"I Do As I Darn Please" By—?

Silver Screen

November

Get A Signed Photograph Of Any Star

Dolores Del Rio
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.

LISTERINE QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

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"

C AN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? ... "How terrible" ... "How perfectly awful" ... And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be his reaction ... ‘Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum disorders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!"
Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in both will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.

Silver Screen for November 1935
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"

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!

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

JACK BENNY • ELEANOR POWELL • ROBERT TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD
SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBBEN
JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBBEN
HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
The Opening Chorus

A Letter from Liz

Dear Editor:—I have decided that Kentucky is my favorite state, I have never been there, but if you know of anybody who wants to give me the trip, it seems a nice idea. I am grateful to Kentucky, not because of the Derby and the mint julep, but because ofIrvin S. Cobb and Una Merkel. Both born in Kentucky and endowed with good Southern wit. I had the grand fortune to be invited to one of Mr. and Mrs. Cobb's famous Sunday luncheons, and the laughs began when Mr. Cobb, in his working smock and re-emerging a man carrying a rolled top desk (that's the description of himself), squealed down to mix the mint juleps, all the while explaining why he likes cocktails, and the laughs did not end until five hours later when he escorted his guests to their cars and remarked: "Before I came to Hollywood I always heard of the big luxurious automobiles you people drove out here. But every time the Cobbs give a party it looks like a second hand car sale."

I only have space to tell you one of Mr. Cobb's stories, which concerns our little Shirley Temple. Mr. Cobb was strolling around the Fox lot when Shirley called to him, "Come over and see my playhouse, Mr. Cobb. You can climb over the fence, but there is a gate." After he had inspected the playhouse Shirley took him to see her rabbits. (She started with two, but now there are eighteen.) "Would you like one?" Shirley asked, and poor Mr. Cobb agreed that he would. "White or black?" inquired Shirley. "The white ones are prettier but the black ones keep cleaner." "Dear me," said Mr. Cobb, "I just remembered, Shirley, that eighteen makes a set of rabbits, and I wouldn't want to break a set for you." "Oh, that's nothing," said Shirley, "I can get plenty more where these came from."

One of the grandest times I ever had was the afternoon that I went shopping with Una Merkel to buy her wardrobe for "Roll-Royce," the picture she is making with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. Shopping for a movie star's wardrobe might sound like a mad adventure in Mayfair, Chanel and Schiaparelli, but such was not the case. We drove down to the wrong side of the tracks in Los Angeles to the Famous Store, where a five dollar bill is still a lot of money. There Una bought an evening dress to wear to Jean's wedding for $1.98, shoes for $2, stockings for 10¢, and knowing the Merkel humor as you do you can just imagine what a swell time we had trying on things. But the laugh was on Us. When the dress was from behind the dressing room curtain in a seventy-nine cent street model four fans rushed up and said, "Miss Merkel, please give us an autograph." Una did, and then breaking a wry face said, "Wouldn't you just know they'd recognize me. When I brushed up they were glad to do it. Life, I always say, c'est la vie."

Una Merkel

Silver Screen

Editor: Eliot Keen
Western Editor: Elizabeth Wilson
Art Director: Frank J. Carroll

November 1935

Volume Six
Number One

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Great Asteria! Ed Sullivan

The Darlings Who Wait Julia Gwin

I Hope It Lasts! Ben Maddox

Binnie's A Bit of All Right Hal Hall

On a See-Through Bus Ruth Rankin

Just Big Babies Liza

DOLORES DEL RIO'S Fan Mail Arden Russell

I Do as I Darn Please! Elizabeth Wilson

Norman Foster, as a Grid Star Makes Good Helen Ludlam

Our Good Will Star Lenore Samuels

On Location with a Best Seller Jeanne de Koly

ART SECTION

Spring Night The First Screen Ballet

"No Can Do!" Conclusions Cannot Perform Miracles

The Irresistible Movie New Fascinations of the Screen

ACTORS ON HORSEBACK! The Westerns Are Coming

"Get White!" Loves in the New Picture

The Hollywood Swankie-Crackers Are at It Again! The Romance Pictures With Action

SUCCESS MEANS MORE WORK! The Popular Players Are Never Idle

SNOOP-SHOOTS! The Pictures Taken All over the Lot

"Oh! There You Are!" New and Then We Lose Sight of a Player

"Down the Old Sound Track" It Is Easy to Record Song

Another Contest For Signed And Framed Star Photographs

I HAVE LONG been waiting to air my views about my favorite," writes Alyce Jane Baird of Pembroke, Me.

"To me he is a concoction of Daniel Boone, Ivanhoe and Caruso. A Daniel Boone because he is delightfully American. An Ivanhoe because he appeared like a knight rescuing a damsel in distress. A Caruso because of his glorious baritone voice. You have my secret. His name is Nelson Eddy.

Now look in the upper left hand corner.

"Stars may come and stars may go - My favorite star is Jean Harlow!

"UNLIKE SOME movie fans, whose favorite screen stars change every few weeks, my favorite always remains the same. Although there are others I like very much, lovely Jean Harlow holds first place in my heart," writes Lena Mae Northam of Gibson, N. C.

"Through the ups and downs of her screen career I have stood by her in loyalty and devotion; rejoicing with her in her happiness and sympathizing with her in her sorrows. Best wishes to her and may she continue to star in more and better pictures for many years to come!"

Jean signed in blue ink so that it hardly shows.

"GOOD OLD Randy Scott! The first time I saw him, I longed to warble 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!' Continental accents and old-world manners became mere aspirin-invites in the face of that lovely American grin," writes Mae Ashworth of Mt. Vernon, Ind.

"He's something new in men. Don Juan with a sense of humor. A handsome man without a preen. A guy with parlor manners. The answer to a maiden's hysterics! If he doesn't develop into the greatest actor-charmer since Valentino, somebody's wrong-and I don't mean me!"

You get a nice picture.

"CLAUDETTE COLBERT is my favorite star, as she is so natural and sincere it is hard to believe she is acting," writes Ruth L. Menge of New Haven, Conn. "I think one of her best performances was the nightclub scene in 'The Gilded Lily,' when she tried to impress the guests that she had forgotten her lines. It was a difficult role yet acted so convincingly. She can play a light or serious part equally well.

"Regardless of the theme, Claudette Colbert's pictures are always very entertaining and never disappointing. Her charming personality is relied upon to make them a box office success." Claudette likes that "Gilded Lily" scene, too.

"I HAVE chosen Bing Crosby as my favorite star," writes Kathaleen Pears of Peoria, Ill. "I like him because he acts natural, as do real life people, and I am very fond of his voice. I think he is a wonderful crooner. He seems to me to be the ideal person that I always had in mind. He is quiet and does not seem to be too active and he apparently does not care for publicity, as most actors do. I think he is different, that is why I like him."

"To be a crooner and remain regular, that's something.

"CAROLE LOMBARD to me is sheer magic. She has shaped her career slowly, demonstrating an ability that is astonishing and a charm that is breathtaking," writes Emajbo Stagg of Tulsa, Okla. "With your beauty, poise, success, style by your loveliness, Carole, you're the Top!

The photo that she has signed and inscribed to you is being framed. Wait!

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in September have been notified by mail.

Read these CONDITIONS and enter THIS CONTEST

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star's name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight November 7, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of ties prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
A RECKLESS, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...

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.

SAMUEL GOLDSYN presents

BARBARY COAST

with

MIRIAM HOPKINS
EDW. G. ROBINSON
- JOEL M'CREA -

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS
Screenplay by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists

for November 1935
REVIEWS!

Tips On Pictures

Joan Crawford can make even a photo session seem intimate.

ALICE ADAMS—Excellent. Katharine Hepburn doing her finest characterization in Booth Tarkington's adaptation of the novel of a small-town family that runs into such pathetic difficulties when it tries to jump the social hurdle. (Fred Stone-Fred MacMurray.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Fine. All of us have a patriotic, sentimental streak broken away somewhere and this film brings it right out on the surface. So to the Navy! . . . in the glorious idea and the cast including Jack Cromwell, Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing.

ATLANTIC ADVENTURE—Fair. All about a newspaper reporter (Lloyd Nolan) whose love for Shirley Temple causes a series of melodramatic happenings on board an ocean liner.

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Amusing. The team of Laurel and Hardy choose the land of the heather and bluebells for their present film into comedy, and create plenty of laughter to the accompaniment of the bagpipes.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—Good. A new angle on burlesque performers. Now you'll learn that they are hard-working people when take their jobs pretty seriously, even as you and I. (Joe E. Brown, Patricia Ellis, Ann Dvorak.)

CAPTAIN OF THE WILD—Fair. The great open spaces of the Klondike lure our friend Clark Gable in this romantic Jack London novel, and we go out that we also meet Loreta Young, Jack Oakie & Reginald Owen emoting picturesquely in the wilds.

CAPPIES RICKS RETURNS—Good. Peter B. Kyne wrote this political yarn around his fictional hero "Cappy Ricks," played very capably by Robert McWade. (Florine McKinney-Ray Walker.)

CHINA SEAS—Good. When that grand he-man, Clark Gable, sails the China seas he's terrific! Don't miss him, girls. Especially with Jean Harlow and David Niven playing opposite him on his way. Men will like this rip-roaring drama of the sea also. (Lewis Stone-Wallace Beery.)

CRUSADES, THE—Excellent. One of those stupendous epics by Cecil DeMille which will prove as London is the setting, with Joan Crawford leading. Henry Wilcoxon as Richard, the Lady Helen, Louise Dresser as his wife, and Leo Smith equally as Saladin, the Saracen chief.

DEATH FROM A DISTANCE—Good. If you have ever been absorbed in scientific mystery stories, this film should appeal to you. Cast includes Lela Lanne, Russell Hopton and George Marion.

DIAMOND JIM—Good. Edward Arnold gives a remarkably clever impersonation of one of New York's most famous men-about-town at the turn of the century. Dinah Barrows as Lilian Russell, and Jean Archer as the girl he loves and looses.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Amusing. A small town band (Olivery Kelly, Frances Langford, Alice Faye, George Raffy), making a stab at big-time via the amateur radio hour. You'll catch this.

FIGHTING YOUTH—Fair. A football yarn with our old friend Charles Farrell as the gridiron hero. Can you imagine that? The campus background is diverting and the cast includes Janet Martel, Andy Devine.

FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Fair. This has the same key-note as the picture, "Seven Year's," even though the plot is totally dissimilar. London is the setting, and Charles Farrell as a soap-box speaker who almost be

Next Month A Special Feature!

How to GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A Shirley Temple PARTY!

Mrs. Temple is planning a Christmas party for Shirley. SILVER SCREEN for December, or Nov. 7th, will give the details of this party. Give your children a Shirley Temple party also.

to see him in his devastating role of a hen-pecked husband . . . and will howl with laughter when the worm turns, so to speak.

MANHATTAN BUTTERFLY—Tone Fair. A night-club melodrama, with its attendant in sartorial and dramatic games, Dorothy Granger, Dorothy Burgess, Kenneth Thomson.

MURDER BY TELEVISION—Fair. Bella Lugosi is cast as an investor in this recent mystery film, which deals with his murder, and June Collyer is the romantic interest.

MURDERS AND YOU—Good. As the owner of a fashionable flower shop Jean Muir is the recipient of many of her customers' intimate confidences and with her congress of murders into a compromising position. (John Boles.)

REDHEDS ON PARADE—Fair. A musical with the somewhat familiar back-stage plot, with John Boles and Dixie Lee Lorrin (Mrs. Bing Crosby) in the leading roles.

RETURN OF PETER GRIFFIN—Interesting. Those of you who like gentle philosophical tales with a hint of the supernatural will relish this adaptation of a very well known play. (Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Fair. ZaSu Pitts as the country waitress who achieves notoriety through a spectacular robbery and is catapulted into the world of big doings. (Hugh O'Connell, Lucille Bremer.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Fine. This has some of the keen sparkle and gayety that we enjoyed in "It Happened One Night." Timeless is the phrase to describe this one. (Melyn Douglass) and his whole family as well.

SPECIAL AGENT—Fair. Another melodrama dealing with the G-Men situation. This one has its full share of hair-raising situations as well as a romantic triangular situation that stars Bette Davis, Dick Cortez and George Brent.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fine. This is one of those two pictures left as a Greta Garbo and Jean Blondie, philosophers and actor—Wlll Rogers. It is a story of the Mississippi, during the '90s. You should miss it.

STORM OVER THE ANDES—Good. Wilt Jack Holt playing a romantic soldier of fortune who casts his lot with the Bolivian forces in a recent war, you'll find plenty of red-blood melodramatic action in this. (Antonio Moreno, Mona Barrie.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Good. An effective story of a tragic love in England, with such excellent performers as Gregory Ratoff, John Loder, Katharine Sargent and Richard Bennett in main roles.

TWO SINNERS—Good. All you sentimentals who like to curl up on a divan with a romantic novel will get plenty of satisfaction out of this film which is replete with heart throbs. (Otto Kruger, Martha Scott, Cornelia Otis, Hedy Lamarr.)

WAY DOWN EAST—Fine. Once done at a silent with Lilian Gish and Lowell Sherman, this melodrama of New England will thrill you again today in its somewhat modernized talking version. (Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda, Mary Astor.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Fair. With Hugh Herbert as an absent-minded attorney employing two such comedy process servers as the Walden Tellers and George Mbadu, you're in for a lot of laughs with this one.

8

SILVER SCREEN
“So Red the Rose!”
The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman’s Tears


for November 1935
TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLING ... at our expense!

"Read how Miss Joan Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!"

"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."

"They actually plowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial..."

"...and in 10 days, by actual measure, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds."

We want YOU to test the Perfolastic 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 slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS ... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, discomforting fat with every movement...stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 7511, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ________ State ____________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

---

Last Chance To Vote In The SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal Contest

Who Is The Most Popular Player? (Either Man Or Woman)

Fill out the coupon below with the name of the star who is your favorite, and help to award the Silver Screen Gold Medal for the Most Popular Player. This is your last opportunity to vote, for this Gold Medal Contest will end on November 7, 1935.

Ruby Keeler. Her popularity is increasing.

Norma Shearer. Although she has been out of pictures, she retains her popularity.

Help To Select The Most Popular Player

Fill Out This Ballot. The Player Receiving The Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.

THE FIRST TWENTY NAMES IN THE VOTING AT THE END OF THE FIRST MONTH.

These Names Are Arranged Alphabetically and Not According To Their Votes.

Charles Boyer Ruby Keeler
James Cagney Myrna Loy
Claudette Colbert Jeanette MacDonald
Gary Cooper Fredric March
Jean Crawford Robert Montgomery
Bing Crosby Dick Powell
Nelson Eddy William Powell
Clark Gable Ginger Rogers
Greta Garbo Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow Shirley Temple

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

SILVER SCREEN
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. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.
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, young, 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 satin-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.

Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Mail for "HOLLYWOOD" Makeup

To: Max Factor, Hollywood

Max Factor, Inc., 7021 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California

Mr. Max Factor, Hollywood

I am giving this coupon at your store, at one of my favorite stores, as you know.

I am trying your products and would like to try your Powder Rouge and Lipstick in the color harmony shades you suggest.

Thank you for your trouble.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

[Address]

[Date]
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

for November 1935
Around And About The Studios And Lots Where The Stars Earn Their Orchids.

By S. R. Mook

At Paramount

T

He department this month, for those of you who are interested, will consist largely of doings at this studio and R-K-O as they seem to be the only ones where there is anything going on.

First crack out of the box over here we run into The Wonder Boy again—Joe Morrison. This time Joe is in a story of the CCC camps called “It’s a Great Life.” And guess who wrote it? None other than Arthur Lake who used to be a star at Universal and who played in “Harold Teen” as a silent picture.

Well, Joe, as I told you, is a worker in the CCC Camp where he meets Paul Kelly. He takes Paul home on a visit and Paul promptly falls in love with Joe’s girl, Rosalind Keith.

This morning Joe is sitting in his tent jealously looking at a letter for Paul from Rosalind. Paul, knowing nothing about the letter, Joe’s feeling for Rosalind or anything else, comes whistling in.

“Hello, Johnny,” he says cheerily.

No answer from Joe.

“I said ‘Hello,’” says Paul crossing the tent and giving Joe’s head an affectionate push.

“Letter for you,” says Joe curtly, jerking his head away from Paul.

“How, do you suppose you’re going to write to me, Paul?” wonders.

“Mary!” Joe snaps.

“Why so it is,” Paul beams, opening the letter and glancing hurriedly through it.

“She sends you her best.”

“Oh, she does, does she?” Joe snaps.

“Well, ain’t that swell of her?”

“Say, what is all this?” Paul asks, seeing that something is wrong.

“I suppose you don’t know,” Joe sneers.

“I suppose you can’t remember a thing about cutting me out.”

“I never cut you out,” Paul retorts.

“No?” Joe sneers some more. “I suppose she wasn’t my girl? Well, I guess I had it coming to me. That’s what you get for taking a hobo into your home.”

“Now you listen to me,” Kelly breaks in, stillfening a little at Joe’s insult. “Mary told me herself there was nothing between you two.”

“You’re a liar,” Joe bursts out, socking Paul on the chin.

“That’ll be all,” says the director. Well, I should think so!

“Hello, stranger,” says Joe when the scene is over. “You should have been up on location with us.”

I express my regrets—very politely—and proceed to the next set. This one is called “Hands Across the Table.” It was written by the famous Dorothy Parker and her husband, the infamous Alan Campbell, who is quite a hit in his own right—or should I say “in his own way.”

In addition to this, the star of the picture is none other than that ravishing beauty and scintillating wit, Miss Carole Lombard.

“Hi, Toots,” says The Wit as I make my entrance.

“Hello, Carole,” I call as I see The Wit in the studio couch and the window.

Carole rushes in with a bottle of iodine, kneels down beside him and starts dabbing furiously at his arm.

“Are you hurt?” she asks.

“Hurt, sirie?” Fred retorts, “I’m dead!”

“You poor thing.” Carole mock.

“Oooh! Ouch!” Fred yells as the iodine begins to penetrate.


“What in the world happened?”

“I fell off the cot,” Fred admits ruefully.

“You did?” Carole gasps.

“I fall off every night,” Fred begins in an aggrieved tone, “only you sleep like a sailor and never hear me.”

“Do you dream?” she demands.

Here is love in war time—and cruel Fate. Josephine Hutchinson and Helen Westley weave their magic for “The Melody Lingers On.”

“Where the devil have you been? Bing and Dixie were over for dinner one night last week and I phoned you to come but you were out of town. Boy, howdy, did they get high and did we have fun. You know, ‘Was I drunk and was he handsome and did my ma give me hell.’ ”

“Miss Lombard,” Mitchell Leisen, the director interrupts, “if you don’t mind, I’d like to make a take.”

“Take it,” Carole begins, “and—”

“Places, please,” calls Mr. Leisen hurriedly.

Well, people, I’m telling you, if I haven’t had a time of it on this set. I have a still picture made and get all the dialogue for my yarn and then Mr. Hays won’t OK the still picture because Mr. Fred MacMurray is in his shorts. I have to stick around until they finish that scene and get on to the next one.

Nobody’ll tell me the plot of this picture, except that Carole is a manicurist and Fred is a sort of high class gigolo. Something’s happened because he’s spending the night in her apartment. When the scene opens (the one I’m allowed to report) he’s lying on the floor between a

“No!”

“You should,” she informs him. “You’d meet a better class of people.”

There’s a little more to the scene but

[Continued on page 16]
"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"

Romance comes
to the girl who guards
against COSMETIC SKIN

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins
romance—and keeps it. So
how foolish it is to let unattrac-
tive 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 thor-
oughly. Its ACTIVE lather goes
deep into the pores, gently re-
moves every trace of dust, dirt,
stale cosmetics. Use all the cos-
metics 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

for November 1935
How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—safely!

Blondes, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoo which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 3 shades lighter with Blondex—safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that stains your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair—makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in all good drug and department stores.

LUSTROUS COLOR!

FLIGHT presents a superlative lipstick of unsurpassed intensity—lustrous, bitter, sorely needed. A new enamel base which banishes forever all danger of dryness and irritation. You would expect to pay three times as much for the protection that only Flight can give.

A worthy companion to this unequalled lipstick is the Flight rouge compact—which can only be fully appreciated by being tried. Like the lipstick, it comes in all popular shades.

These, and over a score of other beauty requisites bearing the Flight mark, are sold by thousands of good dealers everywhere—and all at the sensational price of 5c.

STUDIO NEWS [Continued from page 14]


The set is a game room. I can tell because there are yaks' heads all over the wall, and a fireplace with a pair of elephant's hoofs on the mantel, and a wild boar's head and goodness only knows how many other trinkets are scattered around and about. Yep, there's no doubt it's a game room—or trophy room, if you prefer.

What a game room has to do with fighters I leave it to you, my public, to guess. Harold is a milkman and he gets into an argument with William Gargan and his trainer, Lionel Stander, Gargan being the middleweight champion. (If Mr. Baer played the part, he'd have been a heavyweight champion, of course, but don't let that mar your pleasure).

There's some sort of reception and it comes out that Harold doesn't know a thing about fighting. Only, when he was puny the kids in his block picked on him so he learned to duck and that's the secret of his success. It's a knee action duck, if you know what I mean—and I think you do.

At this point of the story he is explaining this duck (Joe Penner has a duck, too, but they're not the same) to Marjorie Gateson. Marge is all done up in a black evening gown which is exactly the costume I'd have picked for a red-headed woman to wear when learning about ducks.

"Of course," Harold brags, demonstrating his duck. "When I got this one, then the kids in my block didn't have a chance."

"How interesting?" Miss Gateson coos.

"Like it, huh?" Harold beams. "I thought you would. You see, it's all in here," demonstrating once more. And be playfully aims a haymaker at Miss Gateson.

"I believe I could—" she laughs, making an attempt at his duck.

"Believe?" Harold echoes delightedly.

"Why, you did it!"

"Really?" exclaims Marge, doing it again. Well, audience, let me tell you they are just carrying on scandalously, flailing and ducking, right and left when Harold gets the idea her duck could be improved. "You see," he explains, dropping to the floor and grabbing her around the knees, "you got to loosen up in here."

And, of course, it would have to be that time that Dorothy Wilson chooses to enter the room. You can well imagine that Miss Gateson is quite put out at being caught taking boxing lessons and having a comparative stranger monkeying with her knees, even though it's all perfectly innocent. "How do you do?" she says haughtily to Dorothy as she straightens up, runs her hand over her hair in a dainty manner and sails out of the room. Her grande dame manner doesn't quite come off, though, because just as she reaches the door, Charlie Lane is coming in. A collision seems inevitable but Marge goes into her duck and escapes unharmed. But anyone can tell you she can't go around indulging in double-action knee ducks and be a grande dame at the same time.

This is apt to go on for hours—this recitative, I mean—but I can't help it. It's my job and I'll do it if I have a sunstroke.

Next, we have another fight picture. This one is called "Two Fisted" and it boasts the presence of Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns, Gail Patrick and Florence Lake. Florence is another of the fast growing army of girls in California who could have had me but who let me slip through their fingers. She's married now and has a baby and it serves her right.

Whimsey is evidently creeping into this one because there's a living room—and is it
At some time in your life you have seen "The Virginia Judge" with Walter C. Kelly. Now it is on the screen and he is assisted by Willard Robertson.

elegant—and right in the middle of the living room a prize ring has been roped off, exactly the way it was at a party the Countess di Frasso gave out here. Mr. Karns, who is one of the few comedians I like, is a fighter. Mr. Tracy is his manager.

"The guy's tough and he's got a style," Lee admonishes Roscoe. "Keep away from him as much as you can in the first round and I'll solve him."

"Salve him?" Roscoe queries.

"I said I'll solve him," Lee cracks.

This is a comedy—we hope. If it is, it will probably be all right. Drama is not Mr. Tracy's forte—at least, as far as I'm concerned, although he assures me that as soon as this picture is finished he's heading for New York to play the lead in a tragedy. Phillip Barry wrote. Mr. Barry you will recall as the author of the unforgettable "You and I."

Before we leave this set, I want to caution you to pay particular attention to Gail Patrick when you see the picture. Gail is one of the real beauties of the screen—and one of the most intelligent girls gracing pictures. She has never looked lovelier than she does these days.

So, having put in my plug for Gail, we'll proceed to "Virginia Judge" featuring Walter Kelly who played a skit called "The Virginia Judge" up and down and across these broad United States just as long as there was a vaudeville theatre for him to play in. Now that there are no more vaudeville theatres, he's bringing it to the screen and let us hope it will then be laid away in lavender and lace.

I don't know what the plot is but the set is the midway of a carnival. The Hawaiian

[Continued on page 74]

"STUNNING" until he saw her UGLY SKIN

millions use medicated cream to promote rapid healing

...to relieve irritation and reduce pores

You can dress smartly—you can have lovely features—but if your skin is marred by large pores, blackheads or pimples, much of your charm is lost.

