient for the average star. Yet Leslie, for his most ambitious stage effort, has been slaving over the special adaptation necessary; he has schemed out the lighting effects, supervised the designing of the costumes, the painting of the scenery, and the picking of the performers.

A man of his intelligence wouldn’t settle down to standard Hollywood stardom when his scope can be so much wider. He is not only emphatically not guilty of ingratitude to American fans, but on the contrary he estimates them so highly that he is actively in the vanguard of a new crusade for better entertainment. In acquiring personal discernment he has hit upon a cause we will all favor.

When he stood up to bid me goodbye he broke into an embarrassed grin. He was thoroughly surprised with his own frankness. I beamed myself. Had I been bolder I’d have patted him on the back and cried “Bravissimo!” There’s happiness ahead for Leslie Howard now!

A another evidence of Helena Rubinstein’s make-up genius! To her smart, colorful lipsticks she now adds a biological “youth” ingredient. An ingredient which lends the lips a lovely lustre—an eager, youthful gleam, a warm glow and sparkle.

See how young and smooth these lipsticks make your lips—and keep them, even in the coldest weather. No creased, lined lips. No rough, chapped, untouchable lips if you wear Helena Rubinstein’s glamorous lipsticks.

Each Helena Rubinstein lipstick shade is a color masterpiece. Dash- ing Red Poppy, gay Red Geranium, the famous Red Raspberry, and the new Terra Cotta-Light, 1.00, 50c. Rouges to match, 1.00. Flattering, clinging powders, 1.00. NEW Town & Country Make-up Film, the biological beauty foundation which preserves skin moisture, conceals imperfections and keeps your make-up fresh for hours, 1.50.

Ask for these preparations at Helena Rubinstein’s salon or at any smart store.

helena rubinstein
8 East 57th St, New York City
LONDON

Forever Yours
Continued from page 25

much to say beyond agreeing. But then that wasn’t unusual, Karen never had said a great deal and Tom had always filled in every conversational gap.

Columnists, seeing them a deus, didn’t hint any more. The platonic companionship of Tom and Karen had become an old story. The most ardent goops had long since relinquished Tom as a matrimonial bet—he was the perennial bachelor who liked women, but not that much. As for Karen, she was a strange proposition.

“Too cold to fall in love,” a scenario writer said, with a touch of rhetoric, “her air of chill aloofness is borrowed from her native fjords.” The world at large, you see, had forgotten that Karen was French—excepting, always, the wife of the west-coast millionaire who had imported her and who now, on rare occasions, entertained her at tea.

Naturally there were a few torrid rumors. A cameraman went swimming with Karen and was marked for a fortnight by the glare of publicity. Her chauffeur was rumored to be a love-crazed nobleman, and was trailed by a reporter who saw him eating with his knife, at a cheap lunch counter, and lost interest. An impressionable leading man went about in a dither through the length of a picture and didn’t get his contract renewed.

But though there was no one else in either of their lives, and though they were continually seen with each other, Tom and Karen were actually drifting apart. He had his interests—she hers. And hers were growing by leaps and bounds, and his were slowly diminishing. There was a lugubrious dumping of a fat man who was sneaking past in the laughter consciousness of the country. There was a hungry-looking boy, with a sad gaze, who convulsed the picture going public with his pantomime agones. Nor did competition have a quickening effect upon Tom’s comedies—it dulled them, and made him lose zest. He dimissed the blonde with the dimples and the legs (grown put-up at a sand-knee) and hired a slim brunnette, and then a platinum statuette. But it didn’t help much, for Tom had begun to slide ever so slightly while Karen was steadily mounting the rungs of the well-known ladder. She was at the beginning of a vogue, Tom was nearing the end of one.

It was late of an afternoon when Karen drifted into Tom’s studio. The girl at the switchboard automatically rang Tom’s private office and announced her, before she said in a husky little voice—

“You can go right in. He’s with Mr. Feinberg.”

Karen said, “Thanks.” On impulse she turned to the girl, who was as familiar to her—and as impersonal—as a bit of reception hall furniture. “Do you notice anything different about Meester Kildare’s
pictures?” she said. “You’re interested—you work for them. Are they as they were once?”

The girl was a thin little thing. All eyes. A muscle began to twitch, nervously, in the slender column of her throat.

“They’re not as good as when you were with Mr. Kildare,” she told Karen, “but they’ll always be splendid, as far as I’m concerned.”

Karen studied the nervous, small face. She smiled. It was the smile—though she didn’t know it—that had helped make her famous.

“You’re loyal to Meester Kildare, aren’t you?” she said. “Well, so am I. Often do I weep I was back on thees lot.”

The girl at the switchboard said, hurriedly, “I rang Mr. Kildare. He’ll be wondering what’s happened to you.”

So Karen went along the corridor and into the private office. Monte Feinberg was bellowing, as she entered:

“I tell you, you got to think up a flock of new gags!”

Tom Kildare sighed and answered, “There’s nothing new under the sun. Not in pictures.”

Karen, standing in the doorway, stared down at Tom. He glanced up and rose swiftly to his feet.

“Except Karen,” he amended, “she’s new.”

“She’s better than that!” exploded the manager. “But you won’t be better, not much longer—”

Tom interrupted with a shrug.

“It’s on the laps of the gods,” he said. He folded his hands in a comic prayer—

“Send a break to Tom,” he murmured, “make it a different kind of a break. Anything different. So that the hungry fans will get a bellyful of excitement—

**

It was just a moment from that afternoon’s motion picture moment—measured—that the talkies were born. They sprung, full-armed as did a mythical goddess, from the heads of the powers-there-be.

A number of people were worried, but not Tom. To him the talkies were a direct answer to prayer.

I’ve got the world by the tail, now,” he confided to his manager. “Ninety-nine per cent of my competitors are trained to the celluloid and nothing else, but I’ve had stage experience. This voice stuff is going to change—throw a monkey wrench in the works. They’ll have to bring in actors—legitimate actors—and teach ‘em the tricks of the screen. They’ll have to teach the old movie guard to read and memorize and enunciate. They won’t have to teach me—I know the whole bag of screen tricks, and I was an actor before the movies were thought of.”

Monte Feinberg was wildly excited.

“I’m going to give a big dinner,” he said, “for the entire staff. This here is the stuff, Tom.”

Tom agreed, “It’s the stuff, all right.”

He asked, “Will you invite Karen to your party?”

Monte Feinberg turned serious.

“I’m sorry for Karen,” he said, and he was being rarely honest. “That day she came to us—you know!—to get a job, I said she had no conversation and you told me it didn’t count as long as she could make signs. Well, it counts, now.”

Tom answered, “You’re darn tootin’, it does.” He was thinking, “I’ll have to take the kid on and blow her to a flock of private elocution lessons.” It gave him a warm throb of emotion to realize that he could still teach Karen something.

Suddenly, and for the first time, he was conscious of the fact that he and Karen had been meeting, of late, with a gulf—the gulf of her ability to stand alone—between

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Hairdressers were first to discover this remarkable beauty aid—then it took Hollywood by storm...now it is yours—any woman's—right in her own home.

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Admiracion Shampoo Treatment has practically revolutionized hair care methods. It does things the finest soaps cannot possibly do. Because it is a treatment! Don’t think of it as just a wash. It cleans amazingly, yes, with one warm water rinse, leaves your hair soft and fragrant. But also, because it is an oil treatment—it imparts rich highlights you never dreamed of.

Use Admiracion once and see your hair take on those star-bright glints!
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Your lips aren't kissable, if they are rough. Only satin lips are sweet—just ask any man!

Yet some lipsticks treat lips harshly. Some lipsticks actually seem to dry and parch.

The Coty “Sub-Deb” is a new kind of lipstick. It is truly indelible... warm and ardent in color... yet it smooths and softens your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, “Essence of Theobrom.”

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

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

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty “Air Spun” Face Powder!

First action still from “These Three.” The scene shows Miriam Hopkins registering displeasure when she finds Catherine Doucet and Merle Oberon, with Joel McCrea's help, turning their farm house into a girls' school.
ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Margaret J. Just to refresh your memory on birthdays of your favorite stars, here are a few. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She married Irving Thalberg on October 6, 1927. Their son, Irving, Jr., was born August 24, 1930; and now they have a baby daughter, born in June. Katherine Hepburn celebrates her birthday on May 12. Born in 1908. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has auburn hair and green eyes.

Letta F. Of course I will settle your argument about the cast in "Seed" starring John Boles. It was released in 1931. Lois Wilson was John's wife, Peggy Carter, and Genevieve Tobin was Mildred, John's former sweetheart. No, John did not have a singing part but turned in a grand performance in a difficult role. Richard Cromwell played with Marie Dressler in "Emma." Conchita Montenegro as Carmeneta and Nora Lane as Sally Benson were the women in Warner Baxter's life in "The Cisco Kid." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played opposite Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens." Davey Lee and Betty Bronson played with Al Jolson in both "Sonny Boy" and "The Singing Fool." In "The Jazz Singer" May McAvoy was Al's leading lady. Now Al is about to make "The Singing Kid."

Julianne A. Look out for Frankie Darro in one of his new pictures, "Three Kids and a Queen." He is also scheduled to play in a series of Peter B. Kyne stories, the first to be "Born to Fight." Frankie did not appear in "Laddie" but 13-year-old Jimmy Butler was Leon Stanton in the film. Frankie played in "The Payoff" and in "The Unwelcome Stranger." He was born in Chicago, Ill., on December 22, 1917. He has brown hair and eyes and his real name is Frank Johnson. He is an only child.

Virginia. The man you so much admired in "Hell in the Heavens" was Arno Frey, who played Baron Kurt Von Hagen. Warner Baxter was "the big shot" and with Russell Hardie, Ralph Morgan, Andy Devine and Herbert Mundin, made up the excellent cast. Sorry I haven't any information on Arno Frey. If he appears in any other film, I may get a line on him.

Jean T. Jackie Cooper is the top in his latest release, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" with his old pal Wallace Beery. Little Spanky MacFarland, rapidly demanding attention in feature pictures, plays Jackie as a child. Jackie was born September 15, 1923. He has blond hair and hazel eyes but is growing so fast I can't keep up with his measurements. Mary Pickford was "America's Sweetheart" for a dozen years and now up pops a new Sweetheart, little Shirley Temple, who will star in one of Mary's former pictures, "Poor Little Rich Girl," a 1917 release.

J. K. Your new thrill, Henry Wadsworth, came from the stage and radio. The screen snatches from the ether and the stage the handsomest heroes: to wit and to woo for example: Fred MacMurray, Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor, Michael Barlett and Henry Wadsworth. Henry was born in Maysville, Kentucky. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He has a prominent role in "The Big Broadcast of 1936." His next will be "Ceiling Zero" with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

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to him in his whole life—all this interest in what he was going to do with his "money." He had just come out from a swim, and his hair, slick and completely waveless, lay dripping and wet cash, dressed in freshly combed, wet neatness. He wore slacks, (and no "tops"), under his bathing robe. There was a sort of disparate embarrassment about the occasion.

"But listen—there's no story to tell. Honest, It's all so doggone silly. It's," he humbled for words, "humiliating! I'd hate for people to think I'm the kind of a fool the newspapers have been painting me for the last couple of months because, he blurted, "I haven't got one cent more to spend today than I had before my birthday!"

I said: "But what about your million dollar trust fund?"

"There isn't any trust fund," said Jackie with a slow rise of shoulders. "That's just a lot of booby, made-up stuff!"

I said: "Well then, Jackie, would you mind telling me the truth about all this and let me set the world straight on the subject?"

He eyed me unsnilingly. "Cmon in," he conceded.

His slender physique, bathrobe flapping, sprints in front of me in the general direction of the enclosed veranda of the exclusive beach club. It was deserted. Outside, the sun poured valiantly on the slate-gray Pacific. His youthful host thumbed me into a chair next to the one he had chosen near the window. The words began to pour out of his mouth.

"Gee, I hope the folks who remember me on the screen don't believe all that guff that's being printed about me. It makes me out such an ass; besides which, I never said a word of it myself!"

"Listen, here's the truth about my million dollars; I haven't got a million dollars—because, like I told you, I haven't got any trust fund. I've been the hardest worker ever since I was a kid. That isn't the same as a trust fund, you know. My earnings have been carefully managed all through the years by my family and a very capable business manager. But I'm just as incorporated today as I was yesterday, and I haven't one cent more to spend today because I was twenty-one. In fact, I haven't got as much, because I spent some on the way down here."

He grinned at this lighter note in his financial discourse.

"There's not a chance of it; but let's say, (just for fun), that they were to hand me today, in a lump sum of cash, all the money I have in the world. What do you think I would do with it? I'll tell you. I'd hand it right back to them. Every dime of it! And here's the reason: I don't think I'm entitled to it!"

"I had no more to do with the earning of that money—nor did I know any more than Shirley Temple rights—than I do the Shirley Temple rights right today! As a matter of fact, I had even less to do with my success than Shirley because there are some facts in my case that are part of hers. How many people know that my mother wrote almost every picture in which I appeared as a kid star and that my father was the real director of almost every picture I made?"

I had the best material and help from the people who knew me better than anyone else in the world. Of course, I got most of the credit; actors usually do. But I haven't been fooled by that for one minute. I know who should get the credit: my mother and dad.

"All my life, since I've been earning money, I've had an allowance just like any other kid. And I've had what I wanted, within reason. That's important: within reason! I've never had anything but the best in the way of food and clothing, and never have I seen to it that I had enough allowance of spending money so I could live like the kids I went around with. But thank the Lord, I never had more than the rest of them. Right to this day, I find myself thanking God and my family for the fact that I was brought up to have a decent balance both on myself and the money I spend. Here is a good example:

[There was something about Jackie's manner of presenting his case that made me wonder if he might not have had a legal education. The Kid is strong for Exhibit A!]

"I asked for a car every week of my life from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty. Nothing unusual about that, is there? Lots of fellows have cars even earlier. But mother made me wait until my twentieth birthday before I finally got one. So, for two solid months after I received the car as a present, I was up in the clouds of happiness. Other kids I knew, who had been haned cars and other things out of proportion every time they so much as hinted, seemed to get no kick whatever out of the fulfillment of their desires. They became jaded with more
luxuries than they could appreciate and they always came to have a very cynical outlook on life." He nodded his slick head in self-corroboration.

"And so, while I didn't fall heir to a million dollars cash like some people think, I know I've come into something a lot more important and wonderful to me: the good fortune to feel that what I make from now on will be earned by my own efforts—and my own efforts alone! My only thought with regard to the money I have already earned is that I want it to stay with those who made it all possible. Now that Dad is gone, I find myself feeling all the more that way about Mother. I am all pepped up to go out and earn my own way in the world!"

He stared longingly at the waves pounding at our feet.

"You know what I've got in mind right now? A sailboat. I hope I'll be able to earn some money in pictures in the next six months so I can buy me one. Second-hand boats can be picked up for that, (a snap of the finger)—just about one-sixth of what they cost new. I've found a honey. It cost about $3,000 to build and the man said he'd sell it for five thousand cash. It's eighty-five feet long and could go anywhere in the world." And I wondered if I was merely imagining a touch of wistfulness in the comment. "Of course," he added. "Five thousand dollars is a lot of dough!"

"Well, suppose you don't earn that much dough in the next six months. What then?" I asked.

His stare continued fixed on the rolling water. "Oh, I suppose I'd ask mother for it," philosophically. "If she wouldn't go for the idea right away, I'd just have to keep after her. It might—gosh! it might take as long as the car. But I'll get a job, sure. That's why I'm so pepped up about looking forward to it, if you know what I mean." I had a vague idea.

I said: "How about pictures, Jackie? Are you anxious to get back in the fold, not counting for the money for the sailboat?"

He shook his head. "Pictures have lost their glamour."

Silence, to let that announcement sink in.

"Or perhaps I should say: picture-making has lost a lot of its glamour for me. I don't know whether you remember it or not, but there were a lot of pictures used to be—oh, sort of a family affair. It was fun making them. Everyone took them seriously, yes, but there was time to enjoy them as well. Now the picture has changed." He gestured nonchalantly in the direction of Hollywood, thirty miles away. "Everything has a face like Wall Street, today. There's a lot of so-called temperament taking the place of real talent, and you hear about directors who are supposed to have the 'Chaplin touch' and all that sort of thing. Well, I haven't seen any of it. There never will be another Chaplin. Most of the men of the screen today say it from here, (pointing to his lips), and Chaplin said it from here, (fondly touching his heart).

"Of course, there is a type of thing I'd like to do if I had the opportunity to choose my own pictures. A type of picture patterned after the old-time Wally Reid ideas. Good, clean sports stories. You know, Doug Fairbanks was always an idol of mine when I was a kid. All my life I've tried to emulate him and keep in fine physical condition.

The Kid didn't have to tell me that he is a "Six-Handicap Man" at golf, captain of his University swimming team for two years, and a member of the football and tennis teams as well. But he did have to answer one more question before I could leave. I drew his attention away from the ocean with:

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"What's all this talk about Betty Grable? Are you going to get married? Let's have the lowdown and then I'll let you go."

"Why, er—"

Just then the manager of the Club went by the window with Jackie's surf-board under his arm. Jackie swung into action:

"Hey! Wait for me, fellow," he called through the window. Then he turned to me as he started down the stairs. I can't really say anything about that, really, but—" Then he was in the Pacific, headed for the big waves.

That very evening the papers carried a story under the headline: MRS. COOGAN SAYS JACKIE WILL NOT WED FOR FIVE YEARS! But another evening the papers told how Jackie said 'twas true, he would be married in the near future to Betty Grable, and Betty Grable was said to be a diamond ring. Truly, The Kid grows up!

Movie Bachelor at Home

Continued from page 2.

"This living room doesn't quite please me, he said, glancing with appraising eyes at the room. The soft drapes of blending shades, the grand piano holding its prominent place, and the many bowls of flowers scattered about. Besides his pets, Dick gave prize dahlias and the largest zinnias I've ever seen, for house decorations.

I thought the room thoroughly charming and said so to shock his head.

"No, it isn't just right," he went on. "I've discovered it is possible to create a definite mood in a room and I spend most of my time trying to get it in any distortion trying to capture just the right key.

I want it friendly, cheerful, inviting, I even draft my friends for the job, and by the time they leave, my guests is changing everything around and even re-painting the pictures. I'm open to all suggestions!"

It was stepped through a panelled door of knotty pine, he gaily announced, "I call this the guest suite, but it really belongs to Dad and Mother, and I had more fun putting it than any other spot in the house."

Then, stopping to smooth the blue silk spread on one of the twin beds, he added, "This room looks like Mother. Now, that's what I mean, it is sweet and warm and happy, just as she is!"

The living room and guest suite extend across the front of the house. In the left wing are the dining room, study, and bedroom. In the right wing is Dick's suite, consisting of a small study, with a sitting room that is lined with book shelves; then his bedroom, bath, and dressing room. All are decorated in shades of brown and yellow and they are the ultimate of masculine good taste.

The outstanding feature of his sleeping room is the six by seven-foot bed which he had especially built according to his own original design. He should have it copied

"I'm positive everybody is going to make a grand scramble for one just like it.

Now, Dick's idea of real luxury is to read in bed or listen to the radio while he relaxes. So, he had a radio, with a world wide hook-up, built into the headboard of his mammoth bed, and by merely reaching, up and down and day by day of distant land. That isn't all. On either side of the radio are book shelves where he keeps a few favorite volumes; then at one end of the bed is a cleverly arranged cabinet enclosing an electric refrigerator. When he opened it, there was a slate of fruit, a bottle of milk, and several bottles of Coca Cola!

How is that for sheer novelty? And luxurious comfort?

"It is fun," chuckled Dick, in reply to my raving. "I'm glad I didn't waste all that space when it can be put to such a happy and very convenient employment.

"I spend most of my time when I'm home here in this room, they say I light it out, excuse I light the logs in that big fireplace. I don't run around very much for I'm too busy. Besides my pictures and weekly radio hour, I take a singing lesson every day and put in several hours practicing. So, why shouldn't I plan to make my evenings at home pleasant?"

Dick's greatest extravagance is clothes. Yet, on his days at home he likes to slide into swimming trunks, a bath robe and sandals, so he can splash into the pool at a moment's notice.

In his closets hang a very fine wardrobe and he bemoans the fact that he seldom has the opportunity of wearing good clothes. But in his swimming suit he has his favorite "Gondolier" costume which he wore as a mere lad.

In "Broadway Gondolier" he appeared in picturesque Italian costumes, his special kick being the jaunty beret; in "Page Miss Glory" he had a Million Dollar suit for his big hit in his career and in the "Shipmates Forever," he did flash once in a tuxedo; and in "Till the Clouds Roll By" he wore a smart suit and old sweater, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he donned Elizabethan tights.

Dick likes to entertain informally and few guests at dinner, followed by contract. As we entered the dining room, which is French Provincial, with some old pieces of period furniture, he told me the Jiminy Gondolies and the Hugh Herberts had been there the night before, and it turned into a hilarious affair, for Jiminy and Hugh were geared in comedy high.

Dozens of humming birds were fluttering among the gay window boxes in the yellow and white breakfast room, and this reminded Dick of his favorite pet, a cat named G-String, who spends most of his time watching them, but so far there have been no casualties. And girls, girls, if you look only signifies kitchen? It's the very last word in modern equipment, and all white.

"I like to fuss around a kitchen," Dick confided, as he showed me all the new gadgets, "but I'm not much on cooking, scrambled eggs being my only accomplishment. I'm easily satisfied as to my meals, I like almost everything. We never have vegetables, and I never eat at night; that's what puts on weight. I am at 170 pounds, and believe me, that's where I'll stay."

"There is a standing order to serve breakfast on the terrace of the patio if the sun is shining, and it usually is, out here. I frequently have luncheon there and dinner on the terrace."

"Breakfast is my favorite meal and it's always the same; orange juice, coffee, toast, and strawberry jam. And I want plenty of toast and jam!"

So—here we find Dick Powell, the romantic singing star, heart-throb of a mil-
lion feminine film fans, in the rôle of housekeeper, and a grand one, at that. He insists he has no domestic troubles, only joys. He has a colored couple, and a Japanese man who has been with him for several years, and all are very competent. There’s a young man secretary who comes every day to attend to his screen and radio fan mail, which is enormous. Then, there’s the gardener, Dick keeps a close tab on every detail himself, and while he has no housekeeping budget, he tries to keep within a certain limit.

With one of his cheerful grins, he said, “Sometimes I think I am working for my servants, good as they are, for I’m always running around picking up after them. Guess I’m fussy about some things. I don’t like to see ash trays running over, or newspapers and magazines scattered around. I want the flowers to be fresh and the curtains hung straight. I like order, with everything in its own place. Confusion always disturbs me.”

Later, having gone through his playhouse which offers everything from a small bar, a huge fireplace, another grand piano, and all kinds of games for amusement, we lingered on the veranda that overlooks the swimming pool. Dick may not know it but his slogan is “To heck with yesterday, today is the Big Adventure!” For him, with his unquenchable pep, the hours aren’t long enough to hold all the exciting things that crowd them.

I asked, “Does this comfortable domestic independence banish romance from your thoughts?”

He deftly parried the question, answering, “Love, romance—why, they are the greatest things in the world—in their place; but I’m too busy right now to think about them. Honestly, my plans at present consist of work, then more work. I want to go as far as I can on the screen and radio. After that? Well, we’ll just let the future take care of that. Maybe it will be travel, maybe marriage, and a family. Maybe both. Who knows?”

Three-quarter length wraps, like this very smart sable worn by Gail Patrick, are vogue now.
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the Second Day

I T S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep in their stars, sick headaches caused by constipation.

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Allviene School of the Theatre

A pick-me-up for tired complexion—Tarkroot Face Rester beauty mask.

NOXZEMA the greaseless cream that has gained so much fame for the way it clears up acne, removes spots and softens chapped faces or hands, has a sister cream that's equally fine. Nox- zema Combination Cleansing and Tissue Cream is medicated just like the original. It can be used alone, but it's more effective when used in this complete treatment: Cleanse face and neck with the combination cream. Then, after wiping it off, apply another coat, massage it into the skin and leave it on all night. In the morning, use greaseless Noxzema for a foundation. They have a new face powder, too, called Noxyglo which is the perfect finishing touch.

M A K E a note to get a copy of your favorite paper on your next shopping tour, and we promise you'll be rewarded in comfort and freedom from worry. It's a scintillating sort of pantie combined with protective features and a device that makes wearing a sanitary belt unnecessary. The panty itself is smooth-fitting and attractive, in top or white. It's easy to wear with ready-made or white nylon or rayon. The protective part has a soft felt nap on both sides and feels more like cloth than rubber. Into this the napkin fits securely. Entirely aside from the comfort and extra protection, these pants are good for the color and fabric that are dropped or wrinkled when you're not wearing them or at home. Ask to see a Maculite at the notions counter of your favorite department store. It's hard to believe it all will do until you see it with your own eyes!

F A C E masks deserve the popularity they're having right now, in our opinion. A dandy one that will hide your skin and make it look like a million dollars is called Tarkroot. It's easy to use. Just moisten a little Tarkroot with lemon juice and spread it over your skin and neck. Leave it on 20 to 30 minutes, while you're working around the house. Or, if you can manage the time, lie down and relax for half an hour while it's on, and you'll feel fresh and fit in body as well as in face. This mask gives your face a complete rest, smoothing out tense lines at the same time. It improves texture and color. It's a perfect pick-me-up.
how simple and sweet. And maybe Fred is right. Somehow I just can’t picture him swearing on his word of honor to Mrs. Astaire over their morning coffee that he’ll never kiss another woman, movie star or no movie star, as long as he lives! Such carrying-on would probably tickle the pretty and popular Mrs. Astaire no end. So we’ll just have to take Fred’s word for it that the reason for his non-kissing love technique is purely business.

In the first place Astaire does not consider himself a Great Lover, by any stretch of the imagination. No matter how many fan letters arrive extolling his charms to the sky, he still refuses to believe he is a sex-appeal boy. He is stubbornly sold on the idea that his chief screen attraction lies in his feet, not his eyes. And besides, it embarrasses him to watch love scenes on the screen, much less play in them.

Janet Gaynor is another box-office headliner who has feelings, but not ardent ones, about screen kissing. And her ideas are equally non-personal. Janet has never professed somebody she wouldn’t kiss anybody. In fact, in more romantic stories she has done a little screen kissing after her fashion, which is very quaint and sweet, indeed. She has no real objection to the cheek or forehead kiss. But Janet draws the line at lip kisses. She just doesn’t like them.

Swept along by the charming continuity of the love story as we see it on the screen, few of us realize how very little real kissing there is in movie love scenes. Especially is this true since the advent of sound. There are very few professional, or even non-professional, oscilators who can bestow the salute without a slight sound that registers disturbingly like a smack, or a click, over the sound recording. Heavy love scenes there have been, and still are. But if you are a careful observer you will be surprised to note the shortage of kissing scenes played before the camera. Kisses are more often suggested than enacted. Rollo may gather Drunkenly to his heart in an embrace, but before they kiss, the film cutter has usually had his scissors on the scene. Among the stars who particularly object to kissing scenes besides Janet and Fred are Ann Harding, Gary Cooper—who co-star in “Peter Ibbetson”; Warren William, Kay Francis, and practically all the singing stars who are enjoying such a tremendous vogue on the screen.

It is probably a hold-over from grand opera technique that so many screen singers refuse to indulge in claps, ardent clinches, or passionate embraces before the camera. It is no easy task to sing romantically while held in a deathlike vise by a panting young man who is squeezing the very breath out of your lungs. Critics have frequently kidded the long distance love-making of grand opera. But there is an excellent reason for it. They need room to sing!

Grace Moore’s pictures contain very few actual embraces. The most potent love scene Grace ever played on the screen was the tender finale of “One Night of Love” when Grace, singing “One Fine Day” from “Madame Butterfly,” gazed rapturously at Tullio Carminatti, ten feet away from her in the orchestra pit.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made screen love charmingly in “Naughty Marietta” with Jeanette at the top of a staircase, and Eddy at the bottom.

Lawrence Tibbett is just about the only opera star who has not drawn the ban at

---

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“SKINNY? SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS”

Food for the Mind

with big white frogs, and she was sitting with her feet on a low table and absorbing a dish of tea as we went into our sedate conversational waltz.

“I will be going back to Hollywood in a week and I’m glad of it,” she said. “New York seems to be getting crazier all the time. People expect me to stay up till morning every time I go out.”

This sounded pretty maddening strange to me.

“I thought you came to New York to have fun,” I said.

“No,” she said, and she obviously meant no.

“But I’ve crossed your trail everywhere. I saw you at the Hurdy-Gurdy Hall, and I know you go to this Saturday night dancing-club.”

“That’s true,” said Irene. “But with staying out all night and interviewing tenors all day, I’ve had a hard month. That’s what I laughingly call my ‘rest’.”

Tenors all day!”

“Why the tenor-singers?”

“For Show Boat,” which I start as soon as I get back. You have no idea how hard it is to find a good tenor who can act, or a good actor who can sing tenor. They are hunting just as hard in Hollywood as they are in New York, but none of us has found the man we want for Ravenal, the male lead."

“This sounds pretty grim. What else have you been doing?”

“Nothing much, except going to my singing-teacher every day to keep the pipes in trim.”

She was striking a sort of wistful note. I’ve probably just a sentimental old fuddy-duddy, but to me there is something stupendously pathetic about Irene Dunne’s efforts to kick up and make whoop-De-Doo on her holidays.

She sort of reminds me of a kid who has been looking forward for weeks to a surprise-party for a pal down the block—and when the great night comes she gets spots on her best dress, doesn’t enjoy the ice cream much, and finds her best beau being called out in “Post-Office” by a rival beauty.

Irene approaches her vacations with such eagerness and zest, and somehow the bubbles go out of it. She dresses up like a girl on her honeymoon, she goes to all the places and does all the things, and somehow the glorious adventure just doesn’t come off.

In spite of the pretty clothes, the luxury hotel and all the good will in the world,
Irene just doesn't seem to be gaited to the life of a giddy girl about town. It must take more than lights, music, and a pint of wine to make a rip-snorting time, in spades.

My observation of the luminous Dunne on the loose inclines to convince me that the real Irene is the one who lives and labors in Hollywood—the soul of discretion, the devotee of peace and quiet, the hard-working, serious-minded star. She likes to laugh, and does, but the glorious tomfoolery of life eludes her. Yet I am equally sure that she would love to stick the vines-leaves in her redheaded hair and caper merrily down the world when the fit is on her. But I don’t think she possesses the talent for good old frivolity.

Of course, the cards are pretty much stacked against her. Hollywood, who loves to paste labels on its marionettes, has a sticker for such as Irene. Any girl who conducts her personal and professional lives with any dignity and decorum is promptly ticketed a First Lady of the Screen. Whether she likes it or not, because she respects the marriage vows, does not get drunk and is an ornament of screen drama, she bears the brand of Screen Ladyhood. It must be a ghastly life, this business of being a First Lady of the Screen—or even a Second or Third Lady. The very tag is accursed—it denotes, even to my irreverent mind, a most appalling type of dulness.

Another factor in Dunne’s failure to kick up much dust with the public lies in the fact that, in common with many of her sisters, she does not enjoy coping with the press. She probably feels that she has little to give out. And after all, what sense would there be in asking Dunne the old chestnuts—what do you think about Luv, and Marriage for Artists, and are you really goofy about Montgomery Field? Her own life is an answer to such facetious questions—by her works ye may know her.

Yet when an interviewer does confront her, she is the essence of charm, and will chat affably. Yet here again we are faced with the other facet of the Dunne enigma. Risking a charge of ungallantry, I must say that Irene, lovely though she is, reminds me inevitably of a favorite four-footed creature. I can’t explain this, yet there it is. And in all justice I must add that when she took her arm to see me to the door of her suite, I opened the door and walked blithely into a closet filled with Doc Griffin’s clothes and golf tools, at which Miss Dunne laughed long and merrily.

I doubt that Irene has changed one jot, or even title, in character and habits, since the day she walked out of her Chicago singing school and went on the stage. During her Broadway years no breath of scandal clouded her fair name—she did her stuff in the theatre, and when the curtain fell faded quietly into her private and personal life. When “Show Boat” brought her to Hollywood, and she scored her first smashing success in “Cimarron,” she was the same unpretentious, quiet, decent Irish girl that she was in her Louisville school days, where Panama Dunne was a builder and owner of river boats.

She takes her acting career seriously, and works at it like the good trouper she is, which is always a terrible thing for a beautiful woman in Hollywood. Picture people incline to the belief that a pretty star should toil hard enough to earn her sables, but when the first o’clock the boys should be able to go out with the boys. The Dunne girl must be a great disappointment to many of the folks out west.

It is because I respect and admire her as a woman and actress that I feel sorry when I see her hopeful, relentless efforts

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to Carry On when she is on parade in the east. I feel that she really belongs in her Hollywood home, with her books and Doctor Grifin about her.

I am a highly moral man, as my few friends will attest, and anything but a temper and home-tracker, but I should like to see Irene do a little high-class experimenting in devilment when she is on furlough from the lots. I should like to see her get mildly corred at some gay haunt of gilded sin—perhaps flirt with a tall, dark, handsome stranger when the doctor isn't looking, or bite a supercilious head-waiter. I am very much afraid, however, that nothing would happen but a severe bout with morning-after Grief and Remorse.

For such modest methods of release would not be in character. Irene would say, as she pressed an ice-pack to her throbbing temples, that she was not herself, and she would be right. For it is probably the fate of Irene Dunne to long, almost girlishly, for hectic times, and not quite know what to do about it.

No—Mrs. Francis Grifin is doomed for life to decency, discretion, and dignity—three D's not too highly rated in the gaudier reaches of Hollywood society.

I'm all for her. The highest compliment I can pay Irene Dunne is to say that she neither looks nor acts like a movie star. And her Christmas presents were all marked "For A Good Girl!" May they always be many, and beautiful!
I couldn’t do the poor boy out of his party.”
The tones of ivory and blue are repeated in Rochelle’s charming little breakfast room.

“There is no such thing as this State, you see an orange, don’t you? Ever taste a baked one? I’m mad about them. They’re sweet and the skins are thin. I use the broiled grapefruit, too, one day, and it was quite a success. You serve the broiled grapefruit as a first course for dinner—rather nice for holidays. You cut the fruit in half, take out the seeds and the tough skin sections, put sugar and cinnamon on top and roast it until the sugar gets all bubbly on top. Then it’s ready. Baked oranges are not so simple. Let Alice tell you about them.”

BAKED ORANGES
Select one orange for each person to be served. Cover with cold water and let stand overnight.
Wipe them dry, cut off tops and remove core. Separate rind from pulp two-thirds of the way down and press into each orange 3 tablespoons of sugar or all the sugar it will hold. Place in baking pan 3 inches deep, fill half full of water, cover with another pan and bake in slow oven for 2 hours, or until skin is soft.

Remove from oven, put teaspoon of butter on each orange, leave off cover and return to oven to brown lightly. Remove orange to hot platter, then add to the water in the pan the strained juice of two oranges and one tablespoon of cornstarch rubbed smooth with 3 tablespoons cold water; stir and cook until thick and smooth. Pour the sauce over the oranges and serve hot.
“Then the way to serve them if you’re making a dessert,” explained Rochelle. “If you are having baked oranges with your roast turkey or duck, you don’t make the sauce. Just put them on the platter with the fowl.”

Rochelle’s young friends are not connected with pictures. Hers is a very lively young crowd.

“My friends are likely to drop in any time,” she said, her blue eyes bluer in the powder blue of her setting, “but Sunday night is their favorite time, and Sunday night suppers are like favorite meals. We never set a table, we just eat off the kitchen sink.

“We have bottles of sweet pickles, toasted cheese sandwiches—with everyone toasting his own—coffee, and sometimes cake. The kitchen has endless miles of tiled sink, and we sit around on it and eat and eat—and throw pickles at each other! One night, one of the boys belonging to the crowd was invited to a very swank dinner party at a big Spanish house. He had to sit in a high-backed Spanish chair, with butlers poking food at him from both sides. They served everything in the world. Then he came right over here and demanded his toasted cheese sandwich! He said he was hungry!”

Some of Rochelle’s young guests like pimento cheese which they spread on mustard-buttered bread and sprinkle with chopped nuts before toasting. Others use American cheese, melted, mixed with butter, the mashed yolks of hard-boiled eggs and enough mayonnaise to make a paste. Or they merely stick a wad of cheese on the bread and toast it.

Orange rolls are much in demand at these Sunday night suppers.

ORANGE ROLLS
Scald 2 cups of milk, add 3 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt; stir until lukewarm, add 1 cake yeast dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water and 3 cups sifted flour. Beat 5 minutes and set in a warm place to rise until light.

Cut down and work in 2½ cups flour, knead well and let rise until light.

Place on floured board, roll out to ½ inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter, lay a section of orange in center, fold over and press the edges together. Bake until half done, not brown; remove from oven, open each roll and insert sauce made by beating to a cream 1½ tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, ½ tablespoons orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange.

Place rolls back in pan, spread tops with sauce, return to oven and bake 8 minutes. Don’t let the sauce burn.

“We don’t care much for meat, as I’ve told you,” said Rochelle, “but no story about California dishes could be complete without the favorite chef salad that’s served in all the nice places every day. Wherever I go, I see people ordering it.

“You take cold chicken or turkey, cold ham, tongue and corned beef, and cut the meat very fine, rather long strips. Then you cut up romaine lettuce, watercress, endive, celery and the hearts of artichokes, and combine the whole thing with Russian dressing.

RUSSIAN DRESSING
Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour the dressing over the salad, toss the ingredients with wooden fork and spoon, and then garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, strips of pimento and circles of green pepper.

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Dolores Costello, who retired from the screen when she married John Barrymore, whom she recently divorced, signs to play Dolores in a role in which she first appeared as Freddie Bartholomew's mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Producer David O. Selznick, left, and Director John Cromwell, right, are delighted witnesses.
mitted. “But the idea of acting in pictures never occurred to me until they sent a talent scout out to Pomona College, where I was appearing in ‘Journey’s End,’ and asked me to come in and make a test. Even then, I was not at all excited about it. By this time I’d discarded the idea of being a doctor, which I’d had at one time, and had taken up business administration and then psychiatry, in the order mentioned. When I graduated from Pomona, I just about made up my mind to be a psychiatrist. That is, until I found I didn’t have enough credits. Then I thought I might as well try acting, so I signed up with Metro, when they offered me the contract.”

“How do you like pictures?” was my next query—the usual one.

“I love them!” he said, emphatically. “Yes, I’m afraid I’ve got the bug. I think it’s the most fascinating business in the world. I’d never want to do anything else, though. Gosh, I worry enough now.”

“What in the world do you worry about?” I asked, curiously.

“Oh, everything! I worry about every scene, for fear I won’t be any good. And I don’t seem to be able to do anything much about it. I’m not a good enough actor to be able to really study each scene the way I’d like to. And I’d like to do it, and I don’t think there’s really much to learn for the next day. Mostly, I just go out to the set and read over the script and hope for the best.”

“He’s a very quick on study, too,” Don Miloe piped up. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone learn lines as fast.”

“Well, I never studied in college,” was Robert’s reply. “I guess it’s too late to learn now. I’m just thankful I have a pretty good memory.”

“You know,” he added earnestly, “this picture business is darned hard work. I’ve worked around in a lot of places, when I was a kid, just for the fun of it, but I’ve never worked as hard as I do now. But I love it! I guess that’s why it doesn’t seem like work.”

“Are you saving your money?” I asked, curiously.

“You bet I am!” he replied, without any hesitation. “I’m the greatest believer in security you ever saw. My dad taught me that. He spent most of his money on me and didn’t have much left when he passed away a year or two ago. Yes, sir, I’ve bought myself an annuity and an endowment policy already.”

He’s a strange combination, this Robert Taylor. A happy-go-lucky boy who will never lose his youthfulness, with a goodly portion of common sense thrown in.

“What about marriage?” I asked. “I’ve been hearing engagement rumors about you all over town.”

“No. I’m at least thirty,” he answered, firmly. “Gosh, I’m having too much fun without thinking about settling down to married life. And besides, I want to become a really good actor first.”

“Do you entertain much?” I queried.

“Nope, hardly at all. I’ve a little ranch out in the valley. Don spends a lot of time with me and I’ve bought a couple of horses to ride, so it’s really swell. I’ve got three chickens, too, and a dog. Oh, yes, and seven cats.”

“Seven cats?” I exclaimed. “What on earth for?”

“Well, I don’t really like cats,” he admitted, laughing. “But the mother brought her family of kittens over and started living under the house. So what could I do?”

“You could get them away,” I suggested, helpfully.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “But don’t you know Bob?” Don Miloe chimed in. “He’s too soft-hearted. Tell her about the pigeons.”

Robert flushed a little under his heavy make-up.

“There’s nothing to tell, dope! It’s just that about twenty pigeons moved into the garage the other day and now I can’t keep my car in there. I don’t think the pigeons like it very well. Anyway, they’re kind of nice to have around—you know, kind of honey.”

“You call ‘em honey pigeons, Miloe wise—cracked—and ducked.

Kent Taylor

Continued from page 61

did, putting awnings up at all the windows. I put most of them up myself, and I used to knock down the big cars of the movie stars as they went by, and I became more and more determined that I would one day make the grade and become one of them. So I started the business of studying every moment he could spare from his work. He practiced his singing and tried to improve his diction to the best of his ability, but he had hardly been able to do that big opportunity to arrive.

And the opportunity came in the form of a friend who was a character actress in the movies. He was very sympathetic, and was also confident that Kent’s personality would register on the screen. So he took him, one day, to Henry King, who was preparing to do “Hell Harbor” in Florida. King liked him immediately and gave him a test, which eventually took him to Florida. Kent was sitting in the living room and started singing his song, which was to be in the picture, until he felt he had perfected it. He’d gotten his break. He could hardly believe it.

Kent was doomed for disappointment, however. At the end of four weeks on location, he was sent back without ever having been photographed. They’d changed the script of the picture and there was no part left in it for him!

Dejectedly, he returned to the business of selling awnings, deciding to forget about motion pictures. This was a lot easier to say than do, though, especially when he had to pass the studios daily on his rounds.

He was going to Paramount one day, when he dropped in to take the extras. He, born, and forget the advice people had helpfully proferred about working as an extra. Extras never got beyond that point. They had told him. But the desire to act was so strong within him, he felt that anything was worth trying. Experience was the thing he needed, and he was going to get it.

Timidly, he walked up to the casting director and asked for a job. Much to his surprise, he was told to report for work that very same day—taping a tuxedo.

Kent was thrilled beyond words and dashed madly home to drag out his tuxedo. Smelling faintly of mothballs, Kent looked at him in the mirror. He had to be the head they used. He was quite pleased with the reflection. The tuxedo looked pretty good, he thought, even if it was fifteen years too small to wear. He was happy, however, when he looked at him at the mob of well-groomed, up-to-the-minute extras vaguely sensed that some of them seemed amused at something. Then came the
realization that he was the object of their mirth—he and his fifteen-year-old tuxedo! Memories of high school days came crowding into his mind. Nothing would ever go right for him, he was convinced, and his shy soul shriveled up. He never knew how he got through that evening's work.

The casting director didn't forget him, however, and he began to receive calls, more or less regularly for extra work. Finally, came the day of his "big break." He was called in to make a test. This couldn't be refused; anything for work! He arrived at the studio in fifteen minutes flat, made up ready to shoot, and was sent promptly over to the test stage. Kent sat on the examining chair more than minutes passed and he sat waiting for the test to get under way. The director finally walked in.

"Mighty nice of you to come over," was his greeting to Kent, as he slapped him on the back. "Knew we could count on you in a pinch."

Slightly dazed, Kent stammered: "Well, it's mighty nice of you to have me.

A sudden flurry at the door of the stage interrupted.

"Miss Dodd, this is Mr. Taylor," he was introduced to a tall, stately blonde who had just arrived. "Mr. Taylor was nice enough to come over to help you make your test.

So that's it! He was merely helping someone make a test. Claire Dodd, who had just come out from New York. It wasn't for him at all. Kent's heart sank.

Just another disappointment.

When the test was viewed in the projection room, however, the studio executives were immediately attracted to this pleasing young man, quite as much as to Claire Dodd. They were both given contracts.

The path of a young player, Kent soon discovered, was a rough one. Just because you were a "star" didn't mean you were a full-fledged actor, by any means. All the petulance he possessed was called upon during the year that he was here. He had to learn the important roles—going from hit to hit—but never seeming to get anywhere.

Kent, as he had always been, was a hard worker. He used to take Little Liver Pills to give himself a boost. Usually, most people would not have eaten anything else. 50c at all drug stores.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out Of Bed in the Morning! to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels and collects up against the liver. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes thorough, little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet astonishing in making bile flow freely.

A bottle of Little Liver Pills is the only thing you should buy. Don't angrily refuse anything else. 50c at all drug stores.

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No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and young statement of the SOLDERS.

his contract. He went to his dressing-room and packed all his belongings. On his way to the executive offices, he saw Fredric March approaching. Kent's spirits sank lower than ever. He'd seen March at the preview the night before in March's direction.

"You're Kent Taylor, aren't you?" a voice called. And Kent realized that it was March speaking to him.

"Yes, I am, Mr. March," he quavered, getting red in the face.

"Well, I just wanted to congratulate you on your performance in 'I'm No Angel.' You did a swell job!"

Just one little pat on the back—but that was all he needed. His great idol—one of the finest actors on the screen—thought he was all right. Maybe he should give it another chance. He determined to stay and fight. And his very next picture was the leading juvenile role in "Death Takes a Holiday," in which March was starred.

From that time on, things began to come Kent's way. He had come to the attention of not only the Paramount executives, but those of other studios. He began to be loaned out.

Kent took a new lease on life. He decided to buy himself a house—the kind of modest bungalow he'd always dreamed of—with a yard big enough for the kind of dog he'd always wanted. He spent days researching for just the right furnishings—a piano, so he could keep up his singing lessons—a workshop in the garage, so he could tinker with things.

Then came the day the dog came. It belonged to a friend, and had just come for a visit. It was a setter—just the kind of dog Kent had always wanted. The dog held to the yard for quite a long time, and followed him wherever he went. Came the day when his owner returned from his vacation. The dog was taken away. Kent was completely lovelorn, of course he could get another dog. But he just liked that one. But the friend was forced to bring him back. The dog had refused to be comforted. He had become attached to Kent, he was putting away! He is now an integral part of the Taylor menage.

Kent is by no means satisifed with the small degree of success he has had. He admits that he isn't even in his own right, but doesn't know quite how to overcome this failing. He continues to study constantly, often standing by on the set, just watching, while other actors are working—learning.

And some one of these days, you'll pick up your morning paper and read: "Kent Taylor to be starred."

He can't lose!

Hands to Love
Continued from page 58

Cucumbers and the lovely lemon are renowned for their whitening effect on the skin. But you don't have to use them as Nature provides them. The best hand creams and lotions, besides being lubricating, contain lemon, cucumber, or other harmless bleaches to whiten your hands.

Here's a tip to business women: Wear dark gloves, as many of us do in Winter, makes it hard to keep hands clean without frequent washing. Have a hand lotion or cream handy in your desk and get in the habit of using it after each washing.

And now for manicures! Tip your pale hands off with beauty. We have it from one of the most fashionable manicure salons that there is a continued demand for deep nail polish shades and more of them. These deep polishes are harder to apply than the pale flesh tints, if you want the effect to be flawless, smooth and smart. First outline the half moon with a single stroke of the brush across the nail. Then cover the rest of the nail with three or four upward strokes toward the tip. Your nails will look longer and your hands slenderer if you apply the polish right to the very tip of the nail or take off just enough to leave the slightest rim of white for showing for contrast. The light polishes can be applied over the entire nail with a very smart effect, but the dark ones are difficult. No way without staining the cuticle. If you cover the entire nail, any excess polish around the cuticle should be removed with an orangewood stick. Just between us, this way of applying is grand for hiding any trace of dirt under the fingernails that you might pick up during the day.

Using a brush, coat this nail with added lustre and increased wear is being done so generally that we wouldn't even mention it except that you can get such fascinating effects by applying two different shades. Here are some of the combinations:

After a first coat of gold polish, apply Chinese or tomato red—red that

Oriental effect. A coat of topaz may be followed by cyclamen or imperial red, (an alluring new deep red shade that reminds one of hangings in the palaces of kings).
Rose pearl may be followed by platinum or tomatos red by rose pearl. Brown, rust, sapphire blue, coral and amethyst are some of the other colors used in intriguing combinations.

The perl finish polishes are having quite a vogue. They have a dull, moon-glow lustre altogether different from the shiny polishes. A pale, natural shade of pearl polish over a darker color gives your fingernails a luminous wrapped-in-cellophane look.

If you like to make the most of your fingernails and change the polish with your moods or gowns, you can do it with no harmful, drying effects by using an oily type of remover. Cuticle oil or cream will keep your nails in good condition, too. It is better to apply this after the polish than directly before a manicure as it is apt to keep the enamel from adhering well.

There are nail tonic oils and creams which are excellent to prevent broken, split or brittle nails. And if you soften, rough, ragged cuticle, too. These can be used nightly, rubbed over the nails and around the edges, without having any effect on the polish.

Always finish off your manicure by treating your hands to a good hand cream or lotion. And if you are really serious about keeping your hands pale and lovely, do keep a hand cream or lotion where you can rub in a little after each washing.

**More Reviews**

Continued from page 8

**Way Down East**

20th Century-Fox

Jus another reminder, in case you may have missed this stirring new version of the famous melodrama, to try to catch up with it if it comes your way, for it is good, honest, rousing entertainment—a bit on the "old school" side perhaps, but nevertheless excellently done. Rochelle Hudson plays with fine sincerity the rôle enacted in silent days by Lillian Gish, while Henry Fonda is splendid in the role of old Dick Barstow.

The supporting cast couldn't be better. On the whole, here's much the "modern" version of the old, old story of the girl who "can't do right by," but who nevertheless wins happiness at last.

**La Maternelle**

One of the finest pictures ever to come out of France, and one of the most touching ever to come from anywhere. The star, or rather two stars, are Madeleine Renaud, of French film fame, and little Paulette Dambert, child actress of extraordinary naturalness. It is a very moving story about a young woman who becomes a maid to a rich man and her unselfish love for these waifs. Worth going to see if you like tender drama.

**Man of Iron**

Walters

Drama in the machine shops featuring one of the best actors to come to the screen, Barton MacLane, a tall, distinguished Frenchman, and little Paulette Dambert, child actress of extraordinary naturalness. It is a very moving story about a young woman who becomes a maid to a rich man and her unselfish love for these waifs. Worth going to see if you like tender drama.

**Your Uncle Dudley**

20th Century-Fox

Made to order for Edward Everett Horton, a Mr. Milne-Toast sort of guy who, finally has his hogs and gets the girl.
It Happened in Hollywood

An intimate picture of Hollywood studio life runs into a gangster plot and moves along with plenty of interesting detail. Wallace Ford and Phyllis Brooks carry the romance, interesting Bruce Beatty does the gangster. Erik Rhodes caricatures every assistant director alive, and Addison Randall shows a lot of promise as a western star. The plot has a gangster, whose face was lifted, being found as a screen star.

Ship Café

Carl Brisson comes into his own at last as a fine actor as well as a man with a voice. The picture starts him as a stoker who wins a shove fight, very bravely, and the interest of Countess, Mady Christians, who is slumming in the stock- hold. Later he turns up as a singer in the "Ship Café." Another performer is Arlene Judge, and it's true, but the left-little gal won't admit it. Countess reappears, lures Carl away with the promise of his own night-club; he runs out on the idea, and to sea. He comes into his own. William Frawley and Inez Courtney are a grand team in the café scene numbers.

Winners in SCREENLAND's

Freddie Bartholomew Contest

Following are the prize winners in the Freddie Bartholomew contest in the November, 1935 issue of SCREENLAND. All names of the winners are on file at the office of the publication and are open for inspection.

SECOND PRIZE: Freda, Ramona Carle Woodbury, Braintree, Mass.
EIGHTH PRIZE: John Dowdle, Chicago, Ill., Harry McCray, Brooklyn, N. Y., Carl Ferrall, Kew Gardens, N. Y.
NINTH PRIZE: David Dawson, Egerland, N. Y., Gus Redigere, Jr., Santa Fe, New Mexico.
TENTH PRIZE: Frederick Bird, Jr., Quincy, Mass.
TWELFTH PRIZE: Mrs. Henry Edwin Wilcox, Alma, Nehr, Charles A. Stein, New York City, N. Y., Mrs. Warner, Cicero, Ill.

What Every Woman Ought to Know....

Before and After MARRIAGE

For book with full information and advice mail name and address with one dollar in currency, money order, or stamps to We-No Publishing Co., Room 203, 22 Square, Jersey City, N. J.

Lois Wilson. The story concerns a music award that is given by Edie's favorite event which turns Eddie tough. This is a very neat and clean little offering, providing excellent entertainment for everybody, and it's a positive must for the Boston fans, who will vote for Eddie's best yet.

Forced Landing

Republic

Mystery murder on a transatlantic air line. Fredo dies, one by murder, the culprit by suicide. It's a very involved plot to explain, but the formula is the usual gag of having a lot of suspects held for questioning about the killing of an ex-jailbird who knows where is hidden a huge ransom paid to kidnappers. Esther Ralston, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer, and Toby Wing are in the large cast.

One Way Ticket

Columbia

A picture that will surprise you. Neither of the principal—Peggy Conklin and Lloyd Nolan—is won by Eddie's niece, an event never saw more refreshingly natural per- formances. Peggy's father, Walter Conklin, is a police official. Nolan is in jail on a murder charge, charming, lovely story unfolded. The cast also offers Edith Felsow, Brat No. 1, and Gloria Shea. Mighty appealing romance, very capably acted.
And so now Virginia Bruce deserts the long-haired ranks! That leaves only Ann Harding to carry the banner. Virginia will yield to the barber's shears for her new M-G-M picture, after debuting the subject pro and con for many months. She told me it would save a great deal of time she now has to give up to the hairdresser, and that almost any type of coiffure is now possible with short hair—and that she expects to feel very dashing, daring, and madcap with short hair for the first time in her life.

Joan, Diane, and Melinda Markey, (mama's name was Bennett) are sitting for their portrait in a group, all wearing gowns of the exact design. Probably will be one of the loveliest paintings ever made of a family group.