Today, millions of women use a famous medicated cream as an aid to quick healing—so improve their complexion by eliminating blackheads and reducing enlarged pores. That cream is Noxzema Skin Cream.

Prescribed by doctors

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors to relieve itching eczema, and for burns, scalds, chafing and other skin irritations. Today over 12,000,000 jars are used throughout the United States, in Canada and other countries.

If your skin is rough and chapped—if you have large pores or blackheads—if you have pimples resulting from dust, face powder or other external causes—then by all means get a small inexpensive jar of Noxzema. Use it and see how wonderful it is.

Noxzema is not a salve—but a dainty, snow-white, medicated vanishing cream. It's so soothing, clean and easy to use.

How to use: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Use Noxzema until skin condition is entirely relieved.

Special trial offer

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 811, Baltimore, Md.
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 accoutrements 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.

Listerine Tooth Paste

Silver Screen
PEOPLE are never satisfied in this world, and I suppose there is nothing to be done about it. Recently I was dining with Paul and Daisy Lukas and they happened to mention my office. "You see, Daisy," said Paul mournfully, "even she has an office. Is your name on the door?" she asked me in great concern. "Yes," I admitted. Paul immediately became emersed in a great Hungarian gloom. "All my life I have wanted an office of my own," said Paul, "ever since I was a little kid in Budapest I have wanted an office with my name on the door. And now I suppose I shall never have one." And this from a man who has had his name in big electric bulbs on every marquee in the world.

MARY ASTOR has been seen dining at the Brown Derby quite a few times lately with George S. Kaufman, the famous playwright, and co-author of "Once in a Lifetime." Mr. Kaufman, like the rest of Broadway, has finally moved into Hollywood bag and baggage, and is now busy writing witty things for your favorite stars to say on the screen. His funniest remark to date was made a few weeks ago about a famous breach of promise suit. "If I ever wrote a letter to a chorus girl," said Mr. Kaufman, "I would address it: Dear Tootsy Woosy and Gentlemen of the Jury."-

MAE WEST is going night clubbing again, a little sport she refrained from for a long time, and her most frequent escort is the dark and handsome Jack LaRue. Jack was Mae's leading man on Broadway for a number of years, so it isn't a new conquest.

WHEN it comes to tact there is no one who can beat Shirley Temple. You grow-ups could certainly take lessons from little Miss Temple in the art of being a hostess. Shirley has invited the Los Angeles Press to a luncheon at the Fox studio shortly after her return from her vacation in Honolulu—and of course one of the reporters proceeded to turn over his glass of water. "Oh, don't mind that," Shirley said to the blushing young man, "see, I just spilled my soup on the tablecloth." The perfect hostess.

And later when Shirley wanted to tell an amusing story about some Chinese she had met in Honolulu, she stopped in the midst of the story and asked the writer sitting next to her, "Are there any Chinese men here?" Perhaps Mrs. Temple should take a bow, too.

SHIRLEY was telling us of all the presents she had received in Hawaii, including a doll, given her by the Japanese there, which is as big as a human being. The Temples are going to have to move again soon.

OH-IT'S-ONLY-HOLLYWOOD department: On "The Milky Way" set at Paramount the other day (this is Harold Lloyd's latest picture) I saw them bleaching a horse to the proper shade of blonde. The other horses will probably call her Harlow now. And over on the "Thanks a Million" set at Fox they've got a stand-in for Rubinoff's Stradivarius.

PAUL CAVANAGH is being razzed by Miriam Hopkins and the rest of the cast of "Splendor" because in an unthinking moment the "actor" came out in him. In one of the scenes of "Splendor," Sam Goldwyn's newest starring picture for Miriam, Paul is supposed to be lounging around in his richly furnished apartment when Miriam drops in to see him. For various reasons, the censors no doubt, the apartment scene was cut out and Miriam was requested to drop up on Paul at the Automat. When Mr. Cavanagh visited at the studio the next morning and was informed of the change of plans, he exclaimed in disgust: "Then I can't wear my handsome dressing gown."

A VERY thrilling romance is that of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Gene and Jeanette have been cutting capers in all the nice dance places lately—oh very nice capers to be sure. And just recently Jeanette cut Gene's cake for him at a birthday party given for Gene in the Florentine Room of the Beverly Wilshire. She also presented him with a silver cup because he was the best dancer on the floor.

WHEN the studio found out that Frank Morgan was once a choir boy they had him sing a song in "The Perfect Gentleman."

AND they'll have you believe that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will get married any minute. However, Mary is awfully busy right now forming the new Pickford-Lasky company, which will produce five pictures a year on the old United Artists lot.

THERE'S one thing about Hollywood that always gets me. Hollywood never forgets the old-timers. At the preview of "She Married Her Boss" Clara Kimball Young received more applause on her first entrance than did anyone in the picture, with the exception of course of the stars, Glaudee, Colbert. And a few weeks ago Carole Lombard was instrumental in getting Marie Prevost a part in her new picture, "Hands Across the Table." Unfortunately a few days before the preview of that picture, she retired."

NEW NAMES FOR THE LATEST PICTURES

"Music Is Magic" (Alice Faye) formerly "Ball of Fire"
"Paddy O'Day" (Jane Withers) formerly "The Immigrant"
"Personal Maid's Secret" (Margaret Lindsay) formerly "Living Up to Lizzie"
"I'm a Great Life" (Joe Morrison) formerly "From Little Acorns"
"She Couldn't Take It" (George Raft) formerly "Rich Man's Daughter"
"Guard That Girl" (Florence Rice) formerly "Bodyguard"
"The Public Menace" (Jean Arthur) formerly "The Fugitive"

"The Dark Angel" introduced Fredric March in the old Ronald Colman part, and a new and beautiful star, Merle Oberon. She is delightful.

"The Lady and the Pilgrim" introduced writing and directing talents of Mrs. Louis B. Mayer. It is an old-time western, well made by all the old-timers in the business and it is a fine vehicle for Virginia Grey, who is playing the romantic interest of the story.

"The Awful Truth" is a comedy about a divorce and is a typical example of the kind of comedy that is being produced these days, full of wit and animation. It is the story of a divorce in which one of the parties is taken by a down-to earth country doctor, who is a complete romantic and finds it hard to go through with his divorce.

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The GREAT

By Ed Sullivan

"I THOUGHT they were kidding me when they told me I was a success in 'Flying Down to Rio,'" said Fred Astaire. "I'd actually run away to England to forget all about my experiment with pictures. I'd seen the rushes on the 'Carrioca' before I'd left the Coast, and begged Pandro Berman at R-K-O to release me from my R-K-O contract, or make me part of the picture all over again. When he refused to take my scenes over again, I felt pretty badly about it."

"Not that my flop was unexpected on my part. From the first day, I figured that I didn't have the looks to click on the screen. I'm not exactly the heroic type. But when I saw the rushes of 'Flying Down to Rio,' I knew that it was worse than I'd expected. My dancing, upon which I'd counted so heavily to counter-balance my lack of sex appeal, was cracked cruel to my eyes. I was positively awkward. So when Pandro refused to re-take my scenes, I packed up and left for England, and I left no forwarding address. I went in Astaire himself, while conscious of his newfound movie prestige, is still dazed by it. I'm jotting Astaire's own statement down, not to make him out to be a shy sap, but rather to draw a picture of the most completely modest guy in the flicker industry. He was the same fine person on Broadway, He's not putting on an act.

The reason that his screen success went to Astaire's feet, rather than to his head, is that when it arrived, he was prepared for it. Here was no fledgling suddenly elevated to the spotlight. From July 1, 1933, Fred Astaire tasted all of the fruits of success which Broadway can offer a performer. Brilliant "first night" audiences had thundered their ovations at the New Amsterdam Theatre and the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Jock Whitney, Bob Benchley, Bert Taylor and other men about town were nightly visitors to his dressing room. Smash hit musical successes on Broadway were old stories to him. "Band Wagon," at the New Amsterdam, ran from June 3, 1931, to Jan. 16, 1932, to capacity business. "Gay Divorce," as a stage musical, ran from Nov., 1932, to July, 1933.

After a performer has smash-clicked on Broadway, there is not much left in the way of public acclaim that can in-

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat" add another victory to their string.

Fred proves again that a great stage success is a sure bet on the screen.

and said good-bye to the crowd, thanked all of them for being nice to me, expressed my regret at failing to make the grade, and then took my last look at Hollywood and its studios."

I'd jockeyed Astaire into a secluded corner of the Central Park Casino for an interview, but I hadn't expected this from him: "When you left Hollywood then, Fred, you thought you were all washed up?" Astaire nodded. "I didn't think I was washed up. I KNEW I was licked, beaten. I never thought I'd see the Coast again, and while I felt badly about dropping, naturally, it was as if a tremendous weight had been taken off my mind. I'd always wanted to take a flyer at pictures and never would have been content if I hadn't had the chance. So when I saw myself on the screen and believed I'd failed, at least I had the satisfaction of having tried it."

Today Fred Astaire is one of the five big names in pictures. His "Top Hat" is rolling up record grosses all over the country. His "Robert" smashed box-office marks in every section of the world. And

Gold dust, Astaire, darling of Broadway and London, intimate with the "400," was dazed by his screen success but not overwhelmed by it. He took it in stride. To him it was another variation of the show business in which he had been schooled during the split-weeks of vaudeville, when he and his dancing sister, the former Adele Astaire, came out of Omaha, Neb., with two sets of dancing shoes, high ambition and a natural sense of rhythm.

Silver Screen
Fifteen years ago, you could have found them hoofing through the Poli circuit of New England, a No. 2 act that occasionally played on the same bills with Joe E. Brown, then in a juggling act, or Walter Huston, then a song-and-dance man. It was at the Poli house in Bridgeport, Conn., that Fred, one night, achieved the distinction that every vaudeville performer dreams of—he stopped the show cold.

With all the superstitions picked up in vaudeville at his command, Fred investigated the reason for this terrific success. Methodically he ran- sacked his memory. The orchestra leader had played the same music. He had used the same costume, the same dancing shoes, parted his hair the same way, used the same brand of makeup, worn the same tie he had worn dozens of times before.

Then the superstitious reason for his show-stopping feat occurred to him. That afternoon, he had bought a new plaid dressing robe in a Bridgeport store. It seemed silly to you who are not in show business to believe that any performer would accept this superstition as a legitimate belief. Yet, to this day, Fred Astaire has the plaid dressing down. On the opening night of every Broadway show in which he appeared, Astaire wrapped his plaid robe around him. And when he went to Hollywood, the plaid robe went with him.

The plaid dressing robe always occupied a conspicuous spot in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam when I used to visit him during the run of "Band Wagon." I'd just started to write a Broadway column, after years of sports writing, and Astaire had the habit of inviting me in show business. The story of his plaid dressing robe was one of the first I ever wrote when I turned to Broadway.

I have a very clear picture of that dressing room. There was a curtain dividing it, and behind the curtain he'd retire to make his changes. He had a genial col- ored valet whose function it was to mix highballs for the visitors. Fred himself confined himself to a pint of cold milk after each performance, believing, with Gene Tunney, another milk addict, that it was the best stimulant after laboring.

Generally, the mirrors of his dressing table were crowded with cables from Eng- land. At the time, he had a racing stable in England and the cables informed him daily how his high-priced mares were behaving. His pet horse was named "Nick the Greek," after the famous gambler. Astaire was vastly excited one night to spot the real Nick the Greek in the New Amsterdam audience. A floor below, his sister, Adele Astaire, was quartered, and a floor above him was the dressing room of Frank Morgan, who was also to click in pictures.

It was during the run of that show that Fred and Adele made a one-night appearance on the Rudy Vallée hour and Adele's singing did not impress me. I wrote a line to that effect in the following day's paper. A few nights later and his remark was typical: "Gee, Ed, if you ever take a rap at us, direct it at me, instead of Adele, will you?" Yet I always felt that he was the greater performer of the two, perhaps because I knew him and liked him immensely. I don't want to hurt him again, but it was a happy coincidence that Adele's marriage to Lord Cavendish cleared the path for him to step out on his own. He proved this in his first show, when he took Claire Luce as a dancing partner and electrified the town with a new routine that found them hopping on chairs and tables in tempo.

Not only is he a great dancer but, as he proved with Miss Luce, and later with Ginger Rogers, Astaire has the ability to "make" any dancer who worked with him. Instead of stealing the spotlight from them by his own brilliance astound, Astaire actually displays his partners at their best. He made Ginger Rogers appear as accomplished as any of the professionals—Renee De Marco, Yolanda or Rosita.

However, to his sister, Adele, always was Tops. He writes voluminous letters to her in England, telling her in detail every new step he works out and diagramming dance routines which he will use in his next picture. Adele, in return, sends him ideas for steps, sends him minute criticisms of each picture she sees in London and, despite the width of the Atlantic, continues the partnership they launched when they left Omaha years ago. The same nice loyalty to his sister is exceeded by his devotion to his very lovely wife, the former Phyllis Potter. He goes no place without her, and no matter how far apart they may be separated at a dinner table, their eyes continually seek each other out.

Broadway did not believe that Astaire would click in Hollywood, for a curious reason. We had no fear that his dancing would be deficient, for he always could dance. We had no fear that he would fete the Coast with temperamental tantrums, because he was never prima-donnish, if I may coin a word. But on the screen, Astaire always was a "class" attraction. He was never a "popular" success in the sense that an Eddie Cantor or a Jolson were popular successes. The bulk of trade at an Astaire show was the so-called carriage trade, the aristocrats and their daughters, the debutantes.

So when he went to the Coast, shrewd showmen reasoned that he would have only a "limited" appeal. They figured that the top girls and the stenographers would reject [Continued on page 74]
The DARLINGS
By Julia Gwin

Gail Patrick, before entering pictures, had many experiences, but never a failure.

There, little starlet, don't you cry.
You'll be a Garbo and bye.
Shakespeare said that the quality of mercy is not strained. This can hardly be said of the quality of waiting. Often—indeed, too often in the merry whirl of cinematic endeavor, it is strained to the breaking point—and then some.

Ask any of the lovely would-be-stars of the screen about this waiting business and watch the various reactions. Into eyes, that perhaps were laughing, sprang real despair which has long nurtured a forlorn hope—though, even to themselves, they won't admit it. Others draw their too perfect mouths into a hard line of determination, while still others wince knowingly and sing out as though letting you in on a deep, dark secret:

"Just you wait and you will see.
The next Joan Crawford look like me." They are mostly the newcomers on whose lips the small taste of fame is like honey. But all of them have a courage and a faith that is amazing. A look-see at some of these potential stars of tomorrow is about as interesting as anything you are likely to do for the next couple of months, and reveals a number of unique facts. Some of them you've heard a lot about; some are so new to the screen that both name and face are still strange . . . all of them will bear watching for they have that intangible something which may burst into headlines and stardom any day.

The only 100% Hollywood product of all the likely suspects in this round-up is the lovely Gloria Stuart. Gloria had an auspicious start in pictures two years ago, with two studios fighting for her services.

Grace Bradley is in the swim at the Paramount Studio and getting some place, too.

Frances Drake, a charming little dancer, has qualified in important acting parts.

Toby Wing, the college boys' delight, is on the threshold.

Betty Grable has been well-known since she danced in "The Gay Divorcee."

Valerie Hobson can await the decision of Fate quite calmly if beauty counts.

Marsha Hunt has reached Hollywood and won a contract. You will see her in "The Virginia Judge."

She has real beauty, of a blonde fragility, and a voice like soft bells at twilight. But, somehow, Gloria hasn't come through as it was expected she would. Like the same soft bells her work lacked depth. It was a little too sweet. In June Gloria became the mother of a wee girl. This may prove the long awaited experience that will breathe life into the characters she portrays and place her at last in the corridors of fame.

Winifred Shaw is another California girl who has recently come to pictures. She was born in San Francisco of English-Irish-Hawaiian ancestry, which may account for her half languorous, half reserved individual charm. Winifred sang big songs of the song "Why Was I Born" in "Sweet Adeline," with a sobbing note in her voice that even Helen Morgan might envy. In "Goldiggers of Broadway" with such a smashing vogue that she had everybody from Maine to California singing, whistling or humming the melody the night after the opening. Winifred had already carved a career for herself on Broadway before she went into pictures, she wasn't Hollywood-discovered by any means, but you can expect most anything of this girl.

The south seems to have something of an edge on the rest of the country for sending winners to both the stage and the screen. In the present lineup we find Lois Lindsey, Gail Patrick, Toby Wing, Kitty Carlisle, Gertrude Michael, Rosalind Keith and Betty Grable . . . blondes, brunettes and redheads, each one endowed with wit, talent, and beauty, darlings who are perched expectantly on various rungs of...
WHO WAIT

the ladder of glory waiting, patiently wait-
ing. Down in New Orleans they are watch-
ing with understandable pride the progress of Kitty Carlisle and Lois Lindsey. Kitty went abroad with her mother when she was eight years old after the death of her father, prominent physician. All her early training equipped her for a social life but Kitty grew tired of this and started studying voice. In June parts for her, with possible stardom just around the bend in the road. Rosalind Keith, from the "show-
me" state, has certainly been show-
ing Hollywood a new brand of vivacity. She descended on the town, all done up in her own particular idea of glamour, in April and a month later she had signed a contract and was working in "The Glass Key." You'll recall her as the girl George Raft loved. She is eighteen and has been on the stage thirteen years. Another blonde Missouri girl is Betty Grable. She went to Hollywood as a child. She broke into pictures via the Fox dancing chorus. Later she played the lead in a Roger-Woodsey comedy and made in-
numerable shorts. She followed this with a tour in Ted Fio Rita's orchestra. Re-
member her "Let's Knock Knees" number in "The Gay Divorcee"? Ginger had bet-
ter keep on her toes, for Betty's ambition is to dance with Fred Astaire—and she probably will.

One of 1932, completely unknown in her own country to which she had returned, she won the lead by competitive tests in a condensed revival of Rio Rita. A little more than a year later she scored a tremendous per-
sonal success in the leading rôle of "Cham-
pagne Sec" and the following month, November, 1933, less than a year and a half after she sang her first rôle, she signed a film contract. No one who saw her in "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart" will ever forget the simple beauty of her acting or the ease and richness with which she sang. With such a record we may expect to see her name written along with the brightest stars of Hollywood very soon.

Little Lois Lindsey is still a novice at the acting game. She is hardly out of her teens yet, blonde, slim and lovely, with dancing feet that have so far won her everything she has gone after. She went to Hollywood from Gulfport, Mississippi, where she had lived most of her life, to attend the University of Southern Cali-
ifornia. Instead, she started teaching dance-
ing to children. She lived in Culver City and Shirley Temper was one of her pupils. Lois' first picture work was as a little Berkeley girl in "Footlight Parade." Since then she has had lots of bits and now it's the best the screen can give her, and soon her dreams with be sprinkled with silver dust and snow and clouds as she hangs her name on the edge of the screen. Martina Virginia Wing, Toby to you, is the daughter of Major Paul Wing, U.S.A., retired. Martina, Virginia, of old southern stock (her grandfather fought with "Stonewall" Jackson) the exigencies of her father's profession carried her all over the United States, eight years ago they moved to Hollywood. Toby played a lot of children's parts, but they didn't count, before her first real job in "The Kid From Spain" in which she was adjudged the "most beautiful chorus girl in Hollywood." But the thing which first attracted everyone's attention to Toby Wing was "34th Street," in which she was featured as a dancer in a number with Dick Powell. Toby has since played many such parts. She is little from head to foot, and blonde; a swell little dancer and a good little actress but Toby is still waiting for tomorrow to bring her today's prominence. Association with Dick Powell seems to have helped more than one girl. He was so impressed with the youthful blue-eyed, auburn-haired personality of Martha Mer-
ril that he picked her from the Berkeley chorus as the girl most likely to "go places" in pictures. The studio gave her a chance in a two reel trailer with Powell to advertise the new "Goldigger" picture. She did so well that the grooming for parts began. She's had one picture already and you'll see her next with Dick in "Ship-
mates Forever.

Another Berlin dancer, who has shaken the dust of the ballroom off her dancing shoes for more meaty parts, is June Travis, daughter of Vice-President Gabiner of the Chicago White Sox. And a particularly interesting discovery, who has only been in Hollywood since July 17th, is Lyn Acker, or Katherine Linaker, as she is known to her friends back in Norwalk, Connecticut. She had several studios running around in circles before she signed on the dotted line, so promising had she appeared in two tiny Broadway parts last year though both the shows were failures. Then there is Luise Rainer. Her own company wasn't greatly excited when she arrived in New York from her native Ger-

Every Hollywood Studio Has Several Girls Of Great Promise. Which Will Be The Stars Of The Future?

Kitty Carlisle, a succession on Broadway and with Bing Crosby.

Betty Furness scored in "The Keeper of the Bees."

Winifred Shaw is a pet hope of Warner Brothers.

Maxine Reiner has the poise and confidence that great beauty al-
ways brings.

(continued on page 60)
NOW that Randolph Scott has been hauled off his strawberry roan, and is being rushed by our Best Actresses, to say nothing of his own studio, life for the gentleman from Ol' Virginia has finally snapped into high. But definitely! Suddenly he matters to Hollywood's foremost. More than that, they're fighting for him. And more than that, to get personal, he's news—the kind editors pay for!

So long as Randolph Scott was a Zane Grey, no editor cared. His life story wasn't worth a dime's worth of paper and his love-life—? Not worth prying into! It seems he had to be saved from the sagebrush before he'd develop reader appeal. All this in spite of my oft-repeated statement that his hoss-operas made more money for Paramount, considering the cash invested, than any of their other pictures outside of Mae West's, and despite my hint about his standing with the local lasses.

For if the more highbrow elements scrutinizing the cinema ignored Randy, the elegant gals-about-Hollywood didn't. Six-feet-two, eyes of blue, hair near blond and manners so Southern, he has been the movie darlings' dream awaking ever since he rambled into these parts to sample the climate. (That he is inclined to be choosy only marks him as all the more desirable!)

Of course, Randy's resurrection dates specifically to "Roberta." When the city folks saw him actually teaming with Miss Irene Dunne, and playing with those acknowledged top-notchers with no stiffness around the edges and a lot of charm to boot—well, they commenced howling for more Scott. Radio managed to keep him for two more dramatic leads before Paramount, who'd had him all along, got truly wise to the way the wind was blowing.

Katy Hepburn pleaded with them to let Radio have him for just one more, so he could be hero to her. But no. A thousand times indignantly no. Why, if he was good enough for Hepburn he was what they should team with Margaret Sullavan in their super-production, "So Red the Rose." The indie promoter, whose offer of a huge salary for a series of six films tempted Randy, was given the rush act. And Mr. Scott, the forgotten man, was whizzed into the best camera's range.

I caught up with him while he was engaged in a difficult scene with a group of stage veterans. Besides the experienced Miss Sullavan, there were Walter Connelly, Elizabeth Patterson, and two others who have had much legit training. Mr. Scott was emphatically holding his own. In fact, not only speaking his lines with the correct feeling, but remembering them—which was more than Sullivan was doing.

He isn't the least theatrical. His going into films was a lark and, while he is earnest about every role, he still retains his natural sense of humor. No doubt you have noticed that his performances on the screen have sort of an atmosphere of amused tolerance. You sense that he is not taking Hollywood too seriously, and that if it blew up he would even get amusement from that.

"Working conditions now are as different as night from day," he declared when the "take" was eventually perfect. "I was run ragged making those Westerns. I have no objection to them, mind you, if they could be done with the same preparation and schedule a straight picture gets. I love to be outdoors. But there's a limit!"

"We usually did a Western in two weeks. Generally we 'shot from the gut,' which means that most of the story and dialogue were made up as we proceeded. The budgets were limited, so we had to cover ten pages of the script every day without fail. There was no time for the director to ponder over various effects, or for real rehearsing.

"You should hear what hours harass a ridin', shootin' man. "For example," said Randy, "there was one picture we made on the desert. The thermometer hit more than 125. We woke at 4 a.m. and were in make-up and going half an hour later. On only two nights did we stop before 11 p.m. Fourteen days of that, including Sundays!"

Leading the life of a regular Hollywood actor is pie for Randy. "I hope it lasts!" is his favorite exclamation. "You can grasp the difference for me when you think of 'Roberta.' I not only had the opportunity of working with three big stars, who were swell to me, but I had a chance to attempt to be good. There was an eight weeks' schedule, time to experiment for the finest approach on each sequence. For 'Sue,' and now on this picture, there has been the same break."

You mightn't imagine that Randy would be so interested in the technical side of his career, but that's the side which does concern him. He's up on how David Belasco would have done it and likes to discuss the intricate details of acting with outsiders as well as with those in the know.

When he's studying his scenes for the next day and comes across a puzzler, he repairs promptly to Cary Grant for advice.

They met when both were new at Paramount. With extremely different back-

[Continued on page 70]
BINNIE'S A BIT OF ALL RIGHT

Binnie Barnes Started With Nothing But Handicaps.

By Hal Hall

"It was a bit tough on poor old Moms," Binnie told me, "but I quit school and together we went out working. We did our own housework when we came home at night. The only time it was really hard was when we got a office cleaning job that took us out again in the evening. We managed to keep the home together, though, and that was all that mattered."

When Binnie reached her teens she feared she would never get very far socially, so she secured a job on Finchley Manor Farm, near London, and being determined to get ahead, she learned to milk and soon was a full-fledged milkmaid. To help out the income she drove a milk wagon into London at night with the big cars of milk which she delivered to the bottling plant.

"It was great stuff for health," explained Binnie. "I grew strong and rugged and, incidentally, very red-handed. There seemed no future there except marrying some farm-hand, so I finally quit and took a job in a big dog kennel as a kennel-maid. I had thirty-six dogs to take care of, and believe me, it was no job for a sissy."

Binnie figured that there was something more in life than dog tending, so she left the kennels and entered a hospital and started to study nursing. Her stomach, she says, did not take kindly to operations, so after six months she quit it cold and became a waitress in a rather "underpriced restaurant in London."

"I guess I was not cut out to be a second Florence Nightingale," said Binnie. "Any- way, getting into the restaurant proved to be the real turning point in my life. There [Continued on page 66]
Jean Harlow's house at the exclusive Bel Air residential park.

I FELT, I admit, a trifle condescending about being personally conducted over ready to shake hands.

However, my name being practically Ruth Obadiah Rankin, I took the tour which leaves a local hotel at two-thirty, returns at six-thirty, costs two dollars and gives you your money's worth, plus how. It being a warm afternoon, I put on an old pair of linen slacks, sandals, dark glasses, and no hat—so the coiffure looked as if it had been done with a propeller. What do I care for a lot of hayseeds, said I!

The moment I climbed into that luxurious blue-phant coach, filled with smartly dressed tourists, was the moment I will forever remember. I was certainly the bizness looking hack aboard. Remembering that brand-new tailored suit hanging in the closet did me no good then... The tourists definitely won the first round. I sunk into the one vacant seat and we were off.

The pilot of this opulent juggernaut was a gentleman by the name of Mr. Creeper, but evidently there's nothing in a name. Mr. Creeper arrowed up Hollywood Boulevard Library (maybe you didn't think we had one), across the street that leads to Cahuenga Pass and the Hollywood Bowl. He slowed down slightly for Warner's Hollywood Theatre and the Hollywood Hotel in a new coat of paint and looking very flossy. Then the Chinese Theatre, which is built after an ancient Chinese Temple (quite a while after) and has the hand and footprints of the great preserved in cement in the forecourt. It also has a lot of brave glittering gilt, carpets you can chin yourself on, and a lot of wax dummies standing around in informal attitudes, looking so lifelike you get ready to shake hands.

We had passed Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, which was the first of the Sid Grauman grandeur era, and built a little before the Chinese. Then the El Capitan, which will be principally remembered now as the theatre where Will Rogers played in "Ah Wilderness." The Roosevelt Hotel, the Garden Court Apartments, the Christian Science Church, and we approached the residential district of Hollywood. There was the old Rallis house which has been a prop and now, a property occupied by the Gudahys, Doug Fairbanks (pre-Pickford) and Norma Talmadge. Then Betty Compson's lovely place with the low rolling roof, and a rather saddening "for rent" sign. Then, right in the midst of many handsome residences occurs a large grove of avocados with their beautiful lacquered leaves. A grove of something is apt to spring up informally anywhere around Hollywood or Beverly. There is lot of room, lots of land, lots of spacious living. So of course the town roams all over to hell-and-gone, and sometimes you drive over and see your best friend it is wise to take a box-lunch to stave off starvation.

The streets began to be lined with flowering eucalyptus and palms. We passed the home in which Ernest Torrence took such pride—a huge dark red brick English place, almost concealed with trees and rosebushes. His backyard has a grove of the most beautiful eucalyptus trees anywhere around, except those on Jim Tully's place on Toluca Lake. On the corner of Laurel and Hollywood is the home of Jack Holt, a comfortable yellow frame affair with a tennis court and lots of trees. Jack lives on his ranch with Tim most of the time now, but for many years that was one of the happiest homes in the village.

On Laurel, there is Jeanie MacPherson's home, she who writes most of the C. B. DeMille epics. We swung off Laurel into Sunset and out toward the newer residential districts. Right at that junction is a group of truly magnificent open-air markets that have the passengers oohing, and I ooh too. (Ah, there, Gertie Stein.) For the first time in years I really see the markets through new eyes and realize their beauty. Color to make Diego Rivera rush for his palette.

Nobody markets over the telephone in this town, and you will often encounter many screen luminaries personally selecting their groceries. (I once caught Jack Benny more pinching a peach.) If you are coming to Hollywood, I advise you to make a tour of the big markets in Beverly Hills and Hollywood to get a close-up of any number of stars you might never see otherwise. No one ever seems to think of it, and the crowds haunt the Derby and the Vendome—but probably you wouldn't expect to find Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson or Carole Lombard with a basket over her arm.

At the big Young's Market, Union and Seventh, I have seen some of the most elusive ladies and gents on the roster of names—Warner Oland, ZaSu Pitts, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Cagney, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Pat O'Brien—to name a few. (Excuse me a moment for getting off the bus backward.) This market is not on our itinerary but you must include it on your trip. Mr. Bond, the manager, tells me many stars spend hours in there selecting foods, wines and delicacies—and they like to come in because it is a rule that no employee shall ever bother them except when needed. Of course it is one of the sights to see anyway if you have epicurean ideas, but I would advise you not to rush up and ask Joan or Jimmy for their autograph when they are concentrating on brulied peaches or Chateau Yquem! Ordering food is a serious business.

Now—to return to Sunset Boulevard. There is the Garden of Allah, Nazimova's former home converted into hotel and bungalows. Frances Drake, Elizabeth Allen, Ian Keith, Princess Natalie Paley are among those who now live there. A few blocks up is the Sunset Towers, one of the grandest apartments here, rearing its lofty height above the old Wally Reid and Bill Hart houses. (Out of the window I recognized friends driving by.)
They stared at the bus with a wholesome respect. After all, it is a big bus—and it contains the great far-away public, the public that pays those quarters in the box-office. Nobody who knows beans about his business snoots a tourist in Hollywood. I began to feel quite chipper and hoped to be recognized—after fearing I might be!

We entered the little hamlet called Sherman, about 25,000 homes (thanks to Mr. Creeper). To the left is the Normandy Village, residence of our own celebrated Liza Wilson (adv.). Up the line is the Chateau Marmont, where live Spencer Tracy and Minna Gombell (not together, silly). We approach the district of exclusive shops and agents' offices. This settlement has rapidly become the smartest location for business. Billy Haines has his decorating shop here, as has Adrian. There are half a dozen other decorators; Hurrell, the photographer; Hurrell, Little shops with rare books; furniture, hats, pajamas and liquors. To top it all is the soignée Trocadero, night club par excellence, a long low white building with red awnings and little red chairs and tables on the sidewalk. The Clover Club is across the way. The Kings, the Three Star, Cafe Lamaze and other restaurant-clubs are all grouped close together in this section.

We approached Beverly Hills and saw the bridle path which neatly divides Sunset Boulevard in half. Beverly covers five square miles and has a population of 20,000, if its statistics you want. We drove beside a big field of polメッタリ, acres of them, a colorful sight around Christmas time. Then the home of Harpo Marx, with a neon-illuminated harp in the bay window, a subtle publicity whimsy, don't you think? This was formerly Polly Frederick's home. Later Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg lived there before their Santa Monica home was built. Oh dear, we skipped one—the beautiful Connecticut farm-house that Phil Berg (agent) built for his wife, Leila Hyams, and one of the loveliest places anywhere around. Then we climb up into a mess of millionaires' shacks—Ben Myers (banks), E. L. Doheney (oil), E. I. Cord (airways and autos), W. C. Durant (motors). We give them a passing glance—not bad, not bad at all—but we want movies.

So we get movies. Bursts upon our vision the spectacle of Bill Powell's folly—the glory that was Greece, the splendor that was Rome, the vision that was Versailles—all neatly incorporated to make any palace you ever saw look like a hen-house. Bill started with Hobart Bosworth's house and a few ideas about making it over. When he finished ripping out, nothing was left but the foundations and a couple chimneys.

[Continued on page 64]
JUST
BIG
BABIES
Idiosyncrasies Of The He-Men.

By Liza

Well, here we are at Hollywood's smartest night club, and the orchestra is playing "Broadway Rhythm," and Louie B. Mayer (the Fred Astaire of Metro) is the first on the floor as usual, and I am the first on the wagon and shall probably get very glum about life and things any minute.

Goodness gracious, look at the leading men here tonight—Pat O'Brien, Paul Lukas, Clark Gable, Edward Arnold, Jimmie Gagney, Chester Morris, and that cute little Man Mountain Dean—oh yes, I understand it all now. It's fight night and the boys have all been down shouting their heads off and tanking up on beer, and now to please the little woman (who usually detests fights) they are stopping off for a tango and a see-and-be-seen.

There's no Garbo to see tonight, but there's Peggy Fears doing a lady swami in veils, with a ruby in the center of her forehead. And mercy, there are ten tables of visiting firemen to be seen by. No wonder the boys are strutting their stuff. Once an actor always an actor I always say. Look at Pat O'Brien dancing with his Eloise—Pat so big and strong and male and Irish. No wonder the plumpish ladies over there from Iowa sigh when he glides by. But something tells me that when Pat gets home and takes his patent leathers off he isn't so big and strong and male and Irish. I bet that mug is just as big a baby as your Henry.

And look at Clark Gable dancing with Reza. And watch the ladies swoon with delight over the dark and handsome and oh so romantic Mr. Gable. But I bet when Clark gets up in the morning for an eight o'clock call at the studio his wife won't find him so dark and handsome and romantic. He's probably just like your Sonny who won't get out of bed, and snark through his coffee, and is half an hour late to school again.

So, if it's any consolation to you, Little Woman, I can assure you that when these great big brave handsome and romantic guys stop cavorting through love scenes with Claudette Colbert on stage 6, and stop swinging their hips in a rumba at the Troc while the tourists gasp, and go home to beddy-bye, their wives and mothers have to pamper them and baby them much more than you do that big oaf you took for better or worse in a romantic moment.

And, personally, I'm mighty glad of it. I may go into a rapture over a man who, immaculate in tails and white tie, flicks his cigarette just so on the screen and lovers his beautiful curling lashes over his bold boudoir eyes when Myrna Loy enters the scene, but so help me I wouldn't have one of those around the house for love or money. Give me a guy who scatters newspapers, who hates to dress up, and who always drops something on the new rug. I'd rather be married to a grouchy than a gesture.

Now maybe you'd like to know how those great big brave handsome heroes are pampered like little boys at home? All right, I'll tell you.

Pat O'Brien is like the sqg ushing youngster who refuses to part with an old rag doll. Pat is a collector and if anyone so much as suggests that he get rid of anything in his sentimental collection Mr. O'Brien has been collecting everything from prize fight ticket stubs to run-over dressing slippers, and Eloise O'Brien long ago learned that she was not to throw away, much less move, any of Pat's collections. She's a very tidy woman herself but she resists that urge to clean out drawers and closets because little boy Pat just won't have his things messed with. I was at a party at the Pat O'Brien's one Sunday afternoon and just a casual glance about.
SOMEHOW Dolores Del Rio's house always surprises me when it looms in its modernistic beauty out of the very old grove of trees which surrounds it. It is the last word in modern architecture, the last word in simplicity. But, after all, the beauteous young Mexican is herself the last word in modern womanhood—fascinating, charm-radiant—and the basis of it all is simplicity.

Before me was a picture. On the wide, shaded terrace, her two beautiful champion pet bulls lying beside her chair—sun-tanned skin gleaming warmly against white lounging pajamas, Dolores was reading intently. Before her a table was heaped high with mail. Coming quietly across the lawn, I stopped suddenly for just a moment to absorb Del Rio.

After ten years in Hollywood, she is even more beautiful than she was when the colony first welcomed her from her native Mexico. I remembered the young, eager-eyed girl who didn't speak our language, laughing and listening with the concentration of one who had to listen attentively to understand just what was going on about her. I remembered that even though she might not catch the name, or understand the introduction, she never failed to greet one with a gay, recollected smile when she saw one. There is nothing accidental about Del Rio's popularity. Behind her beauty of face and figure, there is a greater beauty. A gentle warming beauty of mind. She has not lost the simplicity, honesty, naivete which she brought to Hollywood.

Dolores glanced up, suddenly conscious of my presence.

"Hallo," with just a touch of color, renaunt of her former accent. "Would you believe what I am doing? You will most certainly say—that Del Rio, is she conceited?"

"And why should I say that? Because you happen to be reading my mail?"

"Not because I am reading it, but because I am enjoying it so much! It is my day for fan mail. After all, when a picture is finished and the reviewers have seen it, it is the fans who have the final say, you see. And I am happy today because—would you believe it—they like "In Caliente.""

She was genuinely childlike as she laughed and picked up a handful of letters, holding them toward me. "Oh, isn't it so nice of them?"

"But this pile—you see these? They are very important, too. They are the letters from those who did not like it. Those I shall keep."

"And what about the others—what do you do about them?"

"Oh, when I have finished reading them, and they are all answered—"I cannot keep them all—but I try to keep the not-so-nice ones. They make me work harder, and study harder. And someday maybe they will be pleased and write a nice letter, too!"

"Now, Dolores—don't tell me that you really pay attention to individual criticisms such as those!"

"Oh, but I do. It is wonderful and encouraging to have, how do you say it, a pat on the back. It is really necessary to me. But the 'spanking' is good, too! I have one fan, his name is John Herd, Jr. He writes to me so often. He does not tell me I am always right on the screen. He tells me when I am wrong. Whenever I finish a picture, I say to myself, 'there, Mr. Herd, we shall see what you think of that one.' He represents my fans to me. I don't know yet what he thought of "In Caliente." Perhaps he'll send a 'spanking' letter. But he did like 'Flying Down to Rio.'"

"Oh, Dolores," I laughed at her serious expression, "come now, don't look as though you've lost your best friend. What other letters do you get? They're not all criticisms or raves."

"No—that's true—not all of them." Her face lighted up. "You see, here is a girl who wants to know about clothes—where to buy them, how to make them smartly—and then, there are all of these," she lifted a neat pack, "from young girls who want to know how to get in pictures, how to be popular, how to hold their husbands, how to plan dinner parties. Sometimes they make me feel like the columnist, 'Advice to the Lovelorn.'"

"I try so hard, but I cannot possibly answer all of them. And I am so sorry. I should be so happy to. Here is one, you see—she signs herself 'Wondering.'" In her clear, softly modulated voice, Dolores read the letter aloud:

"My dear Dolores Del Rio: I am very much in love and very lonely. The man I was to have married has been transferred by his company to another state. We had planned to be married months ago, but one thing after another, mostly financial set-backs, have prevented our carrying out our plans. When he left for his new position, he seemed to evade discussing any plans for me—for us—in the future. Having given up all my other men and women friends during the months we went together, you can imagine how very lonely I am now. His letters so far have been casual and business-like, small comfort to a girl twenty-four, very much in love, and very lonely. It would be humiliating to write and ask him directly 'what about me?' But do you think I should? Or what should I do?"

"There—you see, it is so difficult," Dolores folded the letter slowly, thoughtfully. "I never answer [Continued on page 70]
"I Do As I Darn"

Sylvia Sydney Makes Her Own Rules Of Conduct
And No Mouldy Old Convention Can Faze Her.
Take That, Emily Post!

By Elizabeth Wilson

I S THERE anyone in Hollywood who does as she or he darn please? Why be little, is there anyone in the world who does as she or he darn please? Now I ask you, really. That was the dilemma, or de lemon as we say in the Old South, that the editor of Silver Screen handed me this month (and if he thinks I have nothing better to do than look for a needle in a haystack I'll tell him). There I was in the midst of a hot parchesi game with two men in home and Colbert forced to lift her blockade, but no, I couldn't have the fun of winning, I had to go look for an independent spirit. And in this town where conventions are even more important than calories. Why, only last winter Mrs. Grundy got so bored with convention-bound, stuffy Hollywood with its everlasting Purity Seal that she moved out bag and baggage and joined Elsa Maxwell in the East. Now, there's nothing irregular goes on here but a few French verbs.

So, like a modern Diogenes, I lifted my lantern (Well now I never thought of that before, but good old Diogenes must have been the first person to carry the torch) and went in search of a free soul. Someone who dares to do as she darn please, someone with nerve enough to snub Hollywood conventions and live her own life in direct defiance of the Right People. Of course all the little movie stars very arrogantly told me that definitely they do as they darn please, but I happened to know that their lives are as controlled by conventions as the tides by the moon. And then I found Sylvia Sidney. The one and only independent, really self-governing, esprit in Hollywood.

"Of course I do as I darn please," Sylvia said to me. "I always have, and I always shall. What of it?"

Well, I hardly dared believe that at last I had found the wonder-girl, surely there must be some catch to it, so I sat there in Sylvia's library, and in Sylvia's library there are really books, hundreds and hundreds of them, and while Sylvia knitted I tried to catch her unavaries and prove to her that she honestly didn't do as she pleased, but as her mother, her friends, her studio, and especially as Hollywood pleased.

But no. Sylvia was adamant. She frowned, she pouted, she flashed those grave green eyes, she dropped a stitch, and she had a snappy come-back for every question. "Oh, you're incorrigible," I said at last. "Your mother certainly has my sympathy." "I see, you're going to insult me now," said Sylvia. "Well I'll tell you something. The last time you were here my dog was taken ill after you left and has been in the hospital ever since."

That was my chance to get furious and strike out in a huff—which I did (but two hours later), after a very excellent luncheon.

And here and now we might just as well face the facts. Sylvia Sidney really does live her own life exactly as she pleases. She's no slave to Hollywood conventions. She told me all these things and I checked on them (huh, I've been lied to before) and Sylvia gets the Wilson Admiration Award of 1935.

Where do all of the feminine stars spend two-thirds of their time in Hollywood? In the beauty shops. Of course. It's the law of the tribe that everybody who has lovely brown hair must immediately become a julienne potato blonde, and all the brunettes must change to a baked squash saffron, and they must all shave off their eyebrows at once and pencil them on so that they can look quizzical, or something, like Dietrich, and, but definitely, they must dye their eyelashes and try a new kind of nail polish every week—the idea being, of course, that they must never look like what nature intended them to look like. No, it wouldn't be cricket.

But what does the little rebel of a Sylvia Sidney do? She refuses to put on a false front, and she just won't become a beauty shop habitué. Her hair is the same shade today as it was when she was a child, and if the director doesn't like her eyebrows it's just too bad. Her hair wasn't meant to fall in perfect waves, and unless she is playing a part in a picture where a marcell is utterly necessary, Miss Sidney regrets but she will be unable to sit under a drying machine today.

Now it's true that she is occasionally seen coming out of the Ann Meredith shop on Sunset Boulevard—but believe it or not, she goes there for the social life. In Irene and Gladys, two of the operators, she has found independent spirits like herself and she goes there for a good gab with them, and as soon as she gets back to her apartment in the Colonial House she proceeds to comb the wave they gave her right out.

Unlike all the other screen personalities

Sylvia's laugh rings with an impish rollicking freedom.
in Hollywood, with the exception of Garbo, Sylvia refuses to go to parties. She hates parties. Every actress in Hollywood has been advised to go to parties because "there you meet the Right People and it will definitely help your career." But Sylvia, the independent little cass, doesn't give a tinker's dam for the Right People, and she certainly doesn't think they are essential to her career. She's far more interested in European politics than she is in Hollywood politics, which makes her practically unique in these parts where the Ethiopian situation is not nearly so important as the plans of Irving Thalberg.

Sylvia laothes bridge, and she can't stand chit-chat, so when the Di Frassos, and the Freddies Marches, and the Bennists and Lombards are throwing parties Sylvia can usually be found at home playing "Hearts" with a couple of kindred souls who don't matter in the Social Register. Occasionally she goes dancing at the Troc or the Clover Club with Norman Krasna, young writer, or Sidney Kingsley, brilliant young playwright, but you can be quite sure that she is there to enjoy herself and not to impress Mr. Louis B. Mayer. With the Glamour Girls sparkling like a Tiffany showcase Sylvia will very likely be modestly attired in a tailored suit, and no jewelry. Sylvia doesn't like jewelry so she won't wear jewelry. And she doesn't like high heels so she won't wear high heels. If she takes a liking to a certain dress or suit she will wear the poor thing to a frazzle. She arrived in Havana last year in a checked suit for which she had formed a warm attachment, and she proceeded to wear that checked suit the entire time she was there. She drives the same car today that she bought when she came to Hollywood five years ago, and she thinks this idea of buying a new car every year just for the swank of it is a lot of chichi.

Her car may not be the last word in streamlined's, but the engine is perfect, and, after all, in cars, as in people, it is the heart that counts; not the face. Now don't get the idea that Sylvia is hoarding her money just because she doesn't fall for a new model every year or fill her closets with Adrian's whimsies. Only last month she bought a sable scarf that would have knocked Old Russia for a couple of loops.

Sylvia refuses her Spring's very winter and romp with the stars and the directors just because it is the thing to do. Every chance she gets she takes a plane to New York, the one place she really loves. Here she revels in the theatre, sees her friends, and lives in constant dread of the day she'll have to return to Hollywood.

Now every actress is taught from childhood that no matter what happens "the show must go on." Sylvia is a swell little trouper, as the theatrical producers in New York will tell you, but she doesn't believe that old fallacy about the show going on. A couple of years ago Paramount was making "The Way to Love" with Chevalier and Sylvia Sidney, and in the midst of the production Sylvia walked out of the picture and took a plane for New York. Paramount was furious and ready to sue, and of course everybody in Hollywood went sch! sch! and thought the worst of Sylvia. But Sylvia had a throat infection, and had been advised by her doctor that an immediate operation was necessary, and she considered her health more important than a mere picture and the idea that "the show must go on." Very few stars in Hollywood would have the nerve to make Sylvia's defiant gesture to an old broomie.

Another of those quaint Hollywood conventions is the Family. It's the custom in Hollywood for a star's family to live with him or her. A family is a protection in more ways than one, and also pretty good publicity for the homey magazines. Few indeed are the stars who haven't from two to ten relatives living right under the same roof with them—alright, there are more sponges in Hollywood than in the sea, but that's another story. Sylvia doesn't think that her family is so important to her success in Hollywood. As a matter of fact she hasn't lived in the same house or apartment with them since she was eighteen years old. A family has a way of robbing one of one's independence, Sylvia figured out when she was a child, and just as soon as she started supporting herself she an-

(Continued on page 66)
Norman Foster, As A
GRID STAR,
MAKES GOOD
A Fictionization Of
The Columbia Picture, "Superspeed."
By Helen Ludlam

D AD, there's Randy Rogers! Isn't he simply wonderful?" Wilson Gale looked up amusedly from his program and smiled at his only daughter, Nan.

"Now I know why you were so anxious not to miss the last football game of the year."

"It's the last time we shall see Randy Rogers, too. See—" and pulling a newspaper out of her father's pocket she traced the headlines with a slim, white finger.

"When the final whistle blows at the Stadium this afternoon, Randy Rogers will trot off the field leaving behind him a record never before equaled by a State University player. Chosen last year as All-American quarterback and a standout to the unanimous pick of experts for this season, this boy has almost single-handed brought his college from football obscurity to front page headlines."

"Aren't you proud of him, Dad?"

"Proud of him my dear? I don't know the young man." "Well, you're a graduate of State University too and every State man shares in its honors forever, doesn't he, Philip?"

Philip Morton, general manager for the Gale Motors, Inc., of which Nan's father was President and Founder, looked at his boss's daughter without changing his expression. "Sure thing, Nan," he said casually.

"Oh, you two! Pay attention now, the game's beginning."

Randy Rogers lived up to every ounce of faith that cheering mob put in him that day. He played a marvelous game. Snapping the ball on reverse he tucked it under his arm and made for the weak side of the enemy line. The crowd broke loose as he pivoted, avoiding the tackle and continued the run for a touchdown. The safety man, cutting in from the side, attempted a tackle and managed to check Randy enough to have the crowd on their feet, rooting themselves hoarse with suspense. But Randy ran clear for the touchdown, and as he threw up both arms in the air to signal the legality of the play and the fact that State was up six more points the heavens rang with deafening applause. It was his third touchdown in the afternoon.

"Oh, dad. Isn't he a wonder?" Nan fell into her chair limp from excitement. 

"He's quite a player, Nan. Quite a player."

Morton's attention was on the crowd. "75,000 people at $3.00 a head isn't bad," he said.

"No," replied Gale. "I wish Gale Motors could do the same." Morton glanced at him and had Gale been looking into those murky brown eyes he would have been startled by their expression. But he was not looking at Morton and he trusted him implicitly. "Look," cried Nan beside herself with excitement. "They're taking Randy out of the game."

"Nonsense," said her father.