Clark Gable returned to town from another "duck hunt"—and there is a reason for those quotes—and is dashing hither and yon in a very handsome new car. Mrs. Rhea Gable gave a very handsome dinner party on a recent evening, and one of the guests was a Mac Taylor. One of Clark's late rumored romances was with some of the same one name, and that ought to stymie that.

The Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall romance is still piping hot, but somehow we have a sort of a feeling it will never reach the altar—put it down to intuition or what you like. The only way for Glenda to marry is to rush headlong to a church—and think about it later. If she thinks too long, she changes her mind.

Patsy Kelly was born after her parents emigrated to America from Ireland, but she has an older sister who remained in Ballinrobe, County Mayo. So the other day an old Hol Roach picture with Patsy in it was shown in the local theatre, and they advertised her as a "home-town girl!"

Dorothy Parker, that nimble wit, has all Hollywood studying up so they can compete in her games. She plays tough ones, those question-and-answer things about historical characters and what not. A lot of guests have given up and decided cards and backgammon are safer. Except Glenda Farrell, the die-hard. She's reading biographies a mile a minute. "I'd like to be an authority on something," she remarked to a book clerk. Grinnily, we might add.

Did you know that Grant Mitchell, one of your favorite screen fathers, is a bachelor? He was a cavalry officer in the Spanish War, his father was a general in the Civil War, and his great-uncle was President Rutherford Hayes. With this background, you would expect him to play quite different roles than the meek little spectator papas he does, wouldn't you? However, the adventure in his life is supplied by a gold mine with which he shares his screen career.

One of the most novel bars in town was thought up by Binnie Barnes. Binnie has a horror of going to a store and buying ready-made the same things everyone else has. So she got herself a spread of corrugated iron, shaped it in a semi-circle, and applied several coats of white paint. With a maple top shaped to fit, and shelves below, she now has a stunning modern bar, with lots of room for the bartender to move around. Plus the fact that it didn't break her in the bank-account.

At luncheon time in the commissary, Ida Lupino goes around and checks with all the assistant directors to find which actors can leave the various sets by four o'clock. The ones who can come are invited to tea on her set, and thus she has a nice party every day.

One of the finest friendships in the village has sprung up between the celebrated author, Hugh Walpole and Jean Herzholtz. They are ardent collectors of rare literary items, and have spent much time together happily hunting the house for Walpole to settle in for his present job of scenario writing in Hollywood. His first time here he accomplished "David Copperfield."

Fredric March used to lose tobacco pouches all over the place, until he devised a swell scheme. He has a special pocket sewn in all his suits, lined with chamois. He carries a supply of "muckety's" loose in this pocket, and saves a lot of wear and tear. We know girls who would profit by Frederick's example and have pockets fixed up for powder.
“YOU CAN’T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN”
Merle Oberon

Does Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! “But,” says this charming star, “I’m not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up thoroughly — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!”

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon’s advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won’t choke your pores. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely — the way you want yours to be!

Why don’t you use it — before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.
"Smoking a Camel certainly makes a difference"

MISS VIVIAN DIXON

Miss Vivian Dixon is the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dixon of New York and Long Island. "One's first season is exciting," she says. "There are so many parties...so many things to do. Smoking a Camel gives you a splendid 'lift,' and makes it so much easier to go on enjoying things." You'll agree with Miss Dixon, because Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos.

"I certainly appreciate the fact," says Miss Dixon, "that Camels never make me feel nervous. I can smoke as often as I want and feel simply grand. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling." Camels never get on your nerves.

"I don't like strong cigarettes," says Miss Dixon, "that's one of the reasons I always smoke Camels—they are much milder." Milder—finer flavor! Camel's costlier tobaccos do make a difference.

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

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MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
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MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

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Why Katharine Hepburn Didn’t Dare Nelson Eddy—Waiting for “The Woman”
Colds are dangerous infections—give them antiseptic treatment!

- Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds
People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes
Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself
Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
-at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat
(But the civilized way to combat “PINK TOOTH BRUSH” is IPANA and MASSAGE)

In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it’s pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, “It’s simply savage!”

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn’t surprise you to hear any dentist say: “That’s a good, common-sense demonstration of the healthy way to use teeth and gums.”

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning “tinge of pink” eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

“Pink Tooth Brush” Tells the Truth
And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to IPANA plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with IPANA every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra IPANA into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For IPANA plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent’s disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile’s sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with IPANA plus massage.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist’s ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie"... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky...How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936 — another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!

Jeanette MacDonald Nelson Eddy

IN

Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

Reginald Owen • Allan Jones

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
The Smart Screen Magazine
SCREENLAND
DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

March, 1936
Vol. XXXII, No. 5

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page

The Quintuplets Are Movie Stars Now

Nelson Eddy—Waiting for "The Women"

Medals and Birds

Ruby Tapped the Trail. Ruby Keeler

Playing at Palm Springs

Movie Man at Home. Robert Taylor

The Great Powell. William Powell

English Rose. Madeleine Carroll

Why Katharine Hepburn Didn't Dare

Secret Chapter in Fred's Success Story.

Next Month:
Shirley's New Contest!

SCREENLAND gave you the first Shirley Temple contest. You liked it—and proved it by your whole-hearted response. Now you have asked for another contest sponsored by Shirley—and again SCREENLAND gives you what you want!

See the next issue—the April number—for the new Shirley Temple contest. You won't be disappointed, for this contest has a new idea; and new, bigger, and better prizes, including cash!

Shirley is Box-Office Queen Number One of American motion picture audiences. As the publication first to give her a cover, and first to feature her in a contest, SCREENLAND is again chosen to present the NEW Shirley Temple feature—a unique competition to appeal to everyone, young and old.

Remember: Shirley's new contest will appear in the April issue of SCREENLAND, on sale March 3rd.

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

Inside the Stars' Homes. Anita Louise

Honor Page

Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews

Hollywood in New York

Your Face as You Like It! Beauty Article

Here's Hollywood. Screen News

SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle

Femi-Nifties

Ask Me

Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Katharine Hepburn by Marland Stone.
We're having tea in the jewel-box home of Anita Louise—perfect setting for her pink-gold beauty. Yes—the exclusive recipes are delectable, too!

By Betty Boone

A LL interior decorators tell me that they cannot properly furnish a house until they know its mistress.

Perhaps that's the reason Anita Louise's home is the most perfect one in Hollywood—for her mother, a former interior decorator, designed it especially for her.

The house is French Provincial, set high on a green hill that slopes sharply down to the street. Great trees spread arching branches on the lawn so that you can't see the white doors from the sidewalk.

Anita is slim and fair and exquisite. Her coloring is pink and white and gold. She looks too beautiful to be real. Her house is an ideal setting for her, a very jeweled box created to display to best advantage the loveliness of its tenant.

White and gold, white and gold, is repeated throughout the dwelling. A white and gold entrance hall, dominated by a huge grandfather clock. To the right, a dining room with gold satin brocade wall paper and white and gold furniture of delicate design. To the left, the living room, in white and gold. Oyster-white broadloom carpet covers the floors; the furniture is white picked out in gold. Anita's piano, which is over eighty years old, is white with touches of gold; her harp is new and golden.

"Mother gave me the harp for my last birthday," said Anita. "Ever since I can remember I've wanted one, and I've played it for four and (Continued on page 84)
When Mae West starred in the opening stage show at the Capitol, New York, in 1919, singing tunes written by Gershwin.

Below, Janet as a screen cutie at the time she was first called "Little Gaynor."

Remember when Claudette Colbert played opposite Chevalier in "The Big Pond"?

Here's another snapshot from our album. Mae West in a then up-to-the-minute bye-bye hat touched off with aigrets.

Marion Davies in character for her starring role in "Polly of the Circus." Below.

As They Were

Yes, that's Joan Crawford, below, in a close-up from a film called "The Taxi Dancer."
"The Life of Louis Pasteur" is at once the most daring and dignified of all the current screen dramas. We have had many movie biographies of great men, but usually they have glorified men of action, of adventure or romance. Now comes this superb characterization of a great scientist, a worker in the cause of curing humanity of its ills; and we find that here is powerful drama far exceeding in suspense and human appeal all past cinema biographies. The wide interest inspired by "The Life of Louis Pasteur" is perhaps chiefly due to the star, Paul Muni, who portrays his great rôle with deep sympathy and intellectual understanding. We have bowed to Muni before as a fine actor and a conscientious artist; but for the first time the burning sincerity of his performance enables us to forget his technique and stage training; here, Muni becomes heart and soul the character he sets out to create; he is the heroically noble Pasteur. You will not believe until you yourself have seen it, how exciting this picture, dramatizing the life of a great scientist, can be.
One woman gave him the thrill of reckless kisses. The other gave him the glow of a deathless love. And in the burning crucible of three souls in conflict is born this triumphant heart song of a million wives and sweethearts.

ANN HARDING and HERBERT MARSHALL
in "The LADY CONSENTS"

with MARGARET LINDSAY
WALTER ABEL • EDWARD ELLIS
HOBART CAVANAUGH • ILKA CHASE
Directed by Stephen Roberts

"You are the best I could get. And now I've got you—she'll never be able to win you back again!"
EXCITEMENT Rides the Hollywood Range . . . As the "Trade" Critics Preview

PAUL MUNI's sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise.

Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvoes of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically in toto sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in The Story of Louis Pasteur.

For instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Alcoate's Film Daily notifying the world that "The Story of Louis Pasteur is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's Motion Picture
Gladys Swarthout, beautiful to behold, lovely to listen to when she sings, makes her film debut in a western melodrama done in conventional stage operetta style. She is the Spanish girl who wins the land-grabbers of the California of the 1850’s. John Boles is the government agent. If you can reconcile the blending of music with hard-riding, fast-shooting action drama you may like this very unique effort.

Jerome K. Jerome’s famous play makes a fine vehicle for the gifted and very intelligent actor, Conrad Veidt, and it also introduces to America a young actress, Rene Ray, whose handling of the climax, in which the slavey confesses her guilt to protect the Strangler from the taunts of the crowd, is a marvelous piece of histrionics. The play is symbolism of an inspired sort. It is a picture that is quite worth seeing.

Our old friend—this crackling mystery yarn appears here in its second talkie version, and for the fourth time on the screen. Gene Raymond is the novelist who gets into a peck of excitement at the deserted inn, and Margaret Callahan is the girl Gene falls for. Eric Blore, Erin O’Brien Moore, Grant Mitchell and others make it a good cast. This is good for an hour or so of fun and excitement.

Detectives and gangsters, action and thrills, whoopie! And a fight that has ‘em all stopped. Preston Foster, detective, is put on the carpet for “working alone.” Then he goes out and cleans up the worst gang in town, single-handed. Jane Wyatt is the lady reporter, Jimmy Gleason the kind of a cop we would love to get arrested by, Christian Rub does a Casper Mid- night that’s swell; Mucha Auer villains.

**COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP**

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you’ll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

**Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits.** *(Value of each course, $190.00.)*

**FREE!** Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a judging and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here’s a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

**FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.**

3246 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

### RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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**STAMMER**


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**FOR MARCH 1936**
Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleaning and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans... how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your druggist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

American born, known internationally for her beauty and charm, Lady Clifford is the youthful mother of three charming daughters. Her life as the wife of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of the Bahamas is as varied as it is interesting. She is shown here in Court dress, displaying the famous Clifford heirlooms, earrings given to an early Lord Clifford by Queen Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second. These earrings were part of Queen Catherine's dowry. The stones are large pear-shaped diamonds, set in smaller diamonds.

"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.

Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Devonshire, English home of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. This noble castle is situated on the Clifford estates, which have been in the family since 1100.

Listerine Tooth Paste
DEAR MR. LAUGHTON:

Do me a favor. Don’t play Mr. Chips.

All right—I’ll give in immediately and admit that you could do it. You could play anything. In fact, you have. Any actor who can toss off a Ruggles of Red Gap, or a Father Barrett, and then with the greatest of ease portray Captain Bligh, can do anything. You have given us Henry the Eighth, Laughton-style. You have enacted Victor Hugo’s Javert—with trimmings. And all the time you are Charles Laughton having the time of his life—and giving most of the cash customers theirs.

But you leave Mr. Chips alone. I don’t want Mr. Chips to turn into Charles Laughton. I want him just as he is in the book—a gentle, charming, adorable gentleman, with positively not a single sadistic tendency. James Hilton’s book, “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” brought something so refreshing to the lending libraries that everyone who read it felt a little glow—even those who pretended to gag at it. And Mr. Chips, the gentle English school-master, remains in memory of all who read the book—each according to his own conception. My Mr. Chips was slight and very slender, with long slim blue-veined hands, and an ascetic face with rather dreamy eyes. And whatever you can do, Mr. Laughton, and it’s plenty, you can NOT make your hands long and slim; you are not slight, even though you are now more slender; and your eyes—well, they are nightmare eyes, and you can do great things with them; but you’re not going to scare me out of my ideal of Mr. Chips—or are you?

Yes, I suppose you really are. Irving Thalberg has more to say about casting his Metro pictures than I have. And James Hilton, who wrote the book, plays right into your hands by agreeing enthusiastically that you are a splendid choice for the rôle. In fact, Mr. Hilton once heartily recommended Wallace Beery, no less, to play the part. I hate to think of a great actor like you, Mr. Laughton, turning into the lesser of two evils; but there you are.

Since it is practically settled, then, will you permit me just a word of friendly advice? Oh, yes, I can be friendly, Mr. Laughton. I welcomed you with open arms when you first appeared before us in “Payment Deferred.” I still think that was the finest thing you have ever done; for since then you have too often given in to your amusing penchant for finding a little bit of the pathological in every good part; and we have come to expect that “Laughton touch” like a cold, clammy hand around our throats. Maybe we like it and are just fighting it. But this time, what can you dig up about poor Mr. Chips? He led a blameless life; he never flogged or persecuted or executed anybody; he was a good man. Then how are you going to play him? You probably have your own plans. But just you try to smear Mr. Chips with your magnificent mud; just you try it. You’ll find me leading a sadistic mob of blood-thirsty fans all leering: “Goodbye, Mr. Laughton.”

Delight Evans
The Quintuplets are Movie Stars Now!

I have had many exciting moments in my varied career on stage and screen, but never have I been as thrilled as when I began making "The Country Doctor," with the most famous babies in the world—the Dionne quintuplets.

Like you, I had seen the newsreels of these infants every few months, but I was wholly unprepared for my contact with them. I have no children of my own, so I have never known the sacred experience of motherhood, but I doubt if many real mothers have felt more hallowed over the miracle of motherhood than I did when I came into the presence of the Dionne babies.

You have heard how nervous people become working with Garbo for the first time, Jean Hersholt, (who plays the fictionized character of Dr. Dafoe), and I called ourselves "seasoned troupers," but we were so nervous that all our first scenes had to be re-taken.

My first glimpse of them was just before we reached the Dafoe Hospital. They were sleeping on the sun porch, all nicely covered by Eskimo suits, and reposing in their handsome prams, (which I later saw had a silver plate on the side with each baby's name on it. The carriages had leather canopies and these tops were completely covered with snow! I could hardly credit my eyes. But don't forget when we arrived in North Bay, 12 miles from the town of Callander, near the location of the Dafoe Hospital, the weather was 20 degrees below zero. It was slightly warmer by the time we got out there. The snow had blown through the screens on the open porch, but the babies were warm as toast.

Dorothy Peterson, first outsider ever to hold the Dionne babies in her arms, tells you all about her experiences playing the nurse in "The Country Doctor," feature film starring the "Quins"

By Dorothy Peterson

As told to Maude Latham

My first real sight of them came when a few minutes later we stood outside of the play room and watched the nurses bringing them in—looking like nothing more than wooly little animals, all in different colored outfits: pink, blue, white, rose, and orchid.

I know you want to know every single thing these babies did, and what we actually think of them, so I shall try to tell you. Even before we left Hollywood, we knew from the contract which had been approved by their guardian, David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare in the Province of Ontario, that we should be able to work with them only an hour at most each day—often only
EDITOR'S NOTE:

Dorothy Peterson has played hundreds of "mother" rôles, but nothing has ever stirred her heart-strings like being the first outside woman to hold the quintuplets in her arms! The famous babies were paid $50,000 for their six days' work in "The Country Doctor," or $10,000 for each baby. Miss Peterson plays Nurse Ansson in "The Country Doctor," the first feature film starring the quins—a character which is a composite of both nurses at the Dafoe Hospital, and not actually either one—we must remember that all the characters in the film are fictitious. Miss Peterson and Jean Hersholt, playing the doctor's rôle, were the only actors accompanying Director Henry King and technical staff on the trip to Callander, Ontario, to film the Dionne babies in action. Now read our exclusive story in which Dorothy Peterson describes all her experiences with the "Quins." Proudly we present this SCREENLAND scoop!

thirty minutes. It was also understood, in advance, that Dr. Dafoe was to be present every minute of the time and he would determine the time to stop.

All the way through, this was another case of Mahomet going to the mountain. From the director down, we all took orders—never gave them. In my own mind, I had thought I would be allowed to go in and play with the babies alone and try to "win them over," as it were, like we rehearse other scenes here, but that was not so. I was never alone with them a minute in advance of the picture. I had seen them outside the window, as explained, but when they saw me at close quarters for the very first time, the camera was actually taking the picture! I was dressed exactly like their other nurses, (there are always two or more), and Dr. Dafoe and Director Henry King thought the babies would look at me in that uniform and think they had known me before. They were much too astute for that. They did, however, seem to accept me as someone who might be there to do them a service. You see, never having had anything but the tenderest care, they were not expecting anything but kindness, and they were ready for any new game.

Our first scene was where I began dressing them. Their own nurse, Miss LaRoux, (pronounced LaRue), had put them all on one bed, with their little undergarments—diaper, waist, little silk panties—so I had only the slip and outer dress to finish. I attempted to do this nonchalantly and naturally, taking Yvonne first, from the bed on which they lay, to a table close by. She didn't cry or protest in any manner—though, as explained, I was so nervous that my fingers were all thumbs, and it evidently puzzled her a bit, but when Jean and I began to say our lines back and forth, her mouth dropped open in a thoroughly shocked manner. You see, they are being taught French before English and they can only speak a few words, none of which were more intelligible to me than a mere "da-da."

Yvonne is the largest of the five and easily distinguished. If you have forgotten their names, Marie is the smallest, and between Marie and Yvonne, in size, are the other three, Annette, Cecile, and Emilie, who are exactly the same size and can fool even Dr. Dafoe.

These babies are weighed every week, of course, and at the end of the seven days we (Continued on page 91)
THERE'S no use being bewildered about the male of the moment—'cause Nelson Eddy obviously does believe in making love. Like me, and you, and you!

Only the astounding fix he finds himself in now is that nobody apparently wants the right answers. It seems they listen, but hear not. His refusal to riot romantically isn't such a brain-twister. If they'd given him a fighting chance to explain, there would be none of this nonsense spread about him.

But Hollywood has put him on the spot, and between you and me it's just on account of his revolutionary conduct. He won't kiss the local cuties and then tell. So interviewers keep chasing him with the same queries: Who-is-she? When? And why? Followed, soon after, by: Why not? Next comes: You don't mean to say you haven't a love-life, you super-exuberant Mr. Eddy! The sotto-voice fadeout is, invariably: Of course, sweet, he's covering up. What do you suppose he's concealing?

And so it goes since the movies have spotlighted Nelson's S. A. For there is certainly something about this husky, blond 'n' handsome that haywires emotional ladies, otherwise sensible. It's not simply among far-away fans that damsels go dithery, either. He happens to be as exciting close up.

To date, the women reporters have managed to snare practically all the assignments on him. When they've met him these customary cynics have reacted in a manner that's—but definitely elementary! They forget to record his exact words.
Is he avoiding romance? If there is a particular girl, who is she? Now you can stop guessing! The Male of the Moment speaks for himself—but frankly

By Ben Maddox

I like Nelson as well as anyone does, but I guess being a fellow man saves me from turning sappy on him. If ever I do I know I'll lose his esteem. The unvarnished truth is that here's a regular guy who insists upon staying the way he was, and is. Which is—homespun! The ecstasy-provoking Mr. Eddy is actually a fugitive from all this halo-hooey.

He is, yes, a strange soul in our first-you-Yuma-her- and-eventually-you-Renovate-her community. He doesn't wink at extra girls and invite them on secret drives. Nor make subtle passes at famous actresses. Indeed, his dating is most occasional.

But Nelson hasn't taken any terrible oath to flee from particularly lovable lassies. A feminine-less future isn't his fancy. He isn't sacrificing himself to a cold, consuming career. If they haven't been able to print a proposal or gossip accurately about a proposition, so what? Personally, I admire him for sticking so unhesitatingly to his pre-Hollywood standards. And I give hallelujahs that he isn't trotting out that old chestnut to stave off the snooper. You remember, the one about how a film star bachelor must be careful of becoming involved.

Why, he's not merely unafraid marriage will ruin him, but he never thinks of himself as "a star." Which is another of the extraordinary bits of data that's genuine gospel.

Today Nelson Eddy may be near you, for he is again touring the country, giving concerts precisely as he did before his luck suddenly switched into high. It's one more clue to his firm character. The average actor settles down between pictures to sun-tanning at Palm Springs or "reviving" amid the metropolitan stimuli of New York City. Get this Nelson, though. He demanded a clause in his Metro contract guaranteeing him half of each year free. So he could continue his song recitals!

He'll never have to experience that painful feeling of coming down to earth because he's never been out of touch with reality. You can't cook up a colorful "change" in him, for he's still got that outside manner despite being definitely on the inside at last. I'm wondering how he's surviving his present swing around the country, for his triumph in "Rose Marie" has affected his concerting. Those who hadn't been patrons of semi-classical affairs have become aware of him. No doubt the majority classify his coming as a personal appearance.

Just before he departed from Hollywood he strode into the publicity department at M-G-M to make good a promise. He'd assured me he'd sum up his impressions of his screen chapter. This March marks his third year with us.

He wore a well-tailored, dark brown suit, a gallant fedora, and I had to steer him into an empty office. Even the publicity girls who can chat with him often discover too numerous reasons to consult him.

Nelson sprawled opposite me in a big chair. I'll not go into a soliloquy about his looks. If you've a hope that he's truly as effective as the camera hints, you comprehend what I'd write.

The night before, at Pasadena, he'd given the second of his concerts. The natives adjacent to Hollywood are supposed to be so wise to film favorites that they don't gaga. Well, what's your opinion. (Continued on page 69)
Annual orgy of bravos and blasts from Mr. Mook. If you disagree, send hisses to him—this is his picnic.

COMES March again with its income tax and tax collectors, and self is in the dumps over the $1.98 I have to give the government, to say nothing of the 49c the mighty state of California is taking from me. So I take a stroll through Norman Foster’s garden which consists of two geraniums but it doesn’t seem to make much difference.

Then, suddenly, in my mind’s eye, I see a garden which would have warmed the cockles of old Mr. Burbank’s heart and right next to it is an ice-box filled with birds and next to that is a jeweler’s case filled with shiny new medals. And it all reminds me that Prof. Mook hasn’t cut his flowers or distributed his medals and birds for the sixth successive year for dear old SCREENLAND. And as I look at the ice-box, my spirits go soaring, my dear, positively soaring.

So! The first bird of the season goes to Marlene Dietrich because when she first came to Hollywood she proved she could be one of the nicest people imaginable and instead of continuing along those lines she has developed into one of the most arrogant, over-bearing women I have ever seen.

The first medal of the year goes to Clark Gable because he has made such a great comeback, because he took a part in “Mutiny on the Bounty” for which he was obviously not suited and played it as though it had been tailored to fit him and because, despite his success, he hasn’t changed an iota from the nice person he was when I first met him.

To Ginger Rogers goes the bed of Mum’s chrysanthemums because she is so unassuming, because she never speaks ill of anyone, because she has fought her way to the top in the face of almost overwhelming odds and because she has danced with Astaire and managed not to seem outclassed.

To Carole Lombard goes the bed of lilies because she has developed into such a swell comedienne and because there is no one on the screen today who can wear clothes as she can.

A medal to Warner Baxter for being such a good sport when I called him a “ham” and because from the letters of protest that poured in I know I must be wrong.

The bed of nasturtia to Irene Dunne because she is the epitome of all that is womanly, because she is a good actress, an agreeable singer, and because everyone who has ever worked with her is crazy about her.

A medal to James Cagney because although everyone in Hollywood called him “a type,” as soon as he got a chance at something different in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” he proved he is one of the finest and most versatile actors on the screen and because he is undoubtedly one of the most soft-hearted.

The crimson poppies go to Jeanette Macdonald because from being merely a cold and beautiful singer in her first pictures she
has developed into a warm and pulsating actress.

A pair of medals to Nelson Eddy and Michael Bartlett because they are probably the year’s biggest finds and because the screen can well do with more such voices.

Kay Francis gets the bed of tiger lilies because she is the most luscious brunette on the screen, because she has maintained a steady box-office draught without an outstanding part or picture, and because she takes whatever the studio gives her without complaining.

A medal to Richard Arlen because he is the oldest friend I have in Hollywood, because he, like Gable, hasn’t changed a particle since I first knew him, because he could be a fine light comedian, because he always gives an honest, sincere performance and because he has one of the finest voices any man was ever blessed with.

Janet Gaynor gets the bed of anemones because they are as reserved as she and because she has finally come to the realization that the kind of parts that made her famous are best suited to her and because she has abandoned the idea of playing sophisticated roles—on the screen.

John Boles gets a medal because he has one of the most charming voices in Hollywood and because he, himself, not only has one of the finest voices in town, but because he is one of the friendliest people.

I knew I couldn’t go too long without saying something mean. I’ve been told I lose my color when I do. So! A bird to Jean Muir because she has calmly designated herself one of the five best actresses in pictures and because she doesn’t even rate with the first fifty, to my way of thinking.

A fat bird to Francis Lederer because in the short time he has been out here he has managed to make himself more thoroughly disliked by people who have worked with him than anyone I can think of. The stories of Mr. Lederer’s temperament and rudeness are too numerous to recount here but everyone can’t be wrong and Mr. Lederer right all the time.

Spencer Tracy and Paul Muni have earned a medal apiece because, to my mind, they are still the two outstanding actors in the country, both on the stage and screen.

To Myrna Loy goes the whole bed of orchids because she is my prime favorite on the screen and because she has more glamor than any star since Constance Bennett first crossed our enraptured vision.

A medal to Robert Montgomery because I don’t think there is anyone in pictures who can play light, insouciant parts as well as he.

Joan Crawford gets the patch of gardenias because that is her favorite flower, because she is unceasing in her efforts to improve herself, and because despite her (Continued on page 92)
SINCE Ruby Keeler broke the ice and blazed the tap-trail in "42nd Street" three years ago—no mean feat; try it yourself sometime—other dancers have been cashing in on Ruby's line. Ginger Rogers. Eleanor Powell. Eleanor Whitney. Others, too. How did the first, original tap-dancer of them all feel about this invasion? Was she hurt, resentful? I wanted to know.

I found her in a little dressing-room off the "Colleen" set, where she retired between scenes because her velvet skirt had to be adjusted when she sat down so it would not wrinkle. She had on a perfectly respectable slip underneath, but the little Keeler does not like to have her slip show in public, even the small public of a picture set.

When she was asked about the other tap-dancers, she sighed clear down to the cellar and looked at me helplessly, as if to say, "So it's come to that, has it?" What she really said was "Oh dear, I do hope they are not trying to start a rivalry between us! It would be so difficult and I couldn't live up to it. I don't feel that way. "Eleanor Powell is so far superior to me as a dancer that it's even silly to mention my name in the same breath, and I have a great admiration for Ginger Rogers." "In this picture we are now working on, we are so lucky to have Paul Draper, who was so marvellous in 'Thumbs Up' and other New York shows. He is a grand dancer. Paul and I are not trying to out-do or copy anyone. We are just doing the best we can. If it turns out to be good, it's all due to him. He is figuring out the routines, with Bobby Connolly, and teaching me the steps. I just hope I won't hurt him by being his partner!"

She said it very earnestly with a look of real concern on her sensitive face, nothing mock-modest or put-on about it. Such modesty, and genuine modesty, is the rarest thing to find in this town.

"You see," Ruby went on with that grave little-girl air, so charming, "I have never worked with anyone before, any partner, and neither has Paul. An awful lot depends on it. When I was first dancing in pictures, in '42nd Street,' the big thing then was the chorus—the geometrical formations, the girls sliding into pools, the whole background. I never was allowed to do more than eight bars at a time—that's just a few steps—and I didn't have to study at all, for that. The idea was that the camera couldn't hold on any one person for a longer time or the audience would tire of them. So the principals became almost the background, the chorus was the
important thing—just now and then they would cut to me doing a few steps. So I didn’t develop anything new; there was no need for it.

“The thing used to be visual—just to see a group of tap-dancers or one alone, seemed enough, it was such a novelty. Now the primary thing is nuances, subtlety of sound, literally crescendos and diminuendos, forte fortissimos, all sorts of involved measures. The open space between sound, the spots without music, all those new things. It is now a matter of telling a story with taps, and the sound is far more important than the sight. It is a great change from the early days of tap-dancing—and of course, infinitely more difficult. We have a conversation routine in ‘Colleen,’ for instance, questions and answers without music, which depends as much on inflection as the human voice.”

It is almost the old story of the teacher having to study to keep up with the pupils, I thought. Ruby started something, something interesting. And tap-dancers have flocked to Hollywood by the carload ever since, until the originator of all this whole thing has to work harder than ever before in her life, to maintain her own place in the sun!

“It is stimulating and I like it. Otherwise I might have become lazy about practice. It is simply a matter of a different kind of demand for the screen. Audiences have switched in their taste—now they are more interested in the individual than in great formations.”

“Have you ever thought of replacing dancing with dramatics? I mean, are you perfectly content to dance, with no great dramatic yearning?” Ruby looked a little frightened at the question.

“Well, everyone has his own style, and I guess I am the same way about being dramatic as the fellow and the fiddle—didn’t know whether he could play it until he tried! Usually those with a yen for dramatics have some particular play or rôle they are simply dying to do. I haven’t any. You know I would honestly rather let other people figure out what I am to do, and just do it!”

Well, boys and girls, that is the most straight-forward, honest admission I have ever heard in half a lifetime spent in this volatile village. It did my old heart good to find one lone gal who isn’t languishing to be Trioby, or Mrs. Warren, or something in “Anthony Adverse,” and I do hope you will get as much kick out of it. It was such a rare treat to the ears, it didn’t seem possible I had heard right. A satisfied actress—in Hollywood! An actress who doesn’t want to tell the producers what she should play, or how. The age of wonders has not yet passed, my hearties! Take hope. A girl like that should go far, farther than she ever has. The real truth about it, under lying, is that she is so smart not to wear herself out with longing and worry for fear some one else will get a rôle she wants. She knows she will have to play what she gets, anyway, just as all the others do. So why fret?

Ruby is all a-flutter with feminine excitement at having a house, a house of her very own, at last—after years of apartments. A house to manage for her husband and baby. After all, that is really about as great a thrill as ever comes to any woman in a lifetime.

Al and Ruby expected the house to be completed sooner than it has been, and went into an apartment, supposedly for a short time, on their return from New York. But it has been several months since then—and probably if anything threatened their marriage, as the rumors have had it, it was the ordeal of combining career and matrimony in close quarters. (Continued on page 87)
Read the real lowdown on Hollywood's playground where your picture pets work as hard at relaxing as they do in the studios.

Playing at

Against a brilliant background of sun and blue sky, mountains and desert, you'll find the Racquet Club boys, Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, with John Mack Brown, above; Claudette Colbert, left, a triumph for tennis; and Carole Lombard, right, the star bowler.

LIFE, these days, seems to be so arranged that there is plenty of time for everything except resting. The good old cuddly-wuddly rest with the eyes half-closed dreamily watching for hours a group of fleecy white clouds over there meet a group of fleecy white clouds over here has gone completely out of vogue, the man on the street will tell you—he told me—and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. Just imagine anyone these days spending an entire afternoon watching cloud meet cloud, or Mrs. Ant bringing home the bacon, or Mrs. Spider whipping up a little something in gossamer on the old pear tree—mercy no, before those two clouds could even make the thirty-yard line in God's blue heaven, Miss Movie Star and you, and me too, and don't forget the man on the street, would have lost fifty cents at bridge, bought a hat, bawled out the telephone operator, fired the servants, attended three cocktail parties and gotten neatly squiffed. Yes, your Auntie Maggie believes that those cuddly-wuddly days are gone forever.

But Hollywood still talks about resting even though it does astonishingly little about it. Hardly a day passes but what Gloria Swanson, or Grace Moore, or Carole Lombard, or Norma Shearer, or some of their gang start yapping, "I must have rest. My nerves are on edge. I must get away from it all." ("It all" can be studios, parties, fan writers, dressmakers, radios, Jean Harlow, friends, family, Jack Warner, process servers, telephones or practically anything.) Now resting, in the vernacular of those who toil while the cameras click means only one thing—Palm Springs, America's foremost desert resort. (Advt. but not paid for.) Palm Springs is a nice little hunk of desert about three hours' ride from Hollywood, so
hemmed in by mountains that the rain can't get in—well that's the theory anyway though I know better—and it is here that the movie stars lie themselves of a Saturday and Sunday from November to April to relax and rest in the sunshine before taking on the worldly cares of a Monday morning. From the minute they get there to the minute they leave they rest like mad. They rest all over the place. In fact they rest so strenuously that they usually have to come home and go to bed for two weeks. And of course I don't have to tell you that they find "it all" sitting right there in the middle of the desert waiting for them. Oh, I could continue forever—well until five o'clock, anyway—about the delightful inconsistencies of movie stars and Palm Springs; but I had so much rather tell you about the little rest I had there one Sunday several weeks ago—it brought on a complete collapse but the doctor says I will live; you never get a break, do you?

"There's not much doing today," the clerk at the Desert Inn told me, (and I immediately had visions of tucking myself away in a hammock until sunset). "They're christening a new plane over at the airport this morning, and there's a dog show on at the Kennel Club, and a tennis match with Bill Tilden and Les Stoffen at the Racquet Club, and a swimming meet with Johnny Weissmuller and the Olympic champions at the El Mirador, and a match between Frank Shields and Gene Mako on the Desert Inn court, and Carole Lombard's cocktail party at the Racquet Club, and a movie star bowling match at the Bowling Alley, and Bebe Daniels' fashion show at the Dunes, and—well, I guess that's about all. You should have been here last week-end. It really was gay." And me a fan writer. No hammock for the likes of me with all this "copy" going on. (Continued on page 88)
Let's call on Robert Taylor, the dashing new screen heart-throb, at his house 'way up in the hills

By
Maude Cheatham

Perhaps it's prophetic, but Robert Taylor lives in a white house on top of a high hill. This very handsome, virile new heart-throb may draw his inspiration from the stars; he's certainly near enough to be their playmate.

It takes a steady hand on the steering wheel to make the steep grade and negotiate the sharp turns that circle the breath-taking precipice which finally lands you in his rear garden. But the magnificent view of the San Fernando Valley, stretching before you, with five different mountain ranges rising in the
distance, more than compensates for a few panicky thrills involved in getting there.

"That's one reason I took this place," said Bob, as we stood spell-bound, looking
at the picture below us. "I love the wide-open spaces, beautiful scenery, and being
far from the crowded thoroughfares. You see, I'm still a small town boy! I haven't
yet made up my mind which is the most inspiring moment, the early morning, when
everything is sparkling in the sunshine; or the evening, when thousands of electric
lights make the valley resemble an inverted sky."

A frisky cocker spaniel came pouncing at us—his name is Rumba; and a sleek
tiger cat, followed by five kittens, wandered lazily from under a row of bushes.
Below us, behind the garage, was a barn and corral, where his two riding horses,
Garbo and Speed, were tossing their heads and pawing the ground, seeking a little
attention.

"I hope this pastoral scene warms your heart as it does mine," Bob said. Then,
he added, with a grin, "Now, you see why I must have a house. It isn't that I'm
particularly domestic but I could hardly have this menagerie in an apartment—and
I wouldn't be happy without it. Too, I love riding horseback all over these hills,
preferably by moonlight; and I like fussing around a garden. All flowers are beau-
tiful if they have bright colors. Just look at those asters and dahlias, and the poin-
settias—I'm very proud of all of them."

Finally, tearing ourselves away from the view and the various pets, we passed
through the little patio, with its much-used barbecue pit, and entered the small Eng-
lish house.

It is a paradise of simple, bachelor comfort. Harold, a big, husky colored man,
is master of the situation. He is housekeeper, cook, valet, and is as devoted to the
animals as Bob. Besides, he's an experienced masseur, which comes in handy after
a strenuous day at the studio.

For one reason or another, Bob says he has few meals at home except breakfast.
This consists of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs—the eggs must be very well done and
turned over—and plenty of coffee. He insists he was weaned on coffee because he's
so fond of it, and he drinks cups and cups of it every day. He never diets; in fact
would be willing to add a few pounds. He likes steak and chops, but passes up chicken
and turkey if there is no white meat available. Home-
made pies are the only
dessert he cares for—and he
despite spinach!

Bob's house is friendly
and informal. The large
living room overhangs the
valley, and behind it is the
dining room in deep blue
and white; then comes the
yellow breakfast room over-
looking the garden. The
kitchen, in yellow and white,
and the servant's room,
complete this wing. A long,
narrow sunroom connecting
the main hall with the two
bedrooms, has a hidden bar
(Continued on page 74)
If you want to know why Thin Man Bill is a hero even to his movie wives, read this outrageously amusing interview

By Elizabeth Wilson

"JUST as there is always some one person whom you dance with better than you do with anyone else, someone whose steps are in perfect rhythm with your steps, just so in acting an actor occasionally finds an actress who plays scenes in perfect harmony with himself. And oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, it's heavenly! As far as Myrna Loy is concerned, every waltz is taken by me." I sat back in one of Mr. Powell's most comfortable chairs, ate another sandwich, and relaxed. After all, there is no point in my taking up acting now. Myrna Loy is quite evidently Bill's Best Girl of the screen, and judging from the size of the photograph of Harlow in Bill's upstairs sitting-room Jean is still tops off the screen. It's all quite discouraging for a girl who has secretly adored Mr. Powell ever since as Philo Vance he solved "The Canary Murder Case" with the greatest of charm and humor; but with competition like Loy and Harlow it's just no use. I don't think I'll even bother to reduce.

"Yes," Bill continued on his pet subject, Myrna Loy. "Any actor who has a chance to play opposite Myrna is a lucky guy. The 'Thin Man' would never have been the success it was without Myrna. She has the give and take of acting that brings out the best. When we do a scene together we forget about technique and lights and camera angles and microphones; we aren't acting at all—we are just two people in perfect harmony with nothing better to do than discuss life and love and things over a pot of coffee. Many times, particularly in the old silent days, I have played with an actress who seemed to be separated from me by a plate glass window; there was no contact at all; as far as I was concerned she might just as well have done her scene in Halifax while I did mine in South Africa and the two pasted together on a split screen. Ah me, those were my worst performances. Myrna, unlike a lot of actresses who think only of themselves, has the happy faculty of being able to listen while the other fellow says his lines. Did you know (Continued on page 96)
English Rose
Candid close-up of Madeleine Carroll, lovely transatlantic star, returns to Hollywood
By Hettie Grimstead

IN LONDON we call her the English Rose, for Madeleine Carroll's is such an essentially Saxon type of beauty. Honey-gold hair waving softly off her forehead, wide sea-blue eyes, clearly cut features, a slimly curving figure and a gently pleasant smile. She is always serene—nobody has even seen her lose that quiet poise—and she is as charming to the elevator boy as to the chief of the studio executive.

Hollywood interviewers find her a curious problem. She welcomes them delightfully—there is nothing in the least "temperamental" about Madeleine—offers them the most comfortable chair and pours tea in the lustre china of her favorite blue that she brought with her from England. All their questions she answers with cheerful courtesy and they eventually depart convinced that Madeleine Carroll is an attractively natural girl with perfect manners but not knowing any more of her character, her real ideas, or her outlook on life than before they met her.

For just as the rose stands always sweetly fragrant but only unfolds its petals in the sunshine, so Madeleine only blossoms out when she is with her friends. Beneath that smiling gracious exterior she hides an exceedingly fine and sensitive nature. She is never her real self with strangers, for feeling deeply, she is subconsciously afraid of being misunderstood and her nervousness takes the form of inner reserve. She (Continued on page 80)
THE very fact that "Alice Adams" scored a box-office success and that "Sylvia Scarlett" looks like a hit, makes it imperative that someone tell Katharine Hepburn's secret.

I am sure that had "Alice" been as apathetically received as its predecessor, "Break of Hearts," Katharine herself would be ready to tell. But with her new pictures promising her an indefinite tenure of stardom's upper realms, she didn't dare. It is one of the few dares Katharine has ever turned down. She did once make some half-formed gestures toward revelation. Word went out that she would see interviewers, become "human" again, tell on herself. But for reasons you shall soon understand she changed her mind. Drew back into a shell.

When you know Katharine, you can't lightly go behind her back saying things she might not wish to have said. Things uttered under circumstances which tacitly at least make them confidential. She's the sort of person who wins your loyalty. But what if the chance arises to help her out of a bad predicament? To solve for her, without her knowledge or permission, a problem she is not in position to solve for herself?

In this spirit, I pen the revelations which follow; with all loyalty and friendship shouldering the responsibility which it involves, and tell you how and why Katharine acts as she does in private life affairs. Tell how she fell into a trap from which she has been unable to escape. One from which only her fans can free her.

Even as long ago as when "Morning Glory" was filmed, I learned that Katharine was considering escape from her predicament, the escape she so nearly accomplished just the other day. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and I were chatting about some of his magazine articles on movie subjects, while the "Morning Glory" troupe was at luncheon at its special table in the R-K-O café. It was this which caused Katharine to speak, or as it seemed, to think aloud—although at first her remarks had no apparent bearing on Doug's literary efforts.

"In acting on the stage, I suppose you can consider yourself the servant of your art alone," she said slowly. "Or, perhaps, of your taste for champagne and caviar. But one senses something beyond that in screen work. This unguessably vast film audience, it seems to demand more, doesn't it? It forces upon you a feeling of re-
The many-mooded Hepburn, shown at left from the time she entered pictures to the present; recall the weird coiffures and hand-clasps? Then note Kate with her "publicity" monkey! It was "Little Women" that made Hepburn world-popular—see the scene with Douglass Montgomery. Finally, the vivid, vital actress and woman of today.

By
Jay Brien Chapman

Turn to Page 70 for Spotlight Cover Contest offering reprints of our Katharine Hepburn cover

sponsibility. You wish to be wholly sincere in your dealings with it, not only in what you offer on the screen but in the way you represent your real self. Now isn't that remarkable? Why it demands this part of you that is beyond your work and apart from it, I can't imagine. But it does, doesn't it?"

As I remember the incident, she glanced as though for corroboration at her director, the late Lowell Sherman. Sherman, a sophisticated, and in many things a cynical man, nodded soberly. Katharine then glanced back at us, and as she resumed speaking, the connection between her remarks and Doug's writing became apparent.

"But how to supply this demand? Write about yourself? Let others do it? Must one learn not only acting but the art of reporting oneself to press and public? I shrink from it, because it is so easy to be misunderstood."

How clearly her words reveal certain things, despite the reserve, the proud refusal, so characteristic of Katharine Hepburn, to cry to her friends for aid! We learn that she has realized the responsibility of a motion picture star to the film patrons. And we recognize instantly that the fierce resentment so often charged against her, a thing some writers have branded hatred of the public, is a myth. She wants public sympathy and understanding.

Yet even this revealing view of the real Katharine Hepburn—(sadly overworked, that word real!)—has been through a veil. Certain mysteries remain. What powerful shackles bind her not to clear up her misunderstanding (Continued on page 70)
THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW

IN

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Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

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TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett
Captain "Kid"

Symbol of all the endearing kids in the world—yours, and mine, and the next-door neighbor’s—Shirley Temple has become the reigning queen of the screen, topping older, established stars as the biggest money-maker of the day. Now, in "Captain January," Shirley goes nautical with Guy Kibbee. More records broken! Nicest of all, she stays unspoiled, with each new picture simply a new adventure in fun.
Glorifying Myrna—
Some More!

Painting the lily, that's what it is—imagining Myrna Loy can be made more exquisite by appearing in the spectacular film based on the life of Ziegfeld, "the great glorifier," in which Miss Loy portrays the rôle of Billie Burke. The picture on this page is magic enough for us!
Luise Rainer was sufficiently enchanting to our vision in her first American movie, "Escapade," to remove the necessity for giving her any added glorification. Just the same, playing Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" with William Powell and Myrna Loy, Luise does seem even more charming than before.
Merle Oberon is unpredictable! You never know when she will be an exotic beauty, or a gay, laughing girl. She can play roles of haunting tragedy, or sparkling humor. This magic, mysterious quality is why we keep saying, "Watch Merle!"
One day completing his part of the frustrated philosopher opposite Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest," and the next paged to play the dashing Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet—and more than equal to both difficult assignments: gifted Leslie Howard.

Man of Moods
Dolores Costello, charming as ever, returns to the screen as Freddie Bartholomew's mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Perfect rôle for one of the loveliest real-life mothers of Hollywood.

As Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores left the screen to devote herself to her beautiful babies. Now she has determined to resume her film career, and finds the ideal part waiting for her, that of Dearest, tenderest mama in all famous fiction, in the elaborate new production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," first scene from which is shown below. In the other pictures on this page, note how Dolores has the same hauntingly sweet charm of yesteryear, with an added grace.

Preston Duncan

Beauty's
Greetings, Norma Shearer! May your Juliet be as great a tribute to your beauty and your artistry as your exquisite portrait of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Miss Shearer, the star with probably more prestige than any other in pictures, is preparing THE picture of her brilliant career, "Romeo and Juliet." Leslie Howard plays Romeo. George Cukor directs. Fine writers and artists planned the screen version and the settings. Norma is shown at right and at top of the page as she looks in real life today. Center, she inspects Cedric Gibbons' model of the set of Juliet's garden—one of the many marvelous sets for the film. Great things are hoped for from "Romeo and Juliet."
The LOVES of Anthony Adverse

Fredric March creates the famous fiction hero for the films. How do you like the casting of the principal feminine rôles?

M. Marigold

Olivea de Havilland plays Angela, above.

Gale Sondergaard, above, enacts Faith Bonnyfeather.

Steffi Duna, shown with Fredric March at right, portrays the exotic Neleta.
Fred Astaire's modest movie bow was with Joan Crawford, above, in "Dancing Lady." Then he scored a real success in "Flying Down to Rio"—above center, with Dolores Del Rio.

It was when RKO teamed Fred with Ginger Rogers that he danced into terrific fame. "Gay Divorcee," above, was followed by "Roberta" and the very popular "Top Hat."

The amazing cinema career of the famous Fred, told in pictures

Now in "Follow the Fleet" Fred is all set to repeat his previous triumphs. Below, with Ginger Rogers, in one of their inimitable clowning scenes. Right below, with Randy Scott, who also appeared in "Roberta."

Evolution of ASTAIRE
Out of Character

It keeps you guessing when your film favorites switch types as they do in this gallery of many surprises.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., peers through a lorgnette, and looks very different in his make-up as "The Amateur Gentleman," his new film; while directly above, Elissa Landi, his co-star, appears as you've never seen her before under her gay bonnet. Left, what a surprise to see Miriam Hopkins, the glamor girl, going definitely school-marm, as Martha Dobie in "These Three."

Edward G. Robinson, above, looks so meek you'd never guess he could, even if he wanted to, play those "Little Caesar" chaps. Take a look, left, at Claudette Colbert, so smartly humorous in her current films, showing how to be really upstage. And, right, Peggy Conklin's idea of being different is apparently to look like Arline Judge. We'll admit it's a way to look pretty.
"Strike Me Pink" if that's not Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in the very touching view of venerable devotion at the left. Now dry your misty eyes and have a good guffaw.

Nothing very operatic about the opera-voiced Jan Kiepura in this scene at the right, from "Give Us This Night." Below, Jackie Cooper, very grown-up in a pose with Joseph Calleia and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.

How's this for switching types! George O'Brien, right, is not just caught at it—he's deliberately posing without his horse. Jack Holt, just below, in a perfect impersonation of the polished, debonair hero, so different from the western and slightly sinister rôles he's played. Grace Bradley, bottom, makes up as Delilah in a test for the role in DeMille's "Samson and Delilah."
Jean ~

and John

Now there's an idea! Why not team the tempestuous Harlow and the quietly charming Mr. Boles? Meanwhile, they're both busy on their own

JEAN HARLOW has: 1, changed her hair from platinum to brownette; 2, scored an acting success in “Riffraff” with Spencer Tracy; and 3, is now battling Clark Gable and Myrna Loy for first honors in “Wife versus Secretary.”

JOHN BOLES has: 1, won new popularity playing father to Shirley Temple; 2, had his first chance in too long to air his fine voice in “Rose of the Rancho” with Swarthout; and 3, is now appearing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in “A Message to Garcia.”
New Hero at Home

Here's Errol Flynn in the homey house that "Captain Blood" built.

The minute a new screen player makes a hit, he builds or rents himself his idea of a home. The young star of "Captain Blood" chose for himself and his wife, Lily Damita, a house on a hill—for the view. Around this page you'll see the exterior of his home, the big living-room with its old-world fireplace, the unpretentious dining-room, and "a room with a view."

Scotty Welbourne
Teaming Up the Talent

Proigal picture-makers give us colorful combinations. Left, Rosalind Russell and George Raft, together for the first time in "It had To Happen." Al Jolson teams with Sybil Jason, right, in "The Singing Kid."


Gertrude Michael looks with interest on her latest screen sweetheart, George Murphy, in "Woman Trap." Below, Arline Judge holds hands-across-the-table with Paul Kelly for "The Black Gang."

Margaret Sullavan’s new movie beau is James Stewart, in "Next Time We Love." Stewart hails from the stage, and is said to be a bet.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
Secret Chapter in Fred's Success Story

It's too good to keep any longer, so we persuaded MacMurray to tell you

By Walter Ramsey

Is he "the best movie mug since Gable?" Anyway, MacMurray is going places—most recently with Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," left, below.

ants and cameramen moved in a body toward the projection room to view the tests made the previous day. One by one, the electricians and prop boys gathered their equipment and sauntered away.

There was one man, however, who remained. To the casual observer, it might have seemed that he was stalling, deliberately taking his time. Now and then he would look up to see how quickly the stage was emptying. The lights were almost all out now; only a single electric bulb remained to light the stragglers to the door.

"Lose something?" inquired the only remaining prop boy.

"Oh, no, thank you, Bill," grinned Fred MacMurray, Claudette's new leading man. The prop had heard he was some actor from Broadway. New to pictures, or something. Nice mug; or at least he had seemed to be, the first day. Of course you couldn't tell about actors. Pretty screwy bunch. But this MacMurray looked and acted like a regular. The prop said: "Good-night."

"Good-night" answered MacMurray as he watched the huge, padded door of the sound stage close behind the prop boy.

Then Mr. MacMurray did a very amazing thing. Swinging himself on a two-by-four, he climbed to the very top of sound stage No. 5 and wended his way precariously across the boards that usually knew the tread of studio electricians. Let's see. It should be right about here; yep, here was the spot! He struck a match and peered intently at a certain sound-proof board adjoining the ceiling. Carved in its center, with the same boldness that kids cut hearts and arrows deeply into the trunks of trees were the initials: F. MAC. M. (Cont. on page 76)
The Magnificent Obsession—Universal

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS' popular novel comes to the screen as an excellent vehicle for Irene Dunne's sympathetic charm and John M. Stahl's painstaking direction. These make "The Magnificent Obsession" worth your while—but the picture becomes News for its presentation of Robert Taylor as an important actor as well as a handsome and ingratiating personality. Young Mr. Taylor has a rôle to tax the talents of a far more mature actor; yet he plays it with ease and assurance, as well as his own special brand of boyish appeal. Here's a very "plotty" picture which makes heavy demands on its principal players, but Miss Dunne, Mr. Taylor, and the supporting cast are more than equal to its exactions. If you read the book, you won't be disappointed in the careful adaptation of the romance of the doctor's widow and the reformed wastrel, with its "big theme" of the power of secret charity. If the story is new to you, be prepared for some grim moments and others of rather mawkish sentiment. Charles Butterworth contributes the very welcome comedy relief. Ralph Morgan impresses as always.

Ceiling Zero—Warner

LITERALLY jammed with harrowing thrills and suspense is this picture glorifying the pioneer bird-men who carried the mails across the continent in the early days of aviation, with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in roles differing from their usual wrangling routine—and about time, too. Almost the entire action of this fast-moving melodrama takes place at an airport where O'Brien is the chief in charge of the pilots. Jimmy, a flyer with a dare-devil, giddy past and present, drops in for a job and is promptly knocked for a loop by an air hostess, Pretty-New-Face June Travis. With Jimmy beglam- ored, Stuart Erwin takes his flight and is caught in the fog. To atone, Cagney does the finest act of his gay life—which I'm NOT going to tell you; but it's the month's big atonement, and saves the Cagney part from the curse of caddishness. Even so, seems to me that Pat O'Brien with his fine, restrained performance steals the picture. Particularly fine portrayals are given by Isabel Jewell and James Bush. You'll enjoy this, if only because it's new and different material for Pat and Mike—I mean Jimmy—and also for its presentation of the charming Travis newcomer.

A Tale of Two Cities—M-G-M

FOR sheer scope and spectacle, here is the outstanding motion picture of the month. Charles Dickens' monumental story has received its perfect tribute in celluloid, and the result is required seeing. Seldom has any classic received such reverent treatment at the hands of Hollywood; in fact, if anything the picturization of "A Tale of Two Cities" is a trifle too painstaking. There's a heaviness that hangs over the audience even as the shadow of Mme. Guillotine hangs over the characters. But perhaps that's carping. Surely the story has been flawlessly cast, with Ronald Colman at last coming into his own as a dramatic actor as Sydney Carton, one of the truly heroic figures of all fiction. Mr. Colman has been an elegant Bulldog Drummond just a little too long for comfort; and he tackles his new assignment with fire and fervor—a superb performance. The bloodthirsty and bitter chapter in French history known as the Revolution is recorded in scenes of terrific power. The cast is perfect, with Elizabeth Allan a lovely Lucie Szortet; and Henry B. Walthall, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Blanche Yurka, Isabel Jewell excellent, particularly Mr. Walthall and Miss Jewell.
The Ghost Goes West—United Artists

Such is the quiet charm of Robert Donat that practically everyone who has ever seen him looks forward to seeing him again—as soon as possible. And then Mr. Donat keeps up waiting; and by the time he gets around to teasing off another little number, we're panting to be surprised and teased all over again by his mockingly melodious voice and Mona Lisa smile. He's the male Garbo; the movie Mystery Man—but wait, this is supposed to be a review, not a rave. All right—"The Ghost Goes West" promises far more than it ever performs. A bright, new idea; a screenplay by Robert E. Sherwood; direction by the famous Rene Clair—and what have we? A melange of imaginative and amusing scenes, delicious dialogue, and grand performances by Mr. Donat—of course; by Jean Parker, who has never seemed so fresh and flowerlike before—Mr. Donat's influence again?—by Eugene Pallette, funnier than usual; and also—other performances of which the less said, the kinder dated and dirty digs at Americans and Americanisms; and some Clair touches to make you mean for Lubitsch. But there's Donat.