"They are! They are! The coach spoke to Barton and he went into Randy's place. That means they are going to give him an ovation. See, he's leaving the field. Give him a hand, you lazy men!"

As the crowd sensed what was going on it rose as one man. The State team bunched around its famous player cheering as wildly as the spectators. The boy, very deeply touched, acknowledged the enthusiasm of the crowd and walked slowly toward the tunnel of the Stadium where he turned, looking out over the field for the last time as a player. College days were over; this was his last game. Now
the game of life began in earnest for him. Would he play it as well? He waved one
last farewell to the frenzied mobs and quickly left the field.

That evening Nan dragged her father and the somewhat unwilling Morton along
to a cafe where the game would be cele-
brated hilariously until the small hours of the morning. Randy was there too, ter-
ribly embarrassed to find that he was still a celebrity.

"He sells himself all right," said Morton
rather sarcastically, and Nan sprang to
Randy's defense.

"He doesn't have to sell himself. Every-
one's been sold on him for a year. Put his
name behind a Golden Arrow car—The
Best Car for the Best People—and he'd
even be able to sell one of those!"

"Here! What!" said her father roused at
last from his inward and somewhat gloomy
thoughts, for Gale Motors, makers of the
Golden Arrow car was in a very bad spot
indeed and had been for months. In fact,
unless a miracle happened Wilson Gale
faced ruin in the very near future.

"You're too conservative, Dad," Nan
rubbed on. "Other companies get publicity
on their new gadgets, floating power—things
like that."

"Cheap methods. Golden Arrow never
had to resort to them."

"Well, you admit yourself that some-
thing has to be done. Dad! I have it! Give
Randy Rogers a job!"

"What!" both men looked at her in
amazement.

"Send him on the road as a Golden Ar-
row salesman. With his All-American re-
putation he'd sell cars like hotcakes."

"You've never gone in for sensational-
ism sir," Morton cut in sharply. The idea
of this young Adonis selling Arrow cars in
a road campaign didn't suit his plans at
all. He'd been very clever these past
months in killing the sales.

"No," Gale replied, "I never have. But I
can see the advantage of Nan's suggestion.
Here! Where are you going Nan?"

"I'm going to introduce you to your
new salesman," she laughed over a provoca-
tive shoulder.

"There's one sure way of saving Gale
Motors, sir. This Broadway ballyhoo isn't
in your line."

"And what do you suggest, Morton?"
asked Gale.

"Merge with United."

"Never while I live! Golden Arrow will
never be a cheap car made by United. If
the time comes when I have to sell out,
I won't sell—I'll quit."

Morton shrugged, smiling to himself.

Randy was enormously relieved to find
Nan, whom he had danced with at the
Junior Prom, at his elbow. "Gee," he said
as they broke away from the crowd of auto-
graph seekers, "I hope that's the last of
that. He was in a perspiration from en-
brassment. Gale received him cordially
but Morton, pleading a business engage-
ment, left the table.

"A job with a motor company is just the
sort of thing I want," Randy told Nan and
her father earnestly. "I'm taking engineer-
ing, you see, and I have a patent on a
supercharger and carburetor hook-up that
will cut down fuel consumption appreciably
on a motor car, and at the same time ad-
vance the speed tremendously. I'd like to
build a model—it won't cost very much—"

"Then it's all settled," Nan said watch-
ing her father's face. He had a horror of
would-be inventors and she would have to
warn Randy. But she didn't have the easy
time with the champion that she expected.
Men, it seems, are sometimes very hard
to manage. Randy told Mr. Gale flately
the next morning in his office that he wasn't
interested in a sales job on an All-American
basis. He was through with football and
all the publicity it had given him. "I want
a job in a machine shop for a while, and
a chance, perhaps, to build a model of my
supercharger and test it out—I didn't real-
ize you were offering me a job in the sales
department."

"But Dad doesn't need you in the shop
d and he does need you on the road," Nan
said when she had Randy safely out of her
father's office.

"Well, maybe I'm after the wrong job," he
said at last and looked so disheartened
that Nan was touched.

"I didn't know your invention meant so
much to you, Randy," she said gently. "Tell
[Continued on page 62]
The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

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

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

MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protege of Pavlova.

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

Beautiful GENEVIEVE TOBIN, sparkling in another sophisticated role.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ANITA LOUISE
MARIA GAMBARELLI
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDERO
world’s greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green
THE first screen ballet, "Spring Night," tells in pantomime a charming little love story—the adventure of a peasant girl when a statue of Pan comes to life. David Lichine, of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, is Pan, and Nana Gollner is the girl.

Catiana Tuttle, wife of the well-known director, Frank Tuttle, in directing this novel and beautiful dance picture, opens up new possibilities for the screen. Possibilities for more artistic and cultured entertainment, in which beauty expressed in grace and rhythm weaves delicate fantasies for our appreciation and delight.

S P R I N G  N I G H T
In addition to being a dancer teamed with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers is an interesting collection of subtle curves and enviable measurements.


Carole Lombard recently completed "Hands Across The Table." She is fascinatingly modern in spirit as well as in contour. The pete is "Pushface."
Do!

The Beauty Makers Of Hollywood Can Change Your Face, But You Have To Bring The Body With You.

Invited to step out of the chorus line and accept a contract at Paramount, Dorothy Thompson may thank her lovely figure for the start of her career.

Jean Harlow is one of Hollywood's finest actresses — rowdy comedy is her métier — but the beauty of her figure has almost out-shown her talents.

Alice Faye sang in her recent picture, but she can also dance or decorate a beach at a moment's notice.

Hey can change the teeth, the hair, the eyebrows and even the eyes, but when it comes to the rest girl Hollywood has to accept the gods provide. Bow-legs as rare as bald-headed girls, naturally, and though she may only have a few dramatic roles, can be sure every leading lady will qualify at Minsky's.
Marlene Dietrich is at work on "The Pearl Necklace." She has, by sheer beauty, held her fans throughout the disaster of poor pictures.

Carole Lombard says "It takes all kinds of players to fill the bill—even me."

Lynne Overman, an addition to any picture.

A new kind of love is played by Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson."
The Present Crop of Pictures Has Many New and Fascinating Qualities.

The movies truly are like life itself. No sooner do you feel surfeited with one kind of picture than a new and fresh sort comes along. Recent films show a wide range of interests and present our favorites in novel and unusual roles. It is the persistent belief of actors that they will shine a bit more brilliantly in a new rôle than they have ever done before. And so each cycle is welcomed, performed and then reviled or mourned. Clark Gable revealed comedy ability in "It Happened One Night," but the funny rôles following this were not well received and now Clark is back to the favorite rôle of a strong and menacing character, both in the action as well as the love scenes. Franchot Tone has gained a great deal by his work in the coming rough picture, "Mutiny On The Bounty," if the public at large follows Hollywood's preview opinions.

Careers flare up or falter and, always, there is something new to follow in the irresistible movies.

Jean Harlow — unique, not like any other star.

Joan Bennett — in "She Couldn't Take It." She has long been a star, but unlike most of them she is still gaining in popularity.

Minna Gombell — in "Two Black Sheep," a Republic picture.

Gene Raymond is different — one of the few blond men.

Minna Gombell, from England, playing in M-G-M's "Bishop Misbehaves."

Waiting for the second show at the Chinese Theatre, Hollywood.

Wheeler and Woolsey pull them in with their own original brand of humor.
Ken Maynard makes pictures and "West Beyond the Law" is his latest—from Columbia.

"Tarzan," horse, so to know master's eye with.

Maynard performing some cowboy riding tricks.

A hold-up in Warner Baxter's picture, "Robin Hood of Eldorado."

John Carroll in "Hi, Georgia!" He is a newcomer to pictures. Carroll plays the leading...
ACTORS ON HORSEBACK!

One Reason Why The Westerns Are So Satisfying Is That The Horses Are Such Good Actors.

Frequently after a Fitzgerald scenic has ended, we have heard a round of applause. The audiences like views of mountains, snow-hatted, and the rolling valleys. Western stories of cowboys and hard riding sheriffs usually have such satisfying backgrounds.

For many years all Europeans thought of Americans as two-gun hombres and there is still an active market abroad for the Hell-for-Leather pictures.

One reason for making films of these "hoss operas" is that such pictures do not get old and have to be retired because of changes in costumes. The Tom Mix films made years ago still are selling, and the very latest of these pictures has the same appearance, with the chaps, sombreros and saddle blankets. There are no nupt model horses.

The Thud Of Hoofs, As The Posse Rides Through The Gulch, Is A Real Contribution That Sound Has Given To "Westerns."
It's all over with Jean Arthur and George Murphy in "Lady Beware."

Carol Stone (Fred Stone's daughter), and Tom Brown in "Freckles." Ah-h-h!
“Gee Whiz!”

As Alice Adams Said When She Found Out That, After All, Her Arthur Loved Her.

WHEN Hepburn, as Alice Adams, finds Fred MacMurray on her porch, after she had given him up, she is slightly startled and exclaims: “Why are you here?” To which, with great originality, MacMurray answers, “Because I love you.”

Hepburn looks up at him in awe, happiness floods through her, and then amazement that anyone should see anything in her. It is all expressed in her marvelous line.

The wonder of being loved is immeasurable. The thought that someone cares about you—just as you are—that to him you are desirable above all others—finer, lovelier than anyone else—is inexpressible!

Gee Whiz!
The New Pictures Are "Actor Pictures" And Every Hero Has A Sword, Rapier Or Dagger With Which To Battle For The Right.

Olivia de Havilland in "Captain Blood." Luckily the part had so much action that Olivia escaped catching cold in her knees.

Rod La Rocque in "Hi, Gaucho." It is an operetta, but not without a smirking villain with his snickersnee.

It is no wonder that the gallants of other years were a bragging lot. Even the actors of the studios cannot remain the cold menacing fellows that they were in the machine gun cycle. As soon as one gets a sword in his hand he begins to strut and make sweeping gestures with his tankard. After that he'll take a pinch of snuff whether you like it or not.

It is a throw-back to the days of Mansfield, Faversham and Sothorn—when knighthood was in flower, and when actors had their own troupes to play one night stands at the "opry" houses, and the clang of sword on sword startled the horse and buggy tied to the hitching rail.

In "The Last Days of Pompeii," Preston Foster opens his shirt slightly at the collar and challenges all and sundry.
Swashbucklers Are at It Again!

Errol Flynn is "Captain Blood," whose enemies in due time look like roasting chickens on a spit—thanks to the captain's valiant sword arm.

Walter Abel, a Broadway stage actor, who is at the RKO-Radio studio to play D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers."

SUCCESS MEANS MORE WORK!

The Successful Ones Who Make The Most Money Have The Least Time To Enjoy It. Tough!

When many producers try to secure a certain player at the same time, when more and more money is offered and the public appetite seems insatiable, then there is an end to leisure and the popular one is rushed from studio to studio with every minute of life a whirl of activity accompanied by the rattle of money in the bank.

The delirium of success is thrilling, but it is far from being unalloyed happiness. “Am I making too many pictures?” is one worry—“Is this new part going to suit me?” is another—“Should I ask for more money?”—“Is it a good story?” Worry, worry, worry and never a minute to relax and enjoy the prerequisites of success.

Henry Fonda hardly had time to release Janet Gaynor from his arms when a new romance with Lily Pons began. The picture probably will be called “Love Song.”

Shirley Temple continues to win all hearts, and a number of pictures are being planned for her. Next “The Littlest Rebel.”

She stars alone in her next picture, “In Person.” Ginger Rogers, young and beautiful, reaches the top.
Michael Bartlett and Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Claudette has wonderful poise and she does not let success cheat her out of her private life. She has accepted the Academy award, taken a New York vacation, built herself a new house and gotten a divorce while the work goes on.

In "Sylvia Scarlett," Katharine Hepburn has to masquerade as a boy, and so she had her hair cut off. Her success in "Alice Adams" continues to grow.
**SNOOP-SHOTS**

*Intimate Pictures Taken All Over The Lot.*

The echo, you might call it, of a screen success is the interest we afterwards take in the off-screen days and nights of the successful players. Let them realize that our curiosity is exactly proportional to their hit and they will be less resentful. The latest to fascinate us is Eleanor Powell. She is the brightest spot in "Broadway Melody of 1936." It seems impossible that a person so gifted can eat and drink the same as ordinary folks. Where are those dancing vitamines?

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**Frank Morgan**

and Anne Darling toast each other in ice cream cones.

---

**Eleanor Powell**

eats a vegetable salad for lunch after a morning of dancing before the camera.

---

Maureen O'Sullivan takes the script home in order to study tomorrow's scene.
"Oh! There You Are!"

Now And Then We Lose Sight Of A Player.

The actors and actresses, who have rows with their producers so that we have to wait and wait for their pictures, are always welcome back, whether they win or lose. Myrna Loy is the latest hold-out. She hasn’t made a picture for months. But she is back at M-G-M again and will be seen on the screen very soon—yet not too soon for us.

Francis Lederer had a difference of opinion with his producers but that’s all over and "The Gay Deception," his new picture with Frances Dee, is a hit.

Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas and Andy Clyde. Barbara is now at Radio.

Charlotte Henry and Beryl Mercer in "Forbidden Heaven."

Charles Farrell at work again, also in "Forbidden Heaven."

Harold Lloyd making a new comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"Down the Old Sound Track"

It is so much easier to record songs.

Bing Crosby has his own particular place in the hearts of both picture and radio fans. He is the only crooner with a racing stable.

Dick Foran singing "Moonlight on the Prairie" to George E. Stone's accompaniment. They are on location in the High Sierras.

Nino Martini, the star of "Here's to Romance," and his friend, Bobby Breen, "The Boy Caruso."

The sound engineers are so fond of songs that it is a smart director who can keep his own judgment. The first sound picture had so many songs that finally the public kicked—by staying at home. Once more the soloists are planting themselves in the center of the screen and it is a struggle to introduce any action at all. Anyway, if we must have solos at least we have good singers. Nelson Eddy is a surprising hit (he marched as he sang) and the Grand Opera girls—Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Grace Moore—are making sound tracks worthwhile.

Harry Stockwell  Michael Bartlett  Frank Parker  Warren Hull
Our Good-Will Star

By Lenore Samuels

Today the films that come out of Hollywood depend as much for their success upon the players who are cast in third or fourth and even fifth parts as they do upon their big name stars. For instance, when "Wedding Night" was released, Anna Sten and Gary Cooper enjoyed top billing as co-stars, but when the film was reviewed by the top-notch critics it was the name of Helen Vinson that drew most honorable mention for the perfection of her characterization as Gary's pleasure-seeking wife.

A short while later, when "Private Worlds" was released, Helen again drew acclaim from the Gentlemen of the Press even though her name was "fifth" in the roster of popular players which seemed to be torn right out of the Who's Who of Filmland.

However, the third or fourth or fifth players who have achieved the steadily growing popularity of Helen Vinson have been, unfortunately, few and far between. And I think I found out why things have been so flatteringly different in her case when I joined her for cocktails, at the Sherry-Netherland Bar in New York, just after her return from England.

Like her famous Grecian namesake, Helen does not possess beauty alone. She has magnetism, too, and beauty without magnetism is like a rose without fragrance. Doubtless it was this combination of beauty and magnetism, plus the inherent intelligence which is reflected so clearly in her acting, which first brought her to the attention of the prominent Gaumont-British executives who visited Hollywood in search of talent last Spring.

Helen admits that she was practically the first Hollywood player who signed a definite contract for more than one picture to be produced in England. "At that time," Helen said, "I was under the impression that everything of importance in the picture business took place right in Hollywood. I felt I might be risking a lot by leaving for an indefinite period."

"It seems to have worked out splendidly," I murmured.

"Yes, hasn't it?" she admitted frankly. I've just finished two pictures and I'm going back in January to do another—"The King's Pajamas," with Clive Brook. Silly title, isn't it? In the meantime I'm going to do another picture in Hollywood. I'm getting a long distance call tonight about it."

England evidently was quite impressed with our lovely Helen Vinson. Helen modestly says: "They were terribly sweet to me. They never gave me a chance to get homesick."

In any event Gaumont-British had faith enough in Helen's ability to cast her in the only feminine role in their production, "Kingdom of the Damned," featuring Conrad Veidt and Noah Beery.

To convince me how "terribly sweet" everybody was to her in the studio, Helen told me this little tale.

"You know that almost everybody in pictures has one side of their face which they prefer to the other. It might not be any more attractive, of course, but a cameraman might have told them once that this particular profile photographs better than..." [Continued on page 58]
EVENTS happen so rapidly on location and so many interesting things occur that it is hard to know where to begin telling about it all.

We've only been shooting "So Red the Rose" a few days, but could I write a book! Location is at beautiful Shoal Forest, just one hour from Hollywood. We might as well be in the middle of Alabam' or the Carolines, so far as scenery is concerned.

Trees, drooping with moss straight from the Paramount studio, line a wide, winding roadway, dappled with sunlight. The path wanders past the portico of a typical southern mansion. Through the open door of the building, one sees a handsome stairway. Prancing horses, gallant swans, beautiful damsels, snakes, flu germs, flies—ah, this is the true spirit of the old south, shhh!

Margaret Sullavan, Randolph Scott, Dickie Moore, Janet Beecher and Elizabeth Patterson are all working today—for first time they've appeared in a scene together. Margaret has turned out to be a true plantation belle in her frilly pink muslin gown with its tight bodice and twelve yards of skirts that mop up the ground with every step. What emancipation has done for us women in the way of clothes!

While the cast struggle along in their heavy Civil War costumes, with the glaring arcs helping Old Sol to bake them, we on the sidelines sit in the shade doing a pretty good imitation of a nudist colony. See the still man over there, becomingly garbed in a pair of track pants and a colorful tan! And there goes our cutter, all decked out in shorts and handkerchief blouse, and publicity man Johnny Miles, cool as the well known cucumber in white trousers and a thin white shirt.

A healthier looking group than the crew you'll go far to find. Working out-of-doors all day gives the boys and girls a glow of good spirits and sunburn that is hard to beat. This movie business may have its drawbacks, but it also has many compensations.

About those snakes I mentioned a while back—that was an experience! Our second day here, one of the boys, rooting around in a flower bed, uncovered two diamond-backs, one five feet long, the other measuring almost six feet, necking or whatever it is snakes do about their love life right on the set! With all our other troubles, a snake bite would have just about been the pay-off. The day we arrived on location, Director King Vidor was stricken with flu. Not wishing to delay production he went ahead shooting, a doctor constantly at his heels, wearing a heavy sweater, a leather jacket, and part of the time an overcoat. And the thermometer registering above eighty most of the time!

Then Elizabeth Patterson was taken ill—not seriously, but enough to keep her feeling pretty low for a couple of days. Grand trouper that she is she ignored her discomfort and went right ahead working.

Next a bit player, galloping on horseback through a scene, fell off his trusty steed, holding up the picture for a while. Everyone was ready to yell "Uncle" when Margaret Sullavan disappeared. Margaret was not scheduled to work until several days after we went into production. When the studio finally called her to send her on location, she seemed to have tumbled off the earth. Not a trace of her could be found.

Hours of patient searching revealed no Margaret. In desperation, the studio telephoned location. At four o'clock in the morning, Assistant Director MacDonald awoke the whole company trying to find out if anyone had seen the missing star. At length some inspired person thought of looking in her cottage. Lo and behold, there was Margaret, peacefully asleep and totally unaware of the furore she had created! She had been at our Malibu Lake headquarters just six miles from the set, since eleven o'clock the previous morning. Spent the day fishing, spent the day fishing, and retired to her quarters forgetting to notify anyone where she was.

They hear the approach of the invading Yankees. Daniel Haynes, Margaret Sullavan, Dickie Moore, Elizabeth Patterson and Janet Beecher.

Randy Scott is the perfect example of a true Southern gentleman on the set. He didn’t have to acquire an accent for the picture.

Dickie Moore is another interesting member of the cast. There he is, behind the set, letting some visiting tourists take pictures of him with their two little girls. Dickie is always in demand for autographs and photos. Nine years old, he has already planned his life. He feels that film work is too uncertain a profession for an adult male, and has decided to be a lawyer. A fellow, he explains, should be a solid citizen in an established, conservative profession by the time he is old enough to start rearing a family.

I caught him between scenes industriously perusing a Blackstone!

We are, if I may say so, an ambitious troupe. Take a look at Miss Sullivan’s stand-in, Patsy Green, for example. Patsy, a former stock player and dancer at Warners, is studying shorthand between shots. She agrees with Dickie Moore that acting is not a very stable job, and is attending business college two nights a week preparing for a more secure future. Her ultimate aim is to become a script girl or find a niche in the production end of the picture business.

Patsy and Dickie may not approve of acting as a life work, but Robert Hutchins thinks it’s just a little bit [Continued on page 66]
BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936
Rating: 95°—A New High in Musicals—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

And so a dark horse won the race after all. Here we’ve been sitting around this last month predicting what would be the big hit picture of the winter ’35 and ’36, and along comes a musical without a star name in it and wins the cup. Which all goes to show what boones we are to think that before a picture can be a hit picture it has to have a big star. Some day we’ll learn that the picture makes the star and not the star the picture, or do you think we ever will?

Anyway, “Broadway Melody” has certainly made a star of Eleanor Powell, and well it should, for that girl is nothing less than sensational. Eleanor has everything—she is young and lovely in a fresh and wholesome sort of way, she can do an impersonation of Katie Hepburn that is so real it gives you the creeps, and she can dance and tap like a whole dozen of Fred Astaires. Metro can really give themselves a pat on the back for discovering Eleanor Powell (well, she had been tapping around Broadway for a few years but it took “Broadway Melody” to make her a household word).

But, ah, even as marvelous as she is, Eleanor isn’t everything in this excellent musical. There’s a top-notch cast that can’t be beat, and not a so-called “name” among them. Jack Benny and Sid Silvers, playing a columnist (Winchell, no doubt) and his leg-man, are so elegant with their particular type of comedy that there should be a law enforcing them to make a picture every month. Robert Taylor is handsome, masculine and very pleasing (and he can sing too) as a young producer from Albany, New York, who discovers that Broadway plays need backers, and backers are very often scheming young widows from the Social Register.

June Knight plays the heavy and does a ball-room dance with Nick Long, Jr., that deserves no end of praise. Una Merkel, my favorite comedienne, crashes through as usual with some swell comedy and her scenes with Sid Silvers will have you rolling in hysterics. Una plays the producer’s harassed secretary.

Then there are Frances Langford, singing beautifully, and Buddy and Vilma Eisen, something new in screen dance teams (though well known to New York theatre-goers), and Mr. Robert Wildhack, the famous “snorer.” Eleanor Powell, of course, plays the little girl sweetheart of Robert Taylor, who finally gets enough money and nerve to leave Albany and hunt for love and a career on Broadway.

All this grand talent is held together by a plot that really is a plot and the best written dialogue that has been found in these parts in many a moon. The dances, too, are really something, and Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed have tossed off some song hits that will be haunting you for years—especially, “Broadway Rhythm.”

THE DARK ANGEL
Rating: 84°—Sweet Romance—Sam Goldwyn

A lovely and exquisite picture that once more tells the age-old story of a young girl and a young man. It is done apart by a hard, relentless war. The silent version of “The Dark Angel” brought instant fame to Ronnie Coleman and Vilma Banky some ten years ago and established them as the leading lovers on the screen. The picture doesn’t seem to me to be quite as romantic as it did in those days, but the fault probably lies in me, cynic that I am, and if you go for beautiful romance, ideals and gallantry, this picture is right down your alley.

Merle Oberon, without any of that false make-up and really quite beautiful, plays the English girl, Kitty, who from childhood loved Allan and Gerald, but loved Allan the most. Freddie March plays the grown-up Allan and Herbert Marshall plays Gerald.

The day before he must return to the trenches Freddie declares his love for Merle but it is too late to get a license, so they spend that last night in an inn at Folkstone, as man and wife. This causes a misunderstanding between the two boys and they return to the front no longer the pals they were. Somehow or other, in the modernistic light of togs, all this suffering that ensues seems slightly unnecessary, but anyway it is exquisitely done and the dialogue is so beautiful that it is a pleasure to listen to it. Romance it is, my sweets, and if you’re the romantic type you’ll love it.

TOP HAT
Rating: 95°—Fred Astaire, and That Means Top—RKO

Here’s another smash hit for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and though you may not find it quite as thrilling as “The Gay Divorcee” you’ll like it all right.

[Continued on page 58]
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."

HEATHER ANGEL is devoted to Luxable fashions like this linen sports frock. "Lux keeps things looking like new," she tells you.

"You can’t afford to risk other washing methods," Heather adds, "but if you trust to Lux you know you’re safe!"

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX — Hollywood says
and plenty. It's refreshing, sparkling, and entertaining, with just enough sophistication to give it that certain alluring naughtiness.

Ginger plays a clothes model for an eccentric and effeminate young dressmaker, Erik Rhodes, and when she meets Fred Astaire, the enthusiastic young American who does tap dances in the room over her, she becomes quite interested, but through one of those flukes that occur only in musical comedies she believes him to be the husband of her best friend, Helen Broderick.