Captain Blood—Warners

HERE'S the answer to your question: "What's a picture to see that's exciting enough to entertain adults—and clean enough to keep the kids contented?" This big swashbuckling number has about everything you want in the way of rousing entertainment, plus the dashing new potential idol, Errol Flynn. As Peter Blood, the Sabatini hero, he is always a colorful character: sold into slavery, then escaping with a motley crew, capturing a pirate ship, and becoming not only a pirate chief but the handsomest scoundrel of the sea you ever saw. Yes, it's that kind of costume melodrama—but you'll find yourself goggle-eyed with excitement despite any prejudice you may have against "that sort of thing." There are beautiful scenes of ships under full sail, better than in "Mutiny on the Bounty;" there is the most thrilling duel you've ever watched; and the climax shows you a genuinely gory sea fight when Captain Blood sails into a besieged harbor and blows the stuffings out of two ships. Flynn's portrayal of the title role, both for physique and intelligent acting, marks him as tops among the young leading men of the screen. Olivia de Havilland is a lovely heroine. A grand cast.

The Story of Louis Pasteur—Warner

THE most dignified drama of the new season, and the most impressive biographical screenplay so far produced, Paul Muni's new vehicle gives him his greatest opportunity in the role of Pasteur, eminent scientist whose life-long fight against disease forms the theme. To the credit of its producers be it said that here is a sensational picture without sensationalism. Always on a high plane, "The Story of Louis Pasteur" is also of continuously absorbing interest, as it records the single-handed struggle of the French scientist against the careless medical methods of the day—the day of Napoleon the Third and the birth of the French Republic. We watch Pasteur's selfless struggles for sanitation; his tireless experiments in search of cures. Don't let this outline frighten you away from the theatre—the picture will enthral you, and Muni's performance will remain in your memory for its burning sincerity and realism. Josephine Hutchinson is splendid as the self-sacrificing wife, Fritz Leiber as a doubting physician is excellent. Anita Louise and Donald Woods supply the love interest in charming fashion.

Sylvia Scarlett—RKO-Radio

HERE'S the dynamic Hepburn's most controversial picture. See it and start arguments! The star's impersonation of the girl heroine masquerading as a boy is a fascinating study in the more flamboyant phases of acting technique. Whether it is ever for a moment believable is a matter of opinion—mine is "No," but you may say, "O-Katie." Hepburn and director George Cukor work together again for the first time since "Little Women," but this rather brittle romantic comedy bears little relation to that tender classic. Does it tell you much that this strikes me as very probably Hepburn's own favorite of all her pictures? She has the time of her life playing the masquerading heroine, travelling the English countryside as a member of a band of roving players, until she meets and falls in love with an artist, Brian Aherne. Her efforts to win him provide the most appealing scenes of the picture. It is Cary Grant, surprisingly enough, who scores most strongly in the picturesque role of a cockney trickster; he steals every scene in which he appears. Looks like a bright future for Mr. Grant, erewhile glamour boy, as an Actor. Princess Natalie Paley impresses.
LIFE is strange. As they sat in the darkness Tom could scarcely believe his ears. The voice that was issuing from Karen's pictured mouth was her voice, certainly—and yet it wasn't. The hesitant, slurring twist that she gave to her words had deepened, taken on an odd enchantment. The way she had of transforming an "I" to a double "e" had gentled down to a strangely italicized pronunciation. Her sentences—so vague and uncertain, usually—were no longer either vague or uncertain. In short, Karen's voice was magnificent and moving when heard mechanically. Tom held her quiet hand through the whole of the run-off, and although she sat tense and still and breathless, he made little sounds of approval. In fact he very nearly cried with mingled astonishment and delight and awe. For though Tom had been the first to recognize Karen's potentialities—the first to give her the limelight—he had never felt, before, that she possessed greatness. And he did not.

Greatness. Yes, Tom had underestimated Karen and her power to portray emotion! He had underestimated other things, too. His own half-formed feelings were swiftly crystallized under the magic of that slow, heart-quickening voice. Karen's faintest mummer gave him a hint of unexpected delight and beauty. Not in Karen, in himself. Tom left the room still clinging to Karen's hand. He left it a slightly dazed and—this was a unique experience—a wordless man. Gone was the desire to wisecrack, and the ability to do so. He didn't attempt to speak until the spell of the tests had fallen away. Then he said—

"What're you doing tonight, big girl?"

Karen allowed her hand to rest in Tom's despite the people who were swarming forward to offer congratulations. She said, "Nothing, if you have want of me."

If you have want of me? Tom knew, at that second, that the want of her was a living thing in his heart. He had expected to comfort her in failure—to offer the shield of his assured position in defense of a disaster that hadn't arrived—and he could not help feeling the slightest shading of disappointment. But he put the disappointment aside with a shrug and a grin. Many a family has been founded on twin successes. He said—

"I didn't want to tell you, Karen, until I knew how you were coming out, but you're not the only one that's on the grid today. My own tests have been made and I'm going now to hear 'em. After they're washed up I'll drop over at your shack. I have things—" unconsiously he was quoting a remark that he had made to a gawky extra girl, "to say to you!"

A flame rose in Karen's eyes. The scenario writer who had called her as chilly and aloof as her native fjords should have caught a glimpse of her face.

"You mean?" she breathed.

"I mean lots," said Tom. "No, I won't tell you now, and you can't come with me. The bunch here must have a look-in—they're going to spend a million dollars on you, this year, and make five million—or I'm a nanny-goat!"

He stalked off past the waiting group. He left the room and swung out of the building and climbed into his car. He whirled across town to his own studio in a curious daze. He entered his projection room walking on air—and didn't know that he'd gone down the corridor leading to it without so much as seeing the people who nodded in his direction. When the lights went down he was

Illustrated by Georgia Warren
humming the refrain of a popular song—a love song.

It was a bare fifteen minutes later that Tom called “cut” to the man who was running off his sound test. He said, “I won’t be wanting you any more—” he didn’t add “today,” and started from the projection room. He didn’t speak to Monte Feinberg, who came barging through the hall—he didn’t speak to any of the studio satellites who clustered about with anxiety stamped upon their faces. He walked past them like a man asleep, and entered his private office and closed the door and locked it. When there was a knock upon the panel he didn’t answer—although his manager called, frantically, “Lemme in, Tom. Maybe it isn’t as bad as you think.” He was so still that after a few minutes Monte turned from the door and Tom heard his footsteps diminishing in the corridor.

How long he sat there, in silence, with his head bowed on his hands, Tom didn’t know. The sunlight had been lying in patches on the floor when he entered his office. He saw it quiver, grow pale, fade into the amethyst shadow of dusk. He thought, disconnectedly:

“I felt that I was foolproof. And I was a fool, instead. But what in hell went wrong?”

What went wrong? Who can tell what goes wrong when you’re dealing with the idiosyncrasies of machinery? Tom’s voice, relic of the old music hall days, had been firm, sure, carrying, gay as the Christmas holidays. But the mechanics of motion picturedom had transformed it utterly—had made it, rather—a hiss. His judicious ears didn’t sound in the least like his familiar, rollicking tone. It was a husky voice, even for comedy. It wasn’t the sort of a voice that you could use in tragedy, either. It wouldn’t be good anywhere. The register—was that what they called it?—seemed out of gear.

“I’m through with pictures,” Tom told himself blankly, “through! There’s no future for me. My future belongs back in the days that were.” The phrase “days that were” hammered and buzzed in his brain. It was as if his brain were trying to fit it to a tune. To the tune he had been humming when he had been so happy at Karen’s success!

It was the memory of Karen’s success that lifted Tom’s head from his hands, that set him staring across the twilight-shaded room into emptiness. For in a space measured by minutes, Karen’s success—over which he had been so jubilant—had become a destroying monster, a Frankenstein which he had labored to create. How far would she go, he mused grimly, now that she had struck her stride? Why, her art—aided by the gift of speech—knew no boundaries! She could travel limitless as long as she traveled alone. But could she travel as limitlessly if she were shackled to a—might as well utter the damning phrase—a has-been? There was but one possible answer.

Tom, sitting there, thought of what he had planned to say to Karen. He had planned to say, “I love you!” Something he’d never said, sincerely, to anybody else. But now the words would be, he said, the words were cut short, even as his career had been. He’d have to go slinking past Karen—admitting defeat, hour by hour.

“But she’d marry me, if I asked her,” Tom muttered, “through though I am. She’d marry me out of gratitude if I were a hopeless cripple!” It was an anchor to sanity, that thought—but merely for a split second.

It was dark when Tom left his private office. Alone he had met and passed his Gethsemane. If he shed tears in the stress of mental agony, there had been no audience. At least he’d done his whining in private. He walked down the hall, with his head up, semi-conscious of the echo of each step. The staff had gone—rats, he snarled, mentally, deserting a sinking ship. It gave him a martyr feeling to make the smile until he realized that he had practically dismissed them.

He came out, still walking steadily, to the reception room. There was a light here, and the girl who guarded (Continued on page 83)
HENRY called it "Bagdad on the Subway." And right now New York might be just a subway ride from California, so numerous are the Hollywoodians seen here, there and everywhere in Manhattan these mid-winter days.

It seemed a bit strange that the star who appeared most definitely "at home" during the holiday season was the only one of the many in town whose next stop was not a return to Hollywood, but a journey overseas, to London; and whose natal city is located in Southern Texas; which, even as the planes fly, is a long ride from New York.

But then, Helen Vinson was celebrating the first Christmas she's had with her parents in four long years; and over there in London she was to rejoin her groom, Fred Perry, who had to be off to the tennis wars in Australia only a few weeks after their marriage last fall. And, furthermore, Helen's next, and her first co-starring picture was to be filmed at a studio just outside London town.

All of which adds up to make a pretty nice situation for kindling that glow of cozy content which is generally supposed to be a sure sign you're really "at home."

With a minimum of fuss, and a maximum of graciousness, Helen Vinson made, and kept with notable promptness, an appointment with your correspondent. The meeting place, a cocktail salon, (it would be libel and nothing less to call it a room), in one of Fifth Avenue's very nice hotels. Incidentally if you want to feel like you're in the movies, ask me about this place some time.

You can go up there, put your feet under one of their double-damask covered tables, and feel precisely like you're anything from a "sit in" to a star in one of those lavish sets they use to give the films what the trade calls "production value."

In that symphony of gold-plated elegance, the one untheatrical note, so far as these eyes could de-
tect, was the one authentic representative of the movies in the whole gorgeous place—Miss Helen Vinson, the tallish, very smart girl in the mink coat, who came through the doorway from Fifth Avenue preceded by an aristocratic Scottie, tugging at the leash with a manner of restraint that instantly identified him as a dog of quality.

As you know, Miss Vinson was the first captive of that Gaumont-British racing party that descended on Hollywood about a year ago with some very lovely contracts to dazzle the movie stars of America. Last Spring she boarded ship for England, and along with her rode Fate. Fred Perry, whose slashing racquet deals out aces that his opponents on the courts can’t trump, also was aboard.

Two pictures she made over there, “Transatlantic Tunnel,” which didn’t give Helen much of a rôle, and “The King of the Damned.” Then came a return to these shores, marriage to Mr. Perry, and a sojourn on the coast that was not productive of any balm for the Vinson fans, for she did not accept any of the parts offered her out where Movies were born, and stars gather new brilliance.

Could it be, what with being the bride of an Englishman and turning down Hollywood offers to do another picture in London, that this lovely American whose beauty and acting skill added so much to “The Wedding Night” and other Hollywood films, could it be Helen Vinson was going to leave us for permanent residence in England?

“That isn’t my plan,” she assured us. “As to my being married to an Englishman—why, Fred’s as much a vagabond as I am. He’s on the go all the time. We met on the boat going over. Two weeks after he arrived there he was off to France to play the tournaments there, and he was mainly on the go right up till he came over to play at Forest Hills last Fall.”

It is a matter of considerable regret to Helen Vinson that she can’t travel around with Fred Perry. These court stars get around to some very interesting places and meet mighty interesting people in the course of a playing season.

“I could have a lot more fun on these trips with Fred than he could by following me around on my acting assignments, wherever they may be,” she said.

The next picture, I learned from her, is to be “His Majesty’s Pyjamas,” in which Helen Vinson will co-star with Clive Brook. When you go into the details of this picture you conclude about the only thing British about the production will be the location of the studio where it’s to be made. The story is an adaptation of a novel by Gene Markey, one of Hollywood’s foremost scenarists, who also wrote the scenario. The director is Al Werker, director of “The House of Rothschild” and other Hollywood hits. Clive Brook is British, but if memory serves, it was in America that Brook became a movie star.

“I am to arrive in London,” she said, “January third. The next day Fred is to land, he’s on his way there from Australia now. The next day the picture is scheduled to start. So with hunting and setting up an apartment, I expect things will be a little hectic for me as a starter for the new year.”

This international marriage will not take Fred Perry off the courts or Helen Vinson out of pictures—for two years at least. “We’ve arranged that we shall go on, Fred with his tennis tournaments, he is to play in South America next year, and I with my screen work.”

So you see the conversation was productive of a story that is on good news—for us movie enthusiasts who want Helen Vinson in pictures—and bad news for the tennis hopefuls of every country but England.

And talking of British sporting events, recalls a bit of history. In 1913, according to the British records, the amateur welterweight boxing championship was won by a kid named Carl Peterson, born in Copenhagen and a great Dane with his dukes. To this day Peterson carries about with him the medal that signifies his victory. Only the handsome, strapping figure of a man who shows you the medal, a bit proudly too, is known far and wide, as Carl Brisson, who was hired to Hollywood from London, where he was the No. 1 matineé idol.

For the first time since he passed through town eighteen months ago to star in Hollywood pictures, Carl Brisson was a New York visitor recently. And as far as this unofficial greeter is concerned, (Continued on page 78)
Edited by

Gladys Swarthout

Hand-knitted suits can have grace and glamour, as Mild Swarthout shows us, above, with her two-piece gray suit with accessories of dark brown. Right: every inch of her black crepe daytime frock is knife-pleated! That gay hat is boldly trimmed with brilliant red poppies—note that our Katharine Hepburn cover, this month, also features the poppy note. Two more mad little hats! Schiaparelli's ultra-modern version of the beret, left, of black felt—that fur-like border isn't fur at all, but clipped yarn. Below: tassels still tease the smart imagination, as on Miss Swarthout's black felt with its intricate crown.
A prime donna who could still be a screen star if she never sang a note, Gladys Swarthout, close-up above, has not only beauty, but authentic chic. She created this now-famous coiffure: center part, brushed smoothly back, with two delightfully amusing "ears" of soft curls. See her act and hear her sing in "Rose of the Rancho" and "Give Us This Night"—but note also her personal and highly individual flair for clothes. Right: light blue chiffon for evening, with shrirring and front fullness.

Red and gold hostess gown, left, has wide gold bands at waist and elbows. White Fox fashion. Miss Swarthout's luscious cape, above. Red is frankly favored in Gladys' personal wardrobe—the picture gown of slipper satin, right, is brilliant red.
Carole Lombard steps into Spring in beige and brown. Her beige tailleur is topped with a sumptuous sable scarf; her hat, gloves, shoes are dark brown. Countess de Maigret, lovely newcomer, below, piquantly combines polka-dot scarf with striped suit. Above, from left to right: Mary Taylor and her jolly new jacket. Claudette Colbert's favorite lounging pajamas of tailored white satin. Mary Carlisle presents the new note: short white gloves—and her new straw hat is good, too. Our Spring Fashion Forecast heralds an exciting new style season for Hollywood and everywhere!
Flowerlike faces are high fashion! New notes: Marlene Dietrich's visor with veil which tops her travel coat of beige wool trimmed with loops of natural-colored pigskin, and wide belt, gloves, bag of the pigskin. The girls above enhance their feminine appeal with flowers. Left to right: Virginia Bruce's Spring bonnet with blue velvet flowers. Francine Larrimore's delicate flower necklace. Anita Louise wears fragile white flowers at throat and in her shimmering curls. Below, Virginia Bruce in a flattering hat with a feather. Anita Louise and more flowers.
Your Face as You Like It!

Different styles of make-up and coiffure help Hollywood beauties change their faces

By Elin Neil

Different styles of make-up and coiffure help Hollywood beauties change their faces.

Make it a habit to drink eight to twelve glasses a day. And don't stop drinking milk just because you are grown up now and there is no one to make you take it. Milk is definitely beneficial to the skin.

Of course there are artificial circulation stimulants—ointments, lotions, creams or masks. You with sensitive, fine-textured skin must be careful of these, though. The same stimulants which are excellent for coarser skins may be far too strong for you. They may cause broken veins, those little red lines under your skin which are so difficult to efface. Ice used on an unprotected delicate skin holds the same danger. The safest way to use ice is to wrap it in a towel and run it quickly over your face, never leaving it on the same spot for long. Ice is a fine astringent as well as a circulation stimulant. Cold water is almost as good, if used often enough, and is safe for anyone.

Practically every skin, even if it is dry, needs washing with soap and water to keep it thoroughly clean. But don't use "just any soap" on your precious complexion. There are soft, mild beauty soaps specially prepared to benefit the skin. The oil that they take off the surface should be removed, as it is dirty (Continued on page 86)
Alphabet Scoop!

Try this new game

By James Marion

It's some fun, this new silly research game. Call it ALPHABET SCOOOP, because it has to do with letters and odd facts concerning the names of the film stars. The idea is to sit down during a vacant afternoon or evening, when time is heavy on your hands and you have no way to lighten it, and unearth all the unusual data possible about alphabetical twists in the names of motion picture stars.

For instance, do you know that the shortest name in motion pictures is that of Tom Mix, six letters; and the longest belongs to Richard Barthelmess, eighteen letters? And do you know that Sally Eilers' last name begins with the letter E, but is sounded as if spelled I-lers, while the first name of Ivan Lebedeff starts with an I, but is sounded E-von?

B is the most popular letter of the alphabet, in Hollywood. No fewer than thirty-four stars and feature players are listed alphabetically among the Bs. The "high Cs" are a close second; twenty-eight names start with this letter. M is third with twenty-three, but only by a trick—the Four Marx Brothers count just that many on the total. But for the Marx family group, the letter L would be third with its total of twenty-two. How many of these stars and players can you name? Try it, but remember, only the important notables.

Although there are few players in the G group, they give a remarkable account of themselves. There are Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable, Mitzi Green and Hoot Gibson among the Gs, and they certainly are topnotchers of their individual types. A promising member of the G section is Wynne Gibson, who pronounces it WIn, and intends to do just that.

The most common name in pictures is Lee—and is it an unlucky name? Look at them: Davey Lee, Lila Lee, Dorothy Lee, Frances Lee, Gwen Lee and Dixie Lee. Without exception, their screen careers have been interrupted disastrously. Davey's parents made salary demands that the studios considered preposterous, and his movie life ended abrupt-lee. Lila suffered a career-let-down. Dorothy, twice divorced before she was twenty-one, found herself jobless when her contract was not renewed. She had to start all over again. Frances displayed rare talent in silent comedies, but before her opportunity came in feature productions, talking pictures arrived and Frances was forgotten. Dixie had a promising screen start at Fox, then she left to become Mrs. Bing Crosby. Now she's making a come-back—here's luck! Gwen, heralded as a screen find, grew too tall and lost her opportunity. So, you see, the Lees ended unappeasing. Lee Tracy, too, has his troubles.

X marks nobody's spot in Hollywood; no screen star's name commences with the letter.

Bees are temperamental little businesses; perhaps that is why the alphabetical Bs embrace so many temperamental stars. Noted for their outbursts are George Bancroft, who walked out of his studio and refused to return until salary and story adjustments were made; Madge Bellamy, who made money demands, and bounced herself out of motion pictures by so doing, although she has lately bounced back; Olive Borden, whom the studios accused of temperament, and who never progressed far following the accusations; Betty Bronson, who faded right off the screen; Clara Bow, a regular turmoil of spirit and temper; Evelyn Brent, the stormy petrel, now gallantly attempting a comeback; Charles Bickford, the tough guy who told studio executives where to head in; John Barrymore, possibly the inventor of temperament; and Tallulah Bankhead.

Tragedy also has pursued the letter B. Betty Bronson was an overnight star and a sensation, but fell from grace before she accumulated much money. She is happily married now. Olive Borden lost almost every cent she possessed following her break with the studios. Madge Bellamy, after several years off the screen, was forced to auction her home and furnishings, on which she realized only a fraction of their original costs. Joan Bennett spent several months in the hospital when she was thrown from a (Continued on page 99)
Here's Hollywood

We're off to the races, the studios, everywhere, to hear the latest gossip

By Weston East

THE one woman in Hollywood who really is in Clark Gable's confidence is —guess—May Robson. They have been like mother and son off the screen for several years. Now they are to be a screen family in "Wife versus Secretary," and it seems perfectly natural to them.

THE secret is out! Luise Rainer has failed the gossips, so far as having her name romantically linked with any of the local blades. Now it develops that a young European diplomat is the cause of it all. He will arrive in Hollywood soon, and then we shall see what we shall see. Because the usual career-trouble is why Luise didn't marry him before she arrived in Hollywood. He wants her to give up the screen, entirely. And all he has against him is Luise, the studio, and all her newly-acquired fans!

Ann Harding has a grand idea, which may or may not bring her a financial return. Anyway, that isn't the idea. She wants to produce a series of two-real pictures for youngsters, based on the classic fairy-tales. She believes the screen is sadly lacking in entertainment for children, and having a daughter of her own, the lack has been more impressed upon her. She intends to turn the profits over to some worthy charity. Production will begin as soon as she finishes her current picture.

The Price of Fame! Shirley Temple's fans nearly all write asking for dolls instead of autographs, these days. Maybe it's a break for Shirley, at that. It takes her about half an hour to sign a picture, she does it so painstakingly. Nothing rushes her, even gaping crowds. I happened to be sitting three seats away when she attended the preview of "Littlest Rebel," and when the lights went up afterward Shirley went to work on an autograph—it took so long, it was nearly time for the feature to begin before she placed on the finishing touches!

In a remote corner of a restaurant the other day, this reporter spied your favorite glamour-blonde, who looked quite startled when her hiding place was discovered. Now, this very fact on the face of it aroused a certain suspicion. So inquiries were made. She broke down—told all.

"You see," she explained, "I love liver and onions. I could live on liver and onions. But the onion part isn't ladylike!"

"But you don't have to hide," we assured her. "There's no law against it."

"Well, the reason I can indulge myself is because the boy-friend is on the outs for a few days, and I'm having onions every time I want them, but I don't want him to catch me at it!"
A TERRIFIC fuss was made over the arrival of the great English novelist, H. G. Wells. Swarms of people went to the airport to greet him, all the news services and photographers were present. It was quite an affair. The low-down on the matter is that Mr. Wells actually arrived in town, quietly, one week before his supposed arrival, cleaned up various and sundry businesses, and no one knew he was here but Charlie Chaplin!

THE fans are getting awfully smart, we mean the autograph-bounds that besiege the local restaurants. They have found out about Thursday—you know, cock’s night out. They simply collect, waist deep, around the Beverly Derby, and the other night we saw them catch Freddie Bartholomew, who was taking Constance Collier (1) to dinner, Edward G. Robinson, Clark Gable, Kay Francis and Delmar Daves. It was a big night. But one of the most distinguished gentlemen present was not recognized, except by the stellar diners, who visited his table at intervals. He was Alexander Woollcott, having a very gay time with Laura Hope Crews.

DESSERT-RATS de luxe, two prospectors named Joel McCrea and Lew Ayres. Joel discovered eight claims left among the papers of his maternal grandfather, Albert Whipple, California pioneer, who came west in the gold rush of ’49. Lew is furnishing the knowledge of geology, assaying, and what-not. Joel furnishes the mules. They start after These Three is finished, and no fools’ about it. But the unique part will be found in their knapsacks—probably the only prospectors’ grub ever to include a large quantity of caviar! Both boys are very fond of it; they can get along for days on nothing else.

SYLVIA SIDNEY’S dressing-room at Paramount is vacant. She has finished her contract with Walter Wanger. It is a romantic place, that suite of rooms. Pola Negri first had it, and it was quite a sight—all in red and gold and black. Clara Bow took it over next, and left the decorations. Clara loved red. When Sylvia moved in, the decor was changed to modern colors and furnishings. But now, the strangest part of all—not a star on the lot has put in a demand for this choice suite! In the old days, all sorts of tempestuous battles would have taken place over it. Dear, dear, are stars losing their temperament? What, no fights?

HERE is a plot of ground at the back of Dick Arlen’s place at which he has cast longing eyes for lo, these many yea’s. It was just the spot for a tennis court. It was all grown with weeds and sort of an eyesore, so Joby started by having grass and flowers planted. Then they got so used to the idea that now they have bought it, by gum. Gave themselves a Christmas present.

GETTY GRABLE and Jackie Coogan announced their engagement, shortly after Jackie reached his majority—but just then the studio stepped in and placed one of those clauses in Betty’s contract. She can’t marry for a year. Well, they’re pretty young yet, and maybe it’s just as well. They went out on a personal appearance tour, accompanied by Betty’s mother, and maybe you will see these two radiant youngsters in your town.

THE noisiest street in Beverly Hills is Alpine Drive—only it’s nice noise. Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, and Tito Schipa, (in Lawrence Tibbett’s house), all live within a few blocks of each other, and the funny thing is, there hasn’t been a single complaint from the neighbors.

DID you know Katie Hepburn is the only woman picture star ever to braving the camera without make-up? In the scenes where she played a boy for “Sylvia Scarlett,” Katie’s face was absolutely bare, and one never sees her off-screen in any make-up at all except a bit of lip-rouge.

WAS that a moment—when Jack Barrymore and Dolores Costello both appeared at the Countess di Frasso’s party! The situation tightened up considerably, as if this were not enough, when a telephone message came for John Juan from Elaine Barrie, formerly Jacobs. All this proved a few too many for the Barrymore, who made a graceful exit between two friends, but in double time.

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<td>Hollywood’s No. 1 turf fan, Bing Crosby, gives some tips (hope they are good), to Joan Bennett and her husband, Gene Markey.</td>
<td>Look who we find at the races! Randy Scott took Dorothy Martin, left, when he went to Santa Anita. Is it a romance?</td>
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Quite the funniest experience I have had in years was when I found myself sitting next to ZaSu Pitts and right behind Claudette Colbert at the Rose Bowl game. ZaSu "knew from nothing" about football; it seems that it was all a mistake that she came anyway—that she had really started out for the races at Santa Anita. "What does five to go mean?" she asked as tylko ZaSu can, "and where do you suppose they want to go?" Well, Claudette undertook to tell her that "five to go" meant five yards before the team could make first "down." "But what's down—down what?" quenched ZaSu. And there she had Claudette, "Say, I have been going to football games ever since I could toddle onto the Columbia field in New York," said Claudette, "but I really don't think I know a thing about it. I just get up and shout when people get up and shout and sit down when they sit down. Maybe you'd better just do that, too, ZaSu." And I thought that Randy Scott and Fred Astaire in the row in front of us would simply die laughing.

(Continued on page 100)
DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."

Miss Vivian Dixon
"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."

Miss Mimi Richardson
"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."

Mrs. Langdon Post
"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

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

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

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There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your eyes promise? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance...do these invite caresses?

Irresistible Beauty Aids are an irresistible invitation to Romance. The satiny-smoothness of Irresistible Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure...these speak the language of allure. Final touch, IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, romantic as the first flowers he sent you.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

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Nelson Eddy—Waiting for "The Woman"

Continued from page 21

His dressing-room was jammed with ardent young ladies who had gone away in a huff of consequence. Then he signed autographs by the hundreds when he emerged from the building. He only got away thanks to pals who gave him various points and cried, "Here he comes!"

Anyway, he wasn't automobile after as he'd been at Long Beach. There the public swarmed directly up over the footlights when he finished. A crowd outside forced him to literally shove through to safety. And when he started motoring home five cars full of fanatical followers pursued him for miles, and the automobile was rescued as a routine must be a strain!

"I have no kicks against Hollywood," Nelson declared to me. "Why, gosh, I'm tickled. I'm so hot and sunny. I'm delighted to have been so fortunate in my attempts at acting." He leaned forward to tap a cigarette on the desk. He confesses he's no fantastic attributes for exploitation. Yet he speaks fluently and with an intelligence that grips your attention.

"I've been reading 'Hollywood," he grinned, "and I imagine they are awfully pained at me!" My interrogating expression evolved straightforward talk. "I'll not serve a Hillwood image of you to see. Develop yourself into a peacock. I've been a lone wolf for years, climbing slowly, independently. I know what I enjoy, and it's not being a stuffed shirt!"

"This picture break hasn't altered my original singing schedule. Music is, after all, my field. It's what I've concentrated on for a long time. I want to file operettas, but I wouldn't think of quitting my concerts. I realize that one bad picture will end my career. Whereas one recital when I'm truly up to snuff will be a brave to my cause!"

That's why Nelson hasn't been living the life of a romantic lady. He not only has to keep in excellent physical trim, like any young man, but daily he must practice. A singer can never stop studying, you know. This thrilling Mr. Eddy has painstakingly mastered thirty-two operatic roles in his career melodies into two different languages. An accompanist checks in at his house every day for his brushing-up and new efforts. There's not much opportunity for love when this kind of a routine is ordinary. Find yourself a hobby and you'll not stumble into mischief!

But he was going on. "Frankly," he asserted. "I'm not at all about any sort of medical treatment. I prefer to drop in casually at someone's house and take pot-luck on the supper! Then I relish finishing off with a picnic at some footpath or daily trip to the mountains. I don't like being a snore. I don't like being a snore. A singer can never stop studying, you know. This thrilling Mr. Eddy has painstakingly mastered thirty-two operatic roles in his career melodies into two different languages. An accompanist checks in at his house every day for his brushing-up and new efforts. There's not much opportunity for love when this kind of a routine is ordinary. Find yourself a hobby and you'll not stumble into mischief!

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"They've repeatedly asked me to detail the sort of girl I want. I think that's impossible. Anyway, my dreams aren't unique. I'm human, so I shan't weep if she's a gorgeous creature. I won't fret if she is a domestic wiz. But I'm not going to be forced into pretending to be a passionate personage.

"I've been advised that I ought to be seen around with prominent women. Well, I haven't time to go about being seen." In the last three months, working on 'Rose Marie' and doing my final practicing for the tour, I've only had two dates. One evening I asked Jeanette MacDonald out, and on the other I took my mother to a movie."

The fortunate female who snags Mr. Eddy is not to be in for the typical Hollywood wife's fate. She'll not have to suspect him, nor will she have to share him in the public prints. "I'll never advertise my personal feelings," he went on. "But I haven't fallen in love yet, so that's a bridge I needn't cross now."

"They've wanted me to talk on how I avoid matrimony and such foolishness. I haven't been sidetracking it. I just haven't met that woman." His heart's waiting for her. When it rips up I'll not be so slow. We'll marry as quickly as I can convince her to take a chance on me. But I'm not marrying today because it'd be a small business move to tie into the picture game that way, or because of any other such Hollywoodish reasons.

"I don't care for the continual misinterpretation they indulge in here. When I've an hour to play tennis I look for whoever's handshest and I dislike rating a romantic rumor if my partner's feminine. It annoys me when tales are twirled around. Once I escorted Mary Pickford to a Bowl concert. When we arrived we were informed I hadn't been sold tickets for the previous evening. Brian Aherne was in a nearby box and he graciously let Miss Pickford have his seat. That's why Nelson hasn't been living the life of a romantic lady. He not only has to keep in excellent physical trim, like any young man, but daily he must practice. A singer can never stop studying, you know. This thrilling Mr. Eddy has painstakingly mastered thirty-two operatic roles in his career melodies into two different languages. An accompanist checks in at his house every day for his brushing-up and new efforts. There's not much opportunity for love when this kind of a routine is ordinary. Find yourself a hobby and you'll not stumble into mischief!

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"I'm dumbfounded at this glamour that's automatically descended on me, if you want me to be perfectly honest with you. No one was interested in simple private life before I was 'touched.' The prevailing theory is that when you've acted in Hollywood you've been dipped in gilt fluid. You're henceforth a tin god—or a traitor!"

"I've learned that most reporters are disappointed because I won't put on. They'd be infinitely happier if I had a shoestring fetish, or rode in a red automobile, they try to trip you up if you will be annoyingly normal. They comment that so-and-so said such-and-such and don't you agree? Whether you do or don't, whichever way you nod results in a statement on a subject you never brought up.

Two famous couples meet at a Hollywood gathering! Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, Norma Shearer, and her husband, Producer Irving Thalberg, exchange greetings.
with the film fans? Why can't she change her whole attitude, as most actresses would, without embarrassment or explanation? And how did such an intelligent girl ever get off on a course of quackery and deception? Let us tear aside the remaining veils; see the whole pattern clearly. It has almost the plot and form of a mystery story!

When Katharine, a relatively obscure stage actress, was on the eve of coming to Hollywood, this writer was employed in the publicity department of the studio she was to join. We had heard nothing of her then, and her actual arrival didn't exactly turn the studio upside down. New contracts to be taken out and posed with animals and novelties and standing on her head, for the sake of news photographs. Ho, hum!

But Katharine came to Hollywood prepared to cope with its indifference. She had been an ardent reader of movie magazines, a student of film careers. She felt that unless a girl kept trying to be different, and to attract attention after getting her contract, she might very likely be forgotten and her chance at movie fame lost! Everyone knows, of course, of the hilarious act Katharine put on to keep the attention of the studio focussed on herself. But few know how much of it was purely pranksome, daring histrionics, and how much was reality. And very few indeed witnessed Katharine's dismay when she learned that her well-laid plan had gone wrong, through succeeding too well!

My friend and former office-mate, the brilliant young press agent assigned to Miss Hepburn on her arrival, had no part in the farce. I think she had immediately taken him into her confidence he might have led her safely past the trap into which she stumbled. But to her, at first, he represented one of those persons she had determined to impress. Her pose as a wealthy, temperamental, tempestuous eccentric was intended to divert him as well as others. The huge HISPANO-SUZUKA she rented, and drove while clad in her old worn dungarees; the rented monkey which accompanied her, and such pranks of Katharine's as parking under a dignified executive's office and shouting until he was forced to thrust out his head and consult with her in public, were none of his planning. But they were fine "copy" for the newspaper and magazine writers and photographers!

Suddenly Katharine became aware of the fact that the press was headlining her. In the intensity of her campaign to keep a studio Hepburn-conscious, she hadn't realized the significance of those many introductions, those countless snapping camera lenses. Now, it developed she hadn't counted on her act ever being noted outside the supposed privacy of studio walls! She went hurriedly to the press agent and took him into her confidence.

"You know all this isn't the real me," she said, "and you know very well why I did put on the act I did. To get my chance a real chance in pictures! But all those crazy stunts weren't for publication! I don't wish to give the public the impression that I'm a lunatic. After all, I'm trying to be a dramatic actress on the screen, not an eccentric comedienne."

"It's too late, Miss Hepburn!" she was told. "You've drawn your portrait. It's now public property. While its novelty lasts it will not be forgotten. So you'll have to live up to what you have created." Seeing her genuine dismay, he explained more kindly, "Studios are like goldfish bowls, you see. You've been under the delusion the walls are solid, that what you did here to keep yourself in the minds of our worthy employers wouldn't be known outside. But you were wrong. Things like that never escape the attention of the press and through it, the public."

So Katharine had unwittingly created a Frankenstein. She had been putting on an act for a very limited and professional audience, and suddenly discovered that the whole country had been, as it were, looking on and listening in! That it had already accepted the eccentric character she had created as the real Katharine Hepburn!

This knowledge was no light shock. Katharine's face went white. She stumbled wordlessly out of the office. What was probably uppermost in her mind was the blow she was certain had been dealt her. When people saw her on the screen, induling in serious dramatics, would the memory of her latest crazy stunt come to her mind? Wouldn't they burst out laughing? Laughter through the screen! Must she give up the ambition, so fiercely and jealously cherished, to become a great dramatic actress; perhaps compromise by becoming a character comedienne, something consistent with the absurd real-life character she had created?

The more far-seeing among the studio's heads shared her anxiety, but they were as powerless as herself. Nothing could erase that remarkable, unforgettable first impression she had created upon press and public.

The success of her pictures, great by both artistic and box office yardsticks, eased, if it did not wholly put away the tears of Katharine and her employers. People did not laugh at Katharine's serious scenes. In some manner her remarkable screen presence reached out, gripped them, touched their hearts with a potent, true force.

In gratitude, rather than fear for the future, Katharine then passionately swung to an opposite extreme in her private life. She could not have put on another act now, but she gave up the HISPANO-SUZUKA in favor of a very modest sedan, later supplemented by her famous Ford truck. All her around-the-town pose and pretense was gone. Toward her fellow workers she now became frank, happy and warmly human. Full of rowdy mischief, but equally full of sympathy and understanding. Ready to fight a buzz-saw in behalf of those who, because of their humble place in the movie scheme of things, reaped injustice.

At first she even gave up her dungarees, although these had not been a part of her act. For years she had enjoyed wearing them, even back in the stage days, when she was rehearsing. Now Katharine resumed the dungarees again, in a passion for utter sincerity. Since the studio was a goldfish bowl with all the world looking through its transparent sides, she'd let people see the actual truth about herself, delude them in no slightest particular, even in such a simple matter as pretending to prefer flabby clothes.
Girls with soft smooth skin have appeal... says MARGARET SULLAVAN

Don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away good looks—romance!

"Use all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullavan advises. This charming star knows it's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics thoroughly.

It's when stale rouge and powder choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops... dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullavan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.

YOU want the charm men find so irresistible. Margaret Sullavan, lovely star of Universal's "Next Time We Love," tells you how to win it.
To her dismay, the world didn’t heed! It had her portrait already, and was satisfied. A more normal one wasn’t so interesting.

Then, even as she has done recently, she toyed with the thought of telling; of giving interviews, of shouting out the truth from rooftops and over radio networks. Twice word went out that she wanted to see the interviewers she had been shunning. But each time she couldn’t face the final test. The portrait, the Frankenstein she had created, was too hardly a living thing. Might it be believed, rather than herself?

Moreover, each of her pictures began to pile up better grosses—total financial returns—than the one preceding it. Success bound her to silence, to a tacit agreement with the deception she had unwittingly started. The rule in motion pictures is: don’t chance anything that is succeeding, on peril of utter and immediate failure!

Yet the nightmare part of it persisted through her triumphs. She could not forget that while she, a dramatic actress, strove soberly and sincerely to create a mood on the screen, this Frankenstein, this huge unescapable nemesis grimaced, capered, and clowned over her shoulders. This absurd, unbelievable but somehow indelible misconception of the real-life Katharine Hepburn!

“Break of Hearts” promised her freedom. But the success of “Alice Adams” intervened. So it is the object of this article to put Katharine’s problem squarely before her followers. Let those who have been prejudiced against her imagine themselves in the predicament we have outlined. What would you do? Come out with the truth and hope to be believed? Hope too that the change of attitude would not alienate such a big following as Katharine still enjoys? Throw away a bird in the hand in the hope of haring two from the bush? And do you blame Katharine for her original mistake, a daring and brilliant expedient to keep herself in the minds of her employers; to insure herself the precious opportunities that a film contract had placed nearly in her grasp?

Your answer may vitally affect Katharine Hepburn’s career.
I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME—yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—

ID SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN---BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!

THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT NAN WAS HIS ONE. AND ONLY OH, NAN'S A SIGHT THESE DAYS! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE.

NEXT DAY--OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM---

WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR AND FIND OUT.

WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES, JUST EAT A CUP OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY—BEFORE MEALS—UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP.

LATER--THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE A SWELL PARTY.

SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES—NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!
Unprintable
...but TRUE!

They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description.

You ought to know ... for your health's sake ... what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you ... that rushes unassimilated food through your system ... that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are too graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is correctly timed. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence; yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterward. It's best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief.

A joy to take!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only one laxative in your medicine chest.

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax ... it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Don't ever again offend your palate with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative.

Get a box of Ex-Lax today. It costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLD! ... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, avoid drafts, keep your feet dry, and keep regular, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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"Change for Five"
LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES
On May 26th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of quintuple birth had been recorded. In no other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from infection.

Getting to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage hospital-clean with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of Emelie, Annette, Marie, Cecile, and Yvonne. Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give your baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep your baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in your home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, clothes.

Danger spots such as stair rails, doorknobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underrclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much cleaner—and may save you the heartaches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP
...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS
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Sold Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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G.F.W.M. P. 

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Mr. MacMurray grinned the same kind of grin that was destined to make him the new "rake" of Hollywood. He was one of the women of the country got around to seeing him in *The Gilded Lily*); and said: "I'll be doggoned!" That was his only comment.

"Yeah," said Fred MacMurray to me as we sat over a couple of steins of beer and a bowl of pretzels at the Grotto, a block or so from Paramount. "I was a day laborer on the construction of stage No. 5 at Paramount; I was one of the guys who put the sound-proof boards in place. That was at least five years ago. The day we completed the job, I was sitting up there on a two-by-four eating a ham sandwich when I got the idea of carving my initials on one of the boards. I looked down on that almost-completed sound stage where I knew they were going to start making caunted glamor for all parts of the world and I made a little bet with myself. I said: 'Some day you'll be back on this stage. MacMurray, and it'll be as an actor, not as a day laborer. Some day you'll be down there with your hands up in the air.'"

This had been an extra-long speech for the lanky Mr. MacMurray—everything considered. Until he gets warmed up, he is what you'd call a talkative guy. For two hours I'd been hurling personal questions and at this new sensation in the hope that he would eventually open up. Mr. MacMurray was new to the ways of interviewing. With the exception of Gary Cooper, I had never encountered an actor with such an inbred instinct for monosyllabic answers. In many ways he reminded me of Big Coop—not in appearance, but in the loose, boney construction of his lanky physique and the quiet reticence of his manner. This interviewing business embarrassed him and he made no bones about it until we got around to the second, (or third?) beer.

He was amused and a little amazed that young girl fans were beginning, in their letters, to compare him with Gable. "It's a sacrilege!" he commented dryly. Then, he must have wondered whether I fully understood him, and concluded: "I mean comparing me to someone who has come along as far as Gable!"

It is, indeed, foolish to compare the new MacMurray with any previously established screen star. His is an entirely new appeal in that he is neither as menacing as Gable...
not yet as indefinite as Cooper. Perhaps Miss Colbert’s line of dialogue from their picture best describes him when she says to her fiancée: “I’m going back to the best MUG in the world!” I think that will always be a rather good way of describing Fred MacMurray, both in person, and in the screen appeal he has for the feminine audience.

He’s one of those strong, silent men whom every woman hopes to find in the background of her life, waiting for her when other and more sensational loves are forgotten. He’s the sturdy type of the clinging vine, the matter-of-fact lover who might forget to send orchids but who would, you feel, be right there with a cup of coffee, a sandwich and you!

But then, you know how you feel about MacMurray on the screen. The task at hand is to discover something about him removed from his screen personality. As I mentioned before, things were beginning to progress a bit after the third beer.

“You know that feeling of being on the outside?” he began slowly, as though thinking the matter over for the first time himself. “I guess that was what hurt me into the acting profession in the first place. I just got pretty fed up with my seat on the sidelines.”

He was silent again. But, apparently, that last statement needed explanation, too. Finally he ventured: “When I first came out here, I was a musician. Played and sang around in jazz bands, that sort of thing. One day, through an agency, I got a call to get together with a band leader who was rehearsing a group of free-lance musicians for a big party at Marion Davies’. It was the fourth of July and they put us up in a little porch above the swimming-pool and a deep awning over our heads. All day long and far into the night we played for the movie stars at that party. It was the nicest party I ever saw—what I could see of it. That’s what I’ve been leading up to.

The awning kept us from seeing above the knees of anyone present. All I could see was the feet. Even at night when they set off the sky-rockets, all I could see was the reflection in the pool. ‘Okay, MacMurray,’ I said. ‘The next time you attend one of these Hollywood parties, you’re going to be face-to-face with them, not foot-to-foot.’ Later, I had the same sort of a feeling when I got that job as a laborer on the sound stage—that feeling of wanting to be on the inside looking out instead of vice versa.”

But before, (and between), these two, crystallized impressions of his dawning movie ambitions, many things had happened to Fred MacMurray. He was born—say about twenty-seven years ago—in Kanakee, Illinois, and until he was seventeen, he insists: “Nothing much happened to me.” He was just a typical, American kid in a small town. But at seventeen, his parents sent him to Carroll College in Wisconsin, which boasts one of the finest dramatic schools in the country and is the Alma Mater of that distinguished actor, Alfred Lunt. At this university, however, dramas were far from the youthful mind of Fred MacMurray. He preferred the school band and spent most of his time playing and singing in orchestras about town. At first, he had done it as a lark. But when money matters began pressing him, he worked his way through the junior and senior years.

His work attracted so much attention that he was invited to join a Chicago orchestra where he worked for a year. It was there that he had his first ideas about an acting career. The theatrical world was pretty well shot, but there was always Hollywood.

It was seven years ago, that he first arrived here—$125 in his pockets. He’d heard plenty about Hollywood and her gifts of overnight fame. But, oddly enough,
Hollywood had heard very little about Fred MacMurray. At first, he did rather well with "extra" work. He was tall, rangy, and wore clothes well. Soon, he was on the "preferred list" of extras, but that's about as far as it went. Often a director would single him out for a small "bit" but would always inquire about his experience. Fred, being quite truthful, would answer: "None." It was a mistake. Someone else, with no more experience than he—just a bit more size—would get the tiny role and the larger check.

Always that question of experience, until finally even the extra work fell off. Of course, there was always the orchestra job to fall back on. A guy had to eat. But parties like Marion Davies' didn't come along every day; besides, the acting bug had got to him for good, by now. If he could just get inside the studios and get interviews with the directors and their assistants, he felt sure he could convince them of his potential ability. But that's a tough job, sure enough.

One day he noticed a group of laborers standing outside the general gate at Paramount. "What's going on?" he asked. One of the men volunteered the information: The studio was constructing the new sound stages for talking. If a fellow stood there long enough, a foreman needing extra help might come out and give a fellow a job. MacMurray stood there. In fact, he stood there for three days until he got the magic call to don blue overalls and get to work on stage 5.

This would have been a colorful story if one of the famous Paramount directors had discovered the tall lad in overalls and drafted him to stardom right then and there. But life frequently forgets to behave colorfully and Mr. MacMurray was allowed to complete his work; besides, the construction job was nary a movie contract in his jeans.

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Enclosed find 10c for generous trial bottle of Admiracion: ( ) Olive Oil, or ( ) Pine Tar. (One for both.) Offer expires March 31st.

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Hollywood in New York (Continued from page 57)

Well, he had tried all the angles but Hollywood would have none of him. "What the hell?" was his mental comment as he decided to try to get back to Broadway. Three years in the movie town had taught him one thing: Hollywood wanted experience—and it was up to him to get some.

"I got a swell job with the California Collegians," he continued his story, "and went back to New York with the band. We did pretty well, but I couldn't get the movie idea out of my head. Whenever I had some time off, I would haunt the theatrical agencies trying to get into some sort of a dramatic show."

The revue, "Three's A Crowd," was his first tangible success in this line. He played but a small role during the run of the show on Broadway; then when the company took to the road, he dabbled in brass by playing almost every role on the program except the souffrnette. Night clubs and vaudeville came next. Then that miracle of miracles, a part in the musical, "Roberta."

He was sitting in his dressing-room one night taking off his make-up when the call-boy knocked on his door and said that a gentleman from Paramount wanted to see him. To all accounts and purposes, he should have been wild with surprise. But Mr. MacMurray had awaited this moment a long time. He grinned. And he continued to grin throughout the entire interview. Even when the Paramount scout offered him a contract that would take him back to Hollywood immediately."

"I don't know any place in the world I'd rather work than at Paramount," said Mr. MacMurray with a grin toward the Studio man.

The scout looked up sharply. "Funny guy, this MacMurray, but a heck of a swell personality. Lovable-mug stuff. And it was easy to see that he'd had plenty of experience!"

If Jean Chatburn's tennis game is as devastating as her smile, Jean must win lots of matches.
greatest of ease and skill. He just couldn't be made to "cry."

"I'm not discouraged," he said. Then at mention of his three pictures in the order of their appearance, with a little suggestion thrown in to make it plain I didn't think he had much of a chance, he said:

"'Murder at the Vanities,' why, that picture put me over here. It was my first appearance in an American film. Maybe you didn't like 'All the King's Horses,' but it gave me a swell little song, 'When You Wear a Little White Gardenia.' And 'Ship Cafe.' It is my best picture."

Now it takes a pretty good sort, a very unusual actor indeed, to let you say your say about how much better chance he could have had, and not do any grousing, "off the record of course."

"I'm not discouraged," he repeated. "American picturegoers have been very nice in their reception of me in Hollywood pictures, and I believe the foundation has been laid for me to make all the progress of which I am capable in screen work."

You have to like a guy like that.

Since it was her first vacation in years, nobody had a better right to complete fulfillment of her wish to have a good time in New York than did Una Merkel, your little wise-cracking pal who has made many an otherwise dull film worth your money.

But Una almost didn't have a vacation at all, and about midway in her stay in Manhattan, which was the time at which your correspondent visited her at her hotel, Una had yet to enjoy the thrills she expected on this her first call in New York for more than three years.

"I wanted a vacation," Una explained, "and the studio promised me one. They made good by excusing me from a part I was cast for in Janet Gaynor's new picture. But when I saw what a nice part it was, I nearly called off the vacation."

And then what did she run into right at the start of her vacation? She made a radio engagement to appear on Rudy Vallee's program. And then suffered a case of "mike fright" that nearly sent the poor dear into a screaming fit of the nervous break-downs.

"I had been on the radio before," she said. "I don't know whether it was the thought of all those millions who listen to Rudy Vallee, or what it was. But I got so worked up over the whole thing that the day of the broadcast I ate nothing but aspirin."

Luckily for her, Una said, Major Bowes was at the studio before the show went on. She hadn't seen him for years, not since he got her her first screen test with M-G-M. The good Major, who does plenty of encouraging to mike-scared people on his own program, unselingly did a little of the kind of chore the radio people pay him so handsome for, and talked Una out of her fit of panic.

There was another fly in her ointment. "I'm afraid I won't enjoy New Year's away from home. We celebrate a double anniversary at our house—mother and father have been married thirty-three years, and I will be celebrating my fourth wedding anniversary on that day."

Una was accompanied on the trip by her mother. "Ah," said the rumor committee, "her husband remains in Hollywood." Nobody started any rumors about Una's mother and father being on the verge of divorce, you notice, though Mr. Merkel remained in Hollywood.

There was no use asking about the rumor. Una had foretasted it when she told how much she was going to miss home and husband on New Year's. In other words, Una who plays dumb so delightfully on the screen, had the answer even before the question was asked. Pretty cute.
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English Rose

Continued from page 31

Forhan's Carroll and John Gielgud in "Secret Agent," on which she was working in London when interviewed for our story about the "English Rose."

smiles and chats but she does not allow them to probe beneath the surface. She knows, too, that there are some people inevitably jealous of beauty and talent, ever ready to maliciously detract and mar; and she has learnt that the more famous you become the fewer folk there are whom you can trust. And Madeleine needs to be in complete familiar harmony before she can give her confidence.

Experience was her tutor, for there was no silver spoon in Madeleine's mouth when she was born in a little English country town and she originally intended to become a school-teacher. While graduating at the university, she took a leading part in the students' annual play, and the enthusiasm of the London critics over her performance decided her to abandon the classroom except as a means to a theatrical career. Immediately after taking her degree, with honors in French, she accepted a post at a little school on the Sussex coast and stayed there just long enough to save up twenty pounds.

With this slender capital and no professional experience she started to look for work. She was almost penniless when she secured the role of a maid, with three lines to speak, in a traveling stock company. Twelve months later, still living the precarious hand-to-mouth existence of the unknown young actress, she went to a London film studio and shyly asked for work. She had never even faced a cinema camera before in her life but they immediately gave her the leading part in "The Guns of Loos" because she typified the ideal English girl for whom the producer had been searching for weeks. (Yet actually Madeleine isn't really English at all, for her father was an Irishman and her beautiful mother came from France.)

Still she has been a screen star ever since that fortunate day, proving that romantic dreams do have sensational crystallization in real life now and then. She played in "Traveller," "Atlantic," and "Young Woodley" among other early talkies; and then in the summer of 1931, she suddenly vanished from the studios. Rumor said she had gone to Italy, and sure enough, in a few days came the news of her wedding to Captain Philip Astley, a simple, almost secret ceremony in the little church beside Lake Como with only the friendly peasants to throw mountain blossoms in her bridal path.

Fall, dark-haired, and handsome, Madeleine's husband is one of the richest men in Britain, a former officer in the Life Guards and a great friend of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent. Yet neither he nor Madeleine cares for the gay social round, and their home is an old oak-timbered house hidden away in the heart of a Sussex forest, with great trees completely shutting away the outside world. Here they live winter and summer alike, following simple country pursuits and entertaining their little chosen circle, a happy and perfectly contented pair of married sweethearts.

With a sympathetic husband, Madeleine has been able to combine successfully her domesticity with her career. In the five years that have elapsed since Captain Astley gave her his hand the costly double string of pearls she nearly always wears, she has made many celebrated pictures both in London and Hollywood. Her own favorite is "The World Moves On," the American-made picture in which she played the part of a wife and mother in the tough west. It won her the role of "Secret Agent" in which she shares starring honors with Robert Young. Two days after its completion she planned to leave for California to fulfill a six months' contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. She only signed it after first making quite sure that her husband would be able to follow from London very soon and join her in the home she has taken out in Beverly Hills.

Meanwhile she is chaperoned and cared for by her devoted maid, Esther, tall and dignified and a character whom any Hollywood producer could profitably include in a film. Only a few years ago Esther was head of the nine chambermaids at Arundel Castle, the magnificent medieval seat of the Duke of Argyll, but the rumor of the screen penetrates even into the stately ancestral homes of the English aristocracy, and Esther was as enraptured as any other fan when her favorite star came to stay.

She did not need inviting twice to become Madeleine's personal attendant and now her handsome figure and rich voice are cele-
brated in the British studios. Just before Madeleine sailed I went to visit her and discovered Esther exquisitely hand-embroidering satin lingerie. "It's my Hollywood trousseau, madam," she explained. "I've always understood that it's a very exotic town, so naturally I want to be in keeping."

Esther does all the cooking for Madeleine, who has a glorious expert knowledge of good food acquired from her French relatives. The chocolate mousse Madeleine serves at supper-parties is a gourmet's dream, though she says her own favorite sweet is homely treacle pie, no less! Her favorite recreation is riding and one of the reasons she enjoys California so much is that she can spend long hours ambling along the bridle-paths, a plain white knitted sweater over her black breeches and her fair skin turning to pale golden-bronze in the clear sunshine.

Madeleine looks her best in such simple clothes. She seldom needs to diet to maintain her perfect slenderness, but when she does she follows the single-course plan most popular in Europe these days. Under this régime you may eat anything you like provided you only take just one dish at each of your three daily meals. If you want fried chicken with potatoes or a cream pie you can have it and eat as much as you wish. But you must have nothing else before or after and you mustn't drink with your meals. Water and fruit juice between times keep you from dying of thirst.

Outdoor sports don't appeal to Madeleine — she doesn't even play tennis. She is more interested in music and art and in reading, not fiction but biography; and French poetry, as a rule, for she speaks several Continental languages fluently. She collects books about Mary Queen of Scots whom it is her greatest ambition to play on the screen and stage.

She loves to go to the Tudor period for inspiration for her clothes. Do you remember the quaint ballo hat and page's cape she wore in "The Thirty Nine Steps" — and looking so attractive that similar outfits quickly became the London fashion? One of the new day frocks she has brought to Hollywood is modelled in black wool crepe, finished with white Elizabethan ruffles round the neck and sleeves and ornamented with a black ribbon互联 from which hangs a replica of Mary's own Royal Seal, the Scottish rampant lion beautifully carved in ivory.

Her greatest dislikes are spiders and small boys. "These both turn me cold with loathing," she remarks. She hates talking about herself, too, inevitably for she is not the type that flaunts and she sincerely prefers the quality of her work to be her recommendation to the world. And no newspaper reporter, however determined and adroit, can induce Madeleine to submit to the Third Degree. There is real strength of character as well as generosity and sweetness under her cool patrician poise, illuminating her beauty like a pale flame glowing within an alabaster vase.

Though Madeleine isn't the least superstitious about most things and owns no lucky mascot nor charms, she does believe that twenty six is her fortunate number. Certainly it has always been associated with the important events of her life. She was born on the 26th of May when her mother was twenty six years old. She passed her college examination on the 26th and secured her first job in the film studios on the same momentous date. She was introduced to Captain Astley at a party held on the 26th of January—and there were twenty six guests that evening. He proposed to her on the 26th of March so she naturally chose the 26th of August for her wedding day!

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**Let Pond’s reveal what correct powder shade does for you.**

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**Helena Rubinstein’s Herbal Hand Balm** "shampoos" hands to pale smoothness.

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**YOUR eyes are to be seen—as well as to see with!** We're afraid we've said far too little about the daily hygienic care to keep eyes bright and free from cloudiness, pinkish lids and the fatigue that accentuates "frown lines" and "crow-feet." Bubbling your eyes with a cleansing tonic lotion should be daily routine — preceding your make-up in the morning, before you go to bed at night, and as many times in-between as they get tired and dull. We'd like you to get acquainted with Ibath, a staunch beauty friend of ours that's made by McKesson-Robbins. It comes with an eye cup atop the bottle.

**Pond's** have taken the cream—whipped up the powder shades. Would you like to know which shade is yours? If you have blonde skin and want to make it look transparent, use "Natural." "Rose Cream" gives radiance to fair skin. "Brunette" clears and brightens creamy complexion. "Rose Brunette" warms dull skin. "Light Cream" gives a pearly tone. "Dark Brunette" (Sun Tan) gives a sunny glow. Think them over; as you select one of these shades fits you, we can assure you you'll adore the smooth texture of Pond’s face powder and the attractive jar it comes in. The jar is glass, so you can see your shade easily; and the top is charmingly decorated. Pond’s powder has a pleasing fresh fragrance, too, and you'll be glad to know the price has been reduced.

**Give beauty a hand—two hands, in fact.** Except for diamonds and orchids, there's nothing in our opinion that gives one a feeling of finished elegance like well-groomed fingernails. Many a romance has started across a bridge table—provided the hands that hold the cards are lovely to look at from their flexible wrists to their gleaming tips. There's a whole new set of hand beauty aids we advise you to use. They're called "Plat-Nunn." We don't have to tell you they're inexpensive when we tell you where to get them—at the five- and ten-cent stores. We're especially addicted to their liquid polishes—ranging from soft pearly pink to the most seductive garnet. Take our tip and look them up!
the switchboard was sitting in her place.
Tom said, eying her—
"Why didn't you leave with the rest, Mary?"
The girl's thin face flushed crimson. She stammered: "I thought maybe you'd want to make a phone call."
Tom shrugged. He said, "I do. Wait—you can make it for me. Ring Miss Kent and tell her that I won't be seeing her this evening."
The girl plugged in a switch. She made a connection. She gave the message in her husky little whisper.
"No," she finished, as if in answer to a question, "that's all." To Tom she explained, "It was her butler I spoke with, not Miss Kent."
Tom said, "Perhaps it's as well."
The girl made a desperate attempt to swallow the lump in her throat.
"Mr. Feinberg waited for over an hour," she said, "he felt simply dreadful, Mr. Kildare."
Tom said, "I suppose everybody feels dreadful, seeing their meal ticket vanish into smoke."
The girl answered, hotly: "Nobody's that way. We're sorry. How—" she took a firm grip on her courage, "however did it happen, Mr. Kildare? We were so certain that you'd be well. It isn't as if—"
Tom sat down on a chair beside the switchboard. Suddenly he knew that he had been aching for companionship, understanding, comfort.
"It's this way," he said, as if he were explaining a problem in fractions to a child, "sound recorders play amazing tricks. They cook by car, not by recipe. Miss Kent's voice, for instance—you wouldn't give it much of a chance, would you, with her accent and all? But it came out like—like strained velvet. My voice—God Almighty, it wasn't phony, either! It was a trained, stage voice. But it came out like so much spinach."
The girl's hand reached forward to rest upon Tom's sleeve. She said, "Don't you care. You can learn to talk the way the rest do. A lot of dumb-bells are learning, and if they can, you. You can learn anything because you're the smartest, most wonderful man on earth!" her voice quivered, died.
Tom had become vehement under her sympathy. He was shouting, although he didn't realize the fact.
"The devil with pictures," he mouthed, "the devil with them! I've given the fans a break—I've given them clean fun and laughter, but they'd be the first to turn on me. They've watched me and giggled themselves sick—they'll never get the chance to listen to me and giggle from the other side of their ugly mouths."
The girl at the switchboard had grown motherly, though her face was tragic with the reflected storm of Tom's grief and humiliation.
"Don't you care," she soothed, "it isn't as if you're broke, Mr. Kildare. Lots of people—with less than you have—retire."
It was true. Tom, staring into a sea of days empty of the work he loved, could at last agree with her. He'd never sung money around, as some did. Money had come too hard, at the beginning, to be treated in a cavalier manner. He had bought gilt-edged stocks, sound bonds, when other folks were throwing parties. He'd hoarded, after a fashion. He was independent of the fans and of the movies—financially, at least. Why not make the most of his independence? Why not make

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

a half years. When I was thirteen, I was given my first grown-up rôle. I was beginning to stop being a child, then, and to want things, so Mother said: 'Now you may have what you would like best—some very nice clothes, or perhaps a small car. Choose and you may have it.'

'I told her I didn't want a car or clothes; what I wanted most of all in the world was a harp. She thought that my choice was foolish. A harp is a very expensive instrument, and no doubt would be just a fad. 'No,' she decided, 'I won't buy you a harp; but I will rent one for you and give you lessons. Then it won't matter whether you tire of it or not.'

'But I loved it, just as I thought I should, so last birthday Mother got it for me.'

There's a golden lyre, too, on a stand beyond the harp, made especially for Anita because no one sells lyres these days. She can play it, too.

Anita Louise's artist mother, Mrs. Beresford, who is like her daughter except that she is smaller and her hair shorter, and she speaks with the faintest of accents, had arranged the white tea table with silver tea things and Dresden china cups. A bowl of Talius roses completed the picture.

'I've put a decanter of French brandy on the table,' explained Mrs. Beresford, indicating it, 'because in France that is always so. If someone feels very tired, one teaspoonful of the brandy in the tea cup will pick you up at once.'

'Very good for you,' nodded Anita.

'But not for you, young lady,' smiled her mother. 'You feel too good already!' "What I really want is food," returned Anita, destroying the illusion that she lives on butterflies and wings by devouring two chocolate squares.

'Our maid's specialty," commented Mrs. Beresford, "she spent the morning making them—and the drop cookies."

She gave me the recipes for you, and here they are:

**CHOCOLATE SQUARES**

2 squares chocolate 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup butter
3 eggs 1/2 teaspoon salt

The girl's voice was very low as she asked, "Will you go alone?"

Tom spoke without giving the matter much thought. "All alone," he told her, "unless—" the suggestion was thrown in for no reason, "unless you want to come along, Mary?"

The girl grasped the sides of the switchboard as if for support. The cord that she dropped made an odd metallic jangle on the wood. Color flamed high in her small, thin face. She breathed—

"Come along? You mean marry you?"

Tom started sharply. He hadn't meant any such thing. He'd only been talking against time and space and the impending separation from Karen. His weary gaze studied the girl before him—ever with his eyes upon her he saw her but dimly, as through a veil. She was a nice little kid, he told himself, never fresh or in the way. She had slim ankles, and smooth dark hair, and a fixed look of adoration. Probably she was the only person on earth who would still think him wonderful when the result of his test got around. He said, stupidly—

"Sure, I mean marry you. Why not?"

(To be Continued)
The sandwiches are made of nut bread and filled with cream cheese and very tart jelly. The nut bread is another of the maid’s pet recipes.

**NUT BREAD**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>flour</td>
<td>3 cups</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sugar</td>
<td>1 cup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>egg</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>teaspoon salt</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>milk</td>
<td>1 cup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shortening</td>
<td>1/2 cup dates (optional)</td>
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Cream sugar and shortening, add egg and part of milk. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add floured nuts and dates last. Bake one hour in slow oven. This mixture may rise twenty minutes before baking.

“The other day someone taught me something new,” went on Anita’s mother. “Did you ever eat radishes with butter? Yes, you stare at me. But so did I stare. Try it and see how delicious it is. Spread the butter on the radish.”

“Mother collects odd food combinations just as she collects odd furnishings,” smiled Anita. “See her latest triumph over there on the mantel—the Napoleon vases. She has had her eye on them for over a year and at last she got them at her price.”

“They belong here,” asserted Mrs. Beresford, “white and gold, with the crown and the ‘N’ on each one. Hand-made, too, as you can see by the irregular rims.”

Her mother collects old treasures, but Anita makes new ones. Her hobby is needlepoint. So far she has made needlepoint seats for her piano-stool, and two footstools, and is working on the last one. The flat bell-ropes on the wall is also of Anita’s needlepoint.

“What I’ll do when I’ve finished this, I don’t know,” she mourned. “I work on it during pictures and it’s fascinating.”

“This is the sort of afternoon tea we usually have when people call,” said Mrs. Beresford, “but for larger affairs more elaborate dishes would be served.”

“There’s a jellied chicken sandwich that’s usually very much appreciated,” remembered Anita.

**JELLIED CHICKEN SANDWICH**

Chop the white meat of cold boiled chicken fine, rub to a paste. Put a scant tablespoon of gelatine in a half cup water, place it over the fire until it has dissolved; then add the chicken paste, a dash of salt and pepper, and a half teaspoon grated horse-radish. Stir this mixture until it begins to thicken, then stir in one cup cream that has been whipped to a stiff froth, place it in the ice box until very cold; when ready for use, cut thin and place between slices of crustless white bread. Garnish with parsley and an olive.

“Cress sandwiches, made with watercress rolled in soft white bread, are always nice,” added her mother. “Of course if you are entertaining a very young crowd you will like to have some sweet sandwiches. There’s honey-and-nut, and maple sugar sandwich, both much too sweet for me; but young people who do not worry about diet seem to like them.”

**HONEY-AND-NUT SANDWICH**

One cup honey, two tablespoons lemon juice, nut meats. Mix honey and lemon juice. Add enough finely chopped nut meats to make a stiff paste. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread, cut in pieces and serve.

**MAPLE SUGAR SANDWICH**

Mix crushed maple sugar to a cream with thick cream and spread between slices of whole wheat nut bread.
"Cinnamon toast with walnuts is a little different," Anita remembered.

CINNAMON TOAST WITH WALNUTS

Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, three slices bread, two tablespoons walnuts meats. Cream butter and add sugar and cinnamon. Cut stale bread in one-fourth inch slices, remove crusts, and cut in three pieces, crosswise. Toast on one side, spread untoasted side with butter mixture, and sprinkle with finely chopped nuts. Put in oven until sugar melts and serve.

"But to me, it's the new and odd touches that make a tea a success," she went on, after the kitchen filets had yielded the foregoing recipes. "Serve colored sugar in the flavors your guests will like in their tea. Orange sugar, lime sugar, lemon sugar and even cinnamon sugar, in their pretty colors, add a new tang to a cup of tea. Even if people don't really care for the new flavor, they want to try it."

"Pretty curls of orange peel with cloves stuck through are an addition, too," Mrs. Beresford pointed out.

"Talking about sandwiches reminds me of last night," laughed Anita. "We went to a party where they played games. One of the games was 'Conversation'—ever play it?"

"Two people are sent out of the room and the rest make up two preposterous sentences, one for each of them, which each must bring into the conversation so naturally that the other won't suspect. If one guesses the other's sentence, he wins."

"Last night Richard Arlen had a sentence about how much he liked ham and cheese sandwiches, and Fred Keating's concerned an indelible pencil he'd lost. You should have heard them trying to steer the conversation around to the point where they could naturally unload their sentences. I nearly disgraced myself laughing!"

The jewel-box setting for Anita isn't confined to the lower floor of the house. The two bedrooms are separated by a ball done in white and gold, its simple perfection reflected in crystal mirrors. The bedrooms are many-windowed, so that sunshine pours into them. They are both white, with touches of gold on the graceful French beds and dressing-tables. In Anita's room there is a turquoise velvet easy chair with ottoman, made from a former evening wrap belonging to its owner; the turquoise note is repeated in cords on bedsprad and curtains.

Rose drapes make a colorful spot in Mrs. Beresford's room, and her chair is of green and gold, (evolved from an evening gown of Anita's). Single-petaled roses were on Anita's dressing-table, and lilacs-of-the-valley on her mother's. A fairytale house for a fairytale girl!

You're Face As You Like It!

Continued from page 62

and doing you no good. A little good lubricating cream applied after washing prevents surface dryness, (the only kind a good complexion soap can possibly cause), and is actually more effective on a skin that has been thoroughly cleansed first.

If you're a "one-cream" woman, there are excellent creams which can be used for removing make-up, lubricating, and as a protective powder base. Using this type of cream is a worthwhile habit to acquire when you're young as it will help keep your skin fresh and smooth through the years when age lines get their start.

Even while you're enjoying the priceless possession of a smooth, young skin, you must watch for the danger signals. You with fine-textured, dry skin must be on guard at the vulnerable spots. There are the little fine lines around your eyes, (you notice them first only when you smile), They are the fore-runners of "crow's feet." Then there are the lines from nose to mouth. Men call them "character lines" and don't seem to mind them on themselves, but we modern women want to keep them away as long as we can. Frown lines are quick to start on your forehead. And, under your chin, watch out for a little curving line that will lead you to a double chin if you let it.

At the first signs of these danger signals, include a lubricating cream in your beauty routine and go to work on the vulnerable
Doctor's Report proves Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

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Remarkable results obtained in two winters' test on 774 Illinois people

They lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled twice a day; the other half did not

To keep from catching cold here's the help you may expect from

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

A doctor made this famous Illinois test—
he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report:

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

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

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.
“What kind of a house do you want?” inquired the architect.

“I want a fifty thousand dollar house,” answered Al. And that was that.

Ruby amended with the idea that perhaps it should not be too large—before she had lived in their present apartment, all doubled up—and now she is enormously relieved to discover that the architect used his own judgment and built them a nice big BIG house, with even a sound-proof room where she can practice taps and Al can warble “Mammy” to his heart’s content. He has another kind of a tap-room, too, for the boys, and Ruby can give a hen-party in her quarters without either one of them being aware of the others.

The success of their marriage, so far, is identical with the success of many other marriages. Ruby looks up to Al, admires and respects him. She is the little cling-vine all men are looking for, the one so few find.

In all her business, even in her personal life, Ruby always says, “Well, what does Al think of it?” or “I will ask Al.” She is the eternal sweetheart of the sentimental Jolson. It is fortunate that she is not too practical.

The baby, Al Jolson Junior, is called Sonny Boy—you might know. “I suppose he’ll be furious with us when he grows up,” Ruby laughs.

She is as proud of and devoted to this adopted baby as if it were their very own. Sonny Boy is eight months old, weighs twenty pounds, and Ruby’s life is complete now that she has him. She showed me a darling picture of herself with the baby—she looked more like a little girl holding her brother. I asked for a print to use with this story. “I’ll ask Al,” said Ruby.

Over at the airport I found Ruth Chatterton, the most air-minded of the stars, and her former husband George Brent, he who was loved by Garbo; and Dick Arlen, and Paul Lukas, and a bunch of prominent persons breaking champagne bottles, what a waste, and making speeches over a beautiful new six-passenger Lockheed-Orion which will call the Palm Springs airport home. Of course Ruth and George and Paul and Dick all have their own planes, and pilot them, but they were all doing nip-ups over the new six-passenger—trying out all the shiny gadgets like kids in a toy department. But if they were getting a kick out of planes it was nothing to the kick that Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald, Stu Erwin and Charlie Ruggles were getting out of the dog show over at the Kennel Club. Gary’s Sealyham and Jeanette’s old English sheep dog were taking all kinds of prizes and Gary and Jeanette were taking it big. And ah—romance note! Right there arm-in-arm with Jeanette was Gene Raymond and I certainly thought I detected love-light in his eyes. Gene has a camera and were they having fun kodaking each other with the pedigreed mutts. While Bob Ritchie, (Bob’s and Jeanette’s engagement is the longest that Hollywood has ever had), was over in Europe this past summer and fall Gene started taking Jeanette to parties, but everybody thought that he was just the “spare” and as soon as Bob came back Jeanette would cease being seen with him. But Gene still goes with Jeanette. Even to the dogs!

Being assured by Gary and Jeanette and Gene that they were having a grand “rest” and wasn’t it marvelous to get away from “it all!” I hit out for the Racquet Club which is the spot I like best in Palm Springs. Dashing along I practically ran over Dick Powell and Joan Blondell nonchalantly riding their bikes right down the middle of Main Street. That’s the way
with young love, completely oblivious of Oldsmobiles. I drive an Olds in case you care. Joan confessed to me later that after peddling that bike around all day she discovered tension in her legs that hadn’t been used in years—and she had to have a series of massages when she got back to Hollywood. Just between you and me and the gatepost I think Dick and Joan will get married as soon as Joan’s divorce is final, but as she is getting a California divorce that will be several months yet. No wonder Dick sings so divinely these days! It’s June in January. It’s furor in bulk-time! 

Who-ew, a bull’s eye! A very definite plop caught my ear, I have an ear for plops, and with a crashing of brakages | I drew up in front of the Palm Springs Archery just in time to see Norma Shearer arch another arrow right into the center of the red circle. She’s that good. Norma with her Juliet hairdress and her Juliet hat, if you want to dignify it by calling it a hat, had just decided to learn archery that morning, and added and abetted by husband Thalberg she was doing all right. But if I recall my first lesson in archery correctly something tells me that the next day on Director Calyer’s set little Missy Juliet was going to have a great big pain in her neck.

After you do the “bumps” on the roughest road I have ever seen for a quarter of a mile you arrive at the very swanky Racquet Club, which is for members only and that exclusive. The Racquet Club is a brain-child of Ralph Bellamy who is my idea of a good actor and of Charlie Farrell who was a part of the famous Gaynor and Farrell team for so many years. Ralph and Charlie are rabid tennis players so they started out to build a tennis court and little club house for themselves and friends right there in the middle of the desert, a mere little eight thousand dollar investment, and then the next thing they knew they had four professional tennis courts, the best of tennis instructors, Eleanor Tenaut, a swimming pool, a club house, a bamboo bar decorated at great expense by Director Mitch Leisen, and a club membership of the best names in pictures and society—and a fifty thousand dollar investment. But judging from the extreme popularity of the Racquet Club, Ralph and Charlie won’t have to sell pencils any time soon.

Grouped around the bar for the “first drink today” were George Bancroft, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Clifton Webb, and scads of directors and producers. Taking a mid-day dip in the pool were Gloria Farrell, Ad Randall, Arline Judge, Harold Lloyd. And playing tennis like mad were Charlie Butterworth and Paul Lukas and Robert Taylor and Philip Reed, while Cesar Romero and Irene Hervey and Virginia Bruce and Daisy Lukas applauded from the sidelines. On another court were Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin playing against Sally Eilers and her husband Harry Joe Brown. And lunching under one of the gay umbrellas was Claudette Colbert still quite breathless from her recent “death.” It seems that on the previous afternoon Claudette and Dr. Pressman had driven down from Hollywood quite casually with nothing more momentous happening than a discussion as to whether a barbecued pork sandwich should be covered with chili sauce or with mustard, but in the meantime one of those crazy people who make life miserable for the movie stars, and especially their relatives and friends, had phoned the Los Angeles newspapers that Claudette Colbert had just been killed in an accident. What a horrible thing to do to Claudette’s mother! But fortunately Claudette was discovered a few hours later by the Press enjoying a good hot tub at Palm Springs, but the poor girl had to spend all Sunday receiving congratulations from her friends on being alive again.

After a sniff at the bar, and a snack here and a hello there I scampered over to the El Mirador to see if Hollywood was resting true to form. To be sure, Una Merkel, who is no great outdoor girl, wanly informed me from the edge of the pool that she and Madame Evans had ridden horseback for two hours that morning and she had walked a mile the afternoon before that she was now firmly convinced that this thing called pour la health was greatly over-rated. And Madame, it seems, was catching cold from being exposed to so much sunshine. I found Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson stretched out in beach chairs improving their sun tans and generously dunking themselves in oil. Ditto Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson, who are Hollywood’s newest romancers. But somehow I can’t take ole Massa Richman seriously. I remember too well, oh so well, his “romance” with Clara Bow when he was out here several years ago making “Puttin’ on the Ritz.” But maybe I’m just an old meanie, and don’t appreciate the finer things of life.

“I came down here for a good rest, and this is what I get.” I heard a familiar voice say, and there was Barbara Stanwyck up to her knees in lovely little cactus, or cacti...
GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

Nicola Goodelle, radio star, is now in films. Above, with Earl Oxford in a musical short.
The "Quintuplets" Are Movie Stars Now

continued from page 19

were there, we held our breath until we learned the result. If they had lost weight, I think all of us would have been ill, but fortunately they all gained a little. Marie gained only one ounce while Cecile made the greatest gain, 10½ ounces.

After two weeks, the little girls were ready to see their parents, and all five of them were first taken to a pediatrician, who gave them a complete check up. They were found to be perfectly healthy, except for a slight tendency to be overactive. The doctor prescribed a strict diet and a daily exercise program, and the girls were sent home to their parents with instructions to continue the treatment for three months. The doctor also told the parents that the girls would be able to start school in six months, but that they should continue the exercise program for a year. The parents were thankful for the doctor's advice, and promised to follow it to the letter.

The girls were then taken to a nursery school, where they were given a thorough education. The nursery school was equipped with the latest facilities, and the teachers were highly qualified. The girls were taught all the subjects that are usually taught in nursery school, and were also given a good deal of extra instruction. They were taught to read, write, and count, and were also given a good deal of instruction in music and art.

The girls were a great success in the nursery school, and were loved by all the children and teachers. They were always busy learning new things, and were always eager to help others. The girls were also very good at sports, and were always the first to sign up for the school sports teams. They were always the first to learn new songs, and were always the first to learn the latest dances.

The girls were also very good at art, and were always the first to make the newest art projects. They were always the first to learn new painting techniques, and were always the first to learn the latest drawing techniques. They were always the first to learn new sculpting techniques, and were always the first to learn the latest ceramic techniques.

The girls were also very good at music, and were always the first to learn the newest songs. They were always the first to learn the newest music techniques, and were always the first to learn the latest musical instruments. They were always the first to learn the newest music theory, and were always the first to learn the latest music composition techniques.

The girls were also very good at sports, and were always the first to sign up for the school sports teams. They were always the first to learn new sports techniques, and were always the first to learn the latest sports equipment. They were always the first to learn new sports strategies, and were always the first to learn the latest sports coaching techniques.

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ing a new game, which they entered with great abandon. You read how they played up in the night,screen-were flooded in their sleeping-room with light, looking for Santa Claus, until the light switches had to be removed. They attempted to chimp the legs of their high chairs and would like to have played horse-man with Dr. Dafoe, but he had to be watching the work. Their being allowed to act spontaneously made it difficult for Jean and myself, for we didn’t know when the film would be called for. We were able to use them occasion-ally but more often had to ad lib as the situation demanded. For instance, once when the babies were placed in the high chairs and their broth was placed in a bowl before them, Yvonne cried out and banged her spoon against her chair. Jean turned to her and said forcefully: “Young lady, you behave yourself!” Like a flash, she stopped crying and looked up laughing. You will love this scene.

The newspapers have told you from the beginning how every cooking utensil, as well as every dish they eat from, is steril-ized, and you have had all their food listed. Dr. Dafoe doesn’t want you to think that in the light of seeming to suggest that the food is right for the Quints is right for every baby that age; but I can tell you that they have an abundance of every day of their, live, and they have a very nourishing broth every day for lunch.

It would delight every mother to see these babies have their bath. They are prepared two at a time, on very high tables; thoroughly rubbed with soap, then taken to the attractive light-colored tile bath tubs for their rinsing.

I know you are familiar with their early history. I mean the building of the Dafoe Hospital, after it was thought the feat of saving them could be performed; how it is located just across the little farmhouse in which they were born; how they were made wards of King George the Fifth, and how nurse LaRoux has been with them since the day they were born. The hospital is located nicely with lawns on all sides, hundreds of feet each way, and a high wire fence, topped with barbed wire. However, there are some guards in attractive blue uniforms—His Majesty’s Constabulary—answer gate bells and see that no one enters. There is a visiting hour, 4 P.M., and people come by the thousands from every-
where—just for a look, as they cannot get closer than the second fence, which is perhaps better than the first, because which the nurses appear with the babies at four. You are told not to try to speak to the babies or wave at them or anything other than just look, but you may by

Anyone under the impression that Dr. Dafoe is more interested in the fame that has accrued to him than he is in his proteges should see him as we did in and out of the motel all summer. The government pays him only $200.00 a month, which would be small compensation if that were all, but the manner in which these babies were for him, was in which they greet him, warns his soul.

I said Marie is the smallest—and she is the only one who doesn’t walk as yet; she seems to crawl in her own peculiar way, but she gets around faster than any of the others. Obviously she is a born leader; the others follow her in whatever she be-
gins. They prove they are distinctly fem-
ine, even at this age; they will play with trains or kites only a few minutes, but dolls fascinate them beyond everything. Everything of doll size for boys and girls they can only play with the unbreakable ones. All of the babies have dark hair and dark eyes, so the dolls with blonde locks intrigue them most. But that’s like the saying, to name but a few of all I can see from the picture. Their very best favorite is a “Humpty-Dumpty-Won’t Fall” which they delight in, and next to it comes a huge red ball, with a cat’s cry inside. Then they love to play with their combs, though they were never given their combs to cut their teeth on as were you and I—but no story so unanswerable as that.

I have talked of these perfect babies, and yet no words could describe what they do to you, but you must not forget they were not “perfections” when born. They are pictures of the little creatures when they came into the world, with stomachs distended, limbs misshapen, and we could hardy grasp the miracle that has been brought.

When I realized how these babies had wound themselves around my heartstrings in a time that almost all babies were lost, that was required on the part of the par-
tients, particularly the mother, to sacrifice the joy of holding these babies in her arms that they might have a fuller life. All mothers will understand this.

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Medals and Birds

Continued from page 23

stellar rating she is still warm and friendly to the people with whom she

Fred Astaire gets a medal not only for his marvelous dancing but because he is a delf

Jean Harlow gets the rhododendrons be-cause she is so unassuming despite her
glamor and popularity, and because she is constantly improving as an actress.

Dick Powell receives a medal because he is one of the most popular stars in the
to the people with whom she

Barbara Stanwyck gets the lilacs be-cause they remind me of her, because they

to Tom Brown because I con-

For Claudette Colbert, the best of Japa-

For the sake of its most beautiful actresses off-screen as well as on and because she has developed into such a fine comedienne.

A first rate medal to the very Cooper be-cause he goes right on developing as an actor, because he is still as strong as he was five years ago, and because he is as unchanging as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Rochelle Hudson gets the bed of mari-
gold because she has made the greatest strides of almost any girl I know this past year, first because she is the most charming and most beautiful girls I have ever met, and because she is one of my favorite people.

A medal for Tom Brown because I con-

The giant white chrysanths to Joan Bennett because she is one of the most charming and sophisticated women I know and because, despite her baby face, she has
one of the most subtle and biting scenes of humor I've ever encountered.

The American Beauty roses to Sally Blane because she is probably the most beautiful girl I have ever seen anywhere and just as nice as she is beautiful.

A medal to Norman Foster because he is always in good humor, because nothing bothers him and because he had the good sense to marry Sally when he had the chance.

Gosh! I feel another attack of hay-fever coming on. Quick, Watson, the needle, and open the door of the ice-box. It must be the dander on those cold-storage birds.

One to Grace Moore because from all reports she is so thoroughly disagreeable to the lesser people on her sets and because it is such a pity that, with her glorious voice, one cannot write nice things about her.

And one to Ruthie Chatterton because, after telling her about it in print at every opportunity, she's paid no attention and that just gets up my dander and has thinned my nerves to the tenuousness of a hair.

I feel better now, and we can get back to the hunting.

A medal to Francho Tone because I like him and because in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" he turned in two of the finest performances I have ever seen.

Bette Davis gets the carnations because she has steadily improved and is now a darned good actress.

Charles Laughton rates a medal because he is such a swell actor and because he was so perfect in "Ruggles" and "Les Miserables" and "Mutiny"—but I wish he wouldn't play "Mr. Chips."

To Jean Arthur go the hollies because, besides being a fine actress, she has had the courage to fight on in the face of bitter discourageam and because she made Hollywood take her and like her.

Eric Linden rates a medal because in "Ah, Wilderness!" he turns in as good a performance as he did in "Are These Our Children?" (than which I can say no more) because he has just got a new contract with M-G-M and because he is one of the really talented juveniles in pictures.

A medal to Preston Foster because he had faith in himself and kept changing story ideas until that which is right in him, too, and because since he's been getting good parts he is going ahead faster than almost any actor in Hollywood.

The Holy Ghost goes to Anita Louise and Julie Haydon because they are so fragile-looking and yet capable of doing such big things.

A medal to George Brent because he is so regular, because he is a good actor, and because—chiefly because—he minds his own business.

I'd like to present a medal to Ronald Colman because, after all these years, he is still one of the most potent box-office draws in the business.

Airline Judge and Joan Blondell can split the peanuts between them because there is no one who can deliver wisecracks as they do, because they make life as though they were their own and not speeches they were reciting, and because they are two of the most devoted mothers in Hollywood.

Oh, Marked gets the sweet peas because they are the only flower I know as sweet as Una, and because she goes right on making picture after picture and being funny in all of them.

Chester Morris gets one of the finest medals because when things weren't going so well he never turned bitter, and because he has made such a comeback.

Luise Rainer deserves the bed of larkspur because she is one of the most promising foreigners ever brought to these shores.

Edward Everett Horton gets a medal because he is one of the most consistently
TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red,
as the tropic enchantress does

funny men on the screen and principally be-cause he never resorts to slapstick to get

To Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout go
the lilies of the valley with my best wishes,
because they have proved that a disagree-
able temperament can be successfully part of
a high class singer's equipment and because
they are beloved by all who work with them.

Henry Fonda gets a medal because, since
from being one of the year's outstanding
discoveries, he is as modest as if he were
the boy he played in "Way Down East."

Amie Shilling gets a medal because she is
still my favorite ingenue.

Edward Arnold gets a medal because he
is one of the very best character actors on
the screen, something that has been called a "car-
ter" about him, because he is appreciative
of anything that's done for him, and be-
cause he is "just folks."

To Patricia Neal and Olivia de Havill-
and go the sweet Williams because they
are the most promising young actresses
Warner Brothers have had in many a day.

The bed of violets is for Ruby Keeler
because I don't know of another girl in
Ruby's position as modest as she, and
because there are few people in the business
who seize on every possible occasion
to make a nice gesture—as she does.

John Aalorge gets one of the finest med-
als in the collection because every time he
gets a degree he turns in his best per-
formance; because after years of un-
complaining struggle he has landed a con-
tract at R-K-O, and because nothing is
going to stop him now from going to the

Gail Patrick gets the morning glories be-
cause she is the only one I know as fresh
and unspoiled and lovely as they are be-
cause she is one of the most intelligent
girls in Hollywood—or elsewhere.

Ida Lupino deserves the pihox because
in a city noted for its pretty women she is
one of the outstanding beauties, because
she is one of the most delightfully nutty
girls I've ever met, and because she speaks
my language.

Fred MacMurray gets a medal because
he is the most promising young actor on
the Paramount lot.

Gertrude Michael gets the bed of mignonette
because she is not only an inter-
esting person but because if a vote were
taken she would probably be elected the
most popular girl in Hollywood among her
co-workers.

Randi Scott gets a medal because when
he got a chance at something besides
Westerns he came through as I always
prophesied he would.

And Frank Albertson and Wallace Ford
get the last medals of the year because they
work constantly, turn in consistently good
performances, and are always in high
spirits.

My word, Ella! I can't stand all this
sappiness and go with which these last
few paragraphs have been saturated. There
are three little birds lying helpless in the
ice-box.

One goes to Miriam Hopkins because
although she is quite charming socially
she makes it awfully tough on the people
she works with.

Another goes to Wallace Beery because
he muffs more than any other two actors
put together and because he nearly spoiled
"Aah, Wilderness!"

The last and biggest goes to—you
guess it!—Humphrey, because she makes
herself more ridiculous than almost any-
other—I know better: there is something
wrong with her, maybe being for privacy
and her actions that belies every word of
it.

There! There isn't a stray frond of fern,
a remnant of ribbon from the medals, or
a drop of goose-grease left in the place. It's
clean! So, until next year, God be with
you—or should I say, "God Spare You."

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TATTOO

BLONDES with

DARKENED HAIR

SHAMPOO-RINSE washes hair
2 to 4 shades lighter

BLONDES, has your hair darkened
to an unattractive, brownish shade? Don't let it stay that way. Do what
millions of other natural light blondes
do. Bring back to dull, faded hair the fascinating, alluring lights so natural to
the true blond. Now the new champoo-
rinse, BLONDExE, washes hair 2
to 4 shades lighter—IN JUST ONE
SHAMPOO. And safely too, for Blonda-
x is not a harsh chemical or dye. Try
Blondex today. And once again have
hair that gleams with radiance and
beauty. Get the new shampoo-rinse to
day, BLONDExE. At any good drug
or department store.

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PIMPLES from External

Causes

Relieve the sore, itch, redness
that help heal the ugly defects
— the tested medication in

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 3a, Balto. Md.
Salutes and Snubs

Rivals? "There's glory enough for both of these grand little girls and talented trouper," say our letter writers, as they vote Shirley Temple and Jane Withers first choices for the niche of fame this month.

CALLS FOR A TRUCE
And now someone has started an argument as to the relative merits of Jane Withers and Shirley Temple! Personally, I wish they'd quit. I think Jane and Shirley are both lovely, and I wish they were both twins and that all four would make pictures.

Alice B. Wallace, 2253 Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif.

JANE'S ACTING ABILITY
It was a real treat to see a child actress make a hit solely because of her natural ability to act, regardless of the fact that she can hardly be beautiful. Such is the case with Jane Withers, a real competitor to Shirley Temple.

Anne Cheshier, 2070 Emerson St., Denver, Colo.

SHIRLEY'S SCREEN DAD
Shirley Temple's screen daddies are too sugary. Can't M-G-M and Fox get together and let Wallace Beery play Dad to Shirley just for the sake of entertainment? I think he could do it and make it believable.

Marion Sinclair, 10411-93rd St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

SAYS IT "HAPPENS" TOO OFTEN
Since "It Happened One Night," half the films could be called "It Happens Every Night." Now every character, from grandma to the parrot, is an adept at ultrabright repartee. "It Happened One Night" deserved its awards. Its producers should be regaled with medals, and advised to take it easy and not be starting things nobody can stop.

Anne Crawford, Clarendon, Tex.

THE CREAM OF THE CROP
Just notice the trend toward character-acting where a star must five his part.

From good old Lionel Barrymore down the line, including George Arliss, Charles Laignton, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March, Paul Lukas, Wallace Beery, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Freddie Bartholomew—all genuine actors.

Sylvia Tucker, 650 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

MUTINY MARCHES ON
Reading that Charles Laughton was seasick while filming "Mutiny on the Bounty," I sympathized. His cruelty was so realistic that it made me sick, too. My best behavior, disgusted with me, threatens to take me only to Shirley Temple films. Now I'm sicker than ever!

Betty McLean, Hillsboro, Ill.

DESIGN FOR ENTERTAINMENT

Walter Huston
"Rhodes, the Empire Builder"

Read what others say, then speak your own mind here!

This is your forum, the meeting place for you to express your thoughts about pictures and picture people. You'll find no more interesting, varied, and vivacious discussions about the screen and its stars than right in these letters from the film-goers; and you'll find no greater thrill than putting your own thoughts on record here for all to read. Write your opinions in a letter to this department. Please limit your letter to 50 words, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
I Like Golden Glint!

It's Farewell to Dull, Drab Hair

GOLDEN GLINT

RINSE & SHAMPOO

(Two tiny-ting rinses)

"Brightens every shade of hair"

Nerve Troubles

Learn Tap Dancing from Alan Christie

Teacher of the Stars

For Only $1

The Great Powell

Continued from page 30

that you had to learn the art of listening before you could become a good actress? Myrna is the best 'listener' I know."

Well, just as I had supposed, the Borgias at last, a little since for Myrna, the telephone rang again—it had been ringing all afternoon. I never saw a movie star get as many calls in an afternoon as Bill Powell except perhaps, Carole Lombard. And when they were married and sharing the same telephone, really, it might have been something. In fact, it seems that Mr. Hunt Stromberg, producer, wanted Bill to stand by for another fortnight for retakes on "The Great Ziegfeld" and it seems that Bill had had a vacation in years and he needs a vacation. First of all he planned to go to China with Walter Lang, but he has to be back at Wood's by the middle of February for a picture, so that kills that. Then he planned to take a boat trip to South America—(something tells me that our Willie has been looking over phone numbers and photographs of senoritas with Clark Gable)—and then when that was out he planned a boat trip through the canal to New York where he would become a Dick Barthelmess who is living there while Dick does a Broadway Play. Bill hasn't been in New York, the scene of his early poverty and frustration, and he'd really enjoy a trip there if he can go by boat, but if he has to stand by for two weeks for retakes the nearest he'll get to a boat will be an excursion to the Weekes Park. As far as I could gather, Mr. Stromberg won.

Bill had been playing tennis with a professional for two hours before he came but wasn't the least tired out. He has never looked to me like the Athletic Type but when he gets on that tennis court with someone like Ronnie Coleman, or any other professional over on the other side of the net he is Battling Bill himself. Right now he is playing strenuous tennis "work-outs" because he has the idea that he is getting fat. He isn't, but it's something for him to worry about and Bill wouldn't be Bill if he didn't worry. He is one of the foremost Worriers in Hollywood and with a sense of humor, so he never gets to be a bore or a problem child. He's really getting a big kick out of the Powell estate which he will assure you will make a pauper out of him any day now, but my secret opinion is that Bill loves that place, is tickled pink over it, and wouldn't sell it for anything. After he had shown me through the house that afternoon and I was taking my departure, (I don't know when I've had so much fun), Bill leaned against the door jamb and started laughing. He said, "It all reminds me of that cartoon in the New Yorker of the little man with quite a complicated nose and on his face standing in the middle of a small room filled with statues reaching up to the ceiling. The caption of the cartoon is: 'I stand at arm's length and but I got away from me. Well believe it or not, I started to build a simple little country house with free rooms and gingham curtains—but it got away from me.'

Perchance there is something "low" in your nature, there has been a lot of talk, but it is always the playroom of a house that intrigues me most—perhaps the drawing-room, (which is just as well in this case as Bill's formal drawing-room hasn't taken form yet), nor the dining-room, nor the library, nor the bedrooms—but always the playroom. Just a play girl at heart, I suppose. I have "made" quite a few playrooms in Hollywood in my time but I don't think I ever liked one as much as Bill Pow-

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ell's. Perhaps because it is so much like Bill, I recall once discussing Bill Powell with Director Woody Van Dyke. "What's Bill really like?" I asked. "Bill," said Van Dyke who directed "The Thin Man"—"is as near the character he played in that picture as it is possible for a man to be. You have no idea how much of that dialogue that drew such raves from the fans was "ad libbed" by William. You remember that opening shot of him where he is shaking up a shaker of martinis? Well, he was clowning on the set and was doing that scene so much better than it was written that I had him ad lib the whole scene—though we brought down fire and brimstone on our heads later from the old divvies who insisted that a good martini should be stirred and not shaken. Oh, that Bill Powell is a grand guy.

But to return to the playroom, and if I only could every day, I'm no interior decorator, so expect no fine points of artistic detail from me. I'm only interested in it as it reflects the "Thin Man's" sense of humor. Behind the very attractive bar where one ordinarily finds a bar stool for the bartender is a love seat which leads me to believe that Master Willie shakes up most of the cocktails for his guests while Jeanie looks on. Near the bar is a picture of a distinguished old man with hoary locks—an old man, say of eighty, but with quite a familiar look about his eyes.

"You don't recognize him?" said Bill, "it's Dick. Dick Barthelmess. It was painted by one of his fans in 1930—a beautiful boy with nice glowing apple cheeks, and lovely waving hair. Dick gave it to me for my birthday that year with a note on it to the effect that the portrait was a shining example of what good clean living would do for one. I hung it over the bar. Every time Dick dropped in for a drink, I would take my brush in hand—oh, I'm quite an artist in my way—and add a few circles under the eyes and a little blotch to the apple checks. I kept this up until Tofalble David had bags practically down to his neck and a series of double chins. Dick finally got fed up with the whole thing, stole the picture one night when I wasn't looking, had a professional painter repaint it until it looked like a jolly old man of eighty—and then gave it back to me.

"And this bit of art," said Bill showing me one of the most horrible things I have ever seen," is this year's Christmas present from Ronnie Coleman." It was a picture of two babies, horrible, unhealthily looking babies with rows and rows of curls on their heads made out of human hair. You have no idea how awful. On the white mat was written, "From one art lover to another—Ronnie.

Bill and Dick and Ronnie, I suppose you know already, are the "Three Musketeers" of Hollywood, "all for one and one for all." They never get tired of kidding each other and playing jokes on each other, but if ever it came to the acid test each would be glad to lay down his life for the other. Their friendship is really a beautiful thing in Hollywood where friendship is usually here today and gone tomorrow.

One of the big thrills Bill and Dick and Ronnie get out of life still is packing off on a boat together and going some place. "But with Ronnie working all the time, and Dick married," Bill complained, "it's getting more and more difficult for us to get away at the same time."

Next to Dick and Ronnie, Bill's best pals are Walter Lang, director, and Warner Baxter. Warner is his favorite tennis opponent, and at the end of a hard day at the studio there's nothing like dropping in at Walter's for cocktails, dinner, and a whole batch of laughs. Often Carole Lombard is there, and humor simply goes mad all over the place. Despite all rumors to the contrary Bill and Carole, the ex-Mrs. Powell, no longer have "dates" together. Carole seems to rather interested these days in Robert Riskin, writer, and Jean still seems to be the leading lady in Mr. Powell's off-stage scenes.

Oh yes, the playroom. Across one side of the room is a huge fire-place large enough to roast a pig on a spit. And that's exactly what Bill likes to do. And when the pig is roasted to a turn everybody draws up to the fireplace and starts an attack on it without benefit of knives and forks, just a good old Anglo-Saxon custom.

Of course you can't be around Bill's house very long before he starts showing you his gadgets. He invented most of them himself and is as proud of them as a small boy with his first electric train. By the side of his bed are more buttons than grandmother has pins on her Sunday foulard. Bill pushes one of them and the massive front gates close by radio control, (I just can't wait until a car gets caught in them some day). He pushes another and he can hear what is being said at the gates, (and I hope he heard what I said when I was leaving). Another button

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Starts the radio. Another throws the sound of the radio to the playroom, another goes for the doughnut, and really, not having a technical mind I cannot do justice to Mr. Powell's gadgets and will have to leave it to my better to describe for those that missed.

Speaking of radio control gakes recalls to mind my favorite picture of Bill Powell, the one I shall carry with me to my dying day. It is a scene in which Jean Harlow also has radio control gates and one rainy night during her recent illness she phoned Bill at the studio to bring her some ice cream on a hot day but she forgot to tell the ballet to open the gate. So when Bill drove up to the Harlow estate in his little Ford there was no way in the world he could open those gates and get through those gates. After contemplating climbing them, and deciding not to, Bill merely sat down on the running-board of his car and suddenly as the rain trickled down his neck. He was just scoping out the last shiver of chocolate when I passed by.

When Van Dyke said that Bill was exactly like the Thos Man he made one mistake. Bill is no detective. He has tried awfully hard to be but he never can solve anything without the utmost embarrassment.

Bill, said, "When I was making all those Philo Vance pictures and I would go to lunch or to the very late hostess caught him gape of the she'd 'Shut, We'll Play Murder and Bill can be the district attorney!" Hub, I wasn't even clever enough to catch the criminal when I conspired the game of Murder and my character of Philo Vance practically ruined my social career.

Bill's humor is the only time the intelligent kind is terribly difficult to repeat. He can have you in stitches all afternoon, as he did me, but still when you leave Bill you can't reproduce anything and have it sound as utterly amusing. Like most actors he has his moods, good and bad. When he's in a good mood he will have you giggling at anything when he's in a bad mood mealtimes you had better keep a mile away. He is always charming to his leading ladies but never falls in love with them. Everyone on the set but strange to see them treat him with respect. Usually if an actor become palsy wavy with the picture they have then they call their man and the stage manager will say, "It's only good Bill, give him a canvas dressing-room, he won't mind." But, no, it's Mr. Powell from his fellow writers. Mr. Powell gets the best dressing-room on the lot. Still he's the "pet" of the Metro studio, especially with the publicity department. He is crazy about poker and plays a good stiff game with the boys, but he can't stand bridge and immediately he gets caught in a bridge game with a bunch of old lasses he begins to clamor for and make fools of them that they call the whole thing off after the first hand. He calls his mother "Nette" and she and her father and aunt live in a house next door to his. He's a left-handed tennis player and also writes with his left hand. He has a son ten years old, Bill, Jr., whom he thinks is going to be a producer because he holds a great interest in the price of pictures. When Bill, Sr., was a boy in high school he re-wrote Shakespeare, in fact his re-write of "Twelfth Night" is one of the classics of literature. Strange to say, they are still using the Shakespeare edition and not the Powell abridged edition. Now he has his hands on everything and criticises the lines tossed to him by the scenario department less than any other actor in Hollywood. He loves to travel but can't bear to travel alone. I like to travel, too, and I can't bear to travel alone. Dear me, there must be something I can do about Loy and Harlow.
Alphabet Scoop
Continued from page 63
horses during production of a motion picture. Edwina Booth has suffered a lingering illness following her return from Africa, supposedly from a disease picked up on the dark continent.

Odd and sundry are the uses of the alphabet on the part of the screen stars. For instance, there are Lillian Harvey and Lillian Bond, but no matter how you spell it, it's still the old-fashioned Lillian in pronunciation. Evelyn Brent spells her name with an E, but Evelyn Knapp exchange letters that are for A. James and Josephine find their last name does very well spelled Dv-r-i-n, but Irene tacks an E on the end for some reason. Carole Lombard does the same with her first name. Mae Cline appended an extra vowel, too. Helen Hayes inserted an E into her name; perhaps she will confess why some day. Adolph Menjou indulges a temperamental fit if you spell it A-d-o-l-f. What, no E? Then, of course, there are Betty Davis and Betty Compson, Marion Nixon and Marion Davies, Laurence Olivier and Laurence Grant, and Mae Clarke and May McAvoy. A few of the stars have "miscellaneous" points of view on their names. Sue Carol is far more conservative than Nancy Carroll. Fredric March parcs his first name to fundamentals. Warren Williams did he is a singular person, so he now calls himself Warren William. Balianova reduced her name by completely eliminating her given appellation. Metro followed by billing Gretry merely "Carbo," and Paramount did likewise with Dietrich.

Contrary to the frugality displayed by those stars, there are such wasters as Johnny Weissmuller, Carl Laemmle and Anna Q. Nixon, who display a shocking disregard for thrift by using respectively an extra S, M, and S in their names.

Many appellations are quite applicable to the individuals that bear them. Bessie Love fell in love and married Blanche Sweet is very much so. Irene Rich is so. Loretta Young. Alice White is not black.

On the other hand Sally Starr never achieved stardom. If we reverse her first and last names, Marion Nixon, who wed twice, certainly can't advise mix on marryin'. And Owen Moore is wealthy and owes nobody.

If you've enjoyed this little resume of ALPHABET SCOOP, assemble your friends some rainy afternoon and tell them how to play it. Then give them pencils and paper and see how many interesting name-facts they can discover.

In closing, may I point out that the most flagrant waste is exhibited by a lovely blonde star—while Dorothy Tree is satisfied with just that. Helen had to be Twovelvetres!

Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 15
Chatterbox
RKO-Radio
A little picture with lots of charm, sweetness, and simplicity. Anne Shirley as a small-town Hepburn, beautifully unsophisticated, years for the stage against the wishes of her stern grandfather. Phillips Holmes is the boy, and the scene between his father, played by Granville Bates, and the grandfather, Edward Ellis, is tops. But the brightest star is little Anne Shirley, playing with great skill and charm.

The Bohemian Girl
Hal Roach
A perfectly grand Laurel and Hardy comedy, with music, built around this vintage operetta. There are several spots with good five-minute howls, and these comedians were never funnier than they appear here as the gypsies, whose torture chamber session will put you in stitches. Operatic interludes have been beautifully done, with superb choruses. Jacqueline Wells sings like a bird the famous "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Don't miss it.

The Old Curiosity Shop
British International
If you are a Dickens fan, and particularly if "The Old Curiosity Shop" is an especial pet, you'll enjoy seeing little Nell, Quill, and the others as they materialize on the screen against the authentic backgrounds in this English film. But that about begins and ends the attractions of this picture. The story has no sustained interest in itself as revealed here, and the production technically is only so-so.

Skull and Crown
Reliable
An action story—suspense and hairbreadth escapes, with Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., distinguishing his famous name. He is Reggie 'Toomey's pal, and Regis is a member of the Border Patrol, but after smugglers, a fight, poor Rinty is knocked cold, and Regis' sister is killed, so the blame for not protecting her falls on the dog. He proves his mettle in another fight. Molly O'Day and Lois January supply the feminine appeal.
Here's Hollywood
Continued from page 66

WHEN Governor Alfred of Texas visited Hollywood recently he naturally took a great interest in the studios, as who wouldn't, but the only movie star he asked to meet was Ginger Rogers. At a big Texas party given at the Biltmore, Governor Alfred made Ginger an admiral in the Texas navy—Ginger, of course, sort of being the "local girl makes good." For it was in Dallas, Texas, that Ginger, a gangling school girl, won the Charleston Contest that also won her a vaudeville tour. Did you know that Ginger had the opportunity of being the Shirley Temple of her day? When she was three or thereabouts her mother was employed in the old Balboa studio on the West Coast in the script department and little Ginger used to make mud-pies and cut out paper-dolls back of the studio. A director saw her one day, and, completely captivated, asked Mrs. Rogers' permission to put the child in pictures. But Mrs. Rogers didn't think much of the idea, and maybe she was right, for after all the only "baby star" to succeed in pictures when grown up is Madge Evans. And we mustn't forget the moral. When Mrs. Rogers was working at the Balboa studios she was writing scenarios for Baby Marie Osborne, and unless you are very young you certainly remember Baby Marie, who was the Shirley Temple of her day. Well, when Mrs. Rogers saw all the money Baby Marie was making she was sort of tempted to try out Baby Ginger, but she thought better of it. Now, Baby Marie is Ginger Rogers' stand-in, and very happy to have the job.

When you sooner or later, meaning old Mal de mer—fretfulness, you Shirley Temple sailed all the way to Honolulu and back and was in the very pink of condition all the way, even though the ocean did considerable rolling and tossing at times. But the other day on the "Captain January" set she had to do a scene on a boat in the studio tank when suddenly Miss Temple turned as white as a sheet and had to make quickly for the rail. They had to take her to the studio hospital and it was quite some time before she regained her sea legs—and sea stomach.