Of course it's poor dear Edward Everett Horton who impersonates Broderick's spouse, and he gets blamed for everything. Eric Blau as Horton's "man" is superb. This picture marks Miss Helen Broderick's screen debut in a good role, and you'll be surprised to learn how much she's grown, for the Astaire dancing is still the pièce de résistance. And Fred dances more than ever. His "Top Hat" number is one of the most exciting things he has ever done and it is beautifully staged.

Ginger and Fred do several duets and dance routines that are knock-outs, and Irving Fields has dashed off several very good song numbers, especially, "It's a Lovely Day" and "Dancing Check to Check." Everything has been done on a lavish scale. It's a little thin, but except perhaps the Piccolino dance number, which comes as sort of an anti-climax.

HARMONY LANE Rating: 82—*Homey Melodies—Mascot Here's a charming and enjoyable picture, based on the life and songs of Stephen Collins Foster, the American songwriter who lived in the Pittsburgh and New York of the Nineties and composed those haunting melodies of the Old South. To Stephen Foster we are indebted for "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," and many other American classics.

Miss Lois Montgomery plays the dreamy and earnest young songwriter who, through one of those youthful misunderstandings, marries the wrong girl, Adrienne Ames, who takes on his talents and drag him beyond endurance. Evelyn Venable, his Inspiration and the girl he should have married, returns to him later but by then poor Stephen Foster is too frustrated by life and weakened by struggle to care for anything but death.

He doesn't get much of a city he is accompanied by his three faithful friends, William Frawley, Joseph Cawthorne and Clarence Muse. The old song numbers in this picture are beautifully revived and its sad love story is charmingly told. It's a family picture.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE Rating: 88—*The Met Gives Again—Twentieth Century-Fox Not since Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" left us in the thrilling throngs of operatic madness have we been so exalted to voice. Miss Martini, the sultry Latin and late of the Metropolitan opera, is introduced to the screen in this picture, which is really no great shakes Anything, but you'll enjoy Martini's glorious and powerful voice, becomes one of the outstanding films of the year.

Martini, a slender Latin with charm and personality, is given ample opportunity to sing all our favorite arias, notably from Manon, Tosca, and Pagliacci—the latter simply brought down the house and had the old-timers drying their tears and murmuring, "Another Caruso."

The story is that of a silly, fluttery married woman, Genevieve Tobin, who decides to patronize the Arts when she meets young Martini, and sends him to Paris to study. She almost wrecks his career by falling in love with him. Martini, in the meantime, has fallen in love with a little dancer, Anita Louise, who in turn is being patronized by a married man—but she remains pure, mind you. And of course love finds a way.

Next to Martini's triumph is that of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who plays Martini's teacher, and who sings a simple song herself which is one of the most beautiful things in the picture. Reginald Denny, as Genevieve's husband and himself an excellent singer, is at his best in this picture. Also in the picture are Maria Gambarello, the dancer, Escudero, another famous dancer, and Egon Brecher. You really cannot afford to miss this one.

THIS IS THE LIFE Rating: 76—*Jane Withers Again—Fox Little Jane Withers, the runner-up for Shirley Temple on the Fox lot, plays a stage child who is offered a musical comedy role and gets it. She also gives her ample opportunity to show us what the audiences in Atlanta, Georgia (Jane's home town) used to go crazy about. As Jane is a little uncertain, whether it's songs, dances, or impersonations that you want, she'll show you just like she did in her first picture, "Miss Lucky Home." She plays a little orphan girl who is illegally taken from an orphanage by a couple of crooks who want to exploit her talent. It's an enjoyable film, and one of the most amusing situations arise. Sally Blake plays the love interest. The picture has its harrowing moments, but all in all it is pretty good entertainment.

THE GAY DECEPTION Rating: 90—*Very, Very Gay—Twentieth Century-Fox This is Francis Lederer's best picture since he set foot on Hollywood soil, and yet Lederer fans will simply go hysterical over his performance, for Francis, as the young prince of a mythical kingdom, is certainly the most romantic person these old eyes have seen in many a day, and he plays his role with a comedy flair that is really delightful.

The story's one of those things about a girl who wins five thousand dollars in a sweepstakes. She goes to a grand hotel for a splurge and meets a real prince who is learning the elevator business from the ground up (it's a bellboy as a matter of fact. It's all sheer whim, but never mind that). The prince is quite a handsome fellow and she falls in love with him. And while your girl is going into rapturous ecstasies over Mr. Lederer, you can get even with her by fairly swooning over Frances Dee, who has never looked so lovely or played with such a feeling of utter enjoyment. Both Frances and Frances, playing up to another, surpass their previous work for a new high.

Mr. And Mrs. Tamiroff are excellent as a couple of mythical kingdom gangsters and contribute elegant dialogue. Also in the cast are Benita Huene, Luis Alberni, Lennox Pawle and Alan Mowbray—all excellent. What with the riotous comedy, the charming romance, and the general air of gayety about the entire thing you'd certainly be a silly to miss this one.

TWO FOR TONIGHT Rating: 66—*Bing's Last and Least—Paramount Well, girls, your Bing doesn't get done in by his sidekick this time. Bing and Jack Oakie is a couple of lads, and alack—indeed a lack of story was rather obvious. But Bing sings and sings and sings, so perhaps we shouldn't be too fussy. It's an amusing little plot like when crooner Crosby is around.

Bing plays a young songwriter who, through the conniving of Joan Bennett, makes no songs. He produces a song, the craziest scenes you have ever seen on the screen, orders Bing to write a play for his lady-love and leading lady, Miss Thelma Todd.

As long as Bing sticks to fact he is all right, but when he goes into fancy he is terrible, so he puts on his tails, grabs Miss Todd and goes out to a night club to see life. Of course Joan Bennett, in a series of close-ups, shows him the error of his ways. There's a splendid cast, with Mary Boland playing Bing's slightly erratic mother, and Lynne Overman playing the mad producer, and Ernest Cossart in another of his famous roles (remember him in "Accent on Youth").

RED SALUTE Rating: 80—*Family Fun—Reliance Don't let that title fool you—this isn't the picture for the little boy or girl. It's a darned funny little comedy, quite light and quite pleasing. Of course, there's a dash of capitalism, fascism and radicalism here and there but it's so wrapped up in comedy that you'd never recognize it. A general's daughter decides that it's smart and modern to be a radical and she attempts that mannerism. She falls in love with a young man who slipped into America from the Old Country. The general sends her at once out of the country, where she elopes, and she proceeds to make use of him to get her across the Border. After they've insulted each other in plain and fancy language, and threatened him for desertion, kidnapping, robbery and several other little trifles he falls madly in love with her.
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!

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood
Lovely
to look at—

...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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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Tune in “Strange as it Seems”, new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

TOPICS FOR GOSIPS

[Continued from page 10]

after the picture started Marie fell ill with flu and the studio was all set for getting someone else to play the small part. But Carole and the director, Mitchell Leisen, persuaded the studio to hold production on that part of the picture until Marie could come back. Carole was very likely thinking of some seven or eight years ago when she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl and Marie was a big star.

BILL POWELL’S folks have given up their home in Kansas City and will visit Bill indefinitely in his new Beverly Hills mansion.

THE Walter Connollys recently celebrated fifteen years of married life—which is quite a record out in these parts.

ALICE FAYE, is dividing her time these days between her agent, Vic Orsatti, and Dick Powell, who seems to have gone goofy over Hollywood’s Platinum Blonde No. 2. And what about Mary Brian? She’s knocking the monoculars out of English eyes in the famous Charlott’s Revue in London.

THE cast and director of “Sylvia Scarlett” got quite a scare the other day when an excited extra came dashing on the set and screamed that a strange young man was in Katharine Hepburn’s dressing room rummaging around her top drawer and even opening her bath bag. The “strange young man” turned out to be no less than Katie herself who has to masquerade as a boy through the earlier sequences of the picture. Katie’s boyish hair-cut is really a work of art and so far has fooled everyone. For the first time Hepburn has been

able to trot around Hollywood to her heart’s content without being stared at by the fans. And don’t think she isn’t taking advantage of this. It seems that every night for two weeks she went to one of those golf driving ranges out in Santa Monica and never once did they discover her identity.

The Hollywood Reporter still insists that Katie and her business manager and agent, Leland Heyward, are married.

STU ERWIN is busily engaged in finishing up a book which he has titled, “I Could Write a Book.” It’s a collection of interesting stories taken from incidents that have happened “behind the scenes” in Hollywood.

Richard Barthelmess is apparently highly amused at Ronald Colman’s gallant attempt to offer Marlene Dietrich a large corsage of orchids.
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.

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The Darlings Who Wait

[Continued from page 25]

TANGEE

chooses girl with

NATURAL LIPS

A German theatre and that for the past two years she has been doing one of the most demanding parts of any theatre in the world. She made her debut in 1934 as a violinist in Max Reinhardt's Viennese Theatre. There didn't mean a thing to audiences who perhaps hadn't much heard her name. She had to justify her claims to greatness right here before the most notoriously fickle public in the world. Luise waited a long time for something to happen, but not for long. When the part of Rache was written for her, Luise was a star, a sensation. She had a lavishly endowed, vibrant personality and looks to be one of the best finds in years, but she is essentially a type. The Luise Ruhmer's Luise make her place in Hollywood is largely a matter of luck and speculation—ability isn't always the first requisite. You will see her next as Anna Held in the Ziegfeld film.

There are a number of other newcomers to pictures from out the whores who are interesting. Among them are: Mona Barrie, Penelope Dudley-Ward, Pat Paterson, Valerie Hobson, Ida Lupino, Cecilia Parker, Rosina Lawrence, Dorothy Davenport and Katherine DeMille. Of these the first five are English while Katherine DeMille, Cecilia Parker and Rosina Lawrence are almost too American to consider their Canadian birth and parentage.

Mona Barrie is a London born girl who was educated in Australia. She was persuaded to make a screen test two years ago and a week later was playing a featured part in her first picture. Although she got her start on the musical stage in Sydney she doesn't do parts in screen musicals. Mona can best be described by mentioning the striking resemblance to Kay Francis which made her the butt of autograph hunters at previews and elsewhere when the first went into pictures. Her latest part in "The Melody Lingers On" was secured after seventeen New York and Hollywood actresses had been tested for the part. So it looks like Mona is doing all right for herself.

Penelope, the debutante daughter of Privy Councillor Rt. Hon. William Dudley-Ward, played her first acting part in support of the great Berger in "Escape Me Never" and is now working on parts for her. Prior to this she was engaged in translating scripts of plays and scenarios from the German and French. She is that much talked about English poise and willowy grace. This also describes another English candidate for American film honors, Valerie Hobson, but unlike Penelope, Valerie knew a very early age that she wanted to be an actress and went about the business of making this desire a reality. She spent two years in intensive training and a lot of experience in England before she arrived in Hollywood in the summer of 1934 for a role in "Great Expectations." It was a significant title and was advised to follow it with six featured parts in rapid succession. There must be something to the theory that military and diplomatic training for a career in the foreign service. Valerie is the daughter of a retired English naval officer and she is one of several contenders for stellar honors with such a background.

Ida Lupino traces her theatrical ancestry back two hundred and fifty years. Her training began at the age of seven under the expert tutelage of her father. By the time she was ten she knew the complete roles of all of Shakespeare's leading women by heart. After an enviable career in England she came to the United States in 1929. For her last two years she has advanced to the very inner circle of the waiting darlings and in "Peter Ibbetson" she gives a performance which should solidify her career and the public sit up and take notice.

Another child of a famous London actress is Frieda Inescort, who was born in Edinburgh. She made her first job as was Lady Astor's secretary and her first part in pictures as a secretary. After she came to New York she worked for a time in the British Consulate, was given a small role in a New York newspaper and still later publicity director for the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Her first starring role was as Carol Magrath, the daughter of a famous English actress in "Two Weeks" and she is now one of the most cast entertainers for the stage and screen. She is another of those petite, dynamic blondes of the screen who faces a terrific competition in where ability counts less than the breaks.

Katherine DeMille, Rosina Lawrence and Cecilia Parker are all Canadians by birth. They all came to Hollywood when they were about seven years of age, which makes them almost the same as native daughters. Rosina is the daughter of a studio carpenter, while she graduated as Sally Elters, stand-in she has done a number of nice parts in which she showed exceptional promise, her last work being as a secretary. She is another blonde. So also is Cecilia Parker, who, although she played leads for two years in Westerns, has become personally only since her resemblance to Garbo earned her a part in "The Painted Veil." Her next picture will be "Ah, Wilderness!" Who knows, this part may make her a star. Katherine DeMille is the adopted daughter of a famous father, Cecil B. DeMille, but she has never used this fact to further her career, preferring to build it soundly on merit. She was seven when her mother brought her to Hollywood after her father had enlisted in the Canadian Army. Her mother, Minnie, died almost simultaneously with the news that her father had been killed at Vimy Ridge. So Katherine went to the Los Angeles Orphanage, from which she graduated. Her next big part was as Pancho's wife in "Viva Villa!" Since then she has played in "The Tattered Bow," "Belle of the Nineties," "All the King's Horses and "Rebecca," the first time she appears under her father's direction in "The Crusades" as the Princess. Alice Naselroad is not the only one that will go down in history, but it is safe to predict that if she continues her sterling contributions to pictures this desire will have to be shelved in favor of the stardom which soon will come.
be hers.

A non-theatrical English father and Norwegian mother somehow managed to endow their dark-haired brown-eyed daughter, Frances Drake, with the attributes necessary to a theatrical career. As Frances Drake she made a considerable name for herself on both the stage and screen in England before going to Hollywood. It was strange that this girl who both was born in New York, who had spent all of her life since she was four in Canada and England, and had come to be thoroughly English in manner and attitude, should have returned to her native land a screen find for a supporting part in "Bolero" with George Raft. And stranger still that she should have been one of his dancing partners in a story which had as one of its locales a night club in London. She brings a depth of emotional understanding to the parts she plays and can always be counted on to hold up her end of a story.

There are a few other lovely and talented prospective stars who deserve mentioning... they are Florence Rice, the daughter of Granville Rice, whose work in "Fugitive Lady" and "The Best Man Wins" was more than excellent; Carol Stone, the youngest daughter of that fine, old trooper, Fred Stone, who is making her Hollywood debut in "Freckles" at the age of eighteen; Grace Bradley, who went to Hollywood in April, 1925, has since appeared in something like eight or nine pictures and is still going strong, with each part better than the last; Pert Kelton, a swell actress who seems to get nothing but bad breaks, who patiently waits for the day her ship will come in as it surely must; the blonde Louise Henry, who, because of her work in "Paris Interlude" and "Hide Out," will soon be heard from in a big way and because she prefers fighting for a career rather than going to seed in the social life to which birth, training and her family's financial standing entitle her; Betty Furness, for the same reason and because, in spite of a long list of successful leading parts, she is still modest enough to say her greatest ambition is to be known as a star. Betty has the most beautiful hair in pictures, of a shade which exactly matches the golden bronze of her perfect sun-tanned skin.

This list of the darlings who wait wouldn't be complete without the names of Jane Wyatt and Mary Carlisle. Mary is a typical example of a girl with looks and ability who has had to content herself with a lot of small parts, all of them good, while waiting for something to catapult her into the front ranks. She has two unde in Hollywood associated with different studios and through them she got breaks in both studios, but stardom still hasn't come to her. Her ash blonde beauty, her laughing eyes, her dancing feet and native ability have kept her working but they haven't yet put her name into electrics. Jane Wyatt, from the New York stage, looks like another Margaret Sullivan. She has a unique contract which permits her to divide her time evenly between Broadway and Hollywood. She played the lead in "Great Expectations" and is soon to make "Strangers at the Feast." It is more than possible that this picture will make a star of Miss Wyatt for she not only has the external qualifications plus ability, but she has the faith of her studio.

There are many others who might be added to this already large list...

Each one stops a gallant song but alas, often their eyes seek "peaks too high and goals too far away." But tomorrow may write a new chapter in the life of many of these stars. From their ranks may come the Garbos, the Harlows, the Loys, even the Dressers of the future and for this no price is too big to pay... no amount of waiting could be too much.

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.

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 astringent—it tightens up relaxed oil glands; washes out the excess oil and rências lazily. 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.
Silver Screen for November 1935

Norman Foster, As A Grid Star, Makes Good

[Continued from page 55]

you what we’ll do. We’ll go to Philip Morton. A few weeks in the shop won’t delay the road job much and perhaps you could build your model in that time. Philip can fix anything.

And as anything that ate into the profits of Gale Motors raised right into Morton’s little scheme of forcing Wilson Gale into the hands of the company that had bought him, Randy’s idea was given an enthusiastic reception. This world still has its Judases and Philip Morton was one of them. He made everything smooth for the young football star, gave him a shop to work in, all the supplies he needed and the assistance of George Stone, his head mechanic.

“This is pretty swell of you Mr. Morton,” said Randy happily.

“Don’t mention it my boy. Your blue prints look good, and if the supercharger works out we’ll see the miracle that Gale Motors has been looking for. Now you two run along and finish your golf. Remember, here in the morning, Randy.”

When they had gone, Stone, a hard faced shrewed man sat on the edge of his chief’s desk.

“Let me in on this, will your Supercharger idea does work? I’d put Gale Motors on top again.”

“Don’t make me laugh. The whole idea is cockeyed. Of course it won’t work. But business is business and I’d spend a little on the idea of Gale’s money and that’s what I want to do.”

“Oh, I see,” said Stone smiling. But it wasn’t a nice smile.

When the model was built and tried out on a open motor, however, Stone was impressed in spite of himself. He would put wings on a tractor, he told Morton. “It’s sensational. The meter jumped to 100 on a block test.”


“Maybe it’s impossible, but it’s true. The kid worked on an angle nobody else thought of. I’d damper the air that feeds into the mixture. He’s thought of everything and all for it. He wants to try it in the old jenny on the track tomorrow. That thing will shake the world—why it will put Gale Motors on its feet again and—”

“Oh no—it won’t. This thing will be for use on these gears,” Devlin said.

“Okay, I’ll tell you later,” said Randy

I’ll tell you right now.” And Randy didn’t think Billie’s disappointed look as he drove away.

The Devilins were still at the shop when he returned.

“Mr. Gale will be at the track tomorrow morning. Special tournament, you know.”

“Okay,” said Randy as he told Billie. “Gee, think this will mean if I win.”

The girl looked up at him happily, “Billie,” Randy didn’t know who he was joking and didn’t know why he said it. “Will you have dinner with me tonight?”

And when you’re rich and famous—I’ll brag about it!” she giggled.

“Say—you’ll be rich and famous yourself after Saturday’s speed race.”

“Not rich, just another blue ribbon,” she said lightly. “Randy,” she was serious now. “Uncle Terry thinks someone is trying to wreck Gale Motors—they’re on the rocks, you know.”

“I didn’t think it was as bad as that! What makes him think someone is crooked; does he know who it is?”

“He doesn’t know. But coming in contact with shop men as he does he has heard and seen some strange things for months. You’re close to the Gale—why not give them a chance?”

“You bet I will, though Mr. Gale must know something of it. See you at the track tomorrow?”

“Sure. I have to get the boat in condition for Saturday.”

And that was how Billie and her uncle did not witness Randy’s defeat and also his miraculous escape from death the next day. Hardly had the meter touched 95 when the motor bucked and the car turned over three times. Nan, with her father and Morton, rushed to aid Randy as he crawled from the wreck, bewildered and dizzy but unhurt.

“Here’s your trouble,” Stone pointed out. “Motor froze—broke from overheating.”

“I knew it was too good to be true,” said Gale disgusted at the time he had lost while at the track over a tomfool idea he never had credited anyway. In vain Randy declared he had allowed for everything that might happened and that the oil lubrication was perfect—for obviously it wasn’t. No one would listen to him, not even Nan. “The road job is still open to you, All-American,” she said a little maliciously as she prepared to drive away with her father.

“Nothing,” said Randy quietly, though he was boiling inside.

When he was alone he examined the motor of the wrecked car carefully. Nothing seemed wrong but when some oil dripped over his bare fingers he rubbed it gently between them testing its quality. It had a peculiar feeling—yet he had put the oil in the motor himself.

Ever since he refused the road job, Gale Motors, Inc. was closed to Randy and he lost company payroll and discouraged. Bad months followed. True to his word, Mr. Gale quit the business when he was forced to the wall and United took over the shop. A few weeks later Mr. Gale was at his former office. Such a magnificent Mr. Morton—a Big Boss with a big bonus in the bank, for his slick undercutting of Gale—Mr. Gale?

“Do what you mean, Rogers?” Morton glared into the cold blue eyes of the ex-quarterback.

“I mean that everyone in the business knows you’re a crook. They’ve known it ever since you stepped into your present soft spot, and my invention is not for sale to you, Mr. Morton.”

“You’ll regret this, Rogers.”

“I’ll bet I will. You can’t cross a skunk without getting the worst of it.”

Morton, of course, put him right in the black list. When the boy found all doors closed to him, even in garages, depression settled upon his spirit like a mill stone. After
months of defeat death seemed the only way out. He had never thought of looking up the Devilins. Slowly he walked down the steps leading to a landing and looked out over the water he loved. And then a thing happened that sometimes does happen when we stop fighting and give God a chance to work.

A water taxi slipped up to the landing and a man on shore threw it a line. "Where's the other boat?" called a pilot. "Couldn't send it out. Jim's on a bender." "Get somebody else then; we're in a hell of a jam."

Randi waited for no more, but offered his services instantly, and went out with the pilot to show what he could do. He got the job! Then he went to see Billie and told her everything that had happened to him since the day of the test.

"Uncle Terry and I both thought something was queer about that official test. Do you think the supercharger would work in a speed boat, Randy? Oh, if it would, Uncle would be swamped with orders."

"I don't see why it wouldn't—let's try!"

On the day they went out to test it, Terry Devilin waved a pair of life belts at them, and: "Here, you forgot these!" he yelled, but they didn't hear him. "Darned fools," he said affectionately and, turning, faced Nan Gale. She had heard that Randy was working for Devilin, and as her father was about to start another motor company she wanted to see him.

"If that supercharger works, father will want it, Randy," Nan said when the pair returned triumphant and sopping wet from the test. "Have dinner with us tonight and talk things over at the Club. He will be at the race on Saturday and can see for himself what the Phantom does."

And this would have been all right except that Randy had asked Billie to have dinner with him if the supercharger took the test. And to make matters worse he forgot Billie when he said yes to Nan, and when he tried to explain to Billie that it was business, it was too late. Billie proved right then and there that overals do not make a man. She threw herself on her bed and wept, and then tried to re-arrange a life that no longer included a laughing, eyeld, curiously headed ex-quarterback.

So things reached that Randy Rogers would run in the race with Billie Devilin, and when Morton read it he surmised that they had gotten the supercharger working again. He called Stone and told him he'd better have a look at the Phantom—before the race. That supercharger in the hands of a competitor would be bad for United," he said.

What self-control the moon must have, for it keeps so many secrets locked within its calm brilliance. This night it watched while George Stone climbed stealthily through the boathouse window where The Phantom waited for her race. An oil can, obviously the one used to lubricate her motor, stood nearby. Stone took a bag of emery powder from his pocket and dumped its grain into the can. That was all, and no more but the moon was the wiser. The moon may have been aware, too, of the ideas which poisoned the dreams of the girl who had been "stood up" on that dinner invitation. For when Randy went to examine his supercharger on the day of the race—"it just happens," said Billie coldly, "that The Phantom is my boat and if I want to race her unaccompanied, that is my business."

Terry Devilin chuckled over Randy's ravings of bewilderment. "You invited Billie for dinner, didn't you? And then had it with another girl?"

"But that was business. Surely she understood that.

"No, when you're as old as I am you will have learned that a girl may have a

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Silver Screen

On a Sightseeing Bus

[Continued from page 27]

the beauty of the parks and the shrubbery and trees that screen the car-tracks on Santa Monica Boulevard is there today because of Will Rogers, and it will live after him. At 906 Beverly Drive lives Mrs. Farmer, better known as Gloria Swanson. Turning into North Crescent, we met the Canton house and found the masses and some guests out on the lawn in front of the big house. The house is the town house of Marion Davies, with its immediate garden. At Swarthout has settled at 1003 Lexington.

Turning onto Summit (the bus turns on a dime) we saw the Tom Mix place, unmissably the place of the man. It is all the gateposts. Nearby, where Buster and Natalie Keaton lived in happier days. Far down Sunset Canyon there is the Harold Lloyd estate, far by the grandest of all. It is impossible to see it close up as the grounds are so screened with trees, so a courageous pilot takes us to the best vista spot and we have a view of this baronial magnificence which seems to cover miles of ground. About all we can see of the house is the turrets and the driveway.

At 718 Linden Drive is Edmund Lowe's house, the place so enchantingly decorated by the late Lilian Tashman. It is a small club house and has the charm of the huge houses, and the beautiful high doorway is shaded by a graceful willow tree. On Alta Loma Way is the town house of Janet Gaynor, almost obscured from view by trees. Janet spends most of her time in her Santa Monica house in spite of the fact that oil fields have sprung up all around and practically invade her front yard.

Claudette Colbert's new home on North Freshwater Drive between the city and the ocean is a pretty place. She expects to move into the modern house (being architected by Lloyd Wright) some time in the fall.

Out in Brentwood is the charming home of Neil Hamilton, 193 North Carmelina Avenue, a Monterey farmhouse with broad beautiful lawns and white picket fence. Nearby is the last house on the street built by celebites . . . the Warner Olands are in Seven when Warner is making a picture and cannot be in his beach place at Carpinteria.

At 917 Beverly Drive is the home of Chester and Sue Morris, remodeled from an old Spanish place. Next door is the estate on which Will Rogers lived when he was Mayor of Beverly Hills. Much of man's viewpoint in all but one thing—her heart. There she's all woman. Then he told Randy that he had found another boat for him, and entered his name alone in the race. "I didn't want you to lose this chance, Randy, but it's dangerous installing that thing in an untired boat and racing her for the first time."

"I'll have to take that chance Terry, and thank you. If I win it will mean all our fortunes."

The Phantom held her own until Randy began to open up his motor, then she, as well as the other boats, fell behind. Grinily Billie kept pace as long as she could but suddenly smoke began pouring from the motor, the engine petered and was doing its stuff. She battled with the controls but the smoke enveloped her and the boat burst into flames. Randy, whipping a curve, saw what was happening. He shot from the course and reached Billie's side just as she had fallen almost fainting from the choking fumes. He lifted the almost unconscious girl into his boat and shot back toward the course. The crowd cheered madly.

"Oh Randy," sobbed Billie, "You'll lose the race—you shouldn't—"

"I know it," shouted Randy over the roar of the motor, "I should have left you."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because—I love you—you nix-wit."

That little matter being cleared up they both gave their attention to winning the race that meant so much to both of them. It was a desperate race with Randy gaining—gaining slowly to the first line of boats. It was easier then, and as the crowd almost fell overboard in a frenzy of excitement he crept up—up—nosed past the leader and shot over the finish line well in advance!

"Randy," shouted Billie, not realizing that the motor had been cut off and her voice carried far across the water, "I love you, too!"

"What are you yelling for. Must you tell the world?" And Randy pulled her laughing into his arms.
boys,” explained the driver. Franchot Tone lives around the corner in a smaller place, but rumor has it that he spends a lot of time at Joan’s, and may even move in permanently.

Farther down Bristol was the one all the girls had been holding their breath for—Clark Gable’s home. A simple, unostentatious place, broad white front, upper balcony, green shutters. Monterey would be the nearest description to the architecture. No one in sight, much to everyone’s great disappointment. However, a little farther along on San Vicente we passed Irvin Cobb’s home—one Carole used to rent—and there was the genial Cobb out for a little constitutional, which gave the sightseers a thrill.

We had passed the Riviera where Will Rogers played almost every week, and the practice field he used so often. Now the driver piloted us up a narrow road overlooking Santa Monica Canyon where we had a perfect view of the Rogers Ranch, a hushed quiet over all. The lovely fertile valley, with his putting course, swept back to the group of trees where the green roofed main house and the guest houses are. For a serenely beautiful place, it has few equals in the world. Returning to Beverly Boulevard, we went by the white wooden gates with black hinges, the only entrance to the ranch. A group of men were working on the culvert just in front of the entrance, and I remembered the New Year’s morning when the floods had nearly washed away the bridge, and Will and Mrs. Rogers were out there in their high boots, the rain pouring down, directing traffic. The bridge had sagged a trifle, but was perfectly safe, and to prove it to any doubters, Will would get in his old ranch car and drive over. It was not on his property and he was under no obligation whatever to look out for the passersby. But there he was, soiling vest, genial, keeping the traffic regulated to one car at a time over the bridge and reassuring everyone at a time when every policeman in the vicinity was needed elsewhere—so he stepped in and took their place. The water poured in torrents under the bridge and a little girl in one of the cars cried. Will looked in the car window. “Now it’s all right,” he told her. “This is just a little flood. Think of the big one Noah had to deal with.”

We journeyed on down to the Palisades in Santa Monica, diamonded and looked out over the blue Pacific and the turret top of Marion Davies’ beach house, where the uninhibited are very apt to mistake for a summer resort. Coming back through Bel Air, Jean Harlow’s white house, bare of trees, gleamed on its hilltop. Bel Air is one of the most exclusive residential parks of 4500 acres, with a building restriction of $10,000. Marlene Dietrich lives in Bel Air at present. In the Colleen Moore house on St. Pierre Road, we saw one of her earlier homes on Sunset, with the iron bars at all the windows, which she had put up during the kidnapping scare.

We did not see Shirley Temple’s home in this itinerary since it did not extend to 19th Street in Santa Monica, where she lives. I have to be an old meany and rebel against having a medium sized palace pointed out to me as Bette Davis’ home. Bette lives in a small weather-beaten frame house down on Franklin Avenue, surrounded by a white picket fence. It is one of the oldest and most completely charming houses in the town, and Bette, who lives within her husband’s income so far as her household is concerned, pays $75 a month rent for it. Bette is anti-palace, and I recall a remark I heard on the bus from the two persons sitting behind me. “What gorgeous homes these picture stars have,” said mama, a little bit of envy and longing in her voice. Papa’s strong confident and assured tones replied, “Yes, but when they lose their jobs, they lose their homes.”

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Max Factor’s Powder, and Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades, one dollar each.

**“I Do As I Damn Please”**

[Continued from page 31]

Sylvia and her mother have a perfect understanding that perhaps some of you might not understand, but due for one minute think that Sylvia doesn’t adore her mother just as much as you do yours. Mrs. Sidney never meets Sylvia when she arrives at the New York airport, Sylvia never even wires her that she is coming, and when she calls her mother as soon as she gets her hat off Mrs. Sidney invariably says, “Hello, darling, how long have you been here?”

Now, imagine what a pout most Hollywood mothers would go into, if they thought for one instant that their little precious hadn’t come running to them at once. A Florida city nearly had complexion fits last year when Sylvia flew through on her way to New York without stopping to see her mother who was visiting there. But Mrs. Sidney didn’t have a fit. She understands her child.

So some twenty years ago in the Bronx (where Sylvia was born on a hot August day) Mrs. Beatrice Sidney realized that she had a Problem Child. Her little girl was certainly different from the other little darlings, girls. Sylvia didn’t want to play dolls. She didn’t want to jump rope with the neighborhood children, or roller skate, or play hide-and-seek on the sidewalks of New York. She might sit on the apartment steps and watch, but she would never play.

Sylvia at twenty-five is still the little girl in the red chair who wants to sit alone, as far away from people as possible, and never wants to play. She still hates anything or anybody who takes away her independence, or rather tries to take it away—no one really succeeds. Sylvia hasn’t picked up on the known sidewalks of New York. She might be sitting on the corner steps and down she went right on top of the little fellow. The crowd howled and cheered. The manager came running out and patted us on the back. He thought we did the fall as part of the act. He increased our pay and told us to do the dance nightly, with the fall as the big spot of the act. We were a success, but was I charmed!

The act may have been a success, but it spelled trouble for Binnie, for she decided she was good enough to be on the stage. She quit the Cosmo and started a tour of the theatrical producers’ offices with no luck. She craved drama, but the producers couldn’t see her. It was then that she tasted hunger. "And it did not taste as well as food, either," chirped Binnie. "I have had a lot of fun. Three of us girls lived together. You should have seen us forage for meals. If one of us was invited out to eat, the other two had to pay for it. I have had so much money he had. If he had plenty we would slip to a telephone and tip off the other two girls to drop in. Then we all ate, although the boy friends didn’t always like it.

Determined to succeed, Binnie grabbed a chance to do a song and dance act on an
amateur night at a cheap theatre in the Limey district. What a night that turned out to be. Binnie took the feathers off two old hats and sewed them on the hem of her only nice dress.

"It was a swell job," she assured me. "Patou may have done better, but I doubt it. When I stepped onto the stage I found the audience not in a very receptive mood. Even if I had been good they wouldn't have liked me. I started to sing 'I'm Looking At The World Through Rose-Colored Glasses.' A disrespectful Limey shouted from the gallery: 'Maybe you are, lileey, but we can't.' Blimey, get off the stage.' "

"I stuck to it and finally went into my dance. The feathers apparently hadn't been sewed on very well, for they started dropping off, rather flying off. Soon I was surrounded by feathers and in no time the house was in an uproar and you couldn't hear yourself think for the medley of barnyard yells that broke forth. I cried all night, but I think it funny now."

Tex McLeod saw her that night and figured she had something, so he signed her to go to South Africa with him in a western rope twirling act. He taught her to spin a rope entourage, and when she arrived in South Africa she was billed as "Texas Binnie Barnes." She twirled the rope, told stories of her life on the Texas range which she had never seen—indeed, never heard of before. "I simply vowed them," says Binnie.

Soon Binnie returned to England and found her way into a big part in Andre Charlot's revue. Her singing voice made her a hit. But she wanted to do serious things, so she welcomed a part in a picture being made by a small British company. "I found it was a slapstick comedy with me taking all the slaps . . . so many of them I was black and blue. What a broken heart I had!"

Drama was still, as she says, growing at her vitals. Her break came in the stage play, "Cavalcade." She was a tremendous hit for ten months at the Drury Lane Theatre. Alexander Korda saw her and signed her for a picture.

"I was afraid to report to the studio," relates Binnie, "for I expected slapstick to pop up wherever I went. However the film was a serious one and I was allowed to do what I call 'act.' I guess I must have pleased, for Korda gave me the role of Katherine in 'King Martv VIII.' I loved it, for it gave me the chance I had been working for so many years. I felt that at last I was what I had dreamed of . . . an actress. All the struggles were as naught then. I laughed at them. I laughed at the hungry days and nights when I didn't know which way to turn. The achievement was worth the struggle and the suffering."

Now Binnie is in America, where she played the role of Lillian Russell in Universal's "Diamond Jim." America was combed for a woman who could give the glamour of Lillian Russell, and they had to call Binnie—the former milkmaid, kennelmaid, floor-scrubber and waitress—to come over and strut the Lillian Russell stuff. That is typical of Binnie's whole life, which has been packed with the unexpected. And now—

There is a little farm just outside of London. On it is a dear, little, old lady. She is supremely happy, for a farm, with no financial worries is her idea of heaven. She is Binnie's mother. Binnie gave her the farm and the income. "It was the happiest moment of my life when I set dear old Moms down on that place," says Binnie. "She isn't much on education and so-called culture, but she worked her fingers to the bone for us kids, and she is good enough to meet any friends I ever made. If they think she isn't . . . then those friends are not good enough for me."

That's Binnie Barnes.

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Our Good-Will Star

(Continued from page 51)

Don't both her to play bit parts in it without remuneration. Which is unusual, to say the least. Besides Helen, there are two other Americans in the cast—Richard Dix and Madge Evans. Helen was thoroughly enchanted with England. She was fortunate enough to be there for the Jubilee and consequently saw London at its gayest. Even the weatherman seemed to be "right" side of his face for her benefit. "It actually didn't rain at all while I was there," she laughed.

There may be another reason, also, why Helen felt so comfortable in England, for in between her studio work, her participation in the Jubilee and her weekend visits at fascinating country homes, she found something more than that famous International Tennis Star, Fred Perry. As a matter of fact, they were married a few weeks ago.

It was a gloomy rainy early Fall afternoon on which we met and I can think of no other girl with whom it would be so pleasant to pass an afternoon as Helen. She has the most delightful manner of confiding little bits of gossip (and I'm a girl who loves gossip, especially on a rainy afternoon). As I promised to keep these tid-bits "off the record," as we say in this field, I'm sorry that I can't re-tell them here.

Fred is much taller than you'd expect—in fact as we walked down Fifth Avenue together later, I felt depressingly short with my once proud five feet three contrasting rather unfavorably, with her lissome five feet seven or thereabouts.

And she wears clothes better than any other girl I have ever met—bar none. As I promised to keep these tid-bits "off the record," as we say in this field, I'm sorry that I can't re-tell them here.

As I promised to keep these tid-bits "off the record," as we say in this field, I'm sorry that I can't re-tell them here.

On Location With A Best Seller

(Continued from page 55)

of all right. Bob plays his first screen role in "So Red the Rose"—that of Margaret Sullivan's sweetheart.

Probably no other player has taken a more round-about route to Hollywood than he. He went to England to get here! Graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he set out to find work on the stage. Three months of fruitless search ended in his being turned down for a role because he was American instead of English. In disgust, he decided that a man is never appreciated in his own country, so he went to England where other players, considering he had taken a more round-about route to Hollywood than he. He went to England to get here! Graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he set out to find work on the stage. Three months of fruitless search ended in his being turned down for a role because he was American instead of English. In disgust, he decided that a man is never appreciated in his own country, so he went to England. After his work on the stage, he returned to Hollywood where he found work as a bit player in "The Grand Hotel." He was given a chance to play the role of the heroine's friend and was offered a contract by Universal.

He spent several months in a small English village, absorbing the atmosphere, characteristics and accent of the natives. Returning to America, he passed himself off as a prominent English actor in New York on his first trip, and was immediately
Offered three juicy roles at once!

One day Bob ran into Margaret Lindsay, a child friend, who also entertained acting ambitions. Margaret was down and out and almost ready to give up the stage. Bob told her his experiences, she decided to follow his example, went to England and returned to win a much coveted role in "Cavalcade."

But to get back to our story: Being on a southern plantation of Civil War days, we are naturally surrounded by slaves. To be sure, most of them hail from Central Avenue, but there are a few who have actually seen the South.

There is, for example, Alexander Hill. From South Carolina, Alex is the real thing. He works hard and sends all his money home to his mammy. I asked how he happened to come to Hollywood.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "Ah jus' woke up one mornin' an' says: 'Guess Ah'll go to Hollywood.' So Ah started out to come an' heah Ah is."

Alex hitch-hiked to Hollywood, hinging a good deal more than hitching. The day he arrived, he went out to Paramount studios, where "Mississippi" was being cast, and immediately won a job in the Bing Crosby picture. "So Red the Rose" is his second film appearance, and he says: "So far Ah's done pretty good by mahself."

He hopes to follow in the footsteps of that grand colored actor Daniel Haynes, who starred in King Vidor's "Hallelujah," played five successive years in "Green Pastures," and now has a role in "So Red the Rose."

One of Alexander's most important scenes showed him driving along the roadway singing a dainty song. Director Vidor left the choice of songs to his discretion. Down the path came Alex, crooning a melodious chant about "Down by de ribbah." Vidor ordered a retake. The scene was perfect, but Alex was too good an imitation of Bing Crosby and his crooning about rivers. In the end Alex was prevailed upon to sing another number, featuring "Going down dat Cawpia line."

Alexander finished that scene several hours ago. We've already seen rushes on it, and it looks as though Alex may turn out to be a prominent person round-about Hollywood before he's finished.

It's three A.M. now. We'll probably be shooting another two hours. My optimism when I started this story this morning—or should I say yesterday morning?—is beginning to wane. I'm not so sure the compensations of the movie business do make up for its hardships.

The sun that shone so warmly during the day has been replaced by a cold blue moon. Fog is rolling in over the hills. The cast is still working beneath the warm arc lights; but the rest of us are left out in the cold.

We have only the beauty of the set to help take our minds off our discomfort. A mile down the drive, twenty expert horsemen mounted on gorgeous thoroughbred horses are awaiting a cue. In the doorway stand Margaret Sullivan and Randy Scott.

Director Vidor gives his cue. Cameras start grinding. The horses come galloping down the drive to the mansion door, their riders in riding habit, "Caesar Marching Home."

At the door they come to a halt, shouting and waving at the players on the veranda. They are on their way to war and have come to take Randy with them. No set could be more alive with color and good cheer.

But out on the side-lines it's still mighty chilly. Oh, well, we should be finished by five o'clock. Then we can crawl into our warm beds back at the lodge and catch a few much-needed hours of shut-eye.

Tomorrow we go back to Hollywood to shoot studio interiors.

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**Dolores Del Rio’s Fan Mail**

[Continued from page 29]

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**“I Hope It Lasts”**

[Continued from page 21]

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He was obligingly vague about Cary’s matrimonial difficulties. And Cary reduces in doubt as Mr. Scott’s love-life. But she’s too young and fresh for that. Not even the simplest diet, such as what general manager of several types of girls, I thought Cary was a pal of mine, but when I went probing I discovered he’s more of a pal to Randy.

To discard a relationship’s plans do not include any flying off to Yuma. He says, inscrutably, “I just haven’t fallen in love. I might find the right girl around the next corner.”

The truth is that back in his section of Virginia the landed gentry raise their sons to be particular with their name, and Randy is a chip off the old block. He behaves by inclination, and he is even more elusive since Cary’s unhappy venture.

There has been no spurring for Randolph Scott since his surprising zoom. He has stayed on in the same apartment with the same man-servant to attend to all the duties. The place is still as cluttered, I may say, as it was in my telling truce. This Randy has a magnificent flair for clothes, and he can also show up in astonishingly careless attire. He appears to be telephonically the most interesting fellow.

And so it is with his apartment. If he’s ready for company, it’s next as your Aunt Effie’s. But if his private life is going along rather well, there are others and ends on every table, empty tobacco cans and pipes on every ledge, and you have to push stuff off the chairs to sit down. This Randy is an aristocrat who was stumbling in over his golf clubs, or your ankle by stepping through the guitar. Yes, he has one which he strums to his intimates. (Sweethearts, to you!)

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on the screen, and isn't Ginger Rogers sweet? I hope you liked her. But my greatest hope is that the powers that be will see that you and Gene Raymond are the greatest team of the screen. You with your dark beauty and he so very blond, I hope that you will do many pictures together. Are there any plans for that duo? Be sure to let me know what your next picture together will be.

Very truly yours,
Charles Borden—British Guiana

She pencilled notes on this letter, "Please tell Mr. Borden that Mr. Raymond is under contract to R.K.O. I to Warner Brothers—but that certainly I hope to do another picture with him.

"But didn't the fans recognize Fred Astaire quickly?" she observed gaily. "Now that young man of the letter will feel that he can instantly appreciate stellar material. He will be a fan of Fred's forever—and why not? I am a Fred Astaire fan myself. Ginger Rogers is sweet. Really sweet. I admire her enormously. As for Gene and myself doing another picture. . . . I hope we do sometime. Do you know Gene? he is a fine young man. So clean and serious about his work. And his laugh! It's fascinating! Sometimes on 'Flying Down to Rio,' I would be sad. I must be honest. I did not think 'Flying Down to Rio' would be such a happy picture. So I would be sad. I would hear that Gene Raymond laugh. When he does it, there is such youth and such fun. I would find myself smiling, too. Then he would play jokes on me. He sent me a large box of flowers one day after he had told me to 'snap out of it.' The large box of flowers turned out to be a large box of scallions! I gave the joke back to him. I left his card in it and sent it to the Director! Gene's laugh rang out. He held out his hand and 'Okay, Mrs. Gibbons, you win!' he said. It would be really fun to do another picture with him. She relaxed in her chair.

"I am all tired with my job for today. But here is one more letter—

My dear Miss Del Rio:

I am an avid fan of yours because you are so beautiful. I have been in a hospital for the past year, and they do not know when I will leave. An accident. I cannot talk about it because I miss all the tennis, and dancing, and things I used to have fun with. Your pictures in the magazines are so lovely that I have dared to write to ask if you will send me one for myself. I would like to have it here in my room. With enough good wish for your continued success and great happiness.

Marjorie Young, Illinois

"Oh, that I shall answer myself—now." She picked up a card on which she wrote, "You are a brave girl," and signed her name. She chose a large expensive portrait from her personal files, and autographed it. "Rose," she called, and her secretary came to the door. She handed her the card—"Telegraph flowers at once to Miss Young—a friend of mine." The clear, firm tone of her voice wavered the slightest as she uttered the last. "I was very ill once—flowers—help." A tiny reminiscent pause—then eagerly:

"Well, swim, now?"

A few moments later, she emerged from the bright red door of the bath house. Breathtakingly beautiful in a white silk bathing suit. Honey colored skin. Black hair tucked under a white bathing cap. Swiftly she dived into the water of the big pool. As we swam leisurely back to the diving board, she became serious again—"Fans are so important. Not just because they like you or don't—but because they keep you in touch with what is going on in the hearts of the world. Their problems . . . their pleasures . . . After all, when my days in pictures are over I shall miss them—my fan letters. I should not like to disappoint them," and she pulled herself out of the water, like a bronze and marble statue, poised for a moment on the edge of the pool.

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 uninvited 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.
**Silver Screen for November 1935**

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**Just Big Babies**

[Continued from page 28]

the house (thank you, I am not a snooper) gave me a general idea of what Eloise has to put up with.

I saw snap-shots and negatives gathered over a period of twelve years. How play programs marking every play he ever attended, as well as those in which he appeared. Sunday funny papers over a period of eight or more months, scripts of all his pictures, studio press books, cigar bands and match foldouts from every restaurant he has ever visited in America. Letters from all over the world, year to year calendars, and enough old ties and bedroom slippers to put Mrs. the Old Glove in business for a lifetime. All this I saw at last a casual glance, heaven only knows what I would have dug up if I had really snooped.

And there was the day I was at the Cagney swimming pool with a lot of people when Pat, with the cutest pout on I have ever seen, came up to Eloise and said, "Jim Cagney and Frank McHugh have shark skin make-up boxes. Why can't I have one too?"

That big bozo of an Irishman.

Bill Cagney, Jimmie's wife, tells me that when Jimmie finishes his morning shower in the bathroom he now lubricates himself assisted by an adequate earthquake, had struck it. Towels, soap, bath mats, and water all over the place. Early in their married life Bill, to save time, suggested to Jimmie about the status quo of the bathroom after he had left it, but she soon grew discouraged. Mr. Cagney might be his wife, but she's not his menses periods, but in his own bathroom he is still a twelve year old boy. And he's still a boy when it comes to the cookie-box? Jimmie mad. Bill sees to it that the Cagney household is never without cookies. Lookee, lookee, here comes Cookie.

Big, strong, "Diamond Jim" Edward Arnold is the despair of his children. He has to do the driving. No matter who is at the wheel of the car when he gets in everybody has to take the driver's seat. They all want to drive themselves and it makes them plenty mad, but Mrs. Arnold says that, that they must pamper Daddy about the car. So without much grace about it they all move over, Daddy takes the wheel. They're late for the second and perform miracles to get the car to Wilshire already, but what does Daddy do—always, but always, he drives into a gas station and has the tank filled. The tank is already one if full but Edward Arnold will not drive a car until the tank is completely filled. Heaven knows why, except that during his years of poverty somebody told him that if he wastes a lot of gas buying just five gallons at a time, and the habit became so strong with him when he was poor that now he can't break himself.

According to Catherine Bellamy, that big he-man of a Ralph Bellamy is always stubbing his toe, scratching his head, skinning his knuckles, or worse. A freak accident recently, wherein he tripped over his pet poodle, resulting in a fractured ankle, wrist, and dislocated tail. Dr. Bellamy has written to Mrs. B. to name her spouse "Biteless-Bones." Of course, one of his pet tricks is to stub his toe over the railing of the stairs. He is so partial to meat he'll eat and important people for the first time. If he happens to be carrying a tray of cocktails and suddenly finds them in his face. Gauze and arnica are always on the bathroom shelf in the Bellamy house.

Bill Clark, Galbe, who has all the girls going pitter patter, really has a very even disposition about everything, but he does like to be the one to open the morning papers, but if you continue to be just where the sports section should be and not way over there in the society section. He's very nite about it to the first offender, but what ever for like if you get an idea in the Cagney household that the head of the house is to be the one to remove the rubber band. And no matter how much Mrs. Cagney (that poor old Cholly Angeleno had to say about that bravo) that the Mcys threw up in Santa Barbara she very patiently waits until Clark has finished reading the fights which he saw the night before. Else he'll suck. Clark also doesn't like to talk before he has had his coffee in the mornings, so if you are ever invited to the Gables don't prattle until Clark has had his Java.

Also, Rea Gable knows enough to have a little peckerwood tomato for almost every night Clark eats a can of cold tomatoes before he goes to bed. So you see the world's most popular and devestating girl is just an ordinary home girl just like any small boy. But I am sure that Rea had rather pick up papers after him than to be treated to love scenes all afternoon.

The minute Chester Morris enters his front door he gives his own peculiar little whistle, and he wants Sue Morris to whistle right back at him or else. And if she isn't there—Chester is in despair. Chester is quite sure that Sue has nothing in her life but that little Windows on the front of the house. So all afternoon so that she will be sure and be on hand when he opens the front door. And I may say Sue very rarely misses. Then he has blood on his face. No one must feed those puppies but Chester. He gets very fretful if some good-hearted servant has forgotten and given the suppers their supper before the master arrived.