Paul Muni went poking around in a Chinese butcher-shop and found an actor. Lee Fong Chin, patriarch of San Francisco's Chinatown, will journey to Hollywood and play a part in the "Good Earth"—a silent part, as he is too old to begin learning English now. In fact, he doesn't even know how old he is, but remembers how exciting it was way out in the wilds of California when they heard a Civil War had broken out! He was about twenty then.

Make your child as different as possible from Shirley Temple if you want her to be a success in pictures. Studios do not want copies of success. They want to discover something entirely new." That is the casting-director's advice to ambitious parents. Mrs. Rose Granville, mother of 12-year-old Bonita, refrain from curling her little girl's hair and teaching her to tap-dance, as her friends advised. She has always urged the child to be individual, and the answer is an important rôle with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in "These Three."

Have you a little auction in your neighborhood? If so, and it's anywhere near where Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney could travel, you'd be sure to see them. The two screen collectors, who are close friends in private life, attend the local auctions weekly. Jimmy is a collector of rare paintings. Pat's interest is in antiques and books for the new library now being added to his Brentwood home.

If you enjoyed reading "Tortilla Flat" as much as I did, you will be delighted to hear that it is going to be transferred to the screen. There is some sheet music of George Raft playing Danny, and that would be swell if they don't slick him up too much.

It gets you sooner or later, meaning old Mal de mer—fretfulness, you Shirley Temple sailed all the way to Honolulu and back and was in the very pink of condition all the way, even though the ocean did considerable rolling and tossing at times. But the other day on the "Captain January" set she had to do a scene on a boat in the studio tank when suddenly Miss Temple turned as white as a sheet and had to make quickly for the rail. They had to take her to the studio hospital and it was quite some time before she regained her sea legs—and sea stomach.

With Clark Gable's horse "Beverly Hills" entered in the big race the opening day of the Santa Anita race-track at least two-thirds of Hollywood planked down their dough on "Beverly Hills on the nose." Beverly Hills never did finish the race—he just got bored with it all and stopped. All of Clark's pals, (some of them not so pally after that), looked high and low for Clark to give him the ribbing of his life, but Clark, it seems, was rather bored with it all, too, and didn't even bother to go to the track. Hollywood found out later that Beverly Hills doesn't even belong to Clark any more—the nag is owned by Mrs. Rhea Gable.

Strolling on the "Indestructible Mrs. Talbot" set at RKO yesterday, imagine our amazement to find Anna Harding and Herbert Marshall toasting marshmallows in front of a large open fireplace! The scene was an Adirondack camp with a real fire burning in the huge open grate—that was the first surprise. Usually they simulate these things. Ann sent out for the marshmallows, and between scenes she and Marshall toasted them for the cast and crew. A trifle gummy, but awfully good, we beg to report.
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Mrs. D. H., Hampton Bays, L. I.

Seldom catches cold now

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

Mrs. C. D. P., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Teacher checks sore throat quickly

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

Miss H. McK., Cincinnati, O.
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"
MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke
LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl
FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's lifelong rival
FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fanny herself
LEON ERROL
With his trick knee
GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmie" Girl, herself
RAY BOLGER
The vanishing Dancing Sensation
NAT PENDLETON
As Sadow, the Strong Man
ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star
REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!

GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified... great Ziegfeld stars... the melodies he made immortal... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke... All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!
Begin
VICKI BAUM'S
New Serial in
The Next Issue
of SCREENLAND

You will want to start our new serial with the first installment, so watch for the next issue of SCREENLAND—the May number, on sale April 3—for Vicki Baum's exciting new romance of movie life.

The famous author of "Grand Hotel" lives and works in Hollywood now; at present she is writing screen stories for big stars. Miss Baum, perhaps more fully than any other internationally noted writer, understands Hollywood and sympathizes with its problems. This tolerance and understanding make her new serial, to run exclusively in SCREENLAND, one of the most interesting romances she has ever written.

Plan to begin the new Vicki Baum serial which starts in the next issue of this magazine.
Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips

If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips...the kind of lips that would appeal to him...that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick...one no lipstick...the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural!"

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because it isn't paint. It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10¢ for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Beware of Substitutes...when you buy. Don't let some cheap ads deceive you into thinking you're buying Tangee. These are substitutes for Tangee. They wear like Tangee...they don't look like Tangee...be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. There's another shade called Tangee Theatrical...intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

The Tangee girl was when Charles Farrell chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

He did it the first time! Errol Flynn in his initial important film, "Captain Blood," zoomed into high favor with the letter-writers, and also a new contract, at a handsome salary increase.

Salutes and Snubs

TAGGING TREACHER

It seems to me there's not enough comment about Arthur Treacher. This droll-face butler really makes you laugh without apparent effort at being funny. His brand of humor is decidedly refreshing, and a great relief from the usual run of comedians. Let's give a little credit to Mr. Treacher. He is now Rotten Picture Saver No. 1.

Fulton King,
Weyers Cave, Va.

OH, DRY THOSE TEARS!

Here's my pet peeve: Why do directors make their players weep all over the place in tragic moments? Even the Greek dramatists knew that a more powerful dramatic effect is gained when an actor tries desperately to conceal grief, rather than displaying it.

Mrs. Floe Coolidge,
5555 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

FLYNN FLIES HIGH

Hollywood does it again! They've found a man as handsome as Gable and as fine an actor as Leslie Howard, and cast him in a fast-moving, thrilling drama. I predict that as Peter Blood he will become one of the most popular actors on the screen. Errol Flynn, here's to you!

Scottie Fitzgerald,
Cambridge Arms Apts.,
Baltimore, Md.

A "DIFFERENT" WESTERN

I think the first different type of cowboy picture I've seen this year is "Branded Coward." I'll give it a salute, although it was not as widely advertised as many other films. The handsome hero was Johnny Mack Brown. You're coming along fine, Johnny, good luck to you!

Louise Sahagian,
215 Beacon St.,

HEADED FOR STARDOM

The delightful little actress, Rochelle Hudson, is getting at last the recognition she deserves. Rochelle's performances in "Way Down East" and "Show Them No Mercy" are proof to her producers that she is star material.

William L. McCauley,
28 Daviston St.,
Springfield, Mass.

MACMURRAY—RAY—RAY

My salutes are for a new type of leading man—one whose ingratiating grin, diamond-in-the-rough exterior, casual love-making and delightful nonchalance make him just what the doctor ordered for jaded feminine moviegoers on the look-out for a new thrill. The actor? Fred MacMurray, of course! Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
A SON...

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

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

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

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

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!
There are two reasons why you’ll want to see this—and both of them make good in a big acting way. They, of course, are Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy, actually making you like and enjoy a hokey yarn about the missing "poils." Myrna is involved with crooks, Spencer is a G-Man who uses romance to track the pearls and convict Myrna. It ends happily for both of these engaging people—hurray for them.

Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew make a jolly good team for the purposes of this merry combination of robust comedy and whimsicality about an ex-marine who is hired to kidnap a king. His Majesty turns out to be a mere boy, and the royal youngster becomes fine friends with the soldier, whom the king first mistakes for an American gangster. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen add romance.

A natural for the entire family. The homely touches make this a masterpiece of its kind. Jed Prouty is the typical old-fashioned Pa, lecturing his brood in kindly manner, until they finally make him see things their way. It is simply a series of incidents that could happen in any average family. Prouty, June Carolson, Florence Roberts, George Ernest, Spring Byington—the whole cast is excellent. A real treat.

Melodrama of the "punch" type, very obvious in leading to its climaxes, but capable at times of working up a very fair amount of interest. Conrad Veidt is the star, with Helen Vinson and Noah Beery representing Hollywood and doing the best possible with their material. In the main, the film's interest is based on the cruelties heaped upon prisoners at Devil's Island—an old friend as a locale for strong melodrama.

A musical comedy hit, and no mistake about that! Warner Baxter is in a part like that he played in "42nd Street;" Alice Faye dances, sings, and does a little straight acting in a manner to make you like her tremendously; Jack Oakie clowns to the tune of your laughter. Arline Judge, and Dixie Dunbar, and many dancers add to the entertainment achieved in spite of a well-worn story. Finely staged and some fun!

Joan Marsh, an heiress with a mind of her own, gets a job in a dance hall to show her grandfather, also with a mind of his own, and playboy suitor, Ben Lyon, that she can be independent of them. She falls in love with Eddie Nugent, poor but sure he will make good as a dancer—he does. The other important character is played nicely too, by Isabel Jewell. Not much on story, but it keeps moving pretty well.
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

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

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by
Robert Riskin
From the story by
Clarence Budington
Kelland

GRACE MOORE

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

THE KING STEPS OUT

FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Wonder Show of 1936!

STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCEndO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN

ROCHELLE HUDSON

WALTER CONNOLLY

Music and Lyrics by
Lew Brown
Harry Akst and
Victor Schertzinger

Music and Lyrics by
Harry Akst and
Victor Schertzinger

PARLEY and RILEY

and their 'Round and 'Round Music

Douglas Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play
by Jo Swerling

Story by
Sidney Buchman
EYES... that fascinate!

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

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of Winx Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

Winx Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, sicker, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try Winx today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriously soft at all times.

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

You can obtain Winx Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

Across
1. Comic star of "Alibi Ike" 4. Star of "Riffraff"
2. Receptacle for coal 5. Summum
17. Heroine of "Without Regret" 18. African swallows
19. Gangster in "His Night Out" 20. Monkey
22. Facion
24. Girl's name
26. Famous Marie Dressler screen role
27. Hate
29. Mulday
32. Away from the seacoast
34. Girl
36. Compass point (abbrev.)
37. To surrender
38. Round object
41. Comedienne whose death recently caused investigation
44. Crawford's new married name
48. Anger
49. Plant with bitter juice
51. "Man of __________" (a movie)
54. Featured actor in "College"
55. Born
56. Wasteland
78. Solitaire
38. Famous Spanish hero
49. Co-star of "Peter Ibberson"
61. His new film is "The Great Ziegfeld"
64. Depend upon
65. Periods of time
69. The boy friend
72. Famous Hollywood makeup expert
75. Hero in "Chinatown Squid"
77. Star of "Mary Burns, Fugitive"
81. Danish money of account
82. Greek letter
84. Grate harshly
86. Native metal
87. First mate in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
89. Rich "boss" in "Barbary Coast"
92. Featured actress in "Bright Lights"
94. England's enemy in "Cavalcade" war sequence
95. France
96. Horse of a certain color
97. To make an edging
98. Basic poems
99. This shines on the stars in Hollywood

Down
1. Her new film is "Small Town Girl"
2. Star hates to get this way
3. First name of 17 across
4. Loosened soil with a tool
5. Star of "Let 'Em Have It"
6. Narrow inlet
7. Decreed star famous for horror make-ups
8. Ancient
9. Her new one is "Klondike Lou"
10. You've laughed at her often with Charles Ruggles
11. Thelma Todd's last bosom friend
12. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
13. Sleeveless wrap
14. Destroy
15. Boy
16. Final scene in a movie
17. Possessive pronoun
18. Bond
19. Wing of a house
20. Number
21. Wise bird
22. To allow
23. Bends over
24. She had her "Hands Across the Table"
25. Crooning star of 26 across
26. Anytime Goes
27. Range or scope
28. The way the villain looks at the heroine
29. Leading man, any picture
30. Blasted walk
31. One time only
32. Hero of "Honeymoon"
34. "Sis," "Alfred," "Stanley" (a movie)
37. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
39. Part of to be
40. Behold!

Last Month's Puzzle

HUME MARCH JOEL
CARY ADE FAO BOO
ERLSET ICON ILL
TOES SHARER AVE
GROTS ELLIS

Last Month's Answer:

ACROSS
23. "Bystander"
28. "Hysteria"
29. "The Silent Man"
30. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
31. "The Wasteland"
32. "Home Sweet Home"
33. "The Old Maid"
34. "Man of Mystery"
35. "The Spoilers"
36. "Carnegie Hall"
37. "The Last of the Mohicans"
38. "The Music Box"
39. "To Be or Not To Be"
40. "A Farewell to Arms"
41. "The Grapes of Wrath"
42. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"
43. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
44. "The Big Sleep"
45. "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance"
46. "The Black Stallion"
47. "The Adventures of Don Juan"
48. "The Great Train Robbery"
49. "The Little Foxes"
50. "The Sign of the Cross"

DOWN
1. "The Miracle of Helen Keller"
2. "The War of the Worlds"
3. "The Plague"
4. "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
5. "The Maltese Falcon"
6. "The Picture of Dorian Gray"
7. "The Great Gatsby"
8. "The Great American Novel"
10. "The Call of the Wild"
11. "The Good Earth"
12. "The Great Wall"
13. "The Great Society"
14. "The Great Experiment"
15. "The Great Divide"
16. "The Great Depression"
17. "The Great Gatsby"
18. "The Great Adventure"
19. "The Great War"
20. "The Great Escape"
21. "The Great Northwest"
22. "The Great Divide"
23. "The Great Migration"
25. "The Great Depression"
26. "The Great War"
27. "The Great Gatsby"
28. "The Great Escape"
29. "The Great Divide"
30. "The Great Migration"
31. "The Great American Novel"
32. "The Great Depression"
33. "The Great War"
34. "The Great Gatsby"
35. "The Great Escape"
36. "The Great Divide"
37. "The Great Migration"
38. "The Great American Novel"
39. "The Great Depression"
40. "The Great War"
41. "The Great Gatsby"
42. "The Great Escape"
43. "The Great Divide"
44. "The Great Migration"
45. "The Great American Novel"
46. "The Great Depression"
47. "The Great War"
48. "The Great Gatsby"
49. "The Great Escape"
50. "The Great Divide"
Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

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

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in COLLEEN

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

And just for good measure, 800 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

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

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

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

And just for good measure, 800 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!
TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's Easy to Eat

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny postcard
NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO., 1730 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ State ____________

White Magic at Mayfair

HOLLYWOOD'S recent Mayfair party was a dazzle of white—what with all the ladies, with but two exceptions, appearing in white, all white. That was Carole Lombard's idea, and as Carole had charge of the affair, the idea was carried out. The party also displayed signs of a new romance—Gable and Carole Lombard, who ran the show. Clark arrived with Lonella Parsons, and sat across from his former wife, who studiously looked the other way.

One of the most interesting couples at the Mayfair Ball, Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond, are joined by Anita Louise, left, and Marion Davies and Dolores Del Rio, right, for this group pose. Note all four of these ladies obeyed the edict to wear all white evening dress.

Then he moved to Marion Davies' table, and when last seen, he was dancing with Carole, whose party he joined. Carole arrived with a contingent of young men, Robert Riskin being ill. She had Cesar Romero, Walter Lang, and sundry other young men at her table, as well as Bing and Dixie Crosby. Cesar drifted over to Virginia Bruce occasionally, and Clark drifted very definitely to Carole, so one assumes it all came out even.

David Niven, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, who declared her independence of the "all white" order by wearing a red gown, and Irving Thalberg.

Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's former husband, and Loretta Young, now fully recovered from her recent illness, attend the very swank party together.
Nobody said you couldn’t wear eyeglasses at the party, but Harmon O. Nelson thought he’d check his, so his wife Bette Davis found room for them in her evening bag.

Norma Shearer and Mrs. Joe E. Brown were the only two who broke the Mayfair rule for white gowns this year. Norma defied the rather autocratic decision by wearing a brilliant red gown. Mrs. Joe E., who sensibly concluded that white is not too kind to the matron’s figure, wore blue.

More interesting combinations at the Mayfair—Janet Gaynor with Gene Raymond, who danced a lot with Anita Louise, too. Lydell Peck, Janet’s former husband, brought Loretta Young, who was one of the most gorgeous blondes present.

Henry Fonda in tails and white tie and blushing like a school boy escort the glamorous Jeanette MacDonald to the Mayfair. Hollywood’s most social event in years, and danced and danced like mad. But even three orchids, Jeanette MacDonald, and a white tie couldn’t make a sophisticate of Henry. As I heard one movie star murmur to another, “Henry Fonda is still playing The Farmer Takes a Wife.”

All photographs of the Mayfair Ball by Bob Wallace.

A combination that had all Hollywood guessing! Jeanette MacDonald and Henry Fonda were companions at the Mayfair Ball. Did that cause talk?

These adorable dresses are the heart’s-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don’t you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they’ll stay that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That’s the finest way to wash dainty little girls’ clothes (as often as you please)—and the safest!

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99+100% pure
How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF Colds TWICE AS FAST!

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

Half gargled; the other half did not!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor’s report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

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

Goes 3 times as far

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

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

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Beautiful Bachelor Girl Entertains! Gail Patrick Divulges her Secret—Recipes for Waffles!

By Betty Boone

I THINK I’d better discuss the kind of parties I’m planning, rather than the ones I’ve given in Hollywood,” said Gail Patrick, as we opened the gate in her white picket fence and sauntered up the prim walk between the rose trees that marched two by two from gate to doorstep.

“You see, this is the first house I’ve ever owned, and I want to make it as hospitable and informal as my home in Alabama. As yet, it’s just a promise—like the garden.”

She smiled toward the newly planted, very neat flower beds that fringed the lawn. Already it boasts the rosy pink of Martha Washington geranium, the varied blues of plumbago, periwinkle and delphinium and the orange of lion’s tail. Double nasturtium seeds are in and daffodils are putting forth light green spears.

“The parties I enjoyed most when I lived down south were the Sunday night parties,” she went on, her dark eyes lighting up, “so I’m going to begin with one of those. Sometimes one girl would give a party, sometimes a group of us would give it together. The boys would devote the evening to what they called ‘pop calls’—they’d go to first one party, then another, until they had made the rounds. Sometimes as many as fifty boys would drop in at a girl’s house during the evening. It was exciting. We used to try to outdo each other in the good things we’d have to eat.

The slim, Southern, and patrician Miss Patrick shares her pet recipes with you, with particular emphasis on new ways to make the popular waffle more exciting. The pictures show our bachelor girl as hostess at a waffle supper like those Gail learned to have in her native Alabama.
“I remember I used to favor waffle suppers, so I’m going to begin with one. I’ve brought my cook up from home with me—her name is Gilly, isn’t that a nice name? Especially since her husband’s name is Willy! He’s here with us, too. Gilly has the sort of cooking genius that puts in a dash of this and two spoons of that and maybe a cup of something else, flavoring by instinct, and measuring by the looks of the thing, until her masterpiece is ready: but we’ve figured out recipes that will turn out the same way.

This is Gilly’s basic waffle recipe:

Sift 2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 30 teaspoons sugar. Add to these the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs mixed with 2 cups milk; add 1 tablespoon melted butter and beat smooth. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites; place a tablespoon of the batter in each section of the waffle iron and bake until crisp and they will leave the iron clean.

The waffle iron should be hot. Never wash it; brush it clean with a stiff brush if any batter sticks to it.

By this time we were in the living-room, a beautifully proportioned room with white woodwork and knotty pine walls, chintz draperies in an odd combination of burgundy and old ivory, the same colors repeated in the upholstery of the furniture. The lamps are white and set on small tables just where an eager bookworm can get their light wherever he chooses to sit. Books fill low shelves within easy reach of a reader’s hands. A deepset window looks out on the garden; double doors open onto a porch, paned on the other side.

“Ever taste gingerbread waffles?” Gail wanted to know. “They are awfully good. You can serve them with a scoop of ice cream on top, or with a preserve that’s quite tart or fruity like damsons.”

**GINGERBREAD WAFFLES**

Beat 3 eggs until light. Add ½ cup sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup sour cream. Beat together. Add 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, soda, baking powder. Beat smooth. Stir in ½ cup melted fat.

“You can vary your plain waffles by cutting up pieces of raw bacon and sprinkling grated cheese over the top when the batter is on the iron. I like cheese so I’m partial to that.

“You can chop up walnut meats or pecan meats and cook them right in with the batter, if you want something different.

“Taste terrible, but it was to be one of the favorite dishes at a Sunday night supper: You cut your waffle in half, cover a half with strawberry preserves, put whipped cream on that, and then cover that with the other half of the waffle.

“Tasting as if we hadn’t a thought beyond waffles, but we used to serve southern fried chicken with them. You know, lots of fat, and the chicken must be fairly falling off the bones. But I’m going to have a new hot dish for my first Sunday supper. I got it from Tala Birell when we were both working on the ‘Lone Wolf’ set. It’s called Chicken Paprikaas.”

**CHICKEN PAPRIKAAS**

Select a good-sized chicken—a young hen and cut it into pieces smaller than quarters. Simmer onions in butter until they are very brown, then put chicken in with them and allow it to simmer on the open stove for 15 minutes. Do not add water, but cover the pot and bake for one hour. Then add salt, white pepper, and a generous amount of Hungarian paprika. Add cup water and a (Continued on page 73)
TAGGING the TALKIES

Continued from page 8

Fine acting and direction make Margaret Sullivan's new film worth your while. Ursula Parrott's story has the usual superficial smoothness, but it is too talty and forced to be altogether convincing. However, the star and her new leading man, James Stewart from the stage, aided by Fay Milland, manage to hold your interest most of the time. Miss Sullivan is at her brilliant best in the role of a newspaper man's wife; her marital troubles, including assorted separations and reunions, form the plot. A little more direct action and less conversation would have solved the wife's problems and provided better entertainment. However, the star and James Stewart are splendid, so let us be thankful for that.

Jackie Cooper and Rin-Tin-Tin Jr., in a picture the kids will love, although the story strains the long arm of coincidence. The kid runs away because his father wants him to part with the dog. Both boy and dog get involved with a stick-up gang, and thereby hang thrills and action. Joseph Calleia gives another of his A-1 performances, and Jackie and his dog are grand. Simple stuff, but it gets you just the same.

Marguerite Churchill, school-teacher, and Bill Gargan, reporter, decide nothing ever happens in their town, but just then a notorious criminal runs amok in the old village. There are chases, runs on the bank, and Chic Sale, a doddering ex-sheriff, who is determined to get the man. The charge is in spite of his hen-pecking wife, Madge Evans. There is some excellent character comedy and good fast lines here.

A thrill comedy that exposes the "numbers racket," and includes a ship burning at sea and other excitement among its chief features. Madge Evans' father is driven out of business by numbers racketeers, so Madge appeals to a crusading reporter, Stuart Erwin, for help. The heretofore spineless legal adviser of the paper, Frank Tapp, becomes the real hero. Dialogue is bright. While spotty, it's worth your time.

Has lipstick parching kept love from your lips?

Lips that look kissable...and are kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parch by a new lipstick.

Coty "Sub-Deb" is truly indelible...warm and ardent in color...yet it actually smooths and softens your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

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

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Span" Face Powder!

Using the popular song, and the excellent services of Harry Richman, Rochelle Hudson, Walter Connolly and others favorites, this makes highly entertaining musical screen fare. Besides the title song there are tunes you will remember. The story is about a girl entertainer and her father, owner of a Mississippi showboat, who are taken to New York by a manager, Richman. Broad comedy and neo-dramatics well done.

The Calling of Dan Matthews
Columbia

Richard Arlen as the crusading cleric of Harold Bell Wright's melodrama about the corruption of a small town and how a sincere and zealous young man fights it down. Dick does the best that could be done by this now somewhat dated character, and whatever of interest you find in this picture is due to the star and his hard-working supporting cast, including Mary Kornman and Douglas Dumbrille.

A short subject that rates a featured place on everybody's must-see list! It is the story in pictures and dialogue of how dogs perform a noble duty as guides for the sightless. The intelligence, efficiency, and particularly the devotion of these animals to those they serve, stir your imagination and touch your heart. Here is a factual human-interest story that is far more stirring than most fiction. Don't miss it!

Next Time We Love Universal

The Seeing Eye For Educational

Tough Guy
M-G-M

Man-Hunt
Warner

Exclusive Story
M-G-M

SCREENLAND
A better-than-ordinary western which gives a lot of early history and lots of action. John Wayne is one of the pioneers who set out for the West. His father is murdered and he seeks revenge. Wagon trains, Indian warfare and plenty of gunplay hold your attention. Ann Rutherford is the settler's pretty daughter. There are two well-played comedy parts to add to the show. Good for a rousing evening.

Continuing the cycle of South Sea native romances, with Mala and Lotus Long, whom you remember—don't you—from "Eskimo," as the sweethearts whose love overcomes all opposition. Pictorially this is a very notable piece of work, but from the story angle it seems very repetitious of what has been told and told time and again—not always, it's true, with such natural beauty as a background. Just fair.

Murder melodrama that lets us in on how the villain does his dirty work but manages to hold interest anyway as we watch the modern Sherlock Holmes, played by the personable Norman Foster, bring the culprit into the clutches of the law. Donald Cook, the sinister doctor who rids this world of a rich man in order to marry his widow, with the aid of a trained monkey; Warren Hymer, and the others are good.

Jack Holt plays a gallant seaman who averts panic when a passenger ship catches fire, thus winning a captainship, and proving he deserves the reward by bringing a ship to port after an unruly crew tries to scuttle it. Red-blooded stuff played to the hilt by the star, Grace Bradley as an adventurous wife, Robert Armstrong, Charlie Murray, and Willard Robertson. Good, especially for Jack Holt fans.

Here is one of the greatest contributions to skin beauty ever offered to American women! A dubious, soothing beauty cream that is germ-free.

Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a scientific ingredient which keeps it germ-free even after the jar is opened, until every bit of cream is used.

Skin beauty now doubly protected
If your skin is thin or easily infected, you'll value this protection. For Woodbury's guards those tiny, often imperceptible, breaks in the skin against the germs which cause blemishes.

And, in addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

- AVOID Imitations... Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.

Scientific Ingredient keeps these two Beauty Creams

WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection... when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free... and stay germ-free to the very last.

Guard against this hazard to your beauty

When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defence against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photograph labelled "A." Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

FREE! WOODBURY'S "LOVELINESS KIT"!


Name__________________________________________
Street__________________________________________
City____________________________________________

Note: © 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Flowers in Your Hair

Hollywood beauties set new styles in floral decorations for hair

By
Elin Neil

Little white gardenias add beauty to Joan Parker's luxuriant locks.

FRESH flowers in her shining dark tresses help Jean Parker remember her beloved "outdoors," even when she's dancing to soft music! Jean is the lithe, vibrant kind that seems to bring the sunshine in with her whenever she enters a room. She spends all the time she can steal away from her work out in the open—swimming, riding; playing tennis or hockey. Her ambition, I'm told, is to play "Peter Pan." I warn you, when you see Jean in "The Ghost Goes West"—you'll be letting yourself in for a case of Spring Fever!

Another devotee to the vogue for flowers in one's hair is Joan Blondell. In "Colleen" she wears a wreath of gardenias across the front to intensify the soft sheen of her blonde hair. Fluffed bangs and sculptured curls piled high at the back of her head make Joan a real treat to the eyes. Incidentally—Joan can take all the credit for her glorious hair because she washes it in kerosene, (a trick the French have used for years), and shampoos and dresses it herself. She doesn't like to wear a hat because she thinks it's good for her hair to get an "airing" as often as possible.

Pretty Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, likes real flowers in her hair, too. She wears two white gardenias, for formal occasions, piquantly arranged at the front of her hair; aslant and rather high above one ear. Mary says they help keep her hair in place while she's dancing.

Debutantes, like the young Hollywood set, are giving gardenias a big play for formal wear in their hair. So far as I can see, there's no end in sight yet for the gardenia rage, which started with a deluge of perfumes and eau de Colognes with the scent of the demure yet sophisticated little white flower. Orange blossoms may give them some competition, though, judging from the enthusiasm with which that fragrance was received at this year's Florida National Exhibit in New York City. Soon brides may not be the only ones to wear orange blossoms in their hair!

Then there are orchids—and what a variety of ways they are being used to lend allure and expensive-looking smartness to the hair! Amabilis, the little bell-shaped white spray orchids, are being worn just as they grow on the stem. One smart hair decoration consists of a spray of six white orchids running in a straight line from the top of the head down behind one ear.

Three of the ordinary lavender orchids, the smaller type, are worn on a velvet ribbon tied around the head. They are grouped at the top like the "Prince of Wales" feather head-dress worn at English Court functions. The ribbon may be green to match the stems or it may be a shade that picks up the accessory color of the costume.

Those little yellow "Butterfly" orchids are worn in a cluster at the back of the head, just behind one ear. Wreaths or bandeaux of small spray orchids are worn across the front of the head, an inch or two above the hair-line.

(Continued on page 90)
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

A new treat awaits movie fans, judging from Hollywood reports about Paramount’s “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.” Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda have the star roles supported by Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Robert Barret, Fuzzy Knight and Little Spanky McFarland. Henry Hathaway, brilliant director of “Lives of a Bengal Lancer,” has the directorial assignment. Walter Wanger produces. Most interesting, is the fact that “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” is the first full-length outdoor romantic drama to be produced in natural color*. Those who have seen it say the scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.

*Technicolor process
Cheers for Charlie!
His new picture, "Modern Times," is a triumph for Charlie the clown and Chaplin the thinker.

Charlie, the one and only, comes back even funnier than ever, and earns our highest tribute, this award of honor.

SCREENLAND
Honor Page

Charles Chaplin in "Modern Times" tells it all! Chaplin has progressed in his art and imagination. Still the same beloved character in over-sized shoes and diminutive moustache, he projects himself into the midst of hectic modern life, with hilarious and incredible results. The same Charlie—and yet not quite the same; for the artist Chaplin here surpasses the clown, without ever sacrificing entertainment values. Only Chaplin could do it! In Paulette Goddard, pictured here with Charlie, the great comedian has found his ideal foil, a vivid creature with ardor and imagination to match his own. Once more, cheers for Charlie Chaplin!
DEAR BING:
Where did you get that bee-stung lip? When I saw "Anything Goes" I couldn't believe my eyes. The voice was the same, but I couldn't place the pout. Could this be Crosby? Or Chevalier, by some foul chance? The billing said "Bing Crosby." But there must have been some mistake. Bing Crosby didn't stick out his lower lip; he didn't look coy when he crooned; he didn't "act." Well, I said at first, if it isn't Chevalier back again! Then I listened some more. No accent. So it must be Crosby—perhaps the "New Crosby." You know—all Hollywood stars after a certain time in the spotlight, have to change their personalities. Who'll ever forget "The New Crawford"—no, not the last one; the one before that. And "The New Hepburn"—only she must have changed her mind at the last minute, because she still looks like the Old Hepburn to me. All right, so we have The New Bing. But I'm old-fashioned; I liked the first, original, and only Crosby. Boo-boo-bring back, oh bring back, etc.

Remember when you were our pet troubadour? Or will you have minnesinger? Our minnesingers are nice and fresh today. Anyway, you were a short-subject boy for Mack Sennett and SCREENLAND gave you your first interview and called you "Bing! Bang! Crosby" by way of prophecy that you were going to make a big noise in pictures. You were shy and boyish and naive; you never seemed camera-or mike-conscious; you had that disarming air of deprecation about your voice that won people who would never have been won by your voice alone.

From short subjects to Paramount stardom was like nothing at all. You sang, better than ever; your careless charm created a Crosby cult; even your girl-fans' brothers and boyfriends liked you; and despite the fact you never learned to "act," you managed to turn in some pretty grand performances. Best of all, success never went to your head; if it went to your waistline a little, nobody minded, for it was all in keeping with the Crosby tradition of casualness. And now "Anything Goes." You sang Sailor Beware; the voice was boo-boo-beautiful, but you did lip-service to Chevalier. That spoiled it for me. What is there for you to pout about? Were you only cursing Khayyam? If so, think of something pleasant while singing. You don't want Crosby fans to close their eyes and just listen—they could stay home and listen to the radio or the records for that. Remember, television is just around the corner—where I hope it stays for quite a while. Meanwhile, "Anything Goes"—but does it?

Delight Evans
NOT since the days when Francis X. Bushman was kept busy denying a wife and four or five children, have the movies waged such a battle to keep screen lovers unmarried!

If Robert Taylor marries Irene Hervey . . . if Fred MacMurray marries Lillian Lamont . . . if Henry Fonda marries Shirley Ross . . . if Dick Powell and Joan Blondell elope . . . if Nelson Eddy gets serious about anyone—(and any, and all may break out in matrimony at any minute)—it will be in direct defiance to the wishes of their respective studios, managerial advice, and the growing local suspicion that the most ardent mass adoration is falling to the non-married, rather than to the happily married professional lovers.

It's an old twist in a brand new guise.

For years, Hollywood hasn't particularly bothered itself one way or the other as to whether the newest lovers were married. Actors no longer fibbed about the little helpmate at home and the patter of little feet. It was considered old-fashioned publicity philosophy to dodge the marriage issue. And certainly some of the most fascinating gentlemen of the screen were bachelors.

Clark Gable was married to Rhea Gable and was the step-father of two grown children at the very time Miss America fastened onto his romantic shadow and hoisted him to the pinnacle of great lover interest.

After a slight flurry toward keeping Robert Montgomery's marriage in the background, the press agents finally gave up the attempt to conceal the pretty Mrs. Montgomery.

Freddy March's wife, Florence Eldridge, has been a prominent factor in his private life publicity from the beginning of his Hollywood career.

Gary Cooper went and got himself married to Sandra Shaw right at the height of his box-office flare.
Cruelty or common-sense? What's your verdict of the trend to “kayo” Kid Cupid?

By Dorothy Manners

Bing Crosby had not only Dixie Lee Crosby, but Gary Evan Crosby and twins right in the face, you might say, of his fanatics!

Fred Astaire brought his bride with him to Hollywood; and John Boles and Warner Baxter have, apparently, been married all their lives!

The women of America, and points East and West, were supposedly used to the idea that even if they came to Hollywood and met The Dream Man he couldn't fall in love with them, anyway—without legal complications and delays.

And then along came 1935, the biggest banner year for bringing out new emotions since Clark Gable struck with one fell blow. After years of more or less “going along” on the outskirts of the family groups with the older established favorites, the girls were suddenly struck with Taylor-torridity, MacMurray-madness, Fonda fondness, Eddy-ecstasy; and to cap it all, what did the New Year bring but Clark Gable as a free man!

If Gable had driven them goofy as a married man, he proceeded to set his admirers stark, raving mad as a “free soul.” Not since the torrid days of Valentino had any actor ever set the mad fan pace Clark did on his recent visit to New York when the story of his separation broke. Everywhere he went he was mobbed. Women lined the corridors of his hotel longing for a glimpse of the Great Lover—newly released! So intense were the demonstrations from the women of New York welcoming him back to bachelordom that Clark was forced to flee to the country, practically in hiding. For three solid days his name headlined newspapers throughout the country. Editors, evidently mistaking a separation for a final divorce, rumored his “romances” with Loretta Young, Elizabeth Allan, and Mary Taylor. In short, the girls discovered Gable all over again!

And not for one moment was this Gable demonstration, coupled with the advent of the Messrs. Fonda, Taylor, MacMurray and Eddy, lost on those cagey gentlemen of the Hollywood Front Offices whose business it is to keep a finger on the public pulse. From the moment of the sure success of the Bachelors, the fight was on to keep them that way.

Certainly no altar-bound romance has ever suffered more interruptions, set-backs, and just plain difficulties than that of Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. It’s on again, it’s off again! Their engagement has been announced and denied and then indefinitely dated for some time in the dim future, until now it is doubtful if even Bob and Irene know exactly what they are going to do.

It is not secret that M-G-M, discoverer of the attractive Mr. Taylor, would like him to avoid matrimony for at least another year or two, though it is not true, (as previously rumored), that Bob was forced to sign a “no marriage” clause in his new contract before receiving a substantial salary rise.

If the kids were left alone no doubt their own good common sense would carry them through this difficult phase of Career vs Cupid. But the gossips and the chatter writers have mixed into this private life romance so completely that there are those who now say it may never materialize.

Every other day it may be printed for one and all to read, even those who run, that Mr. Taylor's romance with Irene is cold, that the lady is interested elsewhere, and that Bob is completely smitten with Jean Parker. Another column, the same day, may carry the news that Bob and Janet Gaynor are reading their love scene lines from their new co-starring film, “Small Town Girl,” with real meaning. But in spite of the gossip fight to keep this particular bachelor unmarried, it was on Irene’s slender wrist that Bob put that pretty diamond bracelet Christmas. The odds are two to one in this love story, and you can put your money either way: Love or a Career?

(Continued on page 83)
**HOLLYWOOD**

A strange, mad world of maids and men,
Chasing the will-o'-wisps of fame
Till time shall call them back again
Some simpler form of joy to claim.

They are so young who gather here
In search of glory and renown!
So fresh and lovely! that I fear
Time's careless step may crush them down.

Into this mart called Hollywood
They bring their little gifts to sell
And which are poor and which are good
Only the testing hour shall tell.

What disappointment, grief and pain
Shall come to them no man can say.
A thousand here must try in vain
Where only one shall find the way.

---

As a syndicated poet he is Edgar A. Guest. But as a circulating person he’s just Eddie.

His twinkling blue eye, his crinkly smile, his hearty laugh as he throws back his thickly-thatched head, and his kindly face, a road map of pleasant human ways, tell you as much.

Youthful in spirit, Eddie Guest still is as incorrigibly the boy as when we were cub reporters together in Detroit. Since that distant time his uncommon gift has brought him fame and riches beyond the dreams of Mr. Rockefeller’s bright new dimes. But his hat’s the same size, and it’s no fair-weather one.

For that matter, the trouble is to get him to talk at all about himself. To do this you have to wrestle with him and put your knee on his chest, and even then he wriggles out of it. Give him his own way and he’ll tell you of the aged newspaper man who was told to come down to the office only on pay day for the rest of his life and of the blind man who felt the world had been lost to him only to find it brought back by the radio. Barrie might have written “Sentimental Eddie.”

But when we foregathered in Hollywood, business was the order of the day and something had to be done about it. For here was the “home poet” planning to take his first plunge off Universal’s springboard as a screen actor, eventually if not right now; so it was up to him to say what he thought of the movies in their relation to the home and the heart.
America's "home poet" gives SCREENLAND his exclusive impressions in verse and interview of America's most fabulous folks, the movie stars of the family, their influence on individuals and society.

"Well," he considered, "take our family. At home Friday night is our picture night. We all go together—Janet, with school over; Eddie, if he happens to be around the house; Mrs. Guest, and myself. We're probably a fairly average lot—just a family. We like the better kind of picture. Janet is fond of musical films, but through the week she'll sneak off to a horror picture. Mrs. Guest leans toward the romantic type, not the ordinary love story but something with truth in it, and actors like Ronald Colman and Fredric March. Somehow even I haven't been able to kill the romance in her! The boy and I are strong for comedies and we love Bill Fields."

Now Janet, you must know, is a charming girl of thirteen; Edgar A. Guest, Jr., a strapping lad of twenty-three who has followed in his father's ink-prints as a Detroit Free Press reporter.

"We steer clear of sex pictures," pointed out the wary parent. "The movie theatre is the first place children want to go, so this makes it the most important thing outside the home. If the movies are a menace, then they are the chief menace to my thirteen-year-old daughter. It is said Hollywood producers are selling entertainment. They are actually selling something else. It may be poison, or it may be things that go into the making of fine men and women. Taking this as a fact, it not reduces, but increases, the responsibility of father and mother, if their children are to be rightly trained. I don't think children should, or can, be denied the movies, which are as much a part of their daily lives as roller-skating. But every care should be taken to see that they go to the right kind. You can't explain sex pictures to children. Nor is it good for them to go to crook plays, to be eyewitnesses to crime and ear-

America's popular poet-philosopher likes Hollywood, and he tells you why in this "scoop" feature. Above, a recent portrait of Edgar A. Guest. Left, arriving in Hollywood with Mrs. Guest and their daughter, Janet. witnesses to talk belittling the rights of others. It may be considered smart, but it's the wrong kind of smartness. Another unfortunate thing is that not only actors but pictures are typed, running in cycles. Life doesn't go that way. But now that I've seen some of the difficulties under which pictures are produced, I'm less inclined to be critical. I realize their producers do the best that could be done with the people and material available. Morally, pictures are not as good as they should be. But personally, mother and I do not fear this outside influence because we're always on the job."

This, coming from the man whose daily poems on the home are printed in no less than 175 newspapers, hit home.

"Pictures," he resumed, "still have a long way to go. For one thing, they're just beginning to learn the deftness (Continued on page 93)
**Enter Shirley's Contest!**

By popular demand, SCREENLAND presents the second Temple contest—new prizes!

In Shirley's Grand Prize, a lovely "best dress" is included in the outfit. Here's Shirley smiling over it!

Prizes to delight the heart of every little girl—and every grown-up who likes little girls. Right, Shirley wears one of her hair-ribbons, many of which are among the prizes. Below, Shirley's new "best hat," included in the Grand Prize outfit. See Shirley in her new swim-suit? Yes, it's included in our prizes.

Girls of all ages go in for beautiful undies! Left, below, Shirley shows you the pretty robe which is one of the prizes; and, directly below, the smart little slip included in the Grand Prize outfit.

The gay silk pajamas, below, and cozy bedroom slippers offered in the contest. Then the Shirley Temple Song Album, of which 40 are to be awarded.

It's practically all fun and no work, entering our new Shirley Temple contest. All you have to do is to answer a simple question in as few words as possible, not exceeding 100. The question is: "Do you prefer to see Shirley in musical movies such as 'Curly Top' or in straight dramatic pictures like 'The Littlest Rebel?'" That's all! No fancy art work or involved essays necessary; just a simple statement of preference and a clear, concise reason for your opinion, within the 100-word limit. Mothers, fathers, sis and brother—the whole family will enjoy Shirley's second SCREENLAND contest. The prizes are well worth winning. Read the rules on Page 87. Fill out coupon on opposite page and mail with your entry. Get busy; don't miss this!
PRIZES:

GRAND PRIZE: Complete Shirley Temple Outfit, consisting of coat, hat, dress, handbag, pair of shoes, 3 pair hose, dozen hair-ribbons, silk pajamas, silk panty and slip, bathing suit and sandals, bathrobe and bedroom slippers.

1st PRIZE: Large Doll Trunk, complete with clothes and Shirley Temple Doll.

2nd PRIZE: $50.00 in Cash.

3rd PRIZE: Shirley Temple Outfit consisting of coat, hat, pair shoes, handbag and 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.

4th PRIZE: 22-inch Shirley Temple Doll.

4—5th PRIZES: School Dresses with 3 pair hose and 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.


5—7th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Hats.

5—8th PRIZES: Pajamas with Bedroom Slippers.

10—9th PRIZES: Bathing Suits with Sandals to match.

6—10th PRIZES: Slips with 3 hair-ribbons and 3 pairs socks.

8—11th PRIZES: Handbags.

6—12th PRIZES: Bedroom Slippers.

8—13th PRIZES: 1/2 dozen hair-ribbons.

6—14th PRIZES: 3 pairs socks.

24—15th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Novelty Soap.

40—16th PRIZES: Shirley Temple Song Albums.

SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in this Shirley Temple Contest:

Dolls and Doll Trunk: Courtesy Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.

Dresses: Rosenau Brothers.

Coats: H. and J. Block.

Hats: L. Lewis and Son.

Ribbons: The Ribbone Mills Corporation.

Pajamas, Slip, robe, and panty: Kaufman Brothers.


Bedroom slippers and Bathing Sandals: The Restful Footwear Company.

Shoes: The Green Shoe Company.


Hosery: Kramer Brothers.

Soap: The Restful Theatre: Kent Guild.

Song Albums: Movietone Music Corporation.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Shirley Temple Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name..........................................................................................................................

Street Address.............................................................................................................

City............................................................................................................................. State

More prizes! Shirley's dancing feet, above, are decorated by snappy shoes and socks. Right, above, Shirley's prize school dress. The Shirley Temple coat and handbag, right—just right for every little girl. Another style swim-suit, left, included in our prizes. The swim-suits have sandals to match. Then Shirley is shown, at far left, completing her smart ensemble with Shirley Temple socks and elegant new shoes. Socks and shoes are listed among the prizes as well as Shirley Temple Novelty soap, shown below at left.

First Prize: large doll trunk, complete with clothes and doll! Shirley loves it.
It’s a “difference of opinion” that makes movie stars like the horse-races at Santa Anita. Come along!

HOLLYWOOD was never one to do things by halves, and Hollywood has gone simply mad over horses. Horses, horses, horses—that’s all you ever hear from morn till night. I doubt very seriously if we’ll be able to get any pictures done this month, for la belle movie queen is at the track yelling her lungs out for Sweet Man to get up there in front, and the sex-appeal sensation of the hour is much too busy trying to figure out what Faithful Maud will do in the fifth to give much mind to Faithful Marlene waiting at the studio to do her big love scene. All those smoldering eyes, which cause you to have to be carried out of the theatre swooning in ecstasy, are glued on horse-flesh now. Feminine pulchritude is the Forgotten Woman.

But fortunately for you, who just must have your Fred Astaire, your Clark Gable, and your Bing Crosby every Saturday night at the Bijou hot or cold, the Santa Anita racing season only lasts from December 25th until February 22nd—if it lasted any longer we’d just have to call off the movie industry. But it’s certainly gay while it lasts. The horses go ‘Round and ‘Round, Yo-Ho. And so do you, Ho-Hum. At the Santa Anita track—which, by the way, is the most beautiful track in the world with its palm trees and mimosa and towering Sierras resplendent in shades of blue and mauve—you can find more screen stars mulling around than you can spot at a May-
'Round and 'Round!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Bing Crosby, below, with Kheyym. Above, Gene Raymond takes his mother and brother to the races. At top we see Dick Powell and Joan Blondell at Santa Anita.

fair dance or in a David Selznick picture. If there is any interviewing to be done and there is plenty of it to be done, thank goodness, you have to go down to the race-track to do it, and now I hope you thoroughly understand why I am so often found at Santa Anita, I just bet you do. Merely a matter of business, but whose business we won't say. But if only I had been on Loafer, (that dope), the other day when he unexpectedly came in a hundred to one shot, honey, you would have been spared all this. Anyway, my frequent interviewing trips to the track to see a man about a horse have caused me to become more or less an authority on the goings-on of the horsey crowd, and if you'll hold on for a couple of minutes I'll tell you how your favorite screen stars play the ponies, or how the ponies play them—(for suckers).

Bing Crosby, it seems, is the most horse-minded of the movie stars, though Fred Astaire runs him a close second. Bing's horses are all sons and daughters of thoroughbreds and the American Revolution, but they are either too young or too old or too indifferent to win a race, all of which irks Bing's family considerably as they naturally would like to have a winner occasionally and be able to stick out their tongues at the Whitneys and Vanderbilts who are always winning races, but Bing it irks not at all. "I think my horses are cute, and I'm fond of them, and I don't care whether I win or (Continued on page 74)
London's "Little Hollywood"

THOUGH I've never been to California I often spend a pleasant hour on Hollywood Boule-
vard! That's what we have rechristened the long lounge of a famous London hotel where
from seven o'clock till eight you can see the screen stars scintillating, listen to the latest gossip from the studios,
drink real Western passion-fruit cocktails and read the Los Angeles newspapers—only a fortnight old.

Outside is the damp grey atmosphere of a London
evening, thickened by the rumbling omnibuses and the hurrying throngs. Here are warm golden lights
and great bowls of rosy flowers and celebrities of the film
world, both American and British, sitting in the shell-
shaped chairs, relaxing after their day's work before they go on to dress for dinner.

Wherever you look you see a famous face. There's
tall Cary Grant with his black hair and merry brown
eyes and the chin that's attractively cleft. (Don't call
it a dimple if you want the owner to count you among
his friends!) His engaging smile flashes frequently,
for Cary has just achieved his great ambition.

For the past four years he has been Hollywood's
Leading Man No. 1, partnering all the lovely ladies—
Hepburn, Dietrich, Mae West, Sylvia Sidney and the
rest. Now he has just been promoted to stardom him-
self and Paramount have lent him to Garrett Klement
in order to make his stellar début over here in his native
country. His coming film is called "The Amazing
You don't really know some of your picture pets until you've watched them work and play in England in this entertaining story

By

Hettie Grimstead

Quest" and he portrays Ernest Bliss, a wealthy philanderer who makes a drunken wager that he will live entirely on his earnings for a year and then is held to his bargain.

So Cary is naturally on top of the world these days—but he hasn't lost his balance. He doesn't talk precociously about his ultimate purpose in cinematic art nor has he decided to forget the fact that he made his first public appearance with a troupe of knockabout vaudeville clowns. He just goes on working hard, eating his favourite roast beef for lunch nearly every day, playing badminton as often as he can, and buying new leashes and collars and badges for his little Sealyham terrier, Archibald, who is surely going to be the most fashionable dog in Hollywood next season.

Cary's leading lady in the new picture is Mary Brian, a very popular member of London's Little Hollywood with her gay laugh. She has adopted a new fern perfume, delicately suggesting the summer woods and harmonizing very well with the trim tailored suits in which she likes to dress daytimes.

Then there's Fay Wray, continually travelling between England and California to make one picture here and the next over there. She is usually wearing red, with lips and nails tinted to match. She says she regards filming in London as a vacation—English producers work so much more slowly and quietly than American ones. She often (Continued on page 88)
FOREVER YOURS

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART IV

Karen read the news the next morning in her paper. She read, "Tom Kildare, bachelor . . ." She read, "Surprise wedding . . ." She read, "Mary Kennedy—not an actress . . ."

She absorbed the words slowly. She ran the fingers of her left hand through the waves of her burnished hair. Finally she said to her maid, "Get me Meester Kildare on the telephone."

But Mr. Kildare didn't answer. With a radiant bride, ("I've loved you for years," the girl had whispered), he was flying east. He was on the first leg of his round the world trip.

Within the next six months Karen learned—not by letter, never by letter—that Tom had broken the bank at Monte Carlo, and had been entertained by the Prince of Wales, and interviewed by that Viennese psychoanalyst. Subsequently she saw a photograph of him with his wife in front of the Opera Comique, in Paris, and on camel back in the shadow of a flock of pyramids.

Eighteen months later she saw them pictured against a row of twisted Japanese cherry trees. Tom wore a comic-opera kimono and an expression of deep gloom. Four months from the cherry tree episode she read that the Kildares were en route to Africa, and much later she heard—in a round about way—that Mrs. Kildare had contracted a nasty brand of tropic flu.

There was one item, however, that she never read—she nor anybody else. No one knew that Tom Kildare had received word, when he and his slowly convalescing young wife arrived in Cape Town, that there had been a grim brokerage failure and that the gilt on his very formidable securities had become tinsel. Tom managed to keep that bit of information out of the papers—he had his pride!

When he and his wife sailed for the United States, extremely incognito, it was on a tramp steamer that smelled of cattle and

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

Tom felt strange, shy, in the agitated atmosphere of a Hollywood premiere. Karen smilingly addressed the microphone. "I return him to you as a great actor. I introduce Mr. Thomas Kildare," the star said with characteristic simplicity.

Turn to Page 80 for Synopsis of Preceding Instalments
Hollywood life depicted in a heart-stirring novel! Two famous stars face the realities of love in the land of glitter and make-believe.

took God knows how long to make its way to New York, its home port. The night they arrived in New York Karen Kent’s latest super-super-super picture was opening a million dollar theatre. The name of the picture was one of life’s little ironies. It was called “Undimmed.”

Jobs are hard to find for comedians who have ceased to be a part of the industry. Studio heads turn so fast, and are chopped off so mercilessly, that the world seems peopled with new faces to a man who has been away for a matter of years.

Tom Kildare looked in on the eastern studios, and looked away again. He did a turn at small-time vaudeville—but his billing was bad and the public had fresh ideas. He made a few impersonal appearances at second-rate picture houses. And then an especially wicked winter came, and he bought a cheap second-hand car (Tom, who had once gone in for de luxe, special-body jobs!) and he and his wife started west. The western climate, Tom thought, would be beneficial for Mary, who was still coughing—the aftermath of flu is hard to shake sometimes—and thinner than ever.

Mary was a courageous little thing; she’d kept her chin up at the time of her grave illness, and had actually laughed when the savings vanished, and had been sport enough to whisper, watching Tom’s tense face at the opening of “Undimmed”—“Karen’s so lovely!” She was a courageous little thing—but even courage has its limitations. Somewhere beyond Albuquerque she looked at Tom with an expression of piteous apology and collapsed, and a doctor, hastily summoned, said: “You’ll have to put her in a sanitarium, old man.” When they were alone he added, “This sort of ailment is apt to move very fast, you know. Your wife should have ease and comfort and rest—”

The sanitarium took the last of Tom’s money; and the situation took nearly the last of his grit! He had never loved his wife with the mad, passionate breathlessness that spells supreme joy, but he had felt toward her a supreme protectiveness. His voice was so cheery that it hurt on the day he left her at the sanitarium.

“Take it easy, lamb-pie,” he said in parting, “while papa pushes on to a place where there are gates to crash.”

Tom’s wife had never whimpered. She didn’t whimper now. She smiled and said:

“I’ll be watching for your picture in the fan magazines. You’ll do it all over again, dearest, when you get where there are real jobs. And when you’ve had a couple of breaks, will I—” she coughed violently—“will I be proud!”

So Tom pushed on in the (Continued on page 80)
ANYTHING can happen in the land of the lotus-eaters, and usually does, and I'd be awfully bored if it didn't. I thought when I had seen the costly programs at the premiere of "Midsummer Night's Dream" with the gold plaques of Reinhardt, the Warner Brothers, and Old Bill Shakespeare all as palsy-walsy as bugs in a rug; and the blow-out given by Cleopatra for Antony on Mr. DeMille's barge with the bed of roses and the guided bull; and the horse that had its face lifted to give it a sweet expression for the screen; and the smartest restaurant in town where daily the cream of the wits dabble in Colbert sauce with the cream of society transformed into a barnyard with cows and pigs and chickens and privies for a movie star's party; and Mae West's bed with its white satin sheets and regal canopy with a huge mirror, and Junior, (her monkey), hanging from the priceless Valenciennes lace—well, I thought I had just about seen everything there was to see in this hectic town. And then one day I noticed a news item to the effect that movie stars are now taking thermometers to their sets. I must say that threw me for a bunch of laughs. Taking the temperature of a set—What next?

Well, maybe not so silly after all. You talk about taking the pulse of the nation, don't you, so why not take the temperature of a movie set? The idea fascinates me, so let's disguise ourselves as a couple of fan writers, (oh, pet, you must get that wave out of your hair and let it look as if it had been combed by a propeller), and go visit stages where the glamor girls are at work—for five thousand a week I'd work too.

Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—sets, I mean—but it seems that it is only Norma Shearer who actually gets the temperature she wants and she gets it because she really does have a thermometer on the set. Norma lives in an air-conditioned house by the sea; it isn't glass and she can throw all the stones she wants to; and she catches cold easily so she just takes along her little thermometer to see that the temperature on the set is the same as it is in her living-room. I am awfully glad that she does for there could be nothing worse than a Juliet with sniffles. Just imagine the famous balcony scene with Juliet going, "D'O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore d'art d'ou Romeo—Ker-chich-chew!" That would be letting Shakespeare down.

So just be awfully glad that Norma has sense enough not to catch cold. (As soon as Joan Bennett reads this she'll dash right out and buy a thermometer for her set, for our little Joanie has one of the worst cold phobias in Hollywood. If someone sneezes on the far side of the dance floor at the Tocadoro, Joan will immediately assume that she is taking cold and will start taking up on aspirin and soda water.) It's going to be a lot of fun when all the stars start toting thermometers around to the sets, for imagine how interesting it'll be to watch the cute little mercury settle down to a dismal below-zero on a Garbo or Dietrich set, and then shoot up to a feverish hundred and three on a Harlow or West set.
Temperature Star Sets

By
Margaret Angus

After all, I don't have to tell you that a star controls a set, (the director likes to think he does, but he doesn't), and whatever her emotional temperature is, why, that's the barometric pressure of the set. When you get to be an old set-setter like me you can feel the atmosphere of the set the moment you plant your carcass in a studio chair, and you know quite definitely whether its star works at feverish pressure, whether she's one of your cool and collected beauties, or whether she manages somehow to strike the golden mean between the two.

Norma's set, even without the little thermometer to check up on things, would probably register a nice, normal, air-conditioned sixty. Norma is a very nice person to have around; she never goes into temperamental outbursts; she never throws things at the director, or breaks a chair over her hairdresser's head. She conducts herself in a quiet lady-like manner, though you have a very definite feeling that Miss Shearer knows everything that's happening on the set and in Adrian's salon and in the "front office." She doesn't go in for gags and horseplay; she has never sent her director a big two-hundred-pound bear for a birthday present the way Carole Lombard did Norman Taurog; or invited unsuspecting people to sit down in an electrified chair as happened to yours truly with mortification on the "Diamond Lil" set—ah, no, Norma is there to make a picture, a good picture, and that's all she's interested in.

Of course Norma has her mad moments and irresponsible impulses when she can become as crazy as the best of them, (show me an actress who isn't slightly mad and I will show you an old tramp), but she saves these insane moments for her family and friends. Between "takes" on the "Romeo and Juliet" set a three-piece orchestra plays classical music while she discusses Shakespeare with Leslie Howard, Professor Strunk and Director George Cukor—who, you may be quite sure, never calls Miss Shearer "Ella" the way he does Katy Hepburn. The entire atmosphere of the set is classical, with only one individualist disrupting the calm and dignity of the Bard, and that is John Barrymore who (Continued on page 86)
TORTURED
BY A NATION
FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

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

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

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER BAXTER
with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson
Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame
Who'll Win Him?

Will the Wife-Type—Myrna Loy—or the Secretary-Type—Jean Harlow—woo Clark from his new freedom? We're watching!

The femme world is watching Gable with more interest than ever before. Now that he's free, and in his new film, "Wife versus Secretary," he is fought over by two such beauties as Jean and Myrna—well, where does Clark go from here? The pictures on this page show Gable's latest portrait, right; a scene with "Secretary" Harlow, below; the stellar trio, above; and an embrace with Myrna Loy, right above.
Elmer Fryer

Brunette In White!

Smart Kay Francis! She enhances her ivory-and-ebony beauty with this shimmery white satin gown. If Kay really scorns that "Best-Dressed" title, why, oh, why, does she dress like this?
Joan Blondell, new version! Golden hair brushed back from a lovely brow; slim figure swathed in shadowy black chiffon; eyes alight with a new lure—Blondell begins to blaze in "Colleen."
Prime examples of the current type of unspoiled beauty so popular today. Jean Parker, left, sun-bathing in her own back yard. Right, blonde Mary Carlisle. Lower right, Paula Stone. All devotees of outdoor exercise.

Cecilia Parker is at home on the branch of a tree as much as the most agile country girl. Irene Dunne, above, foremost among the wholesome types in films.
Wholesome!

Screen lovelies to be popular today must have that salubrious sparkle of freshness.

Beauty that radiates good health and the sparkle of youthful enthusiasm accounts for much of the magnetic charm of Claudette Colbert, right. June Lang, extreme right, now playing in "Captain January" with Shirley Temple, typically the nice girl type now in demand for films. Below, Astrid Allwyn doesn't look too sophisticated even in a pose that suggests the worldly woman.

Sunshine gives that wholesome bloom to young screen beauties. See how Rita Canino, right, and Gertrude Michael, left, below, cultivate health under Old Sol's beneficial rays.
Scotty Welbourne

Dick Powell is a good-natured guy, all in all. He'll let you beat him at tennis, or try to steal his scenes. BUT, if you want to stay friends with him, don't call him a crooner! Dick never will stand for that.
Call 'Em "Crooners!"

Bing Crosby loves his wife and his kids, is no camera-hog, and goes out of his way to be good to dumb animals, especially horses. BUT, unless you want to start something, don't call him a crooner!
Up to Their Eyebrows

Charles Boyer's sophisticated eyebrows seem to express a Continental cynicism. Frederic March in two phases of "Anthony Adverse"—below and right—makes his eyebrows act for him. The cigar helps, too!

Jack Oakie needs only one eyebrow to put over a comedy scene—see below. The disappearing-eyebrow technique is demonstrated by Jack Haley, left, with Grace Bradley and Adrienne Marden. Lionel Barrymore's famous shaggy brows, aided and abetted by his scruffy moustache, next appear in "The Voice of Bugle Ann," touching dog story.

The forbidding eyebrows of Boris Karloff, right below, will scare you next in a merry little opus called "The Walking Dead." Gail Patrick, left below, registers fright, and very prettily, too.
No more gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands, or clenching of fists—our Hollywood artists express it all in an eyebrow!

Fred MacMurray's quizzical left eyebrow has done a lot to advance Fred's screen career. Sylvia Sidney's arched brows, below, betray the coquette; but at left, Sylvia goes thoughtful—see the difference?

Robert Taylor, below, has romantic eyebrows and makes them work. A study in terror—Frances Drake and Reginald Denny, right. Jane Withers in "Gentle Julia," extreme right, makes her unplucked eyebrows act overtime, to make up for her dog's total lack of 'em.

"Thank You, Jeeves"—and the inimitable Arthur Treacher, below, in the rôle of the P. G. Wodehouse valet, lifts an eyebrow in acknowledgment. Steffi Duna's eloquent eyebrows, left below, need no caption.
Well, will you look at the belligerents on this page! Jane Withers gives Jackie Searl a piece of her mind and muscle, left. "Wise guy, eh?" says Paul Kelly to Ralf Harolde, above. Better duck, Ralf. "When you call me that, smile!" growls Wallace Beery to Herbert Mundin in "A Message to Garcia," right, above. Dick Foran and Monte Blue, left, above, are whooping it up in "Treachery Rides the Range." Freddie Bartholomew, the new fierce "Little Lord Fauntleroy," gives Jackie Searl another beating—top, left. Jackie earns his salary these days. Can Henry Fonda take it? Consult the picture at top right—yes, Henry can take it. It's a fight scene in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
Wanna Fight?

What's that you said? Oh, I am, am I? You will, will you?
So it's mutiny! All right, let's fight! Wow! Bam! Socko!
Ouch! See our current scrappy cinemas for further details.

Joan Bennett, above, looks daggers at Fred MacMurray in "13 Hours by Air." Will Fred accept the challenge? Warner Baxter, right, does NOT want to fight, but he may have to yet, in "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

"Peace at any price!" whimpers beautiful Gail Patrick—who turns out to be the most pictorial girl of the month in our opinion. If you think there's too much of Gail in this issue of SCREENLAND, blame the lovely gal's photographability. On the other hand, Sally Martin, the little spitfire just across on the opposite page, seems to be trying to start a scrap with Dickie Moore. The kids are together in "Timothy's Quest."
"Boy Meets Girl
Boy Loses Girl
Boy Gets Girl"

"Man meets Girls"—lucky Bill Powell, above, meets no less than three: Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy, and Virginia Bruce, in "The Great Ziegfeld." Fred meets Ginger again, left, in "Follow the Fleet." Warner Baxter, right, gets his girl, Gloria Stuart, so ho, for the happy ending!
The so-called "Hollywood Formula" is taking a terrific kidding on the Broadway stage. Visiting movie stars hurry to see "Boy Meets Girl," a play by Bella and Samuel Spewack poking fun at Hollywood—for Hollywooders love nothing so much as a good laugh at their own expense. The comedy will certainly be filmed for you; but meanwhile, here are a few reminders that the old, old story is still being told, with new trimmings.

"Boy meets girl"—for the first time! Dickie Moore and his real love, Virginia Weidler, above. Looks as if Gene Raymond, left above, is going to "lose girl" if Wendy Barrie has her way, in "Don't Bet On Love." The young man with the Valentino profile at left is the new Boy, Robert Livingston. Irene Hervey is the Girl. Katherine DeMille and Kent Taylor, over there on the left, are lovers in "The Sky Parade." The pastoral scene below is from "Farmer in the Dell," with Jean Parker and Frank Albertson. Directly below, "Boy Gets Girl" once again—Eric Linden and Maureen O'Sullivan.
Ruby Keeler and Paul Draper go through the evolutions of a whirlwind routine, above, for the new picture, "Colleen."

Dancing Dynamite
New highs in rhythmic nip-ups!
Better look before you leap to imitate these sensational steps.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Freddie Bartholomew in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
Playing Around Paris

Notes from the diary of a guide who showed our stars the town

By
Stiles Dickenson

On a photograph William Powell wrote, "To Dickie, guide, philosopher, friend and wet-nurse," which about sums up in a nutshell my experiences here in Paris. The very atmosphere of the place gets one before they step off the train at Gare St. Lazare. And it's amusing to see how that atmosphere affects the different stars. In Paris the gals and boys of the flickers can turn loose, be themselves and no one cares. At least the gals can't wear pants here. Marlene Dietrich was living in Versailles, near Paris, and thought to saunter about town in her now-famous pants. But the police kindly requested her to stick to her skirts when coming to town. La Dietrich turned to the other extreme and blossomed forth in her most feminine ruffles—though in or out of pants no one seemed to bother one way or another.

Ronald Colman, William Powell, Ernest Torrence and his wife Elsa descended on me. Elsa had her hands full with her three boys. It is sad to think that dear old Ernest is no longer in the land of the living but on that Paris visit he was very much alive and in fine form. Elsa would spend her afternoons shopping and join us for the evenings, but very often would slip away, telling us to go on without her. Bill Powell looks exactly off as he does on the screen and of course Torrence could not be mistaken any place. Ronald Colman is less easy to recognize. We would go about together and no one would give him a glance, but the moment Bill and Ernest joined us the people would start nudging each other and staring. So Ronnie complained to Ernest and said the moment the people spotted Ernest they immediately said, "Oh, look at the movie actor." Ernest with a twinkle in his eyes said, "Oh no, my boy, they are saying, 'What a man, what a man!'" And he certainly was a grand man, every inch of his six feet and something. Ronnie and Bill were just as enthusiastic at romantic, historical places as at the Folies Bergere or gay dancing places. At Versailles we would wander (Continued on page 90)
The Petrified Forest—Warner

THE most fascinating picture on current screens! Robert Emmer Sherwood's fine play becomes even more impressive cinema, with Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart in their original stage roles, and Bette Davis in her best part. Here is a super-thriller, an intellectual exercise, or a magnificent nightmare of emotion and melodrama; take your choice. You will hear talk such as you've never heard from the screen—no, no, not that kind! I mean stimulating dialogue of ideas and lost ideals, which when uttered in the melting voice of Mr. Howard will convert you to a chattering cinema. As the defeated poet who wanders into a gas station-lunch on the edge of the desert, to lose his heart and his life to a beauty-loving girl stranded there, Mr. Howard plays subtly and superbly his most sympathetic role. Surrounded by showier actors, Mr. Howard nevertheless dominates every scene. Bette Davis as the girl is a revelation, a different, adorable Davis; practically a new "find!" Humphrey Bogart is a most picturesque bad man. "The Petrified Forest" will leave you breathless or bewitched.

The Milky Way—Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD'S long-awaited comedy turns out to be the funniest he has ever made. It is even better than that—it is one terrific howl, or roar, or hysterical giggle from first scene to last. If you have never laughed at Lloyd pictures before, you are going to rock at this; and if you happen to be a Lloyd fan, "The Milky Way" will be your favorite picture of all time. The laughs are so fast and so furious that they overlap. I am so enthusiastic about this picture because it proves once and for all that it is entirely possible to make an uproarious comedy without descending to vulgarity—possible, that is, if Mr. Lloyd produces it, and stars in it, and surrounds himself with a brilliant cast including Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander—one of the funniest men in the world—Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, and Dorothy Wilson—and permits his cast to shine. Harold plays a naive milkman who, much to his surprise, becomes a prize-fighter. The gags are not obvious, but inspired. Lloyd achieves a really splendid characterization, and Menjou and Stander are terrific. Brave, Harold! You're head man again.

Strike Me Pink—United Artists

EVERY new Eddie Cantor picture seems to me his best. Maybe "Strike Me Pink" really is. All I know is, it's Cantor at his craziest, the Goldwyn Girls at their gaudiest, Ethel Merman at her maddest, and a star-studded cast of "legitimate" performers to lend weight to the hectic goings-on—a cast including Jack LaRue, William Frawley, Brian Donlevy, Sally Eiders is the heroine, which helps. Eddie has himself a holiday in the part of Eddie Pink, who starts as a timid little tailor and by taking a nail-order course in personality develops from "Mouse" to "Man" and the manager of an amusement park, with brisk encounters with gangsters for good measure. You haven't really laughed until you've watched Eddie being menaced by the businessman Jack LaRue. As customary in Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's musical epics, the "girl" numbers seem to have a verve and dash distinguishing them from other such spectacles. Rita Rio is a colorful newcomer, and Sammy O'Dea the latest contender for Eleanor Powell's tap-dance crown. Also present is "Parykarkiska," Eddie's radio stooge—if you care.
Modern Times—United Artists

Times may change, but Chaplin is still supreme! Eternal symbol of the Little Fellow against the World, Charlie, in his first film in five years, defies fate and new economic programs, machinery and—always—police men, with all of his old magnificent hilarity and an added depth and insight. Chaplin the great showman has merged with Chaplin the philosopher without losing his comic shrewdness. "Modern Times" has important implications if you care to claim them, but it is never uncomfortably "significant" and can be watched as entertainment alone. The sublime little clown is seen successively as a factory worker, a night watchman, a waiter, a cafe singer—and Charlie breaks his long silence with a curious "song" which must be heard to be appreciated. "Modern Times" is not a "silent," neither is it a talkie. An ingenious musical score solves the sound problem, with occasional outbursts of appropriate noise. Chaplin rounding corners, Chaplin on roller-skates, a figure of inimitable grace, suggesting that he could play Nijinsky to perfection; Chaplin the suitor, with charming Paulette Goddard—and mad, irresistible moments of the grand old Chaplin ribaldry. Cheers for Chester Conklin, too.

Rose Marie—M-G-M

A joy, that's all! From first scene to last, "Rose Marie" is marvellous entertainment for eyes, ears, and ribs. You'll be thrilled by the Eddy-MacDonald singing; you'll be enthralled by the many "Most Beautiful Stills of the Month" which make a gorgeous background for the elegant co-stars; and you'll be teased and tickled by the grand burlesque of all temperamental prima donas to which Jeannette MacDonald treats you in the opening scenes. And speaking of Jeannette—in this picture she hits a new high, in voice, beauty, and acting. You may have liked her before; now you'll rave. She plays a spoiled pet of opera who leaves it all to go dashing into the Canadian wilds to save her bad-boy brother, and encounters a Northwest Mountie also on brother's trail. Nelson Eddy as the handsome policeman in the world eclipses his "Naughty Marietta" performance vocally and dramatically—ah, that uniform. Mr. Eddy is musical dynamite, and when he and Jeannette sing the Indian Love Call you will cheer. Miss MacDonald's two operatic numbers are sensational. "Rose Marie" is my pet picture of the month.

The Lady Consents—RKO-Radio

The New Wives' Tale! Ann Harding's best picture in too long will appeal to every wife, ex-wife, and wife-to-be. It is definitely what is known as "a woman's picture," but because of Edward Ellis, men will manage to sit through it without too much muttering. Mr. Ellis, long one of the finest actors on the screen, here has his great chance, and how he takes it! As Annie's father-in-law, a diamond in the rough, and a thoroughly going grand guy, Mr. Ellis practically steals the picture. It's a heart-warming performance, and I wish I had an extra Honor Page to give him. Miss Harding plays a devoted wife whose routine is sadly interrupted when her husband, Herbert Marshall, is won from her by Margaret Lindsay. Gallantly Ann gives Marshall a divorce so that he may marry Margaret to the disgust of father-in-law Ellis who remains loyal to Ann, and who finally is the means of reconciling his son and his real wife. Sympathetically directed, exquisitely acted by Miss Harding, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Ellis, and Walter Abel as Ann's unlucky suitor, "The Lady Consents" is excellent civilized entertainment.

Anything Goes—Paramount

As gay and giddy as you could ask, this picturization of the record-breaking long-run musical comedy will serve to amuse you mildly and send you home humming. Don't, however, plan to make a family theatre party of it without your own sneak pre-view, for parts of "Anything Goes" are in pretty bad taste, and your Aunt Tillie's tolerance may be strained a bit by some scenes. Luckily the film has a breezy, wholesome cast of likeable performers, with Charles Ruggles bearing the brunt of the comedy, and Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman attending to the singing in their own inimitable fashion. You're the Top is still tops in song numbers, and you'll enjoy Bing's and Ethel's duetting of it. Lavishly mounted in the prodigal Paramount manner, and boasting the presence of Arthur Treacher, at his most hilariously solemn, and Ida Lupino for those who like her. "Anything Goes" gives you your money's worth, even if it does hold out its "big" chorus number until the very last—here I was hoping they had forgotten. Something seemed a little raucous in the sound department from where I sat. Otherwise, smooth.
HENRY FONDA has a house far off the beaten path, up among the high hills in Brentwood. It sets back from the road and is a rambling Mexican farmhouse type of architecture, with a row of old pepper trees across the front that makes it look as if it had been there since California began.

For a number of weeks, Henry had been on location making out-door scenes for Walter Wanger's natural-color film, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Then, one Saturday, after he had annexed a very black eye in a screen fight, and been sent home to nurse it back to normal, I visited him to find out just how this popular young actor keeps house in his newly-acquired home.

Driving up the curving roadway to the entrance, I saw Henry leaning against a tree waiting for me and he looked so like David, in "Way Down East," that it gave me a start. He laughed when I told him this and confessed that he hated to dress up and whenever he can he enjoys the informality of sweaters, open-neck shirts, and old loose trousers. There's an alertness, however, a swing of eager youth about the young body under these sagging garments that makes you realize he is a person that really counts, someone who has things to do and places to go!

The quaint Mexican farmhouse, flooded with the afternoon's warm sunshine, has an air of quiet leisure and substantial comfort that is just the right setting for Henry. I couldn't picture him against a frivolous, an ornate, nor an exotic background. He is too real, too sincere himself, to have any companionship with artificiality.

He says it was Son, his police puppy, a gift from Shirley Ross, that was responsible for his domestic urge. One can well imagine that a small apartment and a frolicsome dog wouldn't prove very congenial; and so
Henry Fonda, the screen’s new homespun hero, is your host in his quaint “Mexican farmhouse”

By Maude Cheatham

one Sunday morning, following an especially devastating encounter between the two, Henry decided he must have a backyard. So he started out to look for one, with a house attached.

“I had not become used to my screen salary,” he explained, “and still followed my old habit of rigid economy, so I limited the agent to a very small rent. Well, we wandered all over these hills and couldn’t find a thing I liked. Then, late in the afternoon the agent became a real diplomat; he remarked that he had a charming place he wanted to show me—oh, yes, yes, he knew the rent was more than I wanted to pay, but we’d just take a look at it anyway.

“Funny thing,” Henry continued, with a grin, “but as we came up the long driveway and I saw this house and the pepper trees in the glow of the setting sun, it was like a dream come true. I knew it was my home, that it belonged to me. I practically leased it then and there before I even went through it!

“Son took to it with as much joy as I did. Since then, I’ve acquired a companion for him, a Scottie, named Boy. We are all very happy and so for us, it is farewell forever to apartments and hotels.

“I have a colored couple, George and Cassie, to look after us, and they are jewels. They’ve worked for picture people before and my irregular hours never disturb them. Also, I can round up a bunch of friends and bring them home with me at any hour and Cassie, with absolute magic, gets up a grand meal at a moment’s notice.

“They take care of the place inside and outside, do the marketing and planning, I never interfere. I have no budget but never go in for extravagance, and once a month I attend to all the bills and start out with a clean slate. Cassie does my laundry and mending, and she

“When I discovered this house, it was like a dream come true,” says Henry Fonda, who particularly enjoys the enclosed patio, upper right, which commands a view of the Pacific. Right, the dining room has a quiet charm; note the handsomely carved furniture. Below, the living room, informal and friendly.

also picks up my things that I’m apt to leave around—and so, altogether, things run smoothly with no help from me.”

With a touch of pride, Henry offered to show me over his domain. The living-room is one of those friendly, informal rooms we all love. At one end is a large fireplace; at the other, a grand piano, and on the wall beside it is a screen where he shows motion pictures.

There’s a playroom, with a small bar, opening off the living-room. Its distinguishing features are a fireplace, three feet from the floor, so typical of Mexican houses, and the dozens of priceless (Continued on page 91)
Inspired by the classic costume of Pierrot, Rochelle's coat suit, shown above, introduces the ingénue color combination of violet and flesh pink for Spring; violet chiffon wool fashions the suit; flesh-pink chiffon the blouse and the ruching about the neck and the sleeves. Every girl can't wear the colors, but the ruching is flattering, isn't it? Pink appears again in the satin brocade picture frock, left. Three full pink silk roses soften the square backless effect. At the right, a pale blue organdie tea-time dress has fuchsia velvet ribbons at neck, waist, and wrists, and sunburst pleatings. Rochelle wears these costumes in her new picture, "Everybody's Old Man," with Irvin S. Cobb.
Salute to Spring! Rochelle Hudson, Hollywood’s most Spring-like star, greets the new season with refreshing fashion ideas as brisk and smart as they are youthful.

A suit suggesting the Easter season is Rochelle’s costume, above, of maize yellow basket-weave wool, with black and white striped taffeta collar, gilet, and cuffs. Rochelle’s hat is yellow felt with black and white pom-pom. More pink, this time the shell shade, is used for the eyelet collar and cuffs of Rochelle’s light-weight grey wool, left. Note the double collar, the black velvet bow, and the silver hook-and-eye fastenings. And now, by way of contrast, turn to the right! Rochelle’s black dinner dress has white chiffon ruching to outline the neck and the V-shaped skirt front. All the clothes worn by Miss Hudson were created by Gwen Wakeling, 20th Century-Fox.
Hat Interest!

You know all about Hollywood Heart Interest, but here's the top! Perhaps the two go together, at that—for what helps fair lady to win faint heart more than a brand new, grand new hat?

Gay Kay!
All Hollywood, and the rest of the world as well, looks to Kay Francis for the right, bright thing to wear. Especially in hats—for Kay, conservative as to clothes, goes gaily mad in choosing her chapeaux. For example, the huge new straw pictured below, with the long chiffon scarf spouting out of the top of the crown! Look, too, at Kay's jacket with its bold flowers.

Baby Buccaneer!
Otherwise Olivia de Havilland, left, above, still under the influence of her "Captain Blood" rôle, tops her navy blue, white-piqué-sashed suit with a pirate hat.

Beauty in a Breeze!
Anita Louise, right, above, holds on to her hat, and who wouldn't? Because it's nice, it's new, and it's perfect with her first Spring frock—which has that piqué touch.
Don't Believe It!

It's Kay Francis, yes, at right; but what's that on her beautiful head? The dream of an inspired mad milliner, maybe? Anyway, Kay never looked lovelier; and don't overlook her bracelets: her favorite, and only, jewelry.

A New Green Hat

Gail Patrick, true to her name, wears a jaunty green felt affair with a pom-pom of yarn at the tip of the pointed crown. Her dress? Oh, it's a sporty suit of beige wool, with blouse of green crepe dotted in beige.

June in Bloom

The charming little Travis girl, left, above, gives us a grin under her new natural straw—a port and perky hat which is especially good when it tops a demure daisy print with that "quaint" expression.

Here Are Hats!

Lucille Ball, young Hollywood hopeful, models for us five of the smartest by famous French milliners. Reading from right to left, above, right across to the opposite page: Jean Patou's "Mickey Mouse" with three grosgrain bows climbing up the steep crown. Schiaparelli's roll-brim Breton with pom-poms. Marie Alphonsine's new squared crown and visor brim, and the same milliner's paper panama with square crown, brim squared, over the eyes, and patent leather band and bow. Suzy's sombrero, with band of bright threads.
Jeanette MacDonald, caught in confiding mood, makes some colorful revelations about her life and work.

"I Shouldn't Tell This—But I Will!"

By Ida Zeitlin

"MAYBE I'm wrong," said Jeanette MacDonald, "—it wouldn't be the first time. But it's my opinion you want, isn't it? And my opinion is that ambition's like cake—you can't eat it and have it too."

Can't you? I thought vaguely. But try as I would to concentrate, I found my mind wandering from what she was saying to the way she looked. When Television comes to stay, it will have justified itself, if for only one reason—that reason being Jeanette MacDonald. You think you've seen her, you think you know what she looks like, but you're wrong. Black-and-white libels her, washes out the lovely flush of rose that you know isn't rouge as you watch it come and go under her clear white skin—washes out the blue-green of her eyes beneath her true red-gold hair, whose colors shimmer and melt into each other at every turn of her head. I think anyone seeing her for the first time must gasp in admiration or, if his manners outrun his feelings, choke on the gasp. Myself, I have never beheld in any human being color at once so brilliant and so matchlessly blended. I detected what looked like a gleam of amusement in her eye, and hastily dropped my own. In any case, amusement or none, I'd been sent not to gawk at beauty but to get beauty's ideas on that topic of never-failing interest: Is the unswerving pursuit of a single ambition worth all you give up for it? I'd been sent to insinuate delicately that Miss MacDonald was regarded as one of Hollywood's most ambitious young ladies, to hint with a light and imperceptible touch at the general feeling that, for her, career came above all else. It took her exactly thirty seconds to catch the drift of my delicate fumblings and flounderings and, on a (Continued on page 75)
Gaynor is Gay Again!

Janet’s first interview in over a year tells you why she is headed for happiness

By Maude Stacey

“M Y DESIGN for living? What I want out of life?” Janet Gaynor repeated my questions slowly, though there was the usual twinkle in her eyes. “Very definitely, I want happiness!” Then she added, quickly, “Of course, I realize that is an elusive answer, for happiness means something different to every person; and even to ourselves, it is always changing its aspect as we pass through the varying experiences we call living.

“Time is the most precious element in human life—and the least appreciated. I want to live fully today! How do I know there will be a tomorrow? I want to make each hour count, to have a well-rounded, broad life in which I can enjoy the applause for a rôle well played, a swim in the ocean, a good book, a formal dance, or a simple meal eaten off oilcloth—all with equal zest. I want to meet every emergency unafraid; to know when it is all over that I have truly lived.” It was Elbert Hubbard, wasn’t it? who said, ‘Don’t be afraid you will die, rather be afraid lest you never lived!’ So many people never really live; they merely exist through years and years. I don’t want to do that.”

We were talking in Janet’s portable dressing-room between scenes in “Small Town Girl,” which she is making at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and this was the first interview she had given in more than a year.

She was in a gay mood, very happy and thrilled, for this is the only time she has ever been loaned to another studio since that day, nearly ten years ago, when she signed her first contract with the Fox company, and she was enjoying the novelty of the new surroundings. She’s being co-starred with Hollywood’s new heart flutterer, Robert Taylor, and it is proving a merry association. A few minutes before, Bob had said to me, “Janet’s only as big as a good sneeze—and what a grand girl she is,” while Janet demurely confided that she thought Bob was “very handsome and very charming.” The truth is, that the love scenes in “Small Town Girl” have a flash of realism that sets one wondering if this is a new romance. However, you can’t tell about this hero and heroine; both Bob and Janet have well-disciplined hearts. So, perhaps, it will just develop into a new (Continued on page 97)
HOLLYWOOD is getting less opinionated and more adult; more mature and confident. You can tell that because even in New York you can't find apologists for the place that now is the Mecca of the amusement world. Time was when a screen star visiting in the East could regale you with some satire that ranged from poor to pretty good, according to the individual wit of the speaker, about the naïve or the just plain dumb goings on in sections of the high command at the cinema factories. But now!

Even newcomers to the added fame that Hollywood has put on careers already marked with eminence in other fields—the stage, opera, radio—even these unblushingly pay their respects to Hollywood and its creations.

In one day, within the space of a few hours, the ears of this reporter distinctly heard only the most complimentary things about Hollywood and its picture plants, from the lips of two famous feminine stars. And their opinion carries authority since they represent experience of grand opera, the dramatic stage and radio and the concert auditoriums of America and Europe.

Another day an actor now more famous for his screen work than for that which he contributed to the stage and won distinction in the theatre thereby, told me he thought the pictures were actually far ahead of the stage as a growing dramatic medium. This from Edward G. Robinson, who can turn back the pages of dramatic criticism to columns in praise of his performances in many important stage plays.

Robinson's trip to New York started as the first leg of an overseas hike from Hollywood to London, to do a picture. But London must wait, because Eddie and his home studio—for which he hasn't made a picture in nearly two years—got enthusiastic about a story called "Bullets or Ballots," and back he went to Hollywood and Warners.

What with sitting in his hotel apartment admiring a Van Gogh painting sent for his inspection by an art dealer, and visiting the art galleries, Robinson's excursions about the sidewalks of New York were far removed from the usual haunts of the Broadway lads and lassies.

"There, look at that—do you like it?" he said waving
a hand toward the luminous canvas hung over a divan. “No, I haven’t bought it yet,” he replied to our question. But you knew jolly well that this was even now on its way to hang with two other Van Goghs masterpieces in that gallery of many fine works of art, the Robinson home in California.

“There,” called Mrs. Edward G. Robinson through the door from another room, “there goes my next year’s Christmas present!” And with a boyish grin, Mr. Edward G. Robinson confided, sotto voce, that the bankroll would suffer an awful set-back if he bought it. That was no news, because even if all you know about art is what you read in the papers, you know that any Van Gogh work costs lots and lots these days.

A few minutes later, leaving to lunch at one of 52nd Street’s many highly publicized eating places, Robinson waved again at the landscape of sun-lit wheat fields, with squat farm buildings seen on a far horizon and white clouds sweeping across the blue of a clear autumn sky. “It’s a wonderful thing!” he exclaimed.

During the luncheon Robinson told how he feels happy that he and his studio have gotten together on a story they both like. “It will

be like going home—to my home studio,” he said. The film he’ll do is a topical story concerning the underworld and its influence on politicians. Only Robinson won’t be a gang chief, but rather a detective of heroic stature.

Afterward, Robinson set off toward Fifth Avenue to visit some art galleries—he had a slip of paper with notes, the addresses of galleries and particular works he said he must see before leaving New York.

At one of the galleries Eddie pulled the nifty that soon made the rounds of New York and Hollywood. Recognized by a dealer, the alert merchant of art introduced himself. “I go to see your pictures and I like them immensely, Mr. Robinson. I hope you will like my pictures,” he said. “Yeah,” replied the actor whose screen pretending has made large sections of the public think he is more interested in pistols than paintings. “Thanks. But you can see my pictures (Continued on page 72)
Girls, if you had a date tonight with your Hollywood dream man, do you know how much make-up you should wear? Here's a story that tells frankly what the world's handsomest escorts demand in girl appeal.

By
Ruth Tildesley

Johnny Downs, collegiate star of "Coronado," has very definite dislikes about his girl's make-up, which our story reveals. His pretty dancing partner here is Jacqueline Wells, also a Paramount hopeful.

Paint Jobs for Those

If you had a date tonight with Gene Raymond, would you know how much make-up to wear?
If, instead of Gene, your escort was to be Tom Brown or Jimmy Cagney, would your paint job be the same?
Don't fool yourself! Any girl preparing for a big evening with the very blond Gene had better buy herself a sun lamp, if the natural stuff isn't so reliable where she lives. Gene likes "that sun-tanned look."
"I mean I like it if it isn't overdone. Warm tones in the skin, you know, plus just enough of the proper shade of make-up to bring them out, will usually improve a woman.
"But watch that lipstick! Most girls use too much. When it comes off on the rims of coffee cups and on the cigarettes they smoke; and when you know that if you kissed them, you'd be one big smear—then it's too much lipstick!
"If a girl has a beautiful skin, she should wear just as little make-up as possible. So few can get away with no make-up that those who can should take advantage of the chance to be different."
Just the same, if you want to make a hit with young Tom Brown, you'd better not forget the make-up kit, for Tom simply isn't attracted to a girl who doesn't know about rouge and powder and all the rest of it.
As for Jimmy Cagney, he's diplomatic—even if his statement does leave a poor girl hesitating between the cosmetic jar and a simple powder puff. "Yes and no," says Jimmy, helpfully, "Some faces need it—and it's pathetic when they try to avoid rouge. Other faces look best without make-up."
Gary Cooper doesn't like to have his illusions shattered by being made to notice that the rosy flush on the lady's cheek came out of a rouge pot or that Nature didn't start her out with such long eyelashes. If you want to get a second bid to dinner with Bing Crosby, being married to one of Hollywood's prettiest girls, Dixie Lee Crosby, above, knows about make-up.
Whether married or single, Hollywood men are fussy when it comes to painting the lily. That gay young bachelor, Gene Raymond, shown at right with Jeanette MacDonald, likes "that sun-tanned look." Bob Montgomery, at left with his wife, is eyebrow conscious. Preston Foster admits he likes make-up—perhaps because his lovely wife, above, uses it intelligently.

Hollywood Dates

When Jack Oakie goes "courting" he prefers a very pretty girl as partner. This time it's Wendy Barrie. Just pals!

the Montana he-man, you'll see that your aids to beauty are so subtle that you look as if you were born that way.

That sophisticated youth, Erik Rhodes, accepts adornment of good looks as a modern necessity.

"Most men like what they term 'naturalness' in women's make-up. But if she is clever enough to know that her type can get away with a dead white skin, no rouge and a startling mouth, I say swell! Such make-up sometimes helps to set her off as a unique personality."

How many girls have dreamed of dressing for a date with Bing Crosby? If the dream ever comes true, don’t go in for heavy make-up gals. The lad hates it.

But Jack Oakie—(he may not be romantic-looking, but he knows how to have a good time)—doesn’t care how much a maiden puts on so long as it doesn’t come off. “It’s got so a bachelor can’t take a dame out for a drive without coming back looking like a red flag!” he mourns.

Two cowboy stars dispute the question.

Shiny noses and freckles suit Buck Jones, who thinks that natural beauty beats that out of bottles any day. “A girl who can play a corking game of tennis needn’t worry about a smudge of dust across her nose!” says he.

“I like make-up,” retorts Ken Maynard. “I don’t want it to look as though you could take a knife and scrape it off, but careful make-up shows a girl takes pride in her appearance. There’s no excuse for a woman not to look her best at all times.”

Maybe you haven’t considered what it would be like to doll up for Edward Arnold, but if you ever do, soap and water will probably be the best speed.

“I’m so sick of girls with eyebrows shaved off and thin black lines pencilled on, I sometimes wish they’d blot out their whole physiognomy and draw a new one.” (Continued on page 84)
Here's Hollywood

Your roving reporter takes you for a topical tour of Screen Town

By
Weston East

Imagine Miss Shearer's and Mr. Howard's surprise the other morning when they arrived on the set to do the famous balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" to discover a balcony so high that poor Romeo had to shrink his lungs out to make Juliet hear. It would have gone something like this: "I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes. Yoo-hoo, Juliet, can you hear me? I say, I have night's cloak— When Hollywood builds a balcony Hollywood builds a balcony, and all other Shakespearian balconies are pikers in comparison. Norma ordered the balcony rebuilt at once, something a little more cozy. But when the new balcony was delivered Leslie Howard refused to climb it, declaring it was far too dangerous, and had to have a double. Mr. Howard also uses a double in the duelling sequences, and if you don't mind me saying so it rather seems that there will be a lot of Romeo that isn't Leslie Howard. Poor Juliet will have to work her way through a whole line-up of Romes before she lands her dream prince.

Hold everything! There will be a close-up in "Desire" of a kiss between Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper that will have 'em all stopped. The camera was placed only a few feet from their faces, and it wasn't all swathed in gauze and chiffon, either. It's quite a moment, boys and girls.

After a day at the track where he had the disappointment of seeing Khayyam come in last in the sixth, (what, again!), Bing Crosby arrived home to find a wire waiting for him. How he laughed when he read: "Dear Papa I am so sorry I was so slow this afternoon but my feet just seemed glued to the track I guess I am about ready for the glue factory. (signed) Khayyam."

Often a bride but never a wife, Myrna Loy has been married seven times on the screen, but nary a time off the screen. However, just as soon as Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s divorce is final Myrna will take the fatal step. When you ask Myrna when she expects to marry all she will say is, "I only know what I read in the papers"—and gives you a Loyish look.

Ronald Colman in his latest film is a soldier who jests at scars. Ronnie can—he felt the wound when a knife that was meant to miss, hit him, in a scene for "Under Two Flags."
RONALD COLMAN and Benita Hume are dining together so frequently in public that the fact can hardly be ignored. Ronald is not exactly a publicity boy, and when he ventures out three times in one week with the same lady, it's NEWS.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has put on ten pounds since her marriage, which certainly is a good argument for Dr. Joel Pressman. Claudette needed 'em; she was a delicate miss too thin. Her new husband has her out for a bike in the hills back of the new house, every day, and there is no better appetite-promoter—as you know if you've tried it.

BILL POWELL has gone on a strike, a clothes strike. Seems Bill shuns the "best-dressed" title just as the actresses are doing. Claims he's no clothes-horse, and substantiates it by admitting he hasn't bought a suit of clothes since 1933. Yes, but Bill, it was a good suit.

DID you know that the animal-renting business in Hollywood amounts to $195,000 a year? If you have a nice pet python around the house, you can rent him out to be an actor for $75 a day. We are very short of cobras at the moment, and one was needed for "Under Two Flags," so they had to make up a cute old blacksnake with a hood and everything, to look like one. A good shark sells for $200, and a camel will bring in $25 a day, with $10 for his trainer. Of course, the demands for their services are rather few and far between, and we have often wondered how a mongoose amuses himself between pictures. Yet he doesn't get in half as much mischief as lots of regular actors manage to when they are on a lay-off. We know one, now that we happen to think of it, who merely appears at a party and they send for the patrol wagon. It's simply out of kindness to him, and the cops see him safely home, without any damage being done, except to the actor's head the next morning. This is sort of straying from our original topic of animals, but it has also often been a source of wonder to us—just who sees the Hollywood cops home?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT isn't what you might call husky, but the gal packs a wallop. Ask a 35-pound wrestler who was doing a scene for "Under Two Flags." Seemed the wrestler was supposed to mass up a much smaller actor, and did entirely too good a job of it. His enthusiasm got away with his discretion, or something. So Claudette sauntered over and remarked, "I'm going to hit you as hard as you hit him." And according to the wrestler, she did.

HURRAH, strike up the band! Bill Fields will be back among 'em and runnin' to go before you read this. His picture is called "Poppy"—and was once "Sally of the Sawdust" when he made it years ago in the silent days, for D. W. Griffith.

GARBO isn't ill at all—don't let 'em fool you. Her good friend the Countess Wachenheimer cabled to a Hollywood friend that the great Greta is in exceptionally fine fettle, and she had just attended a Stockholm theatre with her. She says nothing about the star's departure for America, but Greta will probably maintain her mystery in the usual style.

HERBERT MARSHALL has been keeping pretty much to himself since Gloria Swanson's departure for New York. The other evening he dined with Madeleine Carroll in the Beverly Derby—first time anyone has seen him out. But you can hardly fault anything from it, since Madeleine is a fellow Briton, an old friend—and has a charming husband.

SEEING George Barnes visiting on the Joan Blondell set every day, and several times a day, started a new reconciliation rumor. No dice to it. The low-down is that George has a punk memory—he loses things, forgets business details, etc., Joan has merely been helping him remember. Her divorce is final in August, and everybody and their brother says it's a cinch for Joan and Dick Powell to step off together.

GOOD news! They're going to remake the old "What Price Glory?" at Twentieth Century-Tox. The new "Oh, yeah" team will be Clark Gable and Wallace Beery—in the happy event that they can pry Clark loose from MGM long enough. They kinda like him on his home lot and are extremely reluctant to have him go visiting. But they will pay and pay and PAY to get him for the picture, and here's hoping the deal goes through.

WELL, well, so now Johnny Weissmuller is taking voice lessons! With that hair, he ought to include some violin study. Seems he's preparing to make a personal appearance tour through Europe, with Lupe. That ought to be something, with reverberations and detonations heard clear to Hollywood.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT was greatly amused over the announcement of her wedding in a Yokohama newspaper sent to her by one of her friends living there. It merely said, “Hollywood, Calif. Claudette Colbert, actress, married last week.” There are times when Claudette and a lot of other stars wish that Hollywood reporters would be content with a line.

PAULA STONE, (Fred’s daughter), and Dick Foran are a new pair of inseparables, and put in a lot of time at the shooting galleries on the Venice midway. Don’t ask me what they’re practicing up for. Anyway, they are both pretty fair shots—they may even be big-shots ere long. Paula’s career is coming along nicely, and wasn’t Dick grand as the big disappointed football player in “Petrified Forest”? And just imagine—with a figure like that, he sings, too.

Jimmy Dunn plants a kiss of fervent rejoicing on Sally Eilers’ brow, to celebrate their reunion as a screen team. Remember them in “Bad Girl”?

Marc Connelly, author of “The Green Pastures,” and now directing a film version of that play, scrutinizes details of a scale model of a set right.

MAYBE you don’t pay any particular attention to the scoring in pictures, but we do. We think it is grand, and getting better all the time. Just close your eyes sometime when you run into “Captain Blood” again, as you undoubtedly can’t resist doing, and listen a moment to the music alone. It is one of the most magnificent, soaring, majestic and lifting scores ever done in a picture—or even in a symphony concert, for that matter. The glorious musical accompaniments to such pictures is doing as much to improve the public taste as the radio is trying to do, and the day will come when a picture will be judged equally for its scoring merits as for its acting, direction, and photography. In fact, the day is practically here. Avanti jazz! Enter Beethoven—and three rousing cheers!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY offered $1000 for an avocado tree that would grow on his New York State farm, (on account he’s so fond of avocados), and he has been deluged with letters. Looks as if he’ll wind up with a frostless avocado grove. And that reminds us: one of the things that impress and amuse Eastern visitors is the radio broadcast every night during cool weather of the temperature in every small town around that grows avocados. That’s so the growers can go out and put on the flannel nights over the trees, or whatever they do.

HITCH-HIKERS out Hollywood way are getting more and more temperamental. Or so Ralph Bellamy thought en route to Hollywood one day recently from his Racquet Club in Palm Springs. When a young boy waved him to stop, Ralph did so gladly with an “Okay, buddy, hop in.” The boy hesitated for a second, and then said, “Say, Mister, have you got a radio in your car?”

“Why—or no,” Ralph admitted. “Okay, then,” said the hiker bowing off. “I’ll wait for the next ride. There’s a program I always like to listen to at this time of day.”

Romeo and Juliet pledge their love in song! Left, Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in an operatic sequence in their film, “Give Us This Night.”
FROM all hospital reports, Fred Astaire "took it" worse than his wife when the baby boy arrived. He was underfoot until a doctor hired him a room next to Mrs. Astaire's, just to get him out of the way. It seems that didn't work, either; the doctor forgot to lock the door. So at dawn, a pale, haggard, bearded Fred was treated for acute fatherhood, and sent home.

ALL this talk about Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres goes on and on. Ginger did leave for a New York vacation, taking her mother and leaving Lew in Hollywood. But the reason given is that Lew remained to direct a picture, a professional experience for which he has long yearned. Ginger has a six-weeks vacation allowed in her contract, and she will be back just in time to begin her next with Fred Astaire, "I Won't Dance."

(Continued on page 78)

Get ready for giggles and gaiety, for here, right, are Joan Blondell and Joe E. Brown collaborating on entertainment for "Sons o' Guns."

Allen Jones, left, as Gaylord Ravenal, male lead in "Show Boat," a prize part Allen won for his work in "A Night at the Opera."

YE Olde Fault-Finder: This month we are crusading against all actors who say "a-tall" meaning "at all." Hey, Ronnie Colman. Even you are guilty. We heard you in "The Man Who Broke The Bank," etc., at a belated catch of that picture the other night. Well, better late than not at all, eh? How can we bring up our children to be English purists with things like this going on? Second Peeve. Directors who have every extra in the Metropolitan Opera House audience applauding. Have you ever watched a theatre audience, Messrs. Directors? Nowhere does every person in it, with one accord, break into frantic applause, no matter what has just happened on the stage, even a major miracle. Please look into this little matter and have it adjusted.

CLEFTON WEBB, celebrated Broadway dancer, has figured in a tremendous lot of publicity during his stay in Hollywood. Webb and "Mabel," his mother, have been courted by screen stars as fashionable adjuncts to parties, and have given a few themselves. You have seen a lot of "society" pictures of him. But he is leaving Hollywood without having appeared in a moving picture!

WHEN Henry Fonda first came to Hollywood he was merely an encumbrance to his pretty wife Margaret Sullavan. Now he is one of the most popular and highest paid actors in Hollywood with a Walter Wanger contract. He has just finished "The Moon's Our Home" with Margaret, and they do say that now the kids are divorced and Margaret is married again that they get along better than they did before. Anyway, he took Maggie to the preview of "Rose-Marie" and they were having a swell time until up popped the photographers. The James Stewart who is Margaret's leading man in "Next Time We Love" is one of their "old family friends" for James and Henry used to room together in New York. So Miss Maggie's last two pictures have been just like old home week.

Right, Edward Arnold as John Sutter and Binnie Barnes as Countess Bar- offski introduce a romantic interlude from their new film "Sutter's Gold."
Hollywood in New York

Continued from page 65

for a quarter, and yours will cost me a couple of thousand!"

"I used to think the hardest work a singer had to do was opera," said Gladys Swarthout, recounting her experiences in Hollywood making two pictures for Paramount. "But now I know that acting in pictures is even more exacting. You work all day and are so tired at night the only thing to do is rest up for tomorrow."

At the time the Chapman apartment that is the New York home of Frank Chapman, Jr., and his wife Gladys Swarthout was being turned into a work shop, it seemed to me, a photographer was popping away with the last several of several dozen black and white shots on poses of Miss Swarthout wearing various examples of the latest in millinery, even better support have suffered permanent injury to their potential in the film industry. That the public accepted Miss Swarthout so warmly and that the reaction is a whetted appetite for more of this strikingly attractive and gifted lady in pictures, is proof that Gladys Swarthout is destined to enjoy tremendous popularity as a screen star.

We said that, and Miss Swarthout then made it plain she thought any credit should go to the technicians of the sound machine and the cameras, the director and all the actors and actresses of the cast, all who were so patient, so unruffled and courteous in their efforts to work with me and help me in every possible way."

One of the most versatile women the world’s-"I hadn’t previously devoted much time to the study of Lieder," she explained.

In case you don’t recall, Miss Galahagan’s personal history records the fact that at the time she was the highest paid actress in the world, and went to America and later sang operatic roles in Germany, Austria, and other Middle European lands. She had won acclaim in Molnar’s "Fashionable Men," "Young Acquaintance April," "Young Woodley" and other plays. Why, we wanted to know, did she drop all that to become a singer? "It was a long story," Miss Galahagan replied. "But it was just because I thought singing would be a better way to earn a living. I have the utmost admiration for those people who can say, ‘being an actress, or a singer, is a good thing to do—I guess I’ll be that.’"

To succeed on the stage, dramatic or operatic, one faces such discouragements. I don’t understand how, unless you have the patience of the very devil himself, you can do it if you have not the feeling that you want to do it whether it means a living or starvation. I have done some work in the theatre because since I was five years old I knew I just had to be in the theatre."

The story of how Helen Galahagan got interested in singing, briefly, is this. Her mother loved to sing. "She had the most beautiful natural voice I think I’ve ever heard," Miss Galahagan said, and wanted her daughter to study the art. But Miss Galahagan was not interested until a conductor at the Metropolitan overheard Miss Galahagan sing a few bars, something Helen did by way of pastime among her operatic acquaintances. He advised her to study voice, but she said she never met a teacher she thought she could be interested in. Several days later the conductor phoned and said he thought Miss Galahagan to see a certain woman teacher he had just learned was in New York. "She was such a remarkable woman," Miss Galahagan narrated. "I’d have taken up flying if she had advised me to do that." And there’s the way it happened.

Helen Galahagan made her American operatic debut with the San Francisco Opera Company last fall, singing "Aida," one of the several operatic roles she sang in Europe.

She is very much interested in picture work. Frankly she admitted that her first picture, "She," was not at all what she had expected. "I did not like the way the story was treated," but she added, "in the theatre and in opera you find yourself in disagreement with the way works are treated and produced."

In some opera, Miss Galahagan says, is a wonderful experience. "You feel as though you are flying. I really believe the artist has a much better time than the audience," she added.

Do you wonder that every singer, male or female, who has sung opera, wouldn’t give it up for the world?"

"I’m going back to Hollywood and work like the very devils to acquire a new type of speaking voice, and you just watch and see. I don’t get an understanding operatic roles," said Adrienne Ames, two days before she ended a month’s vacation in New York. A vacation, by the way, that was such a social success that Adrienne admitted she would need a rest and so decided to travel back to California by boat. "I’ve been to the theatre every night,

as your correspondent was ushered into a large and very attractively furnished living room, with a cherry glow coming from the crackling logs in the fireplace.

No wonder Miss Swarthout spoke with more enthusiasm about her impending vacation in the South than she was able to give to other subjects during the interview. The vacation was to be followed by a concert tour tracing a devious pattern across the map from Florida to Detroit. After that some performances at the Metropolitan, and then a return to Hollywood to play in the screen version of "The Count of Luxemburg."

It is not merely a personal opinion of this particular corner, but the view of many authoritative observers, that Gladys Swarthout’s success in "Rose of the Rancho" is a great personal triumph for the American mezzo-soprano whose popularity as a result of her operatic achievement and radio work built up a very high expectation for her first picture. "Rose of the Rancho," despite the sincerity behind its production, the contribution of the popular John Boles, and other factors in its favor, was not screen entertainment of the quality requisite for an auspicious screen début. Many stars from other fields with theatre has ever known perhaps, is more familiar to screen patrons as the wife of an actor than as a dramatic actress who, after attaining the greatest heights in her stage profession, turned to the study of vocal culture and later won distinction as an operatic star.

Helen Galahagan, who in private life is Mrs. Melynva Douglas and the mother of Peter Galahagan Douglas, aged two, has made but one picture. "She," said that only after producers tried for years to interest her in screen acting.

But Miss Galahagan is to make more pictures. Two have been contracted for, the next offering her a singing rôle, and that to be followed by a production photographed in color.

The tall, dark-haired and blue-eyed Miss Galahagan, whose extraordinarily beautiful face reveals such definiteness and vitality of character, and is so mobile, so delicately adjusted to express emotion, submitted herself to questioning at the hotel apartment she and Melynva Douglas occupy while Douglas fills his engagement in a New York play, in which Elissa Landi also appears, and Helen Galahagan puts in hours of vocal practice under a musical coach. She was then preparing for some concert pictures, the director and all the actors and actresses of the cast, all who were so patient, so unruffled and courteous in their efforts to work with me and help me in every possible way.

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visited, I guess, every night-club in New York, and I do need a vacation after all this vacation!"

The trip, according to this very stunning young girl—one of the prettiest Hollywood ever invited into its midst—was productive of some advice that Adrienne believes will enable her to get the kind of screen assignments she wants to do—which are not simply a succession of lassies who go about taking the heroines' husbands away and then dropping him by the wayside at her convenience or whim.

It's all a matter of voice, an agent in New York told her—that was his analysis of why the Hollywood casting directors couldn't see Adrienne as anything but a rubber-stamp type.

There may be something to what that agent said. Her voice is pleasant, exciting like the girl herself, but there is a deep throaty quality, with very crisp, clear diction and a firmness of tone that does carry a certain finality with it.

All the time Adrienne was in town the Broadway columns were talking about how, why, and when there would be a reconciliation between this beautiful brunette and Bruce Cabot. The divorce will not become final until summer.

"All I can tell you about that," was the reply to my question about the rumors, "is that whatever is done will be for the best of both Bruce and myself. Nothing has been decided. I will say he is trying very earnestly now to be what I always knew he could be, and when two people love each other—well, there's always hope! If and when we remarry it will be when a really successful marriage based on a real partnership is assured. If we do not remarry, then it will be because that is the best thing for us."

Adrienne Ames, the girl with the electric, vibrant manner of speech and manner, the haunting big blue eyes and strikingly pretty face, has a mind of her own. The lady who runs her own mind, is tremendously ambitious to succeed as an actress. She has a style and dash that Hollywood interprets as the perfect expression of the "other woman" type in the eternal triangle dramatic pattern, Adrienne will get on to higher reaches in the pictures if determination and fiery resolve mean a thing in Hollywood.

Two kinds of business—no, the other one is not monkey business—brought Ben Lyon, your old friend of the pictures, to New York. Ben is not through with pictures or professional life—he's being seen now in a film called "Dancing Feet," and he and wife Bebe Daniels are just concluding a successful appearance tour as well as some radio engagements.

But the Lyons, Ben and Bebe, and the Gallaghers, Skeets and Pauline, are now devoted to big business. It's the business of fashions for ladies, designed by Bebe and Pauline, and manufactured in Hollywood for the department stores and dress shops of the whole country.

We saw him at the headquarters of the company in New York—a suite of rooms at a mid-town hotel. The place was rigged up with spotlights and several girls were on hand to model the dresses fashioned for milady by these screen celebrities.

Lyon can turn from talk about pictures to a very professional discussion of fabrics, styles, sizes—and prices—which are matters of high concern to the visiting buyers.