Chester has his moods, and when he is in a black mood no one must speak to him, but even when he is in a good mood, in case he gets out of his mood and wants to be gay. Dinner will be announced and Sue will say: "Now, are you eating supper, or are you going to have to go to the nearest pub?"

Chester cannot bear to hear water trickle in his house—and I can certainly sympathize with him in that—so Sue and the servants have to keep a close eye on all the taps. The rat-a-tat-tat of guns in the room is the most distressing. But the Big Brave Chester not at all, but just let him come home to a 'dramorphic little trickle in the kitchen. Oh boy!"

So help me I have seen women simply go berserk for Frank Lloyd, the great lover of Budapest. And when he is playing Athos in "The Three Musketeers" or making love to Kay Francis in "Scelta Parish." (I have yet to find a sexier, more charming and romantic, with just the right amount of an accent to make him so irresistible. But when the day's work is done at the studio, and the greasepaint is removed the great love suddenly becomes a little boy and just must be pampered, and if you want proof of anything at somebody else's house is better than at his own. Thanks to Daisy Lukas he has one of the most delightful homes in Hollywood, but when he gets into one of his complaining moods Daisy just lets

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The Great Astaire

[Continued from page 21]

Astaire as a personality, and reasoning thinly, they figured that he'd be a butt as movie material. But the shop girls and the stenographers found in him the same charm and appeal which had attracted their debutante sisters. That's where Broadway figured wrong. So did I, for that's the way I had it doped out. I'd like to say that I knew all the time that he'd be a big hit, but unfortunately for my own ego, I didn't.

Had any of us "smart" New Yorkers only realized that Leslie Howard's success on the screen foretold Astaire's success, we could have guessed correctly. The suave, polished Howard and the suave, polished Astaire are cut from different bolts of cloth but they're practically the same pattern. If girls liked Leslie Howard, it was a dead cinch that they'd go for Astaire because these two I think, are a lot alike. Equip Leslie Howard with the flying feet of a Fred Astaire and the resemblance of the types would be startling. Both of them are modest, gentlemanly, lacking in aggressiveness, almost shy—and that is the 1935 model leading man. At least that is the very type that the girls seem to prefer now. Send Astaire down one side of the street, and parade Max Baer down the other side, and I'll guarantee that the girls will desert him complain himself out.

But the best way to throw Paul into a first class sulk is food. He will call Daisy from the studio in the afternoon and Daisy will tell him that they are going to have pot-roast for dinner. Then Paul will arrive for dinner and find that the pot-roast somehow or other has become chicken. "Sweetheart," Paul moans, "all afternoon the acids in my stomach have gotten together and said, 'We are going to have pot-roast tonight, isn't that lovely,' and now you give me chicken and my acids are all upset. I bet Ethel has pot-roast for Charlie Butterworth tonight." And immediately Paul launches into a discussion concerning the superiority of the Butterworth cuisine, while Daisy eats her chicken without bothering to listen. Paul is also an excellent clothes-scatterer, and Daisy gets plenty of good bending exercise.

Mae West's recent "tall, dark and handsome"—Paul Cavanagh—has no wife or mother, but he is pampered plenty by his servants. Paul will not drink ice water, and so it is never served in his home as he thinks it is very bad for a person. His cook must be an authority on hot breads (far worse for the stomach than ice water, Master Paul) as he will not eat any other kind, and the bread must be served hot every meal. If those pop-overs aren't hot at breakfast time, well, Mr. Cavanagh may be in a slight pet all day at the studio.

Jack Oakie's mother, Mrs. Ofield, takes all his phone calls, lays out his clothes for him, and is delighted to get up any time of night to cook ham and eggs for his friends. His mother always cross-questions him as to where he has been when he comes in, and every now and then when she forgets to do this Jack thinks she is mad with him, so he feels that he is unappreciated and begins to pout.

Lyle Talbot is an ice-box and cupboard scavenger, and a cookie-ban if there ever was one. Lyle just can't bear those tiny nibbles of this and that cached away in the refrigerator, with the result that his grandmother, who keeps house for him, never finds it possible to keep salad "fixings" on hand. Anchovies, olives, pimento strips, hard-boiled eggs, and asparagus tips are Lyle's especial delight.

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements—avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is not a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

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Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.
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Baer for the type that is exactly opposite, as far removed as the two poles.

But enough of speculation as to what made Astaire the new idol of the screen. Let's return to the story, and Park Casino and let him do the talking:

"I was having a swell time in England when the first cable arrived that 'Flying Down to Rio' was a success," said Fred. "I read it and the thing seemed absolutely incredible. Then a second cable arrived and, in a few hours, there were twenty or thirty more of them. Then I got one from Pandro Berman, on the R-K-O lot, and there were just four words in it: 'I told you so,' because he had insisted all along that the scenes shouldn't be retaken and had tried to assure me that what looked bad to me on the screen actually was excellent. I knew then that I'd be a success in the movies, because, from a dancing standpoint, my work in 'Flying Down to Rio' could be improved."

Astaire still can't get accustomed to the national adulation which accompanies a movie star. He went out, his first day back in New York, to do some shopping—just as he was accustomed to wander along Fifth Avenue when he was a stage star. To his amazed discomfort, a crowd collected to the tune, "Ask at the Counter!"

* * *

The influence seems to predominate, for across the top of one teat is "Dancers from sunny Hawaii" and across another one is "Real Hawaiian Entertainers." There is the usual crowd milling about, the usual concessions, including hot dog stands and popcorn wagons, to say nothing of the place where you throw rings at walking sticks, etc.

Not being in a carnival mood from "The Virginia Judge" we bend our footsteps this way and that and first thing you know we're right on the set of a film called "Colle-gate." And right here before my very eyes are Jack Oakie and Joe Penner.

It's the first day of shooting, so, naturally, the plot hasn't got under way yet. A You Used to Be Nice on L.A. stretched out on a couch asleep. Ned Sparks storms into the room, which is the living room of Jerry's (Oakie's) suite. Mr. Overman is Gaylord's valet.

"Hey, Sour Puss!" Mr. Sparks grunts. "Oh, it's you," Overman opines, opening one eye sleepily.

"Where's Jerry?" Sparks wants to know, overlooking the hearty greeting.

"I wouldn't know. This is my day off," Lynne brags.

And lastly on this lot, we have Gladys Swarthout, famous Metropolitan Opera diva in "Rose of the Rancho." This was the Belasco play that made Frances Starr famous about thirty years ago.

This set is a charming little room in a Spanish rancho in 1852. Through the window can be seen a few vines and flowers and beyond that the hills and dales. Inside the room is a tiny four-poster bed with a lace canopy, valance and tassels. The bedspread is crocheted. The dressyer and table are draped with green tablecloths and more crochet work.

This is Miss Swarthout's opening song in the picture. She is dressed in soft white, a festa probably, and her old duenna, Louise Carter, is assisting her. As she primp's, she sings, "Never Tell A Secret to A Rose."

So we'll leave her in the midst of her recital of a rose's treachery and amble over to—
"Love Song" is another opera picture— with Lily Pons, Henry Fonda and plenty of high Cs.

R-K-O

HERE we have Miss Hepburn and Cary Grant in "Sylvia Scarlett," but that set, of course, is closed to visitors.

Next, there is Wheeler and Woolsey in "The Rainmakers" but they are on the posters, stage, and that stage, too, is closed to visitors.

Don't give up hope, gentle fan, all is not yet lost. Right here on the next page, we find the diminutive Lily Pons in her first picture, "Love Song," and with her is Henry Fonda, straight from "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "Way Down East."

The set is a studio room in an attic, very sparsely furnished. As nearly as I remember, Henry is a composer and Lily, of course, is a singer. They're married and happy, though poor. Henry finally comes to realize what a great voice she has and gets a job as "tourist's" guide so he can make enough money to have it properly trained. Lily, unknown to Henry, secretes a position singing in a cheap cafe. One day, as these things happen in the cinema, Henry herds a flock of Midwest Americans (although why they have to be "Midwest" Americans, I don't know) into this same cafe and, of course, just like a husband, is outraged to find Lily singing there. To make matters worse, just at the moment he appears, she sees a mouse, screams and jumps for protection right smack into the arms of Osgood Perkins. Henry thinks Ossie has insulted his wife and pokcs him right smack in the eye. As you may have surmised, the fat is in the fire and we pick up our two little love birds as they are entering the little room I have described and which, up to this point, has been a nesting place for love's young dream.

"Whether you like it or not, I'm going to give you what you want," Henry rages. "But I don't want anything," Lily expostulates weakly.

"Quit complaining," Henry yells masterfully.

And there you have the beginning of a great picture. Whether the end is great, time alone will tell, but at least it will acquaint you with Lily Pons and her singing and that is worth the price of admission.

And, if you will just follow me, I'll take you right on to another set which is also a great picture—"Two Beat the Band"—featuring Helen Broderick whom, by this time, you will have seen in "Top Hat" and

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Be adorably slim!

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful line. 

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and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I cured a widow, reduced my clientele for 4½ inches and my weight 24 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the waist). Here is the miracle your Blancheron has worked for me. I have already taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Blancheron treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficent, that you can put on your money if you have not reduced your figure itself in point of weight, to 8 inches, then you could be faster than the devil.

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FREE to the full 28-day treatment. during 4½ inches.

I send $1.00 for my Blancheron treatment NOW and I will repay the whole cost of the treatment, with a call on every beauty salon. This offer is limited, or SEND TODAY. Ask 25c for beauty catalog.

DIARY accumulation, 32 A. Forest Hills, New York.

I endorse St. Rose and immediately posted in this paper your Blancheron treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both my indoor and outdoor 14 inches, you will fill the whole space for free, send back the special letter with your name and address.

None.

Address.

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BROWNSTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Helen Broderick, in "To Beat the Band," living up to her very fine reputation.

whom, by this time, you will be cul-razzy about.

On second thought, maybe this isn't a great picture. Maybe I'm just letting my enthusiasm for Helen Broderick run away with my critical judgment, if any. This is one of those cock-eyed plots about Hugh Herbert inheriting fifty-nine million dollars, provided he marries a widow in three days. He's in love with and engaged to Phyllis Brooks, but the wife isn't a widow.

Hugh stops Roger Pryor from committing suicide, which Roger is determined to do because he has just lost his last million and he is a notion where the next one is coming from. And, as Roger and I always say, "what's life without a million? Better death a thousand times!"

And, as Madam Butterfly's Way lands in a sweatshirt. Men can no longer live with honor.

No sooner is Roger saved than he has a change of heart and goes to Roger (Roger) marry Phyllis and then commit suicide, which will, naturally, make her a widow.

Hugh agrees reluctantly, of course—and goes to tell his lawyer, Helen Broderick, that everything is going to be all right.

"Oh! yes! I forgot to mention that in case Hugh doesn't marry a widow in three days the fifty-nine million is to be divided among the boys of Fred Keating's band.

Helen decides she'll get more out of the estate if the band the gets the money so she goes to tip them off to what's what. Helen is to get one million for her share.

Anyway, leaving Helen out of it, for the moment, the band is frantic. They want to find Roger so they can stop him from committing suicide for three days and then, of course, Phyllis is widowed.

Miss Broderick, having done her duty by tipping off the boys, is standing forlornly in the middle of the foyer of a night club, all done up in one of Bernard Newman's best guimpes, of Swede blue satin with white box trimmers and looking for all the world as if she'd already got her million.

The elevator door opens and the band rushes out and swarms all over her and practically毛病 the gal.

"We've looked all over town for that guy, Barry (Pryor)," Keating yelps.

"Have I got to go through all that again?" Miss B. demands patiently, smoothing her fox.

"We've been to every place in town and can't find him," Keating whispers.

"That's the old trick you used. "Now, be sure to cross the room carefully or you're going to trip over him."

"Here he is!" Keating ejaculates incredulously. "Where?"

For answer, Miss Broderick links her arms through those of a couple of the boys and leads them to the door of the dance room.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged... Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. People who have lost beauty and love the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Silk, Annette Lazerette, P. O. Box 4000, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 189, Chicago.

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IMPROVED Simulated DIAMOND mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring is offered for this ad, and the expense in coin. Address: National Jewelry City, 6, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)
“Theer!” pointing dramatically.

The boys drop her as though she had small-pox (your filthy money, Miss Broderick) and rush on the hapless Pryor. And Helen is left standing forlornly in the middle of the foyer right where we picked her up at the beginning of the scene, with her matching gloves, shoes and bag of Swede blue (the gloves are silk, not kid).

Next we come to “Annie Oakley” which stars Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster. You all know, I hope, that Annie Oakley was a dame back in the 1880’s or thereabouts who was a crack shot with a rifle. Mr. Foster was also a pretty good shot himself but he hadn’t been working at that. He’d been in vaudeville with Pert Kelton (who has dyed her hair blond for this epic). When he meets Barbara he drops Pert, teams up with Babs and off they go to make a living giving rifle exhibitions. But things aren’t going so well. In fact, something has just gone wrong because we pick up Preston in a cheap hotel room, throwing things haphazardly into a bag. Comes a knock at the door and Pert enters.

“Figured you might need a little cheering up,” she opines, pouring herself a drink of whiskey.

“Kid,” says Preston earnestly, “You’re wastin’ your time. The great Toby Walker is on the skids.”

“Don’t let ’em sell you that, Toby,” trying to work up some interest. “What you need is a little rompin’. I’m gonna take you out and show you the town.” And with that, she snuggles up to him and puts her arm around his waist.

“What can I lose?” Preston wonders, looking down at her and giving an indifferently snort.

Suddenly Stanwyck is standing in the doorway.

“Well, well,” Pert gurgles with a shrill laugh, “if it ain’t little Deadeye. Maybe you’d like to join us. We’re just goin’ out and paint the town.”

But Barbara merely shoots her a dirty look and turns to Preston, speaking quietly, desperately: “Toby, I’ve got to speak to you.”

“Your friend Hogarth was right,” Pres retorts, looking down into her eyes and breathing fast. “There’s been enough said already.”

“But,” she begins pleadingly. “Lissen, Deadeye,” Pert breaks in. “Why don’t you quit poundin’ this man? You never done him a nickel’s worth of good. Since the first day he seen you, he’s had one piece of rotten luck, after another. Ain’t you satisfied with the way you got him messed up now?”

Barbara draws back as though she had been struck in the face. She looks at Foster, silent, appealing. For a moment he looks as though he is about to weaken. Then he steeles himself and gets no satisfaction from his expression. Fighting back the tears she whirls abruptly and runs out of the scene.

“Cheap hotel room, isn’t it?” I put it up to Pres when the scene is finished.

“How’d you guess?” he asks in surprise, simulated or otherwise. “I can tell ’em,” I assure him.

“And how!” he rejoins.

Well, all this is getting us nowhere so I leave him and trickle over to the last set, which happens to be Ginger Rogers’ first starring vehicle, entitled “In Person,” the title of which will be changed. Ginger plays a popular screen star who, due to one thing and another, finds herself in a mountain cabin, incoherent, with George Brent. When George doesn’t treat her with the respect she feels she merits, she decides to put him in his place by revealing her identity. George pretends not to believe her and says if she wants to imagine herself a movie star it’s OK with him but what he’s looking for is someone to do a little work. He takes Ginger unmercifully that first thing we know we find them at dinner, Ginger in a pale blue taffeta dinner gown.

“I should have known George was at dinner. Ginger comes in with a piece, of which she is very proud. She hands him a piece and he takes a bit. “Hal!” says George, “it’s safe.”

“Don’t you know what kind?” she asks disappointed.

“Well, it might be berry,” George guesses. “Raspberry—or maybe currant. Yes. I believe it’s currant, isn’t it?”

“You’ll never find out,” she screams, hurling the whole thing through the window. I made A-plus in domestic science all through college. And I won every medal for cooking pies in summer camp.

“Did they give medals for washing dishes?” he mocks, “or do you want some help?”

“I wouldn’t let you near a dish of mine. Not if you begged me on your knees,” she screeches.

“I won’t,” he assures her.

So Ginger starts stacking the dishes. Then she yawns. She’s SO tired. As she looks at all the dishes, a pained little expression creeps over her face. “Could I wash them tomorrow?” she pleads. “I’m dead tired.”

“Tonight would be better.” George informs her coldly, although he is secretly amused by the whole thing.

The director isn’t satisfied with the scene and he wants to rehearse some more before shooting it again so there’s no use hanging around here and we may as well set sail for—

Columbia

Now there are several pictures shooting here but one of them, “Crime and Punishment,” which is being adapted from Dostoievsky’s novel of the same name, is being

Ginger Rogers has been made a star and her first picture is called “In Person”—unless they change it.

Silver Screen for November 1935

77

* Carole Lombard *

in Paramount’s “Hands Across the Table”

Of course, Carole Lombard’s lips are alluring!

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Like Carole Lombard you can make your lips lovely with color harmony lipstick discovered by Max Factor, Hollywood genius, in creating make-up for screen stars.

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There is a color harmony shade of Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick for brownettes, brunettes, blondes, redheads.

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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Com- pound and one-fourth ounce of glyce- rine. Any dropper can get this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is ob- tained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handshake by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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The Mahar method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater colors. Instilled by 25 years of successful use all over the world. Send 50¢ in stamps TODAY for illustrated catalog.

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JAMES STONAVSKY

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PREV, Rhode Island.
It's Charlie Chan again but this time he is in Shanghai—when he's greeted by Dick Powell is only rehearsing and I can't get on the stage. "Metropolitan" starring Lawrence Tibbett is on location, so that's out.

We come to the next stage and there's another of the never-ending "Charlie Chan" pictures. This time he's in Shanghai and Alice Faye and a chorus putting over the feature song of "Music Is Magic."

I can't help but think what will he do when he's been completely around the world and there's nowhere left for him to go.

This set is merely the deck of an ocean liner as it is pulling into Shanghai. Warner stands at the rail with a couple of cunning little Chinese children and one little white boy. He sings them a song about a dragon and that's all I could discover about Charlie Chan in Shanghai.

Next door we have another picture called "Music Is Magic" again, the plot is completely missing, as this sequence is merely one of the musical numbers. Somebody is monkeying with the dial on a radio and all at once the panel parts and behind the panel you see this beautiful number, led by Alice Faye, that the interested party in front of the radio had previously been listening to. And the way that number is staged is really sumptuous.

En route to the stage, Frank Perrett picks up a beautiful Chinese girl and takes her along with us. She has the longest fingers I've ever seen. Alice Faye always prides herself on the length of her fingers-nails and Frank's idea is to have a picture made of the two girls showing both their finger-nails so people can see how much longer Orientals wear their nails than Occidentals. But when we reach the "Music Is Magic" set, Miss Faye takes one look at the other girl's nails and says "NO!" She's not going to be shown up!" "Let's see 'em," I coax. "No!" says Alice. "Why not?" I argue. "I'm not going to make a picture of them."

"I don't go around showing my finger-nails to people," she snaps.

"Tell, tell, Miss Faye, such modesty. And I'll bet you'll feel utterly disgraced if anyone ever saw one of your ears, too."

Anyway, pretty little Rosina Lawrence, who is also in the picture, is glad to have her hands photographed so everybody's happy. And Rosina does it so graciously, too.

I guess it's just this heat that's getting under everybody's skin and I think maybe a ride will cool me off. So off I go to

Reliance

Reliance makes their pictures for United Artists release and their current production is "The Melody Lingers On," which features Josephine Hutchinson, Helen Westley and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

There are several pictures in production here, too, but "Thanks a Million" starring Laura Hope

It's Charlie Chan again but this time he is in Shanghai—when he's getting better all the time.

of your acquaintance waiting to be taken there tonight.

"I beg you," Oslon says. "But she'll be expecting you."

"Just tell her I was busy—something sudden.

"No", the dumbfounded Stevens demands, "are you drunk?"

"Not yet,

Lover assures him hopefully. And that's that. Now, we come to—

\*\*\*

"Charlie Chan and a chorus putting over the feature song of "Music Is Magic."

I can't help but think what will he do when he's been completely around the world and there's nowhere left for him to go.

This set is merely the deck of an ocean liner as it is pulling into Shanghai. Warner stands at the rail with a couple of cunning little Chinese children and one little white boy. He sings them a song about a dragon and that's all I could discover about Charlie Chan in Shanghai.

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There are several pictures in production here, too, but "Thanks a Million" starring Laura Hope
Creves and Mona Barrie. Josephine is studying with Mme. Westley to become a great singer. The scene is the foyer of the opera house. the night after she met Houston. She looks very fetching in a white net dress with little pink and blue flowers. The white wrap, threaded in deep bands of black velvet. And Miss Westley, whom you should know by this time is my favorite of all the character actresses on stage or screen, is really something in a purple velvet evening wrap, trimmed with sable, and a purple net dress threaded with gold. On her head is a diamond tiara and at her neck a diamond choker. Big time stuff, my friends. As the two women enter the foyer, Helen turns to Josephine.

"You see? I told you not to wear those clothes. People think you’re a tight rope walker."

"I wish I were, darling," Jo ravels enthusiastically. "High above the crowds, in tights and sangles."

"Come down," says Miss Westley dryly, "you’re making me dizzy."

And just then up comes Count da Vigna (Gottschalk).

"Signora," he murmurs, kissing Miss W’s hand.

"So you’re here, too," she mutters grimly, snatching her hand away. "I don’t know whether its’ safe to do this, my dear," she goes on to Ann, "but you have to take your chances these days. Count da Vigna, Miss Prescott, my pupil. HE’s an old rogue," she adds to Ann.

"I’m charmed, Miss Prescott," Gott boa.

"So am I," Jo smiles, "provided you live up to your dreadful reputation."

That’s fine talk for an innocent young girl to be putting out.

David Burton, the director, isn’t satisfied with this scene so he calls them for more rehearsals. It’s hot and the atmosphere is getting tense so I beat it. But I’ve never known Reliance to turn out a poor picture and I’m sure when this is released, every thing is going to be all right.

We just turn our attention, ladies and gents, to——

The new Warner hit girl, Winifred Shaw, with Phil Regan and Frank McDonald in "Broadway Horess."

**Sensational Ring!**

You’ll never forget the lovely new ring I have just revealed to the world. It is a beautiful ring, over twenty carats of diamonds, set in white gold. The ring is the property of Miss Winifred Shaw, and is valued at over $50,000. Miss Shaw is delighted with the ring, and is planning to wear it at the opening of her new show, "Broadway Horess."

“You can’t have too much beauty, and this ring is the epitome of beauty. It is a perfect combination of diamonds and gold, and is sure to please any woman.”

— Miss Winifred Shaw

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Heals Pyorrhea
Trench Mouth
For Thousands!

Warner Brothers
I can scarcely believe my good fortune when I arrive and find the same state of affairs.

"Case of the Lucky Legs" with Patricia Ellis and Warren William is on location. Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man" and James Cagney in "Frisco Kid" are just starting today and they have asked that visitors be kept off the set for today only, until the pictures get under way. "Living Up To Lizzie" has just finished, Capt. Blood is always close to visitors, "Stars Over Broadway" is on the process stage. That leaves only "Broadway Hostess," featuring Warren William and June Lang.

On this last picture, they're in Winnie's living room. She's a night club singer—a big hit—and Phil is her piano player. He finds her singing and strums a few chords. "Listen to this," he urges. "Wurgle and Dubin wrote it especially for you and I honestly think it's the best thing they've ever written. With that, he sings a chorus of "Let It Be Me" and he's right. It's a swell number and he sings it beautifully. Then Winnie looks it up and she sings it beautifully, too.

So that winds up Warners and we turn our attention to—

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SILVER SCREEN FOR NOVEMBER 1935

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1931, C.M.C.O.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, drab hair. Static perm and color your hair at the body to make even more discovery "SHARPMO-KOLOR," takes minutes leaving hair soft, glossy, natural. Permanent color. One treatment. Foard Ruskall, Horace L. P. Valley, Dept. 150, 354 W. 31 St., New York.
A SENSITIVE boy lived in Prague during the war years. Daily he heard the sobs of bereaved women and saw their white and hungry faces. As he ran to deliver parcels for the department store for which he worked daytimes, he was very careful not to jostle the crippled men who hobbled along the streets so awkwardly on their shiny new crutches, and tears stood in his eyes as he watched new recruits being rushed to the battle lines. Those days left their scar upon the soul of Francis Lederer.

At night he used to hang about the theatre and finally, in fact, he became an actor. As he traveled throughout the length and breadth of Czecho-Slovakia he came to know how wide spread were the misery and unhappiness caused by war.

The boy became a famous actor, played Romeo to Elisabeth Bergner’s Juliet, and at last reached Hollywood to make pictures. But he has never forgotten, and today he is doing all that he can do to prevent wars and to promote universal Peace.

Lederer has a hearty handshake and a twinkling eye that reveals his love of life. But we like to think that his smile is genial, gentle and kind because in the heart of Lederer is the wish to help other people to happiness, and to fix this old world up so that the horrors that he remembers so well as part of his youth shall never come again. 
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.
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AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS
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Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture.