"This is developing into a tremendous business," he kept saying. "We are selling these clothes to the finest stores throughout the country. Take a look at this number—" and we looked and saw a right pretty girl wearing a smart looking rig which M. Lyon, the old fashion expert, assured us was for early summer wear and incorporated the newest in fashionable dress for the ladies.

Well, we'll take his word for it, not knowing anything about the fashion business—and besides, the infectious manner of Ben Lyon, that good-natured, unmussing, and smiling manner that made him one of the most popular actors on the screen, makes it easy to take his word for whatever he says.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

Maureen among the Hies! And may all the harbingers of Spring be as lovely and kind to the eyes as the comely O'Sullivan lass is in this picture.

cup of rice and cook for 25 minutes still covered.

Gail, slim and tall, stood before the big fireplace, a lovely contrast to the colors of the room in her stunning brunette beauty.

"The andirons came home," she pointed out, "and so did this wood hamper with the carved top. We keep eucalyptus wood in it and a supply of big pine cones. I remodeled them whenever I can run up to Lake Arrowhead and come back with the back of the car piled with cones.

"Do come and see the patio. I've sold on it, a white chair with white iron furniture and white flagstones and white pots for flowers, and even white dishes for serving afternoon tea. The color out here will be supplied by gay umbrellas and the flowers and the women's dresses. Only no doubt they'll all wear slacks!"

"Speaking of tea, everyone accuses me of being English because I'm always serving it. I've taught half Hollywood to take it the way I like it—with slices of orange and spoonfuls of sugar crushed together in the bottom of the cup before you pour the tea on them.

"Another reason they think I'm English is because I always serve some sort of preserves or jelly with every meal. I'm fond of cherry or raspberry preserves. Gilly fixes these in the usual way, I suppose, but the same quantity of sugar to berries or cherries. She lets them stay overnight in a preserving kettle, then next morning brings them slowly to a boil and cooks them until they are thick—and the smell is heavenly! Then she puts them in jars and I eat them as quickly as possible."

"We were going upstairs now, a white chair with a slim dark rail crowning the white banisters.

"I used to plan these rooms on nights when I couldn't sleep," confessed Gail. "I didn't know what shape the rooms would be, but I knew I was going to have my guest room in navy blue and white. Navy blue conglomerate on the floor with small white scatter rugs, white furniture, draperies in navy blue and white print, a blue spread with white trim and white covers with blue trim on dressing-table and bedstand.

"My own room is in my favorite colors—burgundy and old ivory—burgundy broadloom carpet, ivory spread with burgundy relief, and drapes in the same material. I use burgundy scarves on my dressing-table because my toilet set is old ivory.

"I'm one who loves flowers around the house. I'm hoping to grow scarlet poppies to put in my navy-blue and white guest room, and masses of pretty things for this one. Oh, did I show you the jasmine tree I'm trying to start just beyond the patio?"

"Did you ever try individual upside-down cakes?" asked Gail, as we returned to the living-room. "If I get very daring I may serve them for my first party. But not if there's a crowd, for Gilly would never get them done. You bake them in muffin tins, which are, of course, well buttered. Sprinkle the buttered tin with brown sugar and in the center place a walnut or pecan meat, topside down; over this a half apricot, or peach or slice of pineapple, cavity down, (if it has a cavity). Cover with a cake batter, bake in a moderate oven, and serve right side up with whipped cream."
not," Bing told me. "I've no intention of making money out of them. I'm far more interested in breeding horses than I am in racing them." But just the same Bing in his droll manner added that sweaters and dressing pants never misses a day at the track; he's there at early dawn brushing down his horses, feeding them oats, taming them on the backs and sides of the jockeys who think he's one swell guy. Bing has promised $500 to the jockey who brings in the most winners this season. The boys say Bing is the only one of the popular old-time jockeys to be considered a jockey—Double Trouble, Friend Andy, (he named this one after Andy Devine), and Lady Lakeside—will be right up there in the money this year, but Bing is just as good a man as any of them, and Bing pointed to his young hopefuls with fatherly pride. "And they're natural-born actors, too. The minute they step out on that track they want to take bows. That's the same with all the racehorses, they're so busy bowing to the judges before the race that they never get started in time. I'm trying to teach them to take their bows after the race, Bing. Of course, Bing, one of the jockeys, can do a pretty fancy little thing, and a few days before the race they do their little thing and then we'd be bound to have a winner. That's probably the only way we'll ever get one," Bing said the right thing, regardless of what pages they read in a book, then you'd see we were insulting them. Dixie, Mrs. Bing Crosby, suggested that Bing take all his eight horses and run them in the same race without any outsiders and then we'd be bound to have a winner. That's probably the only way we'll ever get one. Well, Bing's got the right idea, I guess; I don't know why they run two bucks on Khayyam and he poked along as if he had from now until next Christmas to finish the mile. I felt great sympathy with the Crosby family, and I didn't think Khayyam was so cute, either. There's nothing so cheering as a winner.

Connie Bennett still owns Rattlebrains, who is still a bad horse though he did manage to get a winner once last year, though no one is quite sure how it happened. He's definitely typed as an alarmist. Connie, as you know, is quite the Upper Crust and just-like-that with the Vanderbilts, so she always plays the entries from the Whitney and Vanderbilt stakes, and usually wins. Those snooty horses, worse luck, are much better than the picture nags who are always showing their teeth for the photographers.

Joan Blondell was a riot her first day at the track with Dick Powell. Joan knows from nothing about horses except the kind who use to pull beer trucks in Brooklyn when she was a baby, (Joan isn't at all Upper Crust), and she managed to ask the wrong questions and misaddressed her own home life. It was Joan who made that classic remark that caused the snobby Turf Club to gasp in horror. "I think," said Joan, "that I will play that belle all the way across the nose." Well, while Dick was concentrating on hunches Joan went through the official program for the day and I have a chance to come across some horses with a story that amused her and proceeded to play them all afternoon, and would you believe it, won a tidy sum. Who the owner was, who the trainer was, what the horse was, was a mystery all day, and only a few of the regulars knew about it. It's a little tricky trying to his Social Register wife. Fred usually plays "tips"—he too is just-like-that with the Whitneys and Vanderbilts, but he isn't at all class conscious about his tips and he'll play one from an unknown tout just as quickly as he will one from Jock Whitney. Dinner in the Astaire home, it seems, is just a series of tips via phone.

Paul Kelly shows his polo pony the statuette the actor is awarding the fan who picked the name "Kelly Mackaye," for the horse.

And just as you'd suspect, Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald are entirely feminine in the way they pick 'em. Ginger arrived at the track with husband Lew Ayres for a fine afternoon with last year's sensation in the world of reading "Racing Form" and several charts and picking horses with great care and precision so she would be a sure-toshow to Lew who takes things seriously. But she happened to notice in the second race that Lady Peenie was running. And that threw her for a laugh. No horse showed her for a laugh. And if they had it sounded like something just too whimsy, too silly for words. Without even consulting "Racing Form" or the Consensus of Opinion, or Lew Ayres she raced over to the window and placed a bet on Lady Peenie, of the De Pooh Peenzies. Her ladyship placed and Ginger was in twenty bucks. "Himmie, Royalty," said Ginger with a quick smile, so it's the practice to place bets on Prince Abbot, Seraphic Knight, Dulce's King, and all kinds of princesses but did she have fun and cash it on the one horse ticket, only to get back to the track the following Saturday to play Royalty again, but alas and alack, and alas, Lady Rona is still roaring. Lady Rona took to the track second last year and placed in an early race the track that she sent postcards to her friends, and French Princess hasn't been heard from in days. In disgust Ginger played Comstocke, collected some of her losses, and called it a day.

Sweet Mystery romped in home for Jeanette MacDonald, who played her out of love to "Nan." That's how I'm going to call Little Eddy, and those long hours of rehearsal of Sweet Mystery of Life. She also did all right on Sweet Chariot, which used to be his favorite. He made a Poor Little Rich Girl. And Moonburn did her wrong. "Not my type of song," said Jeanette. "I should have known better.

Another enthusiastic horseman and owner is Joe E. Brown. Joe is at the track every day and his two horses, Barnsley and Little Lad, have placed in many races though they haven't won to date. Mrs. Joe E. Brown didn't think much of the Saharan, so she bought an old fleshy, (neither did I—Little Lad played dead the day I was on him), so she bought herself a race horse and named it Santa Monica, and gets bets on it. "I have a feeling," she said. But Monica didn't seem to know what is was all about. A very vague sort of horse.

Of course the most publicized horse at Santa Anita is Beverly Hill, the ex-Clark Gable horse. Beverly Hills, through some kind of a fluke—the other horses all dropped dead or something—won once last year at magnificent odds, and Clark's loyal supporters rallied round the nag, though she hasn't done a thing in months. Clark has to use his terrific right hand for the molasses-in-January attitude of his pet. As a matter of fact there is a big match on at the Metro studio now with all the directors, stars, and technicians watching. Clarence Brown, the director, has bet Clark that the antique car used in "Ah, Wilderness"—(It's a 1906 Stanley steamer)—will win the Beverly Hills Day, and Clark has taken the bet. While if that ole tank beat him he might just as well give up. To date Clark has only been to the track once time, a Saturday when Beverly Hill was scheduled to run in the fourth race, and immediately the movie contingent sped Clark there for the first time during the season the rumor got around that it was "fixed" for Beverly Hill to win,
breeze of honest and invigorating speech, she swept the air clear of them.

"You must have ambition and have it too," she'd been saying when I lost the thread. Patiently she picked it up for me again. "I mean, she explained, "that a half-way horse can be a dangerous thing. If you're a burning desire to be something, do something, you must be willing to sacrifice everything to it. Make up your mind once and stick to it—be half-hearted. You'll give up the years you can't ever get back again and then, if you haven't the strength to push through, you'll have what you want and all the rest of everything else you might have used them for. I think that's why there are so many frustrated people in the world. They're the ones who've straddled, stopped to grab the flowers on both sides of the fence and missed both. And they're bitterly resentful of those who succeed, because they lose sight of the fact that the successful ones had the strength they lacked—the strength to drive straight through to their goal and shut their eyes, no matter how hard it was, to all the lovely temptations along the way."

I began to understand that her vividness of coloring was no accident, but rather an expression of her whole vivid personality. It's difficult to put your finger on the quality in Jeannette MacDonald that you're inevitably aware of within five minutes of meeting her—inevitably, because, unless you're a clod, you will feel its effects seeping through your own veins. It's not the crisp tang of her speech alone nor your sense of the lively intelligence directing it, but something more fundamental—something electric that stimulates you, as though for the moment she were sharing her wealth of vitality with you.

"Is it worth while?" she said, echoing my query. "That's another question, and a highly debatable one. In my present state of mind, I should say yes. Because I haven't yet fulfilled my ambition and therefore haven't reached the point where it's begun to lag. But I've often wondered what the future holds for me—when I've succeeded or failed in all I hope to do."

"I'm a middle-aged woman—I wonder whether I'll begin wishing then that I'd married early, raised myself a family, made myself a home, a background, rooted friends, I don't know. That remains to be seen. It's not that I don't realize the value of those things, but that I'm convinced you can't do justice to both. And for better or worse, I've made my choice."

Her face was alight as she talked, reflecting the play of thought behind it. She needed no prodding, and seemed refreshingly free of that bane of so many movie stars—the fear of being misquoted or misunderstood. Rather she pays you the compliment of assuming that honesty and good sense will beget the same.

"You see?" she laughed, "the present outlook is against children, since I haven't even got around to marriage yet. Anyway, it seems to me that marriage and a career are two careers. If I married, I'd want to give all my time and energy to that, as I give it now to my work. I can't do both. If I slackened in my present ambition for a month—or certainly for the year it takes to have a baby—I'd find myself far more than a year behind. Competition's so keen in this business—you've got to be awake, alert, ready to grasp the opportunity the moment it comes. You can't do that if you're thinking of your next baby. And you can't give the baby what it needs if you're chafing to get back into harness."

"Marriage without children? No! If the children don't come, you can't help it. But I shouldn't be willing to plan it that way. Besides, I'm just old-fashioned enough to think that a woman should adapt her life to a man's. Suppose you were a man married to a movie actress. You get home at 6 or 7. You want your dinner and you want your wife. Dinner's waiting, but your wife's at the studio—rushes, story conference, fittings, any one of a dozen things. Either you growl and eat your dinner alone, or you growl and wait, and by the time she arrives you're pretty darn hungry and cranky. Maybe she's cranky too. Many's
the night I’ve come home too tired and irritable to be a fit companion to anyone. All I want is to sit alone, lean on my elbow, smooth out the wrinkle in my mouth and go to bed. Suppose you have a social engagement. You have to break it, or your husband has to keep it alone. Suppose he wants me to break it, so I will. A horoscope reader once told me I’d have a child who’d be a world-renowned character. Yes, I know it was probably a lot of bunk. Just that it gave me a little thrill in my mind. A little wonder as to whether a child of mine would really turn out that way. It would be such fun to find out—to see what kind of child I could bear and bring up, genus or spout. One way or another I knew it would be a child about my first-born as any other mother.

But it would be fun.

“More fun than what I’m doing now?” She looked. “This isn’t fun! No—neither even the singing, the singing least of all. You can’t always sing as you like, you know—you can’t let yourself go entirely—you’re bound and imprisoned by all the rules of technique. The moment you realize it’s important commercially, it stops being fun. It’s work—the singing end—hard work, and that’s all. The only time I really enjoy myself is when I’m a singer, and giggle if I want to giggle and scream if I want to scream. I’ll tell you where the fun comes in—in the money you make and the way you dress and the way you talk. And in all the excitement of being a star, the fireworks, the glamour. Whatever people may say about it, we do like that excitement, we all like it, and we’re only acting when we say we don’t.”

I could have blessed her for that. It came as such a relief from the artistic airs and graces of some of her colleagues. And I’ll say the bubble-pricking vein, she went on, “there’s this little matter of temperament, about which a fearful lot of nonsense is also chattered. To hear people talk, it was amazing, I’m a singer, and giggle if I want to giggle and scream if I want to scream. I’ll tell you where the fun comes in—in the money you make and the way you dress and the way you talk. And in all the excitement of being a star, the fireworks, the glamour. Whatever people may say about it, we do like that excitement, we all like it, and we’re only acting when we say we don’t.”

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She had been born ambitious. Anyhow, my mother remembers that I was four or five. I told a neighbor I was going to be an opera singer and very rich, so I could buy her a gold bed and myself a pony. You see, the mother of a girl across the street had a brass bed, which to me was gold and beautiful. Ours were wooden, and how I boasted the sight of them!

“I always remember singing, of course, but I had another passion equally strong.”

Her face turns solemn, and you wait for news of the revelation. “I loved to scrub,” says Hollywood’s golden prima donna, and joins her mirth to your own shout of delight. “My mother couldn’t keep me out of water. When there were windows to be washed, or the porch or kitchen floor to be scrubbed, I’d do it, I’d yell, and there was no stopping me. I can explain it—just a peculiar complex, I guess—though there may have been one reason for it. Mary Pickford was my idol, and she generally played a drudge who turned into a butterfly later on. So I’d get down on my knees and sing these sad songs and cry and carry on and slop around and have a grand time. Sometimes I’d strike a high note, and I’d run in to the piano to see what it was, and call up to

Madeleine Carroll comes back with a smile from England to make another film in Hollywood.

my mother: ‘I just sang high what-ever-it-was.’ ‘That’s fine,’ she’d call back, and I’d go contentedly back to my scrubbing.”

One day Jeanette’s friend asked her to go home with her to dinner.

“What about tomorrow night?”

“No—not any night.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m working.”

“Working? At night?”

“Yes. I’m on the stage.”

Like any normal youngster of her age, the girl was thrilled and delighted, interpreting her actress’ tone just enough to ask: “Well, can’t you come Sunday?”

“Yes,” said Jeanette, “I guess so.”

But when she greeted her friend next day, she had looked through her hair, though she were air, and never again addressed a word to her.

“Her mother must have said: The stage! My dear! Have perhaps found her!” You can’t imagine the effect of that experience on a child. I was stunned. It changed my whole attitude—dissuaded me about people. I realized the fact that I’d have to make sacrifices to my work—and decided that my work was worth it.

As she was laughing again, “No, I didn’t let it embitter me. There were too many important things happening. I stayed at school till I was sixteen because I had to, and left then because I wanted to, and got my first real part soon after that. As a matter of fact, I should never have got it at all. Everything went wrong at the try-out. When I sang, they gave me a high note. When I danced, I fell down. But Mr. Savage seemed amused, so he gave me a better part than the one I’d tried out for.

“I got my first movie job for the same reason—because Mr. Lubitsch was amused. You see, I didn’t know then—as I’ve learned since—that movie directors were the most important people in the business. Instead of bowing down to the ground. He must have liked it,” she concluded thoughtfully—“because he laughed and gave me a contract to sign.”

That’s as may be. I’m in the confidence of neither gentleman. But knowing their reputations as shrewd shermen, I should venture to guess that he merely grabbed the sassy redhead with a prayer of thanks for dreaming of the dream producers come true—a girl with beauty and talent and that’s a success—a girl whose presence lends a radiance to her surroundings—who, like a good wine, produces on the spirits of her fellowwomen a heightened sense of the joy of life and living.
PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'VE STARTED JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!

DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW BUT I...

I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?

SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY 3 CAKES A DAY—AND IM SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP.

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH.

LATER

HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB...MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA, AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-U-TIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS?

-clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimplles. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

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

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

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

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

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 71

Those mad, merry fellows, Wheeler and Woolsey, are in again, with a new comedy in which they have as a pretty foil little Dorothy Lee herself.

MRS. CLARK GABLE departed for a visit in New York, and rented her lovely house to Madeleine Carroll, English star, who is back with us for another try at American pictures. She is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women ever to grace the screen, but her beauty registered a trifle coldly for the local idea. Better luck this time.

JIMMY CAGNEY had better get over his mad rush back to Warner—they've handed some of the plum roles they had in mind for him, to Errol Flynn. However, it probably wouldn't be very hard for Jimmy to land a job on almost any lot he chose. Little matter of contract to consider, though.

ROCHELLE HUDSON has sworn off marriage for ten years—until she is thirty! She has a pretty good reason. "Married actresses never become stars, and stars often lose their husbands," is her very acute and analytical figuring. She is, of course, absolutely right. But what if she falls in love in the meantime?

THE other day Reginald Denny's fouryear-old son was absolutely fascinated with the sight of John Barrymore dressed up as Mercutio. The youngster was sure Jack was Prince Charming—and there's certainly nothing strange about that. A lot of people, mostly ladies, have been mistaking Jack for Prince Charming for years and years. Anyway, young Denny didn't want to go away. He wanted to stay and watch the fun. So Jack, a whimsical guy, turned up for dinner at the Denny homestead—still dressed as Mercutio.

RATHER a tragic little party took place at producer Arthur Hornblowe's house the other night. King Vidor, Carey Wilson, and Benjamin Glazer were the only guests, and all of them were Jack Gilbert's intimate friends. They brought strips and reels of film that had been taken at various parties and gatherings and events, when Jack was present. Some of them showed Jack in funny and intimate scenes, some with Garbo. The film was run off for these four men, a silent audience paying homage to memory.

THE Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall romance has reached what is known as an impasse. The key to the situation is in the fact that Glenda has been working constantly and Ad hasn't—so Glenda naturally wants to get some sleep, but Ad wants to go out a-playing. Ad has been a trifle high-handed but he's off his perch now. Scared to death he'll lose her, and being such a good boy.

WELL, Carl Brisson and Paramount agreed to disagree after conferences concerning a contract renewal. It all ended as an amicable settlement with Brisson pocketing $65,000 and calling quits with the company that brought him over from Europe. One of the films Brisson wanted to do was "The Count of Luxemburg," which Paramount owns, but which is to be filmed as a starring vehicle for Gladys Swarthout, with Frank Forest, new, to Hollywood at least, tenor, playing opposite. Brisson's plans at the moment are to appear as the star of a musical stage show on Broadway.

SIX years ago, Sam Goldwyn signed a tall beautiful blonde for one of the chorus girls in "Whoopee." A few days ago, he signed the same girl to a starring contract. Virginia Bruce is her name.

FRANK FOREST, the tenor Paramount is grooming for important screen assignments, commencing with the lead for Gladys Swarthout in "The Count of Luxemburg," was recommended to the studio by Frank Chapman, Jr., Miss Swarthout's husband. Chapman knew Forest, who is American-born, in Italy, where both were students and later operatic singers.

MARY CARLISLE packed off with many well-wishes for her success in the picture the little Blonde will make in England. Mary is mighty serious about her acting career, and after all her earnest work in Hollywood it may be just the happy-far-Mary irony of fate that she'll get an opportunity to show what she can do at this stage of her development—something that, through nobody's fault, just didn't materialize in Hollywood lately.
HERE is a famous blimp which advertises a certain brand of automobile tire, and which floats over Los Angeles on any clear day. There is also a famous director named Archie Mayo out at War-ners, who never diets. So the other day the director received this wire: “What are you doing floating over Los Angeles with Goodyear printed on your sides?” Archie was so startled he had only two orders of fried chicken for lunch.

NEARLY all the actors now working in “Romeo and Juliet” have a nine o’clock curfew rule. And when you say nearly all the actors in that picture, you have said something. The list reaches from here to there. Maybe that’s why the night spots have looked sorta vacant lately. Any- way, Edna May Oliver is one of the few to break the rule, because the Russian Ballet is playing at the Philharmonic, and Romeo or no Romeo, Edna May is a ballet patron.

ALEXANDER WOOLLcott, recent resident of Hollywood, created a great stir in the hearts of his radio listeners, during his series of air broadcasts, by telling Mr. and Mrs. America about an institution known as “The Seeing Eye.”

Well, the screen goes the accomplished Alex one better. For a film has been made that not only tells, but shows how man’s most faithful friend, the dog, serves humanity when nature fails humans, and animals, trained and devoted to their work, take up the burden of those afflicted with blindness. The film was made at the institution in Morristown, N. J.

THIS running-gag between director Woody Van Dyke and actor John Mil- jian has reached the place where they can hardly top it any longer. It began when Miljan placed an ancient broken-down flivver in Woody’s driveway—a little token of his esteem on a birthday. Woody came back with a spavined old horse for Miljan’s Christmas present. So the next exchange of sentiment took place when Woody found a thirty-passenger bus in a junkyard—you can guess what he did with it. Mil- jian turned the tables by hiring a tow-truck, loading the bus with a crowd and calling on Van. There have been recent exchanges of a herd of cattle in Woody’s front yard, and a truckful of mongrel pups turned loose in Miljan’s house during a party.

(Continued on page 100)

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don’t have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes all the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which den- tists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredi- ent polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate’s. If you are not entirely satis- fied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund twice what you paid.

Holding that tiger! Jane Withers and Helen Wood find a “fierce” tiger just a furry friend when they visit a California zoo.
Forever Yours

Continued from page 33

with you. By the way, I saw Tom yesterday—or imagined I did.

The languid lines of Karen's beautiful long body had become quick-silver. Her insensate lashes had flown apart. She gasped:

"Seen Tom? Where? Answer me, you idiot!"

The director said, "I can't be sure, but I thought I saw him in a mob scene—in that French Revolution thing they're shooting on stage six. If it wasn't Tom—of course, the chap was plastered with fifty shades of grease paint—it was his twin brother. You know that queer trick he had of raising his left eyebrow—" Karen said, "I know. Say, you were blazing with indignation. "It didn't occur to you that you should speak with him, " she half sobbed, fumbling for words, her accent growing thick, as it always did when she was swayed by anger—or some other emotion—"I had no idea he was in the county. And as an extra—what could have happened? Go to stage six and find him. If it's Tom, and if he's met reverses and needs work—offer him the lead opposite me in my new picture."

"But, " the director's eyes were wide and so was her rather generous mouth, "but, Karen, the chap was a bust in the one sound test he made. He knew it himself—that's why he got out of pictures. Besides, he's a comedian, a low comedian at that. And you're a dramatic actress."

Karen said, "It weel be Tom Kildare—if he's available—or nobody. Do you understand?"

After less than five minutes the director went hysterically from Karen's presence to search for a practically forgotten man. And a silence was not understood. Or told himself that he did!

The meeting between Karen and Tom Kildare was so commonplace that it would have been funny if it hadn't been acutely tragic. Karen said, ignoring the hollows in the man's face and the gray at his temples, ignoring his obviously shiny shoes:

"Well, Tommy, you beeg bum! You came to town and never let me know. And when I needed help so desperately, too."

Tom kept up a pretense. They might have dined together the evening before. He said:

"You're looking tops today, Karen. What do you mean?—oh, well. Hollywood crowded with men who are ready to die for you?"

Karen shrugged. If she hadn't shrugged she would have fallen into a fit of trembling.

"To die for me, yes," she answered, "but not to be my leading man, Tom. They don't love me enough to keep from trying to make any scene."

Tom Kildare said, and his tone was unsteady: "What if my voice is as lousy as it was?"

Karen answered, "It won't be."

It wasn't, either. Hardship had added more than hollows to Tom's face, more than gray to his hair. It had added a depth, a resignation, a sense of power to his every spoken word.

When he signed an agreement for the picture (it wasn't a contract—even Karen couldn't sell a pig in a poke), Tom Kildare wired money to the sanitarium and sweetheart roses to his wife.

The letter was done in a strange hand; it had been dictated to a nurse)—and raved about her new room and her flowers and her—husband. The letter ended like this:

"I am actually living, Tom dear, until I hear that your picture is recognized as the success that I know it will be. Remember my faith in you."

Tom received and read that letter a split second before he went on the set to make his first love scene with Karen Kent. He took it into his mouth and stuffed it down with futility that were a shade unsteady, and hurried to meet the star. When he took her into his arms, with the camera grinding and the director standing by, the lights fixed so that his gray-tinged hair was a question of artistic shading, he was visibly shaken and his face was the face of a man who has known the ultimate bitter.

When Karen returned softly, "Dear—I have waited so long—" he clutched at her as a drowning man might clutch at his hope of rescue and salvation. When he answered, "I love you," his voice broke. Women, lined up across the country, were to sob openly at that moment. Karen, raising her lips for his kiss, nearly sobbed. She wasn't aware that he held in his hand a reeking cracker sound only she heard was the rustle of a crisp letter in his pocket.

Everyone knows the success of the initial picture that was made by Tom Kildare in support of Karen Kent. People who had gone to the theatre to mock at the serious effect of an ex-comedy star, left in silence and were strangely awed.

"The guy's there," a man—echoing the sentiments of masculine America—said to his girl friend. But the g.f., forgetful of face powder, was blowing her nose.

As for Karen and Tom—they repeated history and sat in a projection room and watched the run-off of the first reels. Later they saw the entire preview together. After seeing the whole film, Tom wrote to his wife:

"Stop think," he told her, "that it's slick—Karen has given me a genuine break. But I won't know if it is sure-fire—or if I'm merely prejudiced—until the big opening. The opening will be in a week, and you're having a radio sent to you so that you can listen in on the excitement. I'll spend the week-end after the opening with you, in the san. It's been a long time between drinks, and we'll have a swell time."

Tom's wife didn't dictate an answer to the letter. She merely sent a wire. It read, "I'm waiting, love."

Tom Kildare, so self-satisfied in the past—swooned through his comedy days by a throng of satellites—was the cat who walked by himself during the week between
How three RKO stars DRAMATIZE THEIR TYPE with New Hollywood Make-Up

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

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She dines in
LUXURY...yet
she TINTS her own
nails!

LIKE jewels at her finger tips her
scintillating rolls toss their mes-
ge of exquisite grooming. With
F-O on her dressing table she is
equipped to change the tone of her
nail polish at a second's desire, to
complement her costume, or her
whim. F-O makes possible those gar-
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you will want every one of
them, for the spicy variety and in-
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you may have either creme or
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Do as wealthy women do—use
F-O Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover
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The professional
look, yet applied
by you alone.

F-O manicure pre-
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the preview and the opening. He didn't see
Karen, and when the executive office
called and asked that he drop in to talk
contracts, Tom suggested that they wait a
while. He was wise enough to know that
now was the executive office's chance if he
proved a bet. He was gambling on critics
and applause and no one knew better than
be how fickle both were—by waiting.

He kept to himself—avoiding the crowded
restaurants where folk met and gossiped.
He did a deal of tramping in the country,
a deal of soul inviting, and plenty of striv-
ing with the finer things in his nature—and
the base ones. He loved Karen—he ad-
mitted to his heart that he had never ceased,
since that first, far-off moment of reali-
tion, to love her. He faced facts finally and
surely. But there was the girl who had
followed him across seven tortuous seas.
And though it had been a ghastly mistake
—it was a mistake that couldn't be annulled.

Tom arrived at the night of the opening
thin and finely drawn, and far handsomer
than he had been in his more robust days.
He drove to the opening in a great lilac-
colored limousine, with Karen and her
director. None of them spoke during the
short, oddly lonesome drive.

A motion picture opening—lights glaring
and cameras clicking and microphones
reaching hungry arms to snatch at this lion
and that leopard. Tom felt strange and
hostile and shy as he stepped from the
limousine and gave his hand to Karen; he
felt inarticulate when he was propelled, in
Karen's wake, toward the most glittering
"mike."

Karen spoke simply and directly as was
her custom. She said:
"Yes, I am very glad of this picture. But
it is for my leading man that I want your
enthusiasm. You know him as a great
comedian. You know him as a great actor. I
introduce to you—Mr. Thomas Kildare!"

Tom stood in front of the mike. Karen's
perfume—a heady concoction of garden
and patchouli—was in his senses; Karen's
glamour surrounded him. But—with an
odd, latal perversity—he forced himself
to see only a figure in bed, making the slight-
est ripple beneath a white coverlet. He
cleared his throat and said huskily:
"I hope you who are listening-in will
enjoy my comeback when you get around
to see it. I guess that's all I've got to say."

Applause. Clapping and cheering and the
calling of many voices. Hands that had
been a moment ago Tom's hands as he walked
dazedly from the theatre after three gleaming,
unreal hours. Voices hailed him—voices that he
had forgotten during the tense month and
year—life in the company. The president of
the company no less said in genial
tones:

"No holding you, young man!" (Young
man, and Tom felt centuries old.) "We'll
get that chain, you know, tomorrow up.

A car salesman muscled in, and tried

...to make an appointment—and Tom jotted

an autograph on an unknown lady's scarlet
slipper. Presumably the lady wore in
the lilac limousine—without the director—and
were on the road to Karen's home.

They didn't speak until they were in the
drawing room, but during the drive their
shoulders touched and their fingers were
tensely locked. When they entered the
drawing room Karen suggested half shyly:

"I think, we should have caviar—and
champagne."

Tom said in answer; "Caviar and cham-
pagne—they're a symbol of what you've
given back to me, Karen. I can't—" he gulped out
the words, willy-nilly—"love you enough . . ."

He paused, for Karen was in his arms.

God knows it was not of his doing: it was
she who was holding him close.

"I've adored you for years," she gasped,
"I would have given my soul to marry you
long ago—when you first mentioned it. But
it was deadly serious with me—the core of
my being. And you laughed, and so—"

He said heavily, "I was a comedian,
then."

Karen went on wildly: "Let's go away.
Let's go far away, now— tonight. Let's
stay away forever, if need be. What do
contracts count, what does anything mat-
ter? Except us!"

Tom was kissing her hungrily, but his
eyes were dead hearts when he gently
disengaged her arms.

"My wife matters," he said. "I worship
you, Karen—nothing to laugh about an-
other. I'd cut off my fingers, one by one,
for you. But I wouldn't hurt a hair of
your head, so I guess it's—out. Mary's had
a thin time with me after her health, and my
money, went—she deserves the fun that
goes with being the wife of a success. She
deserves the lighting chance that money
give her."

Karen stared at Tom. Her great eyes
seemed to follow his speech, word by word.
When he finished talking she nodded, just
once—that nod was her bow, a gracious
one, to the inevitable. Very quietly she
straddled across the room to the place where
a bell pulls—embraced all world conven-
was dangling. She was poised, secure,
apparently unruffled, but her cheeks
were hollow and her lips were heavy.

Karen, she said simply, "Poor boy!"

Tom Kildare couldn't know whether she
meant him—or someone else.

...
The Fight to Keep New Screen Lovers Unmarried

Continued from page 23

On the other hand, that other front-line Romeo, who jumped to stardom in the short space from "The Gilded Lily" to "Hands Across the Table," Fred MacMurray, insists he is going to be married soon to Lillian Lamont and box-office statistics aren't going to stop him. In fact, so insistent is Mr. MacMurray in his declaration of love that a great many people wouldn't bet you a cent that Lillian and Fred aren't already secretly married.

But if it's a secret it's a good one, and in the meantime Fred keeps making his quarterly announcement that he will be married to the lovely, brumette I. Magnin model, immediately! So far, you can't say that someone or something isn't waging an interesting battle in postponing wedding bells, and who is to say that it isn't the thousands of "other women" who write Fred fan letters every week? In spite of all the delays it begins to look as though Hollywood were fighting a losing battle here. Fred is merely a postponed benefit.

Far more promising, at least to the keep-'em-bachelors-at-any-cost clan, are the developments in the Henry Fonda-Shirley Ross romance. So ardent was this love story last summer when Shirley was making the hit of her young life in the Los Angeles stage show, "Anything Goes," that Henry spent every evening in the front row of the theatre gazing dreamishly at the little star. Little Miss Ross sang "I Get a Kick Out of You" as though she really meant it, and if electric vibrations counted for anything, the new Boy Hit of the screen was thinking the same thing.

When Shirley had to go to San Francisco for an eight week run, Henry used to catch the late plane out of Hollywood and fly 300 miles to have supper with her. But now they are saying an odd factor happened to this romance that may keep Henry on the sunny side of married life for sometime and ditto for Shirley. It is merely that fame and good breaks in their careers happened to both of them at the same time! After years of indifferent success as an actor, and the smashing of his marriage with Margaret Sullivan, Henry was finally smiling on Hollywood, becoming overnight one of the outstanding "future boys" on the screen. And after years of struggling along with small part contracts, Shirley hit the local top in "Anything Goes," ambition was born anew to both of them. And those who say they know something about the inside of this love story are predicting that wedding bells are getting fainter and fainter in the distance as the bright lights of stardom become more potent for both.

Hollywood isn't having to put up much of a fight to bring those two seasoned pets, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, around to the popular idea on bachelor beans. It is impossible to see Joan and Dick together and not realize they like each other awfully well. But they will go way out of their way to help along the illusion that they're just spoofing.

In the first place, Joan is divorced, but not finally, (as we say in California). And in all the other places, Dick is not only a singing lover of the movies but he's equally romantic over the air waves, proving that the bachelor idea is as important to the ear as to the eye. When Warner Brothers first signed Dick it was so important to them that he remain a bachelor that a clause to that effect was written...
into his contract. And you must admit the boy has done well.

Certainly no two people ever tried harder to help Hollywood keep them apart in the public eye, than Dick and Joan. They beg photographers not to take pictures. They refuse to mention each other in publicity stories. When they are accidentally cornered together having tea at the Brown Derby they look so amazed that the other should happen to be there.

The town is full of snoopers who will tell you that nothing would surprise them less than for Joan and Dick to be married eventually. But the bachelor-believers breathe easily and feel perfectly sure it will not be while they are both on top of the professional heap. They've both worked too hard not to have a healthy respect for the demands of their mutual careers. So the Smart Ones don't have to do much antimarriage arguing in the case of Joan and Dick except help them in keeping their romance in the background.

Of course, all the new bachelor hits, Nelson Eddy is, so far, the safest and the most comfortably unattached. If there is a serious romance in Mr. Eddy's life, it is a deep dark secret unless it's a deep blonde secret. But outwardly, the genial Nelson gives the impression of liking all the girls which is certainly a help at the box-office.

Once or twice his name has been romantically linked with some lovely Hollywood lady, but before the idea could really sink in, another interesting lady has appeared with Mr. Eddy. Apparently he likes blondes, brunettes, redheads, tall ones, short ones and mediums with impartiality; a fact which certainly is doing his leaping and bounding mail no harm.

In the long run, I suppose if you lined the new Hollywood bachelors toe-to-toe with the Hollywood married heroes, you might not find too much difference in the box-office.

But it's the new excitement Hollywood's driving at — girls — it's the new excitement.

Paint Jobs for Hollywood Dates

Continued from page 67

Dix, and the handsome Fred MacMurray.

Preston Foster manfully admits that he likes make-up. "It should be applied artistically," he says, "but a brightened mouth, skillfully rouged cheeks, and so on, help heighten a whole personality. Many women overlook the problem of hair, which is fully as important as make-up. I'd rather see a woman wear her hair simply so that its beauty is evident, than see it done up in a thousand-and-one gummied-up looking little curlies. The same thing goes for a set-looking wave."

The right make-up improves any woman, according to Richard Dix. "But when a woman uses cosmetics, I don't want to be conscious of them," he adds. "This means that a woman should try to get along with as little repair make-up in public as possible. Does nail polish come under the head of make-up? If so, the red shade so many girls use is terrible! Give me a pale polish any time. I don't care for claws dipped in blood."

Nail polish is one of Fred MacMurray's pet hates, too. He thinks it looks affected. He doesn't care for extremes in make-up or dress, but don't go out with him with nothing but that "natural look," unless you're a wonder girl.

The nail polish problem we'd better go into that right away. Spencer Tracy hates red-tipped fingers and soars on any girl who wears them. Bruce Cabot thinks that bright-colored nail polish is a matter of individual expression — some women look well with it, in others it detracts from the effect. Franchot Tone emphatically does not approve of nail reddening — so emphatically that his bride, Joan Crawford, has stopped using it entirely. He likes to
see a girl with a healthy sun-tan appearance, no make-up at all except lipstick. That's just the way Joan looks off-screen. Wonder if it's the case of the chicken and the egg all over again? And Johnny Weissmuller never notices anybody's fingernails.

He doesn't care for make-up in any case because he says he has to wait too long for Lupe to get ready.

If your date is with William Powell, be careful not to have "that made-up look." Don't use mascara or false eyelashes, just powder and lipstick. At the same time, if this limited makeup leaves you looking like last year's hat, a little indulgence in rouge and other beauty aids would probably pass.

Dick Powell is content to take out any girl who looks smart, so long as she doesn't seem over-dressed. He wants her to look well if they go to a movie, and yet not look out of place if they go on to a night-club afterward. He'll hold the mirror in the car while she makes whatever repairs are necessary to that "girlish complexion" between engagements.

To pluck or not to pluck—that is the question. That dark 'n handsome Onslow Stevens would never take a second look at you if your brows had a hair-blue look. Warren William would turn up his aristocratic nose. Bob Montgomery wouldn't call twice if he was conscious that you had been tinkering with your brows.

Some men who would be glamorous "dates" are modern enough to realize that this beauty undressed stuff can be carried too far. Yyle Talbot admits that some form of make-up is needed by every woman, but he adds that she should consult a make-up expert and find out how little, not how much, she can use.

Four Hollywood husbands have such definite ideas on how their wives shall look that they may serve as warnings to those girls who think a man never notices. Harmon Nelson, whose wife is Bette Davis, is responsible for Bette going back to her original hair-color. He loathed the peroxide blonde the studio had asked her to adopt. He can’t stand make-up that shows, and is always saying: "Wipe off that lip-stick!" in an urgent undertone.

Warren William can’t abide fly-away hair; likes it slick and smooth. Leslie Howard insists that no make-up is necessary. His wife is fortunate in the possession of a peach-and-cream complexion so he sees no reason why other girls should use aids to nature.

Paul Kelly likes to have his wife equipped with correct lipstick, powder, rouge, eyelash, perfume or whatever they are going to a night-club or party; but if they are going for a horse-back ride or there are fish to be caught or hicks to be taken she leaves her make-up kit at home in order to please Paul.

Do ye ken John Howard? Do ye ken Johnny Downs?

What young girl wouldn’t thrill over an invitation from one or the other? But if you were going out with each one on alternate days, you’d have to use an entirely different technique. John Howard thinks girls use too much make-up—they look as if they thought they were sign-painters and daub the stuff on so thick you can’t see their real faces, he says.

Johnny Downs, on the other hand, won’t mind if you do daub it on. He likes make-up—lots of it—and since that’s what girls seem to prefer believe him’s right.

Nelson Eddy has been pursued by fans so fervently that the police have had to be called to his rescue, so any girl who got a bid from him would be heartily envied. Nelson likes "naturalness," the sparkling animation that comes from within. However, he believes that every woman should capitalize on her beauty. He has fine eyes, she should concentrate on them.

Walter Abel, if he ever asks you out, is going to be easy to please. He thinks make-up is a woman’s business and that women use cosmetics to impress other women, not to please men.

Keep up to date if you’re thinking of angling for Cesar Romero. He believes that every woman should work out a make-up for herself exclusively, then with the trend of the mode in mind, she should cleverly adapt her make-up to the mode of the moment. Out-dated make-up is never smart, says Cesar.

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"My hips measured 45 inches... now they are only 341/2 inches! I know the girdle is responsible for my not getting tired."

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"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips." Miss Odalu Brown, Branchiff Manor, N. Y.

"hips 12 inches smaller."

"I can praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."

Miss S. Richardson, State College, Pa.

"FROM SIZE 48 TO SIZE 18"

"Used to wear size 42 dress and now wear an 18 I look everyday." Mrs. E. Flaut, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 9 INCHES"

"My hips have been reduced inches without the slightest diet."

Miss Jean Hyde, 299 Park Ave., N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters here-inafter are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

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Miss Kay Carroll, New York City.

"Massages like magic."

"Reduced 9 inches my hips have been reduced inches without the slightest diet."

Miss Jean Hyde, 299 Park Ave., N. Y.

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Taking the Temperature of Movie Star Sets

Continued from page 35

plays Mercurio and who, I am reliably informed, is having the time of his life triping up everyone with his sweeter and giving them a none too gentle dig in their derrieres. Why, you'd think that Mr. Barrymore, the greatest 'Caliban' of them all, had never had a sword before.

On a Harlow set you can expect the thermometer to do anything except drop below freezing. Jean kids everyone from the moment she arrives on the set until she leaves and there is the favorite of the technicians and prop men who go for that palsy-walsy stuff. Between scenes Jean swaps stories with the boys and plays cards, but she is a gay, carnival spirit about the whole set. Jean goes in for light music, especially dance records, though there are days when the doting Waterloo will play a Fats Waller rag or a Jaunty Jig.

I visited Jean on the "Wife versus Secretary" set not long ago and was introduced to a cute puppy dachshund, a gift from Walter Wanger, who was making himself quite at home (the puppy, not Walter Wanger), on Mr. Metro's rug, but what are a few dog biscuit crumbs to Mr. Metro? "He's so amiable," she was saying to me, "that he's come into my portable dressing-room, 'I had to cover my beautiful rug with linoleum'. The linoleum in turn was covered with the following newspaper: 'Cousin Itt-One of the assistant something-or-others muttered in my ear, 'we're going to play a gag on Jean'. So I stood by and the director selected for the setting of the fresh powder on her face, and the assistant something-or-others bellowed "lights" and the director said "action" and Jean started talking Clark Gable about the private life of a private secretary. Suddenly Clark moved away from the desk and there behind him was a little two-foot water hydrant in a patch of artificial grass which we all thought was really butcher. Jean looked terribly surprised, everyone shrieked and had hysterics, and Jean made a speech thanking the boys for their assistance in the young lady's education. And then the business of picture-making proceeded as usual. Jean started choking for love of Gable, ("emoting" we call it in Hollywood), and laughing.

A Myrna Loy set is the exact opposite of a Harlow set. There is no music on a Loy set, no kidding back and forth, no paper, and no props. It is a very calm, poised person who will be most polite if you speak to her first but if you think she's going to cross the stage and start a conversation with you, you are sadly mistaken. All her leading men get a terrific shock when they meet Myrna on a set for the first time. She looks so glamorous and sensual on the screen that half the male population of America wants to be in love with her, and of course the Hollywood leading men think that Myrna will live up to her billing. But imagine their surprise when they gave her a cool "How do you do" and promptly retires to a far corner of the set and starts reading a book. None of that "Hi, Toots" business about Myrna. She cannot be fooled by the public's "Hey, how do you do" and promptly retires to a far corner of the set and starts reading a book. None of that "Hi, Toots" business about Myrna. She cannot be fooled by the public's "Hey, how do you do". When Myrna was finally told that she had brought out Mr. Tracy's inferiority complex and practically ruined him as an actor she immediately sent for an old phonograph of the 1910 vintage and a cracked record of The Old Gray Mare, introduced to Tracy that Myrna really just as glamorous as his other leading women, and thereby saved him from a nervous breakdown. The Loy has humor, plenty of humor, when she wants to exercise it.

I suppose we will give Myrna's set a cool, collected fifty-five, (Myrna is the fresh air type), but I wouldn't answer for that thermometer when Myrna starts a sex scene-for when Myrna pulls a card on a little sex in the cinema she, just like the mercury, sizzles. But the mercury, my pet, will drop like the stock market when it's discovered that she's going to put to her corner and the Garbo silences. Once, only once, have I seen Myrna lose that inscrutable calm, but it has endowed her with the most wonderful sense of humor, perhaps the most wonderful sense of humor I've ever known. Even then I didn't have more feeling into it.

The coldest I have ever been, figuratively and literally speaking, was on a Dietrich set. With von Sternberg in charge. We'd have to get hot water bottles for the thermometers if he directs after we get them installed. The day I wandered on the set of "Emperor of the North" (I was allowed), I felt like Jane Eyre lost on the English moors. There were at least twenty-five extras and five principals sitting around a dressing table, or back of the dressing room, waiting for rehearsals, for it was as quiet as a tomb, no one chatted, you just sat and shivered in the draughts.

I wanted to go but was afraid to move, and it took me hours and three martinis to get out of there. But von Sternberg and Borzage and Henry Hathaway started directing Marlene, the sun has actually dripped through the impenetrable gloom, that Marlene is not much bigger than a mouse. I only take a minute and I'll be right back. Well, I just can't wait for Mr. von Sternberg to direct Jean Harlow.

About the gayest sets in town are those presided over by Garbo and Greta. They can be very quiet at times, perhaps, and the mercury in our little thermometers will jingle all around, but they'll get you and how. Everybody's watching on a Long Beach and it's the merrier, with Carole in the middle of everything. "Don't go now," Carole will say when the director gives her the high sign. (It's never a 'see you later', they'll only take a minute and I'll be right back.) She gets insulted if you leave.

Luisa Rainer is one of those serious people who concentrate on acting when they're on the set. They may be a lot of fun off, but in there with the lights and the celluloid and the make they are actresses, and that's what they mean. You can't talk to them. Miriam Hopkins, too, is quite serious on her set, but she makes up for it in her dressing-room. Katharine Hepburn, we'll have to get a chromatic thermometer to as Katy has her days when she is the life of the party and interested in every one, and then she has her days when she is the greatest actress and you are a bit of dirt beneath her feet. There are those old meanies who would have you believe that Miss Katy is awfully sweet to her fellow man right after a flop when she has had a successful picture she is just Madame Bernhardt herself. If those old meanies know what they're talking about she ought to be the sweetest star in Hollywood now and say pretty things to the photographers and fan writers, for "Sylvia Scarlett" is what in Hollywood patois is called a shineroko.
Shirley Temple Contest

(Continued from Page 27)

Rules of the Contest

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write your answer, in 100 words or less, to the question: “Do you prefer Shirley Temple in musical movies such as ‘Curly Top,’ or in straight dramatic films like ‘The Littlest Rebel’?”
3. This contest will close at midnight, April 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Mail coupon with your letter to: Shirley Temple Contest, Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
6. No entries can be returned. Judges’ decision will be final.

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

London's "Little Hollywood"
Continued from page 31

sits with her friend blonde Helen Vinson, another international commer who has made three Hollywood pictures and three British during the last twelve months. Look out for an amazingly different screen Helen in "His Majesty's Pyjamas," a brilliant little conceit which is saucy and amusingly provocative, not the regal sophisticated lady of familiar admiration. She shares the honors with Clive Brook, who is going to make four British films this spring and summer before he goes back to California again.

We've Virginia Cherrill too, with a new color on which she has put up her short amber curls on either side of her pigmanent face. She only spends a brief half-hour on the "Boulevard," coming in for a glass of beer just after her and maybe a sandwich after her day at the studio before she hurries off. Her first film for Fox-British was "Late Extra," in which Virginia played a newspaper reporter who is a villain in the shape of Clifford McLaglen, brother of Victor. Now she is doing detective work in a gruesome murder mystery which is to be called "Troubled Waters."

But it's the men who predominate in Little Hollywood—perhaps they can stand the tempestuous Atlantic crossing better than the women stars. Look across the lounge at Robert Young with his quick smile and easy manner, firmly drinking tea and eating hot muffins because he believes that all experience is good for the soul— but how about his digestion? He came over to act with Madeleine Carroll in the Gaumont-British spy drama, "Secret Agent," and for the first time in his career he is seen as a villain, in keeping with Director Alfred Hitchcock's idea that a good villain should never suggest the fact but be indistinguishable in appearance from the hero. And after that hero must follow life," Robert says with a chuckle, and is immensely pleased at having had a different type of part to tackle.

Next Otto Kruger has a picture postcards of the old-fashioned corners of London and sends one off every day to little daughter Otalie, left behind in Hollywood. His elegant companion in the dove grey suit with shirt, tie, and suede shoes all blending, is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, actor-executive nowadays. He has formed an advantageous friendship with their experience before me and I intend to profit by it. I'm going to make just four films each year, first-class films with either expense or trouble spared. I shall appear in two myself and the other two I shall direct." His first offering is a period story called "The Amateur Gentleman" in which he looks older and far more mature than powder and satin breeches. Frettingland is his leading lady.

That booming voice belongs to Noah Beery, deep in conversation with Nils Asther—they are playing together in Grune's production of "The Marriage of Corbal." It's a colorful romance of the French Revolution and Noah is the faithful old servant whose love for his master rises even above his military duty. Noah walks twice round Hyde Park before breakfast every morning to keep himself fit and he spends most of his spare time studying all the English books about bird-life ornithology being his favorite hobby—he's eager to get back to his Californian ranch among the hills before his feathered friends there forget him. And the other day Noah was discovered in an East End timber-yard solemnly buying odd lengths of wood. "I'm sending them home to my father," he explained. "He's getting on now but he can still walk about Hollywood and his chief interest is carving walking-sticks. He makes all those comic ones Wally and I use to add point to the business in our films."

Another souvenier hunter is Ramon No-
Director Alexander Korda is coming through the swing-doors, and he always has this curious effect, probably because he boasts that he can sum up a player’s potentials at the first glance. He is dark and slim, with curly hair and horn-rimmed spectacles that give his thin features an aesthetic look. If you met him on the street you would classify him as a University professor. His voice is slow and cloyingly drawling and his epigrams in four languages are renowned. Everybody wants to act for him, for he has never yet produced a box-office failure and he has made so many of his small-part people into world-famous stars.

He goes straight to his favorite chair, looking neither right nor left yet seeing everything. In a moment he is followed by Charles Laughton, bald and beaming, and Elsa Lanchester who throws greetings to her friends with an inimitable snapping of her expressive fingers. She wears barbaric sandals on her bare feet and an odd tight-fitting dress of vivid purple, the shade she most favours since an astrologer assured her it was her lucky color. Elsa is intensely superstitious—look at her new mascot bracelet of curiously-twisted metal incorporating her birth-sign of the Zodiac.

The Laughtons have just returned to London after a brief stay at their country retreat, which is one of the most remarkable dwellings in the whole world. It is a little rustic chalet built right up among the tree-tops in the sequestered heart of a forest, approached by a ladder and containing only one room. Here among the green branches suspended between earth and sky, the famous stars read and rehearse and cook their meals on a primitive oil-stove and live like the children of nature Elsa often vows they are.

Now they sit down and drink mellow sherry with Korda—and everybody on the "Boulevard" begins to wonder what the trio are talking about. Charles is playing again for the producer who gave him his first real screen chance, this time as "Cyrano de Bergerac," that gallant tragic hero of medieval romance who prompted his friend to make passionate speeches to the beautiful Roxanne he secretly loved himself.

Korda delights in costume stories and he is going to set Marlene Dietrich against a gorgeous historical background for her first British film. He describes her as "a pillar of alabaster with a crown of flame" and declares her high aristocratic indifference would mark her out the same whether she were princess or beggar-maid. Though he detests trousers for women as a rule, he approves them on Marlene’s celebrated legs. His theory is that she gains the more femininity through reason of their contrasting starkness!

Marlene has a great friend in London: Elisabeth Bergner, her fellow student at Reinhardt’s dramatic school at Salzburg in days gone by and godmother to her small daughter Maria. You will not meet the elfin-like Elisabeth on the "Boulevard." She is the Garbo of London’s Little Hollywood, mysterious and elusive, working behind padlocked doors in the studio and living in complete seclusion in an ancient house far out in the suburbs. Her friends are welcome to call there for coffee—black coffee topped with cream and nuts and served in tall glasses Viennese fashion—but nothing will induce Elisabeth to put her ash-gold head inside a restaurant or hotel. She did not even attend the banquet given in honor of "As You Like It," her latest film in which she repeats the Rosalind that theatre critics have generally considered the finest rôle of her brilliant stage career. No use telling Elisabeth Shakespeare isn’t always good box-office! "What does that matter?" she asks. "I wanted to play Rosalind on the screen and so I have."

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DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
Rare visitor on the “Boulevard” too is handsome Robert Donat, with his merry dark eyes and flashing smile. He usually goes home to his modest suburban villa after his day’s work at the studio to spend an hour playing with his two children, little Joanna and baby John. When their nurse has her evening off, Robert himself bathes them and tucks them up in bed. (He certainly maintains his own belief that a father is just as much responsible for a child’s upbringing as its mother!) When Robert does appear among his fellow stars, he is sure to be on his way to a concert, for he is intensely fond of music, especially symphonic. Accompanying him is his wife Ella, Auburn-haired, petite, and Scottish, her husband’s secretary and business manager and devoted companion.

Do you recognize the smiling man sampling London’s brand of tomato juice? Yes, it’s comical Roscoe Ates himself. He leit the screen for a while, but now he is coming back again. “And d-d-don’t ask me if I st-st-stutter off the sc-sc-screen,” he begs. “Surely you c-c-can s-s-see I d-don’t!”

Roscoe has a keen admiration in Noel Coward—though you might not suspect it, that ultra-sophisticated young man thorougly appreciates broad comedy. Noel is frequently to be observed on our “Boulevard,” smoking a cigarette in a long jade holder and teaching the barman to shake all manner of strange new cocktails. Since he made “The Scoundrel,” Noel has been intensively studying the technical side of cinematography and intends to be expert at lighting, art direction, camera work and so forth when he returns to America to film his second picture in July. He plans to personally produce it, as well as act and write the scenario.

Listen to his latest remark, “Life, my dear? It’s just like a bargain basement. You never can tell what is going to turn up in the next aisle.” It sounds the perfect epitome for Hollywood, whether the real one in California or the little one so steadily growing up in London.

Playing Around Paris

Continued from page 53

about entranched, at Ville d’Avray (where Corot painted so many of his lovely scenes) we would sip our drinks in silence so as not to break the spell of the place—but back in town at Zellis in Montmartre, she would have dashed into her make-up and famous feathers and strutted her stuff. Elsa Torrence would show the novelties and snappy things she had bought and Bill
would ask her to get repetitions of them for him. Am sure when he returned to Hollywood with those presents he proved a surprise with his knowledge and taste of what the well-dressed girls were wearing.

Some of the stars take their sight-seeing seriously and go systematically through the art galleries and palaces. To others they are just a lot of old houses full of old pictures. As one of the bright young stars said, "I like Rubens' sandwiches better than his pictures." Of course the most fun and interest is to be with the stars on their first visit when Paris bursts new to their visions... Years ago one boat load brought Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas. Then, in a few days came Anita Loos and Marjorie Rambeau. Peg Talmadge and Natalie had come a few weeks earlier. It was then that I started the habit of showing Paris. That bunch was a scream and every night I would crawl into bed my face aching from laughing. Later when I read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" it amused me to recall where Anita got so many of her ideas.

Richard Barthelmess was fantastically and deeply interested in his first trip. Like his chums, Bill Powell and Ronnie Coleman, the old and the new appealed to him equally. He was much impressed by the Grotto of Apollo at Versailles. One night at a late party, Dorothy Gish happened to be there. Dick noticed her long hair (it was the time of the shortest bobs). He dragged poor Dorothy literally by the hair of her head from the party. Grabbed a taxi and headed for Versailles. Once there he awakened a puzzled guardian and by flashing a bit of coin of the realm was allowed to enter the gardens. To the charmed Grotto he strode and made Dorothy leap about in the November dawn with her blond hair waving behind her. It was a great show, but Dorothy's evening gown, slippers and stockings had had their last outing. Fit only for the rag-bag were they. Another time Dick and Jessie (whom he later married) were at the Market Place and suddenly decided to drive home with one of the farmers. So the chill dawn saw them jogging out through the gates of Paris. Dick was driving, Jessie was waving the whip and the farmer sound asleep in the back of his wagon.

Pearl White, of the long ago serial fame, and the Dolly Sisters for years have kept open houses in Paris which were great gathering places of visiting stars. The Dolly Twins now live in America and Pearl spends most of her time in Egypt.

When Constance Bennett comes to town she is among old surroundings for she went to school here. I doubt if Constance ever did what one calls sight seeing except that done with the classes at school. Sisters Barbara and Joan also were in school here. Joan has not been over since her school days and Barbara came over once to dance with the late Maurice.

Robert Montgomery was here for a few hectic days last summer. "Private Lives" was being played in French at the Theatre Michel. Noel Coward, the author was here at the time and so they arranged a gala. Noel and Bob attended the performance and appeared on the stage afterwards. Noel, used to the stage; and Bob, with his girl personality, carried the affair off to a great success. Might add that before the gala one of the big Paris newspapers gave a cocktail party which of course, caused all tears of personal appearances to vanish.

Ruth Chatterton with her knowledge of French is always interested in the theathers and sees all the plays with the idea of finding material for adaptation. Saw her alone on the first trip—the next was with Ralph Forbes, her husband; the last trip was with second husband George Brent. Am wondering if on her next trip she will be alone or with another husband!

Grace Moore used to come and go without much ado but since her "One Night of Love" success her visits resemble a Royal progress. On her last day here the Maharajah of Patiala and his suite of turretted and jeweled attendants occupied two floors in the same hotel. The corridors were full of these attendants and I thought they added a picturesque touch to the surroundings of that radiant prima donna. So they come and go and it's interesting to watch the pageant near at hand.

THE

LOVELIEST

MOMENT

OF ALL

HANDS play an all-important part in the drama of romance. Intimate little gestures, subtle handclasp, pulse-stirring contacts... truly, hands speak the language of love. Is it not essential, then, that they be kept always well gowned—that finger nails be kept petal-pink and shining, the lovely complement to a lovely hand? PLAT-NUM nail polish has the unusual ability to transform your nails... give them a soft, shimmering, satin-like surface. PLAT-NUM goes on smoothly, sets evenly, is long lasting and does not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

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Sweet whiffs of enchantment in April Showers perfume by Cheramy.

APRIL showers, May flowers and Leap Year are a combination that should warn bachelors to keep in hiding! However, we're on the feminine side. So we'll give you a hint that April Showers perfume, made by Cheramy, is a delightful fresh fragrance that's practically sure to please your young man's fancy when Spring is in the air. It'll give you yourself a grand feeling of being right with the World, too. A perennial favorite that's been gaining steadily in popularity, April Showers perfume comes out now in a smart new dress! It is presented in a new crystal bottle with a green glass stopper, encased in a silk-lined gift box. First of all, you'll want it for yourself, but keep it in mind for an Easter basket! If you're the mother of a child, you want to be especially nice to— and Mother would love it when her day comes around.

IT'S ALL so simple— to select your make-up shades the new Hudnut way! One thing you do know about yourself is the color of your eyes. That's all you need to know to be sure you'll have harmonizing shades of that grand, (and surprisingly inexpensive), "Marvelous" face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. They're en- sembled according to the four basic eye colors—blue, brown, grey, and hazel. We know the trick of eye-matched make-up works because we've seen it tried on dozens of girls of entirely different constitutions with unanimously flattering results. Also, we've worn it ourselves and had our friends say "How well you're looking today!"

A World of complexion beauty in a bottle of Dreskin

Sweet, non-drying, non-staining, non-clogging, non-irritating cream. It cleanses, softens, soothes, soothes and softens again. It fades dirt and dust from the face, and softens the pores. It leaves a delightful smooth surface that makes powders go on more easily and last longer. And don't be too surprised if the maid members of your family cudge your Dreskin for after-shaving. Men love it!

subject of beauty needs, and they've embodied their knowledge in creams and make-up that are taking this country by storm! For instance, try a fine pinkish cream that takes hold of the gloomiest complexion and does incredible things for it— refining its texture, smoothing out the "trouble zones" around eyes and nose, and furnishing the lubrication every skin needs beyond the carefree "teens." Sounds like a lot for one little jar of cream to do, but if you've ever tried it, we'd be skeptical ourselves. But our verdict is that Elmo Texture Cream works as well on a dressing-table, and we commend it to you!

WITH Spring-time here or just around the corner, it's high time to think about a new permanent wave. There's nothing as comforting as a successful permanent, and nothing more dis- couraging than one that turned out too "kinky." Your best guarantee of a good wave is to have a "branded" one that bears the stamp of a concern who supply up-to-date machines, with uniform pads and waving lotion. One such is Fredericks Vita-Tonic wave. It's quick and comfort- able to have applied. You can get a large or tight wave as you prefer, and a Spiral or Onstron Coordination or a combination of the two. To be sure you're getting a genuine Frederics wave, look for the beauty operator's certificate on the wall.

THERE are some things in this hectic life you should find out for yourself. One of them is what Dreskin will do for your skin. To see how: Moisten a piece of absorbent cotton with Dreskin. Wipe the saturated cotton gently over your face and neck. Then—look at the cotton! You don't need to be ashamed of the vast amount of dirt and dried make-up it reveals. Just take a bottle of observing Dreskin, a pleasant-to-use, non-drying, alkali-neutralizing lotion that penetrates the pores. It leaves a delightfully smooth sur- face that makes powders go on more easily and last longer. And don't be too surprised if the maid members of your family cudge your Dreskin for after-shaving. Men love it!

Keep regular as clockwork if you want to feel like a million and look the same way. If one day goes by without proper elimination of body wastes, take a "beauty laxative" and get rid of those accumulated poisons.

Olive Tablets are ideal for assisting Nature in keeping a regular schedule. Gentle and mild and non-habit-forming, they bring prompt relief.

Keep a supply always handy on the bathroom shelf. They'll make a hit with the whole family. Three sizes—15c-30c-60c. All druggists.

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MEET Margaret and Mary Elmo—if you haven't already done so. They are two young women who know much on which your face and neck. Then—look at the cotton! You don't need to be ashamed of the vast amount of dirt and dried make-up it reveals. Just take a bottle of observing Dreskin, a pleasant-to-use, non-drying, alkali-neutralizing lotion that penetrates the pores. It leaves a delightfully smooth sur- face that makes powders go on more easily and last longer. And don't be too surprised if the maid members of your family cudge your Dreskin for after-shaving. Men love it!
and restraint of drama. But if every picture was good then there would be no particular credit to the great ones."

"What's the greatest one you've seen?"

"That's a good deal of a stickler," pondered Eddie. "But I'd say I liked most of all 'The House of Rothschild.' Another fine picture is 'The Life of Pasteur.' I liked, too, 'It Happened One Night.' Among actors George Arliss, with me, comes in for his character work. I like Charles Laughton because of the diversity of his portrayals. Both are very intelligent. So is Edward Arnold. I have yet to see Arliss do anything badly. All this has significance for actors and actresses, by the very nature of their personalities, exert a strong influence on the home."

"Would you call Mae West a home-body?"

Eddie shot me a quizzical look before replying: "I don't believe in quarrelling with success. Mae West has struck a vein which for a time is popular. She has brought to the screen a type we never meet, but one which is fascinating. It appeals to women even more, I think, than to men. She has a way, a dazzle and charm, that all women envy. She represents a form of femininity not possible to women generally. Other actresses have other individualities. Marlene Dietrich does an intelligent job. I'm not drawn particularly to a beautiful face, but by an intelligent one. "I'm out for the 'bit' player. The stars, of course, attract more attention. There's Joan Crawford. She flashes on you so vividly that you can't help noticing her. And I like her work. She is a very capable actress and reads her lines well. As for her style, I suppose it's of today, isn't it? Helen Hayes is marvelous because she can be of any time, any age. I admire Norma Shearer from the standpoint of workmanship. But my favorite actress is Helen Hayes."

You will have noticed that Eddie Guest stresses intelligence. Likewise his own intelligence makes him a man of definite and decided opinions.

"Here, then," he summed up, "is a great form of amusement to which people naturally turn, particularly children. The trick for parents is to share it. At the same time they must discriminate between good pictures and bad pictures which seek to lower the standard of propriety. This too, should be borne in mind by Hollywood.""

I couldn't help wondering what he thought of Hollywood as a "home" town. "Hollywood," he said, "has home people like ourselves. We live here exactly as we do in Detroit. I don't know anything about Hollywood's bizarre life."

"Suppose you write me a poem about Hollywood," I recklessly proposed.

"All right," he generously agreed, "I'll try to give my idea of it."

"You've already found it, at the top of this piece, to be a sympathetic, considerate, and human one."

"Was it a surprise?" I inquired, "when you were asked to be a movie actor?"

"It was a shock," laughed Eddie. "I wondered, 'What have I done to deserve this?' I'd never even acted before the mirror. And I got all the kidding in the world. But it wasn't a bit funny to me. I was worried, and still am. It's like standing on the edge of a new country, knowing you have to go through it, but not knowing what's ahead of you. A fine ad-
venture, but perilous. I don’t know anything about the technique of this business. All I can do is to say lines written for me as I think I’d say them in real life. I hope to do it well enough for people to say, “Well, he wasn’t so bad at that!” After all, I’m just a newspaper man.”

But one who has made his shining mark. A Detroit legend runs that Eddie Guest first gave promise as a minstrel while working in a drug-store there.

“You’re a crude surprise, I thought I’d write out these verses in that drug-store. All I did was mix syrups, squirt soda, and run errands.

Two years later, when I was fourteen, I got a job as office-boy with the Free Press. At seventeen I was assistant to the exchange editor, clipping things, including poems, from other papers. Then I decided I could write, as well as clip, verses. My first was a darkeye verse. The home idea came into me much later. It was probably a second nature, for everything centers there. A man and a woman do not work for themselves, but for their home. So I believed most people would be interested in the idea, that if it appealed to me it would appeal to others.

“Were you influenced by any writer, poet or otherwise?”

“Not consciously. But when I was a lit- tle shaver my mother used to read Shakespeare and Tennyson to me. One thing that always deeply affected me is the scene in ‘King John’ beginning with the line, ‘Heat me these irons hot.’ The thought of the little Prince’s eyes being burned out made me cry.”

“So your interest in poetry began at home?”

“My interest in everything began there.”

“When you go back to your home in Detroit what will you think of Hollywood?”

“I’ll think of it with a thousand happy memories.”

“There you have him—‘Sentimental Eddie’.”

The “Farmer” Takes A House

Continued from page 57

autographed portraits of stage and screen celebrities that line the walls.

The dining-room, with oak-beamed ceiling and beautiful carved furniture, is quite charming. There are three bedrooms, each with its own bath. Henry’s best friend, James Stewart—who oddly enough is playing in a picture opposite Margaret Sulli- van, Henry’s ex-wife—spends much time with him; and now that Kent Smith and John Swope, (whose father is president of General Electric), are our new heroes, I’m trying to break into pictures, they too, are having a good time. The two are old friends and in fact, once shared an apartment in New York, during their very lean days.

Henry has taken several steps from, the living-room and is imbued with a sort of monastic serenity. The furniture and decorations are severely masculine. There is an artistic corner fireplace and over it hangs a framed picture of Shirley Temple, with a childish scribbler covering half of it. He told me this was Shirley’s very first autographed picture. Always before she had printed her name, and she spent an entire morning laboring over the letters that spell, “To Henry, with love, Shirley.”

French doors open from Henry’s bed- room into the patio, and during the sum- mer he fairly lives in this secluded nook.
The patio, facing the west, commands a view that sweeps across the hills to the Pacific Ocean, gleaming in the distance. Even in winter, Henry has his breakfast, which consists of a glass of milk and two slices of dry toast, served out here if the sun is shining.

The patio is enclosed on all sides and becomes a perfect corral for Son and Boy, and along side is a large aviary; I’m sure the half dozen colorful Java rice birds are unaware they are in captivity. Seven cats, manna and her family of six, which Henry inherited with the house, also belong to his menagerie. Henry explained that he found them huddled in a big flower pot, savage and wild, but now they amicably eat off the same plates with the dogs and all is harmony.

In the terraced garden, back of the patio, are apricot, avocado, and fig trees; also, a sturdy lemon, now loaded with fruit. At the end of the garden is the tennis court which is used daily and practically all day Sunday, for Henry loves to have his friends out to play.

His particular hobby is his very fine Leica camera and he spends most of his leisure hours taking with it. He has taken over the laundry, off the back porch, for his dark-room, and has assembled all the necessary equipment for developing his film and making enlargements, and he showed me some of his pictures that would surely win prizes for sheer artistry.

Sitting in the living-room I felt the spell of its pervading serenity. There was no sense of hurry, or fret, or fiction, so prevalent everywhere. This is, perhaps, a reflection of Henry’s own calm attitude toward life. Nothing disturbs him, for he has himself under perfect control.

Naturally, this handsome and very talented young star suggests romance, but I discovered there have been few love incidents. Now comes pretty Shirley Ross, and their friendship is one of the sweetness in Hollywood. Noticing her portrait on the piano, I inquired if she was doing them, but he laughingly carried all serious questions, saying they were both very busy and there were no wedding plans. As yet? Later? Well, perhaps—but one can never tell about Shirley; it is useless to plan. Greet each day as a new adventure, that’s his theory. And that ended that subject!

With his even disposition, his utter lack of "temperament," it is difficult to vision Henry as ever having been married to the tempestuous Margaret Sullivan. He mentioned her name—easily, casually, several times.

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Saxolite has been found to be a gentle and effective cleanser of the scalp, and it is now being used extensively in the treatment of many skin and hair conditions.

Saxolite is available in a wide range of forms, including shampoos, lotions, and creams. It is easy to use and has been found to be effective in treating a variety of skin and hair problems.

Saxolite is now being used by dermatologists, skin specialists, and general practitioners throughout the country. It is becoming increasingly popular as a natural and effective remedy for many skin and hair conditions.
good permanent wave—one that can be given with perfect control of heat so you get just the right amount of curl. You can be doubly sure your permanent wave will be a success if your hair is washed with a good soapless shampoo before and after. These shampoos are excellent to strengthen the hair and counteract any excess dryness that the permanent might cause. The modern "set" is an artistic job of shaping your hair to give the most flattering contour to your head, with ringlets and curls placed where they will do the most for you. There's quite a rage in Hollywood for "shadow-waving" which gives just a suggestion of soft, natural waves, close to the head and absolutely minutes in set ridges.

Some Hollywood beauties continue to wear their bobs long in back, hiding their necks. But there's a decided vogue for bringing the hair off the nape of the neck in an upward or side swirl, terminating in smooth curls piled high. Bangs have staged a come-back. They're for the girl with a high forehead and they shouldn't cover up too much. Bangs are usually more becoming if your hair is cut so as to start them back of the natural hair-line, half an inch or even as much as an inch and a half, if your face is long and thin. Have them cut unevenly and curl them so they have a fluffy, carefree appearance. A straight line of bangs, worn low, is trying to even the most attractive face. And avoid bangs altogether if your face is broad—they emphasize size width, give an effect just the reverse of what the broad-face type requires.

One of the beauty blessings for which we can thank Hollywood is the swirl. It's such a simple way of making our back-of-the-head profiles what we want them to be. And these are times when back of heads are very evident. You can't hide them under hats because hats aren't made that way. Either they're tilted over one ear, leaving most of one side of your head exposed, or they're down-in-front, masking your back hair very visible to the man who opens the door for you or lets you precede him up the stairs. Besides, formal days are here again, and when you're glitzing and dancing kind there will be many occasions when your hair must speak for itself, unaided by a kindly hat.

Caynor is Gay Again!

Continued from page 63

romantic screen team that will write a fresh page in cinema history.

Janet is facing the cameras for the first time since last June, when her accident while playing with Henry Fonda in "Way Down East" took her out of the picture, and sent her to bed for weeks and weeks. Now, after a long rest and a leisurely visit to her Hawaiian Island home, thirty-six miles down the road from Honolulu, she is happier and prettier than ever before.

"Maybe," said Janet, "being 'out of the running' for so long has made me realize how wonderful life is—and I've come back babbling with enthusiasm. Oh, yes, I want a great deal out of the future.

"It's a thrilling world we are living in: traditions, standards, customs change over night. It rather takes one's breath away, but we must keep in step or else be left standing on the side-lines watching life go by. I don't want to do that, and personally, I find it all very exciting. I like today's freedom, its disregard for the old routine that held us in its iron-like grip.

I always did wonder just why we must have luncheon at one o'clock, instead of three, or four! It is routine, you see, that governs our customs.

"I want to live today to its fullest because it is the only time I have for what will come tomorrow. It is like our school days: if we missed one lesson we were apt to fall in the next because we hadn't gained the preparation required to grasp the new one. I want to be ready—for whatever comes!"

Janet is refreshingly real. With her joyous, buoyant personality she has escaped the sterility of life and there is a hint of perpetual youth in her spontaneous laughter and in the quick rhythm of her movements.

For years, ever since she thrilled the world with her appealing Diane in "Seventh Heaven," this little Caynor has intrigued the imagination of old and young, and has ever kept her place as a top-notch favorite.

She is reserved and poised, yet very friendly, and though fragile she is definite in everything that has that magic edge to it, a personal touch, that spells personality. Talking with her I realized it is the blending of thoughts that builds individuality. After all, history is made by the persons who embrace qualities that can stir the hearts of others, that reach out to touch their innermost emotions. Janet possesses this elusive magnetism in a large measure. Just what it is, I don't know.

She gets us all—old interviewers who should be hardened, as well as new reporters' fall for Janet Caynor. Sitting beside her on the day-bed in her dressing-room I tried calmly to dissect her. I couldn't do it: she had me! Heaven knows, there was nothing picturesque about our environment, yet she herself radiated a sparkle, a witchery that raised the commonplace to a glamorous realm.

Funnny, isn't it? Yet I didn't laugh; I was too engrossed in trying to catch her every word.

She said, "My pleasures are always so spaced that I could meet each one with fresh enthusiasm and never become satiated or bored. Not being very robust I must take good care of myself, and my social activities are limited and only come when I'm between pictures. But I've discovered this makes it all the more fun, for when I do...."

Wide World

John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, seen when they made their first Hollywood appearance together at a performance of Ballet Russe.
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everything else, because I believe that is what spells real and abiding happiness for a woman. Marriage and a screen career are difficult to adjust, especially if one or the other is not of this profession, which is peculiar to itself; but with sufficient love and understanding, and a willingness to master the art of compromise, I'm sure it can be a success.

"So, you see, my design for living is to capture happiness if I can. Whether it is to be bound by a screen career, or whether it will be marriage and a family, I don't yet know. The future holds that in its hands!"

Janet Gaynor may appear to be a lyric poem, and John Boles, even after chasing the elusive idea; but in reality, she is a very sturdy personality, with dynamic ideas and definite convictions. She is blessed with the precious gift of enthusiasm and a spontaneous zest for life; these qualities, I firmly believe, form the real secret of her tremendous appeal to that invisible audience that encircles the whole film world!

Miss Phil H. We do not ask the stars about their religious affiliations. John Boles made his first hit in "The Desert Song" with Carlotta King. He has played in many screen successes since that time, the latest one, "Rose of the Rancho" with Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera Co. This is Miss Swarthout's screen debut. John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 17, 1898. He has grey-blue eyes, brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 1 inch tall, is married and has two children.

The Brown Sisters. We are very glad we rate so high with you. Lyle Talbot was born on February 8, 1904, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Lyle's real name is Lyle Hollywood. Clark Gable is really 6 feet 1 inch tall and his studio has never "cut down all furniture and properties to make him look taller." So be sure you haven't been ribbing you, Sisters, for Clark is not short but one of the big men of the screen. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and the town is mighty proud of him.

Toby Ann. If you miss seeing "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, you'll be sorry. More likely you will want to see it several times. Irene Dunne was never lovelier and Robert Taylor—your heart will never be the same again. Robert was born S. Arlington Brough, but Universal Studios decided Robert Taylor would be about right for him. His home state is Nebraska; the date, August 5, 1911. He has brown hair, blue eyes is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first picture was with Will Rogers in "Handy Andy," then followed "There's Always Tomorrow," "A Wicked Woman," "A Family Affair," "We'll Meet Again," "Murder in the Fleet" and "Broadway Melody of 1936" with Eleanor Powell. He is now co-starring with Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl!"

Inquisitive. We're glad you like our information about the stars, so come again. I'll be standing by with loads of inside-latest news. Turn to page 65 of the February issue of SCREENLAND and you'll see an interesting study of John Howard with Mary Taylor in John's latest picture, "Soak the Rich." He played in "Annabel Lee" with Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, and Richard Cromwell. John was born on April 14, 1913; weighs 50 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. His home town is Cleveland, Ohio, where he was educated. Watch John grow in popularity.
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 79

THEY are really taking their duelling seriously out on the "Romeo" set. You see, there have been so many perfectly swell duels lately, particularly the one in "Captain Blood," that the M-G-M studio feels theirs will have to be pretty hot to top 'em. They put in days running off old duel scenes from way back in the silent days up until the present, for the benefit of the duelling actors—Leslie Howard, Louis Hayward, John Barrymore and Basil Rathbone. Then they turned the boys loose and they went at it—with such vigor that Hayward received a one-inch nick, and Howard went him one better with a pretty good cut about two inches long that required a stitch or so. The old Shakespeare boys went in for a lot of raw meat, and it looks as if "Romeo and Juliet" will turn out to be a thundering melodrama in well-selected spots.

BUT you can't blame Leslie Howard for being a bit wary of those rapiers. He was doing the Verona street fighting scene with John Barrymore, who plays Mercutio, and in his enthusiasm for duelling Barrymore got a little too realistic and put a gash in Howard's forehead. What with blood and things it looked for a few moments there as if Barrymore had given Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" a new ending—Mercutio would triumph over Tybalt and Romeo, instead of vice versa!

BARTON MACLANE, our favorite beefman, once won a $75 bet hitch-hiking from Miami to Minneapolis. Bart is now all settled down with his parents in a nice place out San Fernando Valley way. What we can't understand is why no enterprising Hollywood girl has snapped up his spare time long ere this, since he has no visible entanglements. Either that, or Bart is too wary for them. Hey, girls!

DOLORES DEL RIO and Marlene Dietrich at the same table in the Trocadero one night made as stunning a picture as one could see in a long time. And each trying to out-poise the other was quite a sight, too!

"SYLVIA SCARLETT" is considered father a let-down after Katharine Hepburn's more important pictures, so she will go into production on a new one at least a month earlier than was expected. "Mary of Scotland" is the next, directed by John Ford, who accomplished "The Informer," in case you have forgotten. Another European trip planned by Katie has been abandoned—this makes about the third or fourth.

GENTLEMAN named Hank Potts receives our faith this week in rugged individualism. Hank says we're all a lot of old softies to a stunt-man and trick-riding double like himself. Last week Hank was stepped on by a horse and was discovered in the stable applying horse liniment. The director insisted that he go to the studio hospital, but Hank refused. "No sir! Hoss liniment has always been good for breaks, cuts, sprains, rheumatism, lame back, and in the days of prohibition it wasn't bad drinkin' liquor."

On their way to work in the first Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky production. Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, above, snapped as they stroll to the set.

Helen Twelvetrees in Australia. Above, notables of government and social circles, including Prime Minister J. A. Lyons, seen at Helen's left, gather at the studio to welcome the star.

DICK ARLEN has signed the pledge against red sweaters. While he was playing in a golf tournament, he lost a ball in the rough, and was chased out by an indignant bull. If this happens again, he may even give up golf, but I doubt it. In point of actors at this game, these days, you run into a pack of golf-players, usually headed by Walter Hagen. Dick talks a marvelous game—even plays a pretty swell one, now and again.

JEANETTE MacDONALD says red-heads are the victims of pigmentation! Anyway, it's a lovely word, Jeanette. She says they may be denatured the year around—but one little burst of temperament, and everyone clamps down with "Well, what do you expect from a red-head?"

WYNNE GIBSON is stepping out as a backer of enterprises. She has money invested in "Russet Mantle," a successful New York show, (that was supposed to be a secret), and now she owns a race-horse.

NOW that the Sylvia Sydney-Bennett Cerf split is certain and admitted, a great deal of interest is shown in the fact that Sylvia was out at the race track the other day with B. P. Schulberg. The bets are even that this former alliance will blossom again.

IRENE DUNNE'S strictly-platonic Hollywood friendship is with Weldon Larabee. Well, she can't stay home all the time, and she can't go out alone, can she? Larabee owns the smart Chrysler's shop, where so many of the stars buy their expensive cards and unique gifts.

HELP! Somebody tell Jimmy Dunn Hollywood is already full of them! Returning from the air races to Ensenda, Jimmy found a stowaway in his plane. A baby bear, believe it or not. The country down there is alive with them, and probably some admiring native was making Jimmy a present. Well, anyway, a baby one isn't so bad. You can always get away before it learns to talk.

ANITA LOUISE'S mother and Irene Rich's ex-husband are said to be seriously about to elope—in case you think all the romantic doings go on among the youngsters.
"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous Binnie Barnes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

iliki

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK

TRUST TO LUX

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Unless Camels thoroughly please you—they cost you nothing!

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

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

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

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

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

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

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December

15c
in Canada

The Girl in the Spotlight — Bette Davis

Gary Cooper's Gallant Fight for Freedom
Shirley Temple's Chum Speaks Up!
Paris adores it. "Ravissant, le parfum Gemey!" exclaims the smart Parisienne. London loves it... the gay young fragrance of Gemey perfume is "quite the top!" And in Barcelona, Buenos Aires... in 75 nations the world around... where women are glamorous, where men are gallant, there, too, is the fragrance Gemey. Young, fresh, joyous, Gemey has captured the feminine hearts of five continents. And now in America, Richard Hudnut, parfumeur international, presents this secret of continental charm. Wear it... feel your spirits soar. Wear it... expect magic moments. Wear it... for the man you like best... the world-preferred fragrance Gemey!
Next Month
SCREENLAND
Will Present
The Best Serial
Ever Written
About Hollywood
By Margaret E. Sangster

We are proud and happy to announce this new serial because it is the first time Miss Sangster has ever turned her talents to a full-length fiction story about Hollywood. Noted for her penetrating short stories of modern romance, and her fine verse, she has hitherto been unpersuaded to develop the mighty theme of the magic movie capital; but SCREENLAND, convinced that she is perfectly equipped to portray the many moods and emotions of the colorful cinema stars, finally succeeded in signing Margaret E. Sangster to write for you a complete novel—the novel—of Hollywood. You will soon see on the screen the picturization of "Surgical Gall," her last published magazine serial. Now prepare to enjoy her new novel of Hollywood, beginning in the next issue of SCREENLAND—a novel of high romance; the amazing love story of two great movie stars. You may think you can recognize them!

Remember—Margaret E. Sangster's new serial, beginning in the January issue on sale December 3rd.
Binnie Barnes lives in the Hollywood hills, in what she describes as a "tiny little place" on a twisty road.

Following the twisty road, I came to her number on a white terrace lined with a row of blue and yellow flower-filled pots. She has a lemon-yellow door—it reminds Binnie of a door to a cocktail room in a very swank hotel. There is a small mirror in the outside panel of the door set at a height convenient for the arriving guest. "Is my nose shining, my hat at its most becoming angle, my lipstick deep enough?"—are all problems that can be settled before the gray-haired colored man answers the doorbell.

Binnie, tall and stunning and slim, came upstairs to greet me. Her bedrooms are downstairs, as is common in hillside homes.

"We're serving our English breakfast at noon," she told me. "Over here, nobody could possibly get away with so much food in the early morning. At home it's usually so chilly you wake up hungry, but with this climate, we work up an appetite first."

"We walk," chimed in Mrs. Pat Haworth, Binnie's charming English house guest. "We never think of taking out the car."

"We're not trying to serve as huge a breakfast today as we do at home," said Binnie.

The sun was attempting a record outside, but inside the "little high house" it was delightfully cool. The living room, large and many-windowed, was done in cool tones of yellow and soft green, varied with beige and brown, the curtains of flowered blue adding the one bright touch to the mellow surroundings.

"Breakfast always makes me think of a fireplace," smiled Binnie, her auburn head gilded by a sunbeam in a wide-flung window. "Here we have the fireplace, but who'd dare light a fire in it? And look at that adorable bridge table there that turns into a fire-screen and is simply crying to be used!" It's a white table, adorable indeed!

"At home we have a fireplace in every room," remembered Binnie, "but the one in your bedroom isn't likely to be lit when you waken, so it's usually dark and cold when your eyes open to find someone beside your bed with a cup of tea. That's to help you get up. Just a nice cup of tea and a wafer of bread-and-butter. It gives you courage to climb out of bed."

"The thing I like about the cup of tea at the bedside is the nice china it comes in," said Mrs. Pat. "I think one of the secrets of a successful hostess is her china. It helps make the food attractive."

"Coming back to fireplaces," went on Binnie, "in the dining room there's always a fire burning. Well, maybe not in summer, but I always think of breakfast in winter or fall. We grab the newspaper and huddle over the fire. We drag the table as close to it as we can get, or perhaps we take our plates and sit on the hearth. Anyway, we eat a bit, read a bit, and roast a bit!"

"Did you ever taste a smoked haddock, cooked in milk with a little chopped onion, and served with a poached egg on top? My dear, you haven't lived!"

"If it's a country house, the food is served spread out on the buffet in dishes that (Continued on page 89)
Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . .
the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

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By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

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Anita Louise  Olivia de Havilland  Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert  Frank McHugh  Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale  Ian Hunter  Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney  Hobart Cavanaugh  Grant Mitchell

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Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved.
To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance
Salutes and Snubs

Where the readers tell the world the public opinion of stars and films. Let’s hear from you!

THE SHIRLEY BUDGET PLAN

As long as Shirley Temple is allowed to spend only a quarter of her weekly personal budget of $4.25 for candy, all is serene on the Beckwith waterfront! My daughter thought a quarter a week was “simply terrible” until she heard about Shirley’s allowance.

Mrs. F. K. Beckwith, 6300-14th N. W., Seattle, Wash.

A DIG AT MR. DISNEY

Who Killed Cock Robin, anyway? In my opinion none other than Walt Disney himself. Pulease, Mr. Disney, leave the ribaldry and sophistication to Mae West and return to the naïve fantasy that has made you justly famous.

W. Ward Wright, R. R. #3, Logansport, Ind.

WHAT! NO MUSTACHE?

First to grow a mustache was Ricardo Cortez. Next came Clark Gable, then Maurice Chevalier—and now our own Jack Oakie. What are we coming to? Ah, there, Baby LeRoy, and how’s your mustache coming along?

Jeanne Hayner, 25 Birch St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

CRAWFORD CARRIES ON

Joan Crawford is the best sport in the movies. She certainly can take it. I’ve read slams after slams regarding her facial make-up, but Joan has the courage to take them all without a murmur and keep right on making-up as she pleases.

Helen Benker, North Attleboro, Mass.

WANTS ‘EM TO GO WILDE

After seeing the teamwork of the man-with-the-cheshire-cat-grin, (Edward Everett Horton), and the very-much-alive-young-man, (Ross Alexander), in “Going Highbrow,” I wonder someone does not cast them in something good. Aren’t they born for the two leads in “The Importance of Being Earnest”?

Mary Barger, 40 Park St., Brockton, Mass.

Here’s Fred Astaire giving another “command” performance. He’s at the top of our page by readers’ request.

UNANIMOUS!

Up to this writing I’ve seen “Top Hat” four times. Fred and Ginger make all troubles and cares float away like a bubble. Garbo and Dietrich place the burdens of the world on our shoulders, so for that it’s good-to-be-alive feeling give me Astaire and Rogers.

Mildred Sheridan, 1591 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

TIP (BUT GOOD) FROM CANADA

Our Governor-General elect, John Buchan, is a celebrated novelist. I would very much like to see the greatest of his published works, “Witch Wood,” on the screen. The ideal lovers would be Katharine Hepburn and John Beal. Wouldn’t everyone like to see a second “Little Minister”?

Patricia Kelley, 12 Freeman Place, Hamilton, Ontario

This forum of interesting, and enlightening, opinion on everything pertaining to pictures, is written by the film-gems themselves.

Here you will find discussed a wide variety of subjects, critical estimates of stars, directors, and pictures, with a zest that comes from the courage of conviction.

Have you an opinion to express, a Salute to a favorite, or a Snub for something you don’t like about some recent picture or performance? If you have—please send it in, and make your views heard in Hollywood and everywhere that screen-interest exists.

Please make your letters brief, (fifty words is the maximum), and mail them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
ACROSS
1. Team-mate of late Marie Dresser
6. What you do at a sad picture
9. A singing star uses her
16. Get up
17. Becky Sharp
19. The husband of Mrs. Pleasing
21. A saleslady
22. Canadian province (abbrev.)
23. Encountered
24. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
25. Leading lady in "Black Beauty"
27. What a sheep would say in a take
28. One
29. Contradicted
30. The Farmer Who Takes a Wife
32. Part of scenery in a Western
34. Aviatrix in "Wings in The Dark"
35. Promote
36. Joby Ralston's husband
38. Semi-precious stone
39. Published, as shoes
41. State in which movies are made (abbrev.)
42. Condition of tide
45. Brought forcibly (as to court)
46. Strived up
48. Therefore
49. Of the matter, in law
50. A tricky Minaretta's hero
51. Mountain peak (abbrev.)
52. To find the sum of
53. Exclamation
55. Bebe Daniels' husband
57. Star of "No More Ladies"
58. Prefix meaning two
59. Succession of related things
60. Comedienne of beloved memory
61. Is
63. Talent
64. Star of "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

5. Concealed stars have too much of these
66. Fuss
67. Passage way in the theatre

DOWN
1. Star of "The Devil Is A Woman"
2. Projecting window
3. Girl's name
4. Malt liquor
5. Compass point (abbrev.)
6. "Curly Top"
7. Over (poetic)
8. Sally
9. What every actor thinks he is not
10. Either
11. Soft drink
12. Move quickly
13. Brimless hat
17. Star of "Page Miss Glory"
18. Since
21. Raging merrily
23. Loose cloak
25. Pronoun
26. Widower of Lilyan Tashman
27. Charles Ruggles' comedy team-

28. Part of to be
29. Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim"
30. In behalf of
31. Public notice (abbrev.)
33. Gloria over with
35. Ruby Keeler's husband
37. Guided
38. Brings about
39. Be still!
41. Co-star of "Peter Ibbetson"
43. Star of "She Married Her Boss"
44. Co-star of "Top Hat"
45. Eater in Italy
46. Neck of the scale
47. Printer's measure
50. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
51. Chante
52. The boy with the Irish Rose
53. Pronoun
55. Part of the face
56. Comic actor in "George White's 1935 Scandals"
58. Ship's call for help
59. Salad in "The Crusades"
60. Me, in a French version
62. Toward
63. Exclamation of triumph

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Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send, postpaid, one
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box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $1.

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Give Height Weight Age
Canadian and Foreign Countries Cash In Advance
To Eleanor Powell, who Tap-Dances to Triumph in "Broadway Melody of 1936"

Here's the New Girl with the Winning Grin and the Wonderful Toes. Her Taps are Tops!

TAP, tap! Tappety-tap-tap-tap! See those toes! Watch those taps—can't count 'em, just enjoy 'em. Eleanor Powell is dancing; and not since Fred Astaire's film début has a movie audience been so electrified. This lithe, lovely girl is the modern spirit of rhythm, as much of an artist in her own way as Pavlova was. She's gay and gracious; her dancing has a sense of humor; and when she chooses she can whirl in the ballet with the best of them. It remained for Hollywood to make the world Powell-conscious, even though in her case as in Astaire's, Broadway knew and applauded her dancing in many revues. But now she has really arrived. If SCREENLAND may indulge in a prediction—and ours have a way of coming true—Eleanor Powell will have most of the girls in America rushing to take tap lessons, which leads us further to remark that this Powell girl is a good influence with her bright and breezy manner, her quite unaffected charm, and her whole-souled devotion to the dance.
DEAR Dietrich:

So you're going into the Great Silence!

No more vulgar publicity. No more interviews. No more fun in public. After all the excitement you caused at Carole Lombard's party, too—or was it your party? You'll remember you arrived in shorts, though most of the guests wore slacks, or skirts; and somehow the infamous photographers actually followed you around and took pictures. It's Hollywood's strangest coincidence, how you hate publicity and how you always get it.

And now—the retreat. The ice. The new act. Dietrich is To Be Aloof. No more interviews. No more reporters. And where have we heard that before?

It isn't as though you can't take care of yourself in encounters with the Press. I remember when I saw you in New York, upon your return from that European vacation. Gorgeous, glittering, glamorous, looking the utter woman of the world; but underneath, I thought, somehow devilishly amusing, and darned real. You proved it. As it happened, your new ring, acquired in Paris, was up for discussion—an amazing red, white, and blue—ruby, diamond, and sapphire affair, sparkling on your white hand with its absurdly long finger-nails. I said: "The ring is real but what about the nails?"

Before I'd quite finished you glided over to me and in one swift gesture scratched at my hand, gently but firmly. "See? The nails are real, too!" you said with a mean grin.

I asked for it and I got it. But what would a reporter get if he asked you about von Sternberg?

And now, the new act. You've never been a real mystery woman like Garbo, who to me proved her sincerity when in her first and only night-club appearance in years she came dressed just as she was. You are always arrayed even as the lilies of the field, and who has a better right than the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and very probably in the world? But you can't suddenly hide a barrel of glamor under a bushel of bunk. You should make at least two big box-office pictures before relying solely upon your Art. Think it over. Don't forget that it's the newspapers and magazines which, admiring your beauty, have kept your lovely image alive the past two years. What? Your mind is made up?

Well, suppose I take you at your word. Suppose I don't publish one more picture of you, whether wearing shorts or swan-feathers, at anybody's party. Suppose I—what's that? Can it be a prophetic voice from out of the future, in case your next picture isn't a howling hit? Can it be saying: "Falling for publicity again, can't help it!" How about using this nice new picture of Dietrich taken at the last costume party, attired simply as Eve?" Then I'll say, "Nuts to you, Marlene."

Delight Evans
Where do all the stars go at the magic moment when their working day is done? Here is the answer as told by a famous author.

You walk up Hollywood Boulevard. They’re not on the Boulevard—not any more.

You drive down to Malibu Beach. No, they’re not at the Beach.

They’re not at the Fun House. And they’re not at the night clubs. And they’re not at the studio—working.

Here you’ve come all the way to Hollywood to see the big, bright movie stars, and the only stars in evidence are high above you in the blue California heavens.

Times have changed, they tell you. The stars don’t go out like they used to, five, ten, fifteen years ago.

Yes, in those days, Hollywood was heralded as a second Babylon, and visitors from everywhere flocked to the film capital for the thrill of a life-time. And got it, too. But times have changed. Now you come to Hollywood only to find that Hollywood night life sniffs out at nine o’clock sharp.

Those Hollywood crowds that you see at the Bowl—at the Race Track—and at Venice—are people from everywhere but Hollywood. The hotel is full of folk from Iowa and Washington and Wyoming staring at fellow folk from Wyoming and Washington and Iowa—and trying their durndest to recognize the stars.

Who’s that couple laughing at the table opposite? Oh, no, that’s not Norman Foster and Sally Blane. That’s just a couple of honeymooners from Alabama.

There goes Garbo strutting her stuff in a tailored suit! No. That’s not Garbo. That’s a young grass widow from Kentucky.

Who’s that smiling old lady in white hair, white bib and white tucker? Looks familiar enough to be May Robson. But it’s not. Miss Robson is elsewhere tonight. She’s out—riding. May Robson—riding? Yes, that’s what they all do—at one minute after six.

That’s why you don’t see them around any more, except occasionally at the Brown Derby or at the Cocoanut Grove, or in the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt.

They’re out riding. They’re riding for exercise. They’re riding for money. They’re riding for beauty. They’re riding for love. And some of them are riding—just for the ride!

You never saw so many hobby horses in your life—and you never saw such riding either!

At one minute past six—Wallace Beery slips out of his grease paint and calls for his nag.

You’ve all seen Wally play the part of a champ and a chump. But if you want to see him really at play, clamber aboard his hobby horse. Climb in behind him? No, climb in beside him. Wally rides a plane. It’s a six-passenger cabin plane. He owns it. He runs it.
He's a licensed pilot. He's air-minded.

At Metro, where you've come to interview Wally, they tell you that he's not at the studio. But they add that if he's not on the lot, he's sure to be in one of three places: up in the air, over at the airport, or at home in his den. Here, surrounded by intricate charts, you finally corner him. He's chin-deep in thought. He's plotting new courses to conquer. That's why you don't see Wally any more up and down Hollywood Boulevard.

He's up in the air, riding his hobby horse in and out of the clouds.

Richard Dix believes in riding his hobby horses down on terra firma. It's solid. It's safe. Yes, and it's horses.

His hobby dates back to the time he went to college to study agriculture. Fate switched his steed to stardom, and Dix bought a ranch in a lovely, peaceful California valley. Here he planned not only to plant, but to experiment. The experiment paid. He began raising horses. The horses paid. Dix had decided that when the old stage curtain went down on the line of the actor, it would not be curtains on life for Dix. No, sir. He would bow out gracefully. Outside that stage door, his hobby horse would be waiting. He would swing into its saddle, yap, giddap, and ride the range toward home—and a profitable old age. Hobbies for health may be all very well for some. But money's a nice thing, too.

Health. Wealth. How about art for your hobby?

For years, Elissa Landi nursed a secret ambition. She wanted to write. On the lot, in the dressing-room, on location, between studying her lines and loving her mother Caroline, she was forever scribbling away at prose, at poetry.

Maybe, between scenes, there was only time for a line, maybe only for a single word, round and bright, but just the word she had been looking for all week. A word, say, as lovely as ecstasy, or as colorful as turquoise, or as rhythmical as aurora. The words gathered and grew like the beads of a necklace. Finally, they were ready to string.

She shows them to you when you go up to take tea in her big house overlooking the (Continued on page 72)
I HAVE solved the secret of Gary Cooper’s silence! Gary is so steadily, consistently reserved because he is clinging desperately to a standard he has set for himself. Against all the pressure that has been brought to bear, to make him break down and conform to the shallow cinema code of conduct, he has battled resolutely.

"A man must live a man’s life!"

In a nutshell, this is Gary’s personal creed. It is precisely what he is doing, in and despite Hollywood.

He isn’t such an unfathomable mystery, when you discover he is reticent for a reason. In a complicated, artificial city, he remains just Gary: serenely unorthodox. The bowing to gaudy conventions blandly formulated by fantastic people, contributing to the chatter and gossip that eddies and flows—all this is something foreign to him. Deliberately, for his is a constant, gallant fight to preserve integrity as an individual.

He has grown from a bashful Montana youth into a man of the world. Cosmopolitan in tastes, informed on many things. Along the way he has dipped generously into all that life had to offer. He is no angel and there have been times when he was foolish. But he paid for his fun and errors himself, without whimpering, without exaggerating for the grandstand. He has wanted a full, masculine whirl. And that is what he has had.

Actually, he has been too busy meeting and thrilling to exciting realities to waste his time in protestations. When Hollywood writers have panned him for being "poor copy" he has said nothing. He does not choose to make a monkey of himself for anyone. When the movie colony expected him to forget his boyhood on the great ranges of his native state, to turn blasé, he disappointed it—quietly, by simply failing to understand why he should change into a theatrical figure.

And when he came up against love he was again silent. Gary has known hectic bliss and he has experienced a lover’s heartbreak. But never once has he ever let on. It wasn’t being heroic. To a mind like his it was all part of a man’s life.

Today he is still being pestered to parade. He should
play ball with the prying press: casually expose his innermost dreams, submit to ga-ga analyses. They declare, too, that he should play Hollywood's social game. He should spend money with carefree abandon.

In short, he should devote all his waking moments to pleasing those who have something to promote.

But there is, fortunately, a stubborn streak in Gary. He is engaged in a business that depends upon the good-will of millions of filmgoers. To them he has never been untrue. To them he is invariably thankful. In return, he insists only upon the privilege of following his credo. He thinks it is not too much to ask.

I talked to Gary very recently. He still leads with a pause. But he can open up when he wishes. At last he has conquered the terrific shyness which so long hedged him from his friends, kept him from aptly expressing his real thoughts to them.

Tall, incredibly lithe, his keen blue eyes are quizzical until he starts confiding. He told me that now his life seems to be running on a smooth keel. I listened to him speak unreservedly and I realized that if the chapters of his days were to be titled, as in an old-fashioned novel, today's would truly be headed "Content."

The first youthful miseries are over. Gary escaped none of the jars. He had to pit himself against a cruelly indifferent world and by process of experiment finally find his niche. Getting a break in pictures was no quick thing. Nothing from the crowd was no enmity. He found, though, that it was work he enjoyed. And so he stuck.

Securing his position as a favorite of the fans has been a process to difficult to attempt to trace. After all, his record of important characterizations can speak for itself. The most pertinent fact to Gary is that now, having achieved recognition, he is receiving some of the most interesting roles of the new season.

He would like to do a play on Broadway. Not on account of nostalgia for audience applause, because he has never been on the stage. But to profit by the experience he would gain.

You used to hear that he yearned to return to ranching in Montana. There was that early period when he believed he could never comprehend Hollywood, stave off its flashiness. But now he is permanently settled, although no less fond of the outdoors and vacationing close to nature.

Gary has definitely acquired a true zeal for the profession which has smiled upon him. In the beginning he merely walked through his assignments. It was all he could do then. He was green, abashed, untutored in acting technique.

Now time has made him skilled in his craft, though he asserts he has yet a great deal to master. But a script has stopped being a strange hazard. It is the formula for a drama which he must help bring alive, which is to be examined sagely for all the strong elements a good emotional screen story needs.

He is studying his parts with the same intensity stage veterans demonstrate, for he has a pride in doing a thing well. He is regularly cast with the finest actors and actresses and he respects them too highly to be slipshod. Success has sharpened his ambition.

But a man's life is not labor alone. It is incomplete, Gary maintained to me, without a woman and all she can bestow. Her sweetness, her companionship, and her tender sympathy.

That a man must sometimes search long for the perfect complement is a familiar truism. Gary is very human. More than once he fancied he had come upon his ideal and then, bewilderingly, she wasn't. But the gods are generally indulgent to the sincere. He ultimately met Veronica Balfe.

It was soon plain that she was the right woman, and all ideas of a career vanished from this Park Avenue débutante's pretty head when she saw that Gary was serious. Her brief fling at fame, under the adopted screen name of Sandra Shaw, has made her understanding of his obligations.

Their marriage has been remarkably happy. A spirited, adventurous man learns that love, precious as it is, must be guarded. (Continued on page 74)
STARS at their WORST

By Elizabeth Wilson

Give that debonair Bill Powell a deck of cards and be is at his very worst. Bill is the hysterical type when it comes to cards—but fun.

YES, INDEED, I am getting pretty tired of reading and writing stories in which Hollywood stars are shown at their best, "glamming" all over the place, eating with the right forks, saying the right things, and bowing and curtsying like a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. You can have them at their best—me, now, I'll take them at their worst. It's when the Glamor Girls and the Dream Princes, like tired lightning bugs, turn off the spark and go kul-lump on the nearest stump, that I like them best. The mascara may have run, the toupe may be askew, and the fine feathers and grand manners may be worn thin; but it's then that they are being human wretches, like you and me, and it's then I get a kick out of movie stars. That's right, the perverse type!

Of course, movie stars don't like to be caught without their glamor, and they simply get as mad as hops when their pictures appear in "Vanity Fair" sans make-up; but what they don't know is that we like them a lot better when we discover a few human frailties. A good clay foot never bothered me. Has it you?

Really, now. I never liked Claudette Colbert so much as the night I saw her reel out of the theatre after the preview of "Farewell to Arms"—her eyes and nose were red with crying, the mascara had run, and her lip rouge had spread quite dismally in one corner of her mouth. Dear me, she was quite a mess, and definitely at her worst. But she looked so divinely human that I never liked her better. Now don't ever let your Auntie Bess hear you calling Miss Colbert cold and beautiful again—

just you meet her outside the theatre after a Helen Hayes picture or play. Being the type who chokes and sobs and weeps gallons every time a child is taken away from its mother or a lovely girl enters a convent or a handsome lad dies on the battlefield, I certainly like to find a few of the Glamor Girls with similar reactions, don't you?

And speaking of that superb actress, Helen Hayes, I found Helen at her worst one day when she was driving me along Sunset Boulevard. It seems that Helen is more
Just for a welcome change, we give you close-ups of your cinema pets caught without their glamour

or less the precise kind of driver, obeys traffic signals, refuses to run over people, and has a great respect for cops, so there we were swinging down Sunset in a twenty-five mile zone at a mad twenty. For the last few minutes I had noticed that a man back of us was doing his best to pass and finally in sheer exasperation he practically drove up on Helen's tail-light and let out a blast on his horn that nearly scared me out of ten years' growth. But did Helen budge? She did not—she merely stuck her head out of the window, glared at the man, and deliberately thumbed her nose at him. It got me. I laughed for

hours. Thank heavens, Helen Hayes may be the greatest actress on the American stage today, but when it comes to insulting insulting drivers, she did just as I would do.

Now driving brings out the worst in Madge Evans, too. Madge has been driving ever since her legs were long enough to reach the brake, and she is a perfect driver, but a very fast driver, and she has no patience with people who drive recklessly. If Madge is driving at sixty and a guy cuts in on her going at seventy Madge will start muttering like a fishwife. Yes, she's the mutter type, and I bet you are, too. So cool and poised and lovely on the screen, and in her living room, and at the Trocadero,

Marlene Dietrich believes in bigger and better motors. So does Mae West. The battle for more streamlines and cylinders brings out the worst in both girls.

Madge is indeed one of the most charming of the Glamor Girls, but you just ought to ride with her in the five o'clock Wilshire Boulevard traffic some day. The things she has to say about her fellow drivers—my, my, I could never think up such accurate descriptions myself, and I am very good at that. But the high spot in Madge's driving career was the day she was scurrying along one of Hollywood's narrow streets and a big car cut into her from the left, just missing her by the breadth of an eyelash. Madge (Continued on page 91)

Cold and beautiful Colbert becomes a warm and human Claudette when she goes to a weepy movie.

Madge Evans, above, ceases to be a Glamor Girl when driving in traffic, but who can blame her? Gary Cooper, at the top of the page, loses that romantic look when he is caught snoozing.
"How does it feel to be the mother of the star who plays 'The Worst Women on the Screen'?" SCREENLAND asked Bette Davis' mother. Here is her frank answer, of special interest to all mothers and daughters:

PEOPLE always ask me on first meeting me: "How does it feel to be the mother of the star who plays the worst women in motion pictures?"

"Do you mind? Aren't you ever shocked to see your precious daughter whose every thought and word and need you have known ever since she was born, whose schools you chose with the greatest care and solicitude, whose friends and environment you picked under a microscope—playing the rôles of women of the underworld, or hard-boiled girls from mean surroundings and with the most sordid minds?"

"Are you ever chagrined or embarrassed—do you wonder how she ever acquired the ability to play a woman who would take her own husband's life? Are you disappointed, when there are so many much 'finer' rôles to be had that she could play so well, that she should be cast in stories like 'Of Human Bondage,' 'Bordertown,' and others that she has appeared in, in the last year or two?"

These are questions which I am always asked, because every one who knows anything about Bette's life knows that I have given all my thought and attention to the right bringing up of my two daughters, Bette, and her sister Barbara.

This is my answer to it all:

Unbelievable as it may seem, never since she began work in the theatrical world have I thought of Bette as mine! I have known since her first inclination for the theatre that her destiny was beyond my control. And it is strictly "hands off" for me as far as her work is concerned.

I do not mind what sort of part Bette plays, because I have enough confidence in her to know she will find in the character some human (Continued on page 82)