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

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

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Listerine
TOOTH PASTE
Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢
SIXTEEN MEN

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world... in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M’s $2,000,000 PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making... Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portmouthe Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. 6 villages erected; 9,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

CHARLES CLARK LAUGHTON - GABLE
In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY with FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin • Eddie Quillan • Dudley Digges • Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production • Albert Lewin, Associate Producer

Silver Screen
SPECIAL FEATURES

PARK AVENUE GOES HOLLYWOOD ............... ED SULLIVAN 14
It is Good Form To Be Seen With A Movie Star

THEY KNOW THEIR GROCERIES! ............... RUTH RANKIN 16
The Screen Stars Do Their Marketing

WITH JEANETTE MACDONALD AND NELSON EDDY ON LOCATION ............... LISA 18
The King's "To A Man's Heart"

"ME AND MY PUBLIC" .......... HELEN LOUISE WALKER 20
A Movie Actor Has To Learn How To Make People Like Him

THE STORY OF MAY ROBSON'S NEW PICTURE ............... JULIA GWIN 22
A Queen is Made

TIBBETT—THE TROUBADOUR! ............... DENA REED 24
Song and Laughter Babbled from Lawrence Tibbett

HONGKONG'S CONTRIBUTION ............... LEON SERRELLIAN 25
The Details Of The Star That Avg. Temple Is Planning

HOW MUCH OF IT IS LUCK? ............... WHITNEY WILLIAMS 26
Chances Figures In All Successes

STARS IN BED ............... RAMON ROMERO 28
The New El Dorado Of Hollywood Names

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A SHIRLEY TEMPLE XMAS PARTY ............... ELIZABETH WILSON 30
Our "Lily Of The Opera"

Lily Post—New Screen Diva

THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR ............... HELEN FAY LUDLAM 32
Stars Make Difficult Neighbors

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

The Opening Chorus

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have just bought myself one of those Robin Hood hats with a peak in it and look exactly as if I was ready any minute to break from the roof and show I am king to the poor. But no matter how weird I look, whenever I buy a new hat I have to go places and show it off, so I said to myself this will be as good a time as any to round up those autographed photographs for Silver Screen.

Well, if you think assembling autographed photographs of the stars is a simple little matter of a few delightful minutes you have another think coming to you. Even cynical as I am, I was overly optimistic, for I gave myself two days in which to contact ten stars. I actually made five. Marlene Dietrich, I was informed, was leaving the Paramount studio in five minutes, so I tore through traffic and red lights and arrived breathlessly on the "Desire" set. Marlene, cordial and sweet as usual, promised to autograph the pictures just as soon as the scene and Gary Cooper (first time they've been together since "Morocco") was finished. I got the autographs two hours later.

Then, over to the Colliery set where Claudette is making "The Bride Comes Home" with Fred MacMurray and Bob Young (hmmm, lucky bride). There I found the "cast and the crew," as Elissa Landi says, telling jokes, and once more I had to hear the one about "Tools." Five jokes and ten "takes" later I got the autographs.

Then away I dashed out to the Twenty- third Century Fox studio to the "Thanks a Million" set, but Dick Powell, I was informed, had the afternoon off, so on I plowed my way to Tolula Lake. No Dick, I played a hunch and drove my throbbing engine to the dizzy heights of Look-Out Mountain and there, sure enough, I found Dick making a social call on Joan Blondell, and I hope it's a romance for they are both swell people. The next day I looked for Carol Lombard in her dressing room, but no, then at her home, but no, then at the tennis club, but no, and by then, believe me, I was in the throes of the spirit of the chase and finally cornered her at Arrowhead Springs, only sixty miles away, recovering from the combined success of "Hands Across the Table" and her birthday. I'm beginning to think that I am God's gift to the Gasoline industry.

LIZA
AF fermOUR OF SUSAN, THE—Good comedy. The combination of Zahn Pita and Hugh O'Connell certainly ought to tickle the ribs of a number of you, especially during their peripatizations through Con-ey Island on a lovely Saturday afternoon.

BALL OF FIRE—Fine. Here we welcome Bebe Daniels back to the cinema screen after a spell of theatrical fulems which is exciting and colorful. (Alice Fay-ka-Walker).

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—Lively mystery. The bishop (played by Edmund Gwenn) is a detective story fan who unravels in a most amusing manner a particularly ingenious crime. (Marianne O'Sullivan, Reginald Owen, Douglas Dugger).

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1926—Excellent. One of the best of the Merry-Go-Rounds or any year. It has EVERYTHING—marvelous dancing, good singing, romance, and swell comedy. And a cast that includes Eleanor Powell, Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, Robert Taylor, Una Merkel, etc.

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—Fine. Well, by this time you all ought to know what to expect in a Charlie Chan film, so all I'll tell you is that opium smuggling is the dastardly crime which Charlie tries to eliminate this trip. (Warner Oland, Irene Hervey).

CONDEMNED TO LIVE—Test possible. One of those masterful crime-bat affairs, with plenty of eerie sequences which may raise your blood pressure if you take them seriously. (Ralph Morgan).

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPY—A bit gruesome. At any rate, it's thrilling. Richard Allen Poe's stories serves as a theme for this latest horror film, starring Eric von Stroheim. Don't take the children.

DARK ANGEL, THE—Excellent. A beautifully produced romantic drama of the World War period, with such finished players as Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall in the principle roles.

DR. Socrates—Fine. All Paul Muni's characterizations are subtle to the point of perfection. This one, that of a small town physician who incurs the wrath of the narrow-minded inhabitants, is no exception. There's plenty of action, drama and romance. (Ann Dvorak).

Freckles—Fine. Another Gene Stratton Porter yarn is produced in such a manner as to appeal to all lovers of wholesome, homely films. Cast includes little Virginia Weidler, Carol Stone and Tom Brown.

GAY DECEPTION, THE—Fine. Although Frances Dee and Francis Lederer are maskmaking under false pretenses at a swanky New York hotel, this familiar theme is treated so charmingly it almost seems new again.

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Fair. A country born comedy converted into a theatre provides the background of this comedy featuring Jack Haley as a country yokel with stigmatic ambitions. (Ann Sothern, Roger Pryor).

GIRL WITH THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—Fine. Warren William can always be depended upon to turn out a suave performance and he is at his best in this comedy about a crooked promoter. (Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis).

HARMONY LANE—Excellent. An exquisitely produced little centering around the brilliant but infuriated life of Stephen Collins Foster, weaver of magic songs which will never die. (Douglas Montgomery, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—Good. An entertainment. A group of World War veterans in a comical romance in which he meets a young girl. (Director—Samman-Hein, Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise.

I LIVE FOR LOVE—Entertaining Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall (the singer who once warbled in the Scoundrels as well as at the Metropolitan) in an amusing story worn around real performers. Cast includes Hertford Churchill, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins.

MELODY TRAIL—Good. A western tale, set to music, this should please audiences that do not like their entertainment peppered with sophistication. (Ann Rutherford-Gene Autry)

NAVY WIFE—Good. Plenty of drama and romance in this film, authored by the romantic Kathleen Norris. The setting is a navy base in Hawaii, with Claire Trevor, a nurse, marrying Ralph Bellamy, a navy doctor.

PAY OFF, THE—Good. There's plenty of excitement in this melodrama centering around the newspaper business. The star cast includes Claire Dodd, Patricia Ellis, Alan Dinehart, James Dunn.

PUBLIC MENACE, THE—Fair. Jean Arthur deserves a better story than this one involving newspaper reporters, gangsters, etc. The action is fast, however, and there's plenty of love interest for young romantics.

RAINMAKERS—Just fair. A drought which seriously menaces the crops of California farmers is the basic theme for this latest Wheeler-Woolsey farce. Dorothy Lee and Berton Churchill are in the supporting cast.

RED SALUTE, THE—Good. A rollicking comedy with Barbara Stanwyck causing plenty of merriment to the audience. The picture is sent by her father, a General, when she desires to marry a communist. (Rob. Young)

THIS IS THE LIFE—Good. Little Jane Wythers (who is the direct antithesis of Shirley Temple in looks and manner)—but as adorable a girl as comes along, plays in a film that gives her ample chance to show her talents as a singer, dancer and impersonator. (Sally Blane-Francis Ford.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Good. Old and young alike seem to heartily enjoy Zone (grey) Thriller of the northwest, and this one dealing with an outlaw gold mine which is not disappoint anyone. (Leo O'Brien, Barbara Fritchie).

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Fine. A story of small-town life that may make you laugh and weep both. Walter C. Kelly (an old vaudeville headliner) plays the lead, with Bob Cummings and Marsha Hunt carrying the romance.

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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."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
MAX REINHARDT’S
FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Music by 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

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

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

for December 1935
The Romance And Recipes Of Mrs. Frank McHugh

Mrs. Frank McHugh in the kitchen of her Toluca Lake home.

There is not a more beautiful love idyll in all Hollywood than the story that touches upon the romance and marriage of Frank McHugh and Dorothy Spencer. I learned of it quite by accident the other day when I was visiting with Dorothy at the McHugh manse near Toluca Lake.

We were talking of diets, recipes, baby foods, window drapes and all the various things that women usually discuss when they get together. In some way, which I don't now remember, our conversation veered to Frank. The way she spoke his name told me that there was something between them that is above the average relationship of most husbands and wives. And then she told me of their love which surmounted every possible obstacle and won a happy ending for them after ten long years.

Dorothy was only eighteen when she and Frank first met back in Hartford, Connecticut. She had finished High School and a couple of semesters in a private seminary in New York and had won a stock engagement in a local theatre. She had been given considerable encouragement from the manager of the troupe and two raises in salary that first summer. Then she met Frank and they fell in love. She doesn't like to talk too much about their romance, because it brings it more or less down to earth, but they saw quite a lot of each other that first year and were convinced that it was love for both of them. However, they had considerable ambition, so they agreed to wait awhile for marriage. They set the date tentatively ahead a year. Then complications began to develop which broke into their plans. Dorothy was offered a good opportunity to go on the road with an "Is Zat So?" stock company. Frank, meanwhile, accepted a contract which took him to London with the "Is Zat So?" company featuring James Gleason and Richard Tabor. He was gone for over a year.

In the interim Dorothy came west to San Francisco and played in a number of important productions and was finally elevated to "leads." New York and romance began to seem rather far away and, finally, she married another man. Her marriage proved a mistake, and ended eventually in divorce. Several years later, fate brought her and Frank together again and they were married. Now they are ideally happy, and small wonder when their love endured a ten-year probation before marriage.

There are three children, Peter, Susan and baby Michael. Adorable children, too.

Dorothy says that when they were married, a guest at their wedding breakfast prophesied that Frank would "keep her in stitches" all the time, because he is so funny. But that is a mistake. Frank is a serious-minded young man and he even takes his comedy seriously. He thinks up many of his own gags and his directors are glad of it, for he knows his own forte best. The "cap" gag in "Broadway Gondoliers" was his own invention. He is always proud when a gag he has worked out brings a laugh.

Little Peter wants to be a comedian like dad, but it is really Susan who has a natural flair for comedy. And whenever anyone laughs at something she has said or done, Peter will come rushing in to find out what was so funny and demand a

Cooking Reaches A Man's Heart If It Comes From The Heart Of A Woman.

Frank McHugh—Funny Fellow.
By Ruth Corbin
Why does NEMO tag its corsets:

WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a strong soap! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic flabby. Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely pure soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the life of fine corsets!"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze Suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

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.

NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

large can Bartlett pears

1/2 pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese

2 sections Roquefort cheese

2 tablespoons cream and Worcestershire sauce

Arrange pears on lettuce, cover with mixture of Philadelphia cream cheese, Roquefort cheese, cream and Worcestershire sauce and garnish with plain salad dressing.

Dorothy told me that although she has learned a lot about cooking and is able to cook and serve Frank's favorite dishes whenever the need arises, such as the cook's day off or during vacations away from home, she has never been able to make good coffee. And good coffee is one of the things Frank can't do without.

Her failure at coffee-making has rankled with her, too. It seems such a simple thing with most cooks. You put so much coffee in just so much water, let it boil or drip or percolate and there is your java just as you want it to be. But it has never worked right for Dorothy. She has followed every direction ever given, simple and complex, percolated, boiled, dripped and et cetera and yet her coffee has never been anything to shout about. At least, not until last Christmas.

Then, she presented herself with a silk pot and now everything is serene in the McHugh household. They have coffee that is really coffee, now.

Lemon pie has always been a weakness with Frank. Dorothy's recipe is common-place enough but her pies aren't. I sampled one of them myself and it was perfection, from the crust to the feathery meringue on top. For the benefit of those who struggle to achieve these results, here is how it is done.

3/4 cup boiling water

3/4 cup sugar

6 egg yolks, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon butter

1 tablespoon cornstarch (or flour) 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Mix cornstarch and sugar, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook 2 minutes, add butter, egg yolks and rind and juice of 1 lemon. Line tin with pie paste, and fill with mixture which has been cooled and bake in oven until paste is done. Cover with meringue and return to oven until meringue is browned.

Here is her meringue recipe:

Beat whites of 2 eggs until stiff, add gradually 2 tablespoons powdered sugar and beat together; add 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice for flavoring and beat again. Then spread on top of pie filling and brown in oven. It should come out fluffy.

for December 1935

IVORY FLAKES 99 3/10 % PURE
JOEL M'CREA picks girl with TANGEE LIPS

THE LIPSTICK, RUSS BEWARE with TANGEE

UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Film star chooses girl with Natural Lips in Hollywood test.

"I like rosy, natural lips... and if that means Tangee Lipstick, then I'm for Tangee!", said Joel McCrea, riding with millions of other men who dislike lips that look painted. And Tangee can't give you "that painted look" because it isn't paint. Instead, Tangee makes your lips naturally kissable and alluring. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee right away. It comes in two sizes, 9c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... when you buy.

Don't let some cheap colo gloss touch you in an imitation... there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
"Little Miracle" Compact Set of Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge. Refillable. An Excellent Xmas Gift-$1.50

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder, Foundation or any of 1/2 lb. in Canada.

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GREETINGS, my fine feathered friends, and here we are again. After last month's heat, the brisk October air is really a stimulant, not only to the actors and actresses but to your humble correspondent. Bright and early in the morning we turn our footsteps to—

Warner Brothers

IT IS the first day of shooting on the long-talked of "Frisco Kid," starring James Cagney. It's a story of the Barbary Coast, in the days when the Barbary Bar was something to write home about—if you lived long enough to write.

Naturally, the story is just opening. The scene is the interior of a saloon and dance hall, operated by the Jumping Whale (Claudia Coleman). It's night and the festivities are in full swing. I might say—in fact, I will say—the place is in a turmoil. Fighters and sailors and bow-legged tailors are jamming the place. The girls whom nowadays we call "hostesses" but who went under a different name in the old days, are busy as bees.

Director Lloyd Bacon yells: "Ready, places!"

Joe Sawyer and John Wray take their places at the bar and Miss Coleman (who looks like the mother in "February Hill") takes up her post behind the bar. The crowd starts milling around. Suddenly the door opens and in Cagney and a gust of fog. Jimmy stands there looking around and keeping tight hold of his duffel bag. Then he advances to the bar.

The Jumping Whale gives him a hard look, turns to the rear of the bar, takes a key off a rack and dings it on the bar in front of him. "Dollar six bit," she announces.

"What'll it be, sailor?" la Coleman inquires in a whiskey bass.

"Make it three," Wray instructs Coleman, giving her a wad of that "make it three" and the wink, tips off her she's to put a Mickey Finn into Jimmy's drink.) "Quittin' ship here?" he goes on to Jimmy. "Veh," says Jimmy. "I came here to try my luck in the gold fields."

"All the good claims are staked," Sawyer moans discouragingly, "You better ship out again, sailor. I can get you a berth right away."

But Jimmy shakes his head. "No thanks, No more sea for me."

As he speaks the Jumping Whale sets the three drinks on the bar, and the three men take them up.

Well, here's to the gold fields," Wray and Sawyer toast him, lifting their glasses, and toasting off their drinks.

It is apparent that Jim's drink is terrifically strong. He shuts his eyes and lowers his head under its impact. Picking up his room key, he turns from the bar but the effort causes him to grow dizzy. He leans on to the bar a moment for support.

Jimmy, my friends, is about to be shanghaied.

Next comes "Stars Over Broadway," Well, here is Warner Brothers' contribution to the screen, this year, of some high-powered radio personalities. For once these stars are worked in naturally. There isn't one who doesn't belong in the picture and the film has much more plot than these things usually have.

The story concerns a small-time Broadway (Pat O'Brien) who is determined to become a big shot at any cost. The picture opens in Jack Dempsey's restaurant, where Pat discovers his friends have just cause to scorn him as an idle dreamer. He retires to his tiny room in a cheap hotel and is preparing to commit suicide when a porter (James Melton) enters singing. Pat, who never smiles once in the picture, sees possibilities in him and talks himself into managing the youth. Pat is having him coached for grand opera but when he finds it will be five years before Melton is ready, he won't wait that long, drags him to a radio station, and enters him on an amateur hour. After numerous struggles Melton is spotted in an exclusive night club and, after singing a couple of numbers, is hailed as a sensation.

Melton is waiting in Dempsey's next day for Pat to show up. With him is Frank McHugh, a song-plugger. While they wait a girl shows up with the inevitableautograph book which Melton signs. McHugh reaches for it but the girl yanks it away from him and walks off.

"I'm the top song plugger in the business, ain't I?" Frank yells after her. "My autograph ought to be worth something."

[Continued on page 72]
MINUTE make-up is as natural to Virginia Bruce as her lovely blonde hair, which has never needed the help of a brush or dye to keep its honey-colored sheen. Virginia is sometimes called "Hollywood’s most beautiful woman off-screen." She does her off-screen make-up with so much finesse that she’s never been caught taking more than a minute at a time for repairs!

We strongly suspect that she’s a charter member of the Minute for Make-Up Club, which has one hundred per cent backing by prominent men employers of secretaries, as well as the most sought-after escorts.

We were an eye-witness to the conversion of an ardent male supporter of the Minute for Make-Up Club. He sat at the table adjoining ours at the Ritz with a very beautiful girl at whom he was gazing adoringly. She said "Excuse me a minute while I powder my nose." He smoked four cigarettes in solitude while the orchestra played the two best dance numbers of the evening. Then the same handsome-looking girl approached us and said with a coyness that truly made him feel, "I wonder what you use and where you put them. Helena Rubenstein has a dandy new one called "Town and Country Make-up Film." It was brought out first in England, where it proved it could keep make-up faultless during a rainy afternoon at the Ascot races as well as through long, trying Court functions.

First and foremost, use a make-up foundation that will keep your rouge and powder where you put them. Helena Rubenstein has a dandy new one called "Town and Country Make-up Film." It was brought out first in England, where it proved it could keep make-up faultless during a rainy afternoon at the Ascot races as well as through long, trying Court functions.

Make a firm resolution to limit your time for repairs (and only when repairs are necessary) to one minute. Don’t powder your nose just to be doing something. Light a cigarette instead. One of the trickiest devices we’ve seen for minute make-up is a vanity bracelet. It’s a medium-sized loose powder sifter cleverly concealed in what looks like an old-fashioned bracelet (very smart this Season). The top of the vanity opens and discloses a mirror held at just the right angle to give you a clear picture of your face while you do the make-up job. You can get a vanity bracelet with a rouge compact included, too. The Foster Jewelry Company has made some stunning looking ones in gold and silver colors and trimmed with filigree designs, cameos or quaint black and gold enamel. There’s an evening one, solid rhinestone studded, that’s delicate and glittery with formal clothes, And here’s an idea. How would a vanity bracelet do as a Christmas gift for that friend who “has everything” and is so hard to shop for?

Virginia Bruce making repairs to one of the most beautiful faces in Hollywood.
Some Of The Fifty Letters Which Were Awarded Prizes In Last Month's Autograph Photograph Contest.

"I ADORE the defiant worldliness that Marlene Dietrich portrays on the screen," writes Geraldine Nelson of Boston, Mass. "She has the subtle charm of a gentle manner and beauty all her own. Marlene is the most unique of actresses because her repose and quietness fascinate me. I consider her our most thrilling beauty and best actress."

Write in if you would like the picture of Marlene signing your prize picture.

"CLARK GABLE is not only the handsomest actor on the screen today, but also has the most charming personality. His technique in love-making is so perfect, it is certain to appeal to every feminine heart. He is not the egotistical type but rather a 'regular guy'--a character admired by everyone," writes Opal Jerry of El Dorado, Ark.

"Clark Gable is outstandingly my favorite star and ideal man."

That explains everything.

I HAVE just seen Dick Powell in his latest musical picture, 'Page Miss Glory,' writes Georghianna Joseph of Los Angeles, Calif. "Dick is good as comedy, especially in this latest picture when he brings four rattles to Dawn Glory from the quadruplets in Alaska, and he also plays his part well as 'a little goofy' aviator (I'm still laughing). I have thor-

Marlene Dietrich, as she signed the photograph won by Geraldine Nelson. Miss Nelson's letter appears on this page.

Fifty Beautiful Photographs, Inscribed, Signed And Tastefully Framed Under Glass (Size 8 1/2 x 10 1/2") Are Offered In This Contest.

To win a photo write a letter about the star whose photograph you desire. Your letter can praise or constructively criticize, and the BEST sixty letters will win.

Marlene Dietrich

To ME you are one of Hollywood's foremost actresses due to your very fine acting talent," writes Anne Francis. "Of your many outstanding pictures I chose 'Dr. Monica' as your greatest screen triumph. Do try and make another picture with that idea, for the role of a doctor suits you perfectly.

Just recently I saw 'Stranded' and found it another swell picture to add to your credit. But now I eagerly wait the arrival of your newest screen release, 'The Goose and the Gander.'"

We liked "One Way Passage."

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in October have been notified by mail.

Read these CONDITIONS and enter THIS CONTEST

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words are considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star's name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight, December 6, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of the prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossip

WELL, what are the young folks up to these days? Nino Marrini gave pretty Anita Louise a great big welcome when she arrived in New York and everyone suspects a romance there. But Anita Louise has wired practically everybody in Hollywood—except Tom Brown—that the rumors of an engagement are greatly exaggerated. While Anita Louise is vacationing in New York Tom Brown is escorting Sue Mullen to the Tropicadero almost every night.

Isabel Jewell is back in Hollywood after a visit to New York, where she saw a lot of plays, even the rehearsal of Lee Tracy’s new play, and is hand-holding these evenings with George E. Stone.

Cute little Mary Carlisle, to whom Dick Cromwell proposed before he left for the Grand Tour, has been night clubbing quite often lately with Arthur Lake.

Jackie Coogan seems to have forgotten Toby Wing for the nonce and is buying Betsy Grable dinners at the Brown Derby. Pat Ellis and Fred Keating are still in the throes.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has had plenty of kidding over the very smart European car he brought back to Hollywood with him after his recent travels. The other day he left the car parked in front of the wire-store building on the Metro lot for a few moments, and when he returned he found the following note on his steering wheel: “Mr. Montgomery—Please do not leave your reserve in front of the building.” (signed) Clark Gable.

LITTLE Freddie Bartholomew has an uncontrollable desire to lift people. He even ran up behind Garbo one day on the “Anna Karenina” set and lifted her right off her feet. She was surprised, said Freddie, but not angry.

JOAN BENNETT’S baby is sixteen months old now and as quaint and old-fashioned looking as her name, Melinda. She doesn’t seem like a Hollywood baby for there is nothing chic or cute about her, but, rather, she resembles a sweet old daguerreotype of a little girl of long ago. But Melinda, despite her churlish looks and lovely old-world manners, is a bit of a modern. How could she help being, what with a Bennett for a mother, and two Bennetts for aunts? Joan

Polo for Christmas. An interesting view of the field which has been renamed “Will Rogers Memorial Field.”

took her shopping with her the other day and for the first time in her life little Melinda rode on an elevator. When the door closed and the thing began to move Melinda gave Joan her most heavenly smile, and casually remarked, “Whoopie.”

RUMORS, as the boarding house landlady said, are here today and gone tomorrow. And the rumor which should go the quickest regards the supposed-to-be-divorce of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Where that rumor started no one knows, but it spread like soft nougat. It was particularly distressing to Frances because in another month or so there is to be another McCrea heir. Joel and Frances want you to know that they have never been so happy—so lay off them, please.

And, despite the rumors, the Bing Crosbys still seem to be happily wedded. They are house-hunting like mad now for, on October first, they promised to vacate their home at Toluca Lake so that the Keelers (Ruby’s mother and sisters) could move in. But came October and even November and still they haven’t been able to find a house large enough for three babies, two secretaries, dozens of relatives, and a big batch of servants. How would you like to be the wage-earner for that menage?

More rumors. Friends of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres declare that Ginger and Lew have effected a reconciliation and that all is peace and happiness once again. Ginger is so wrapped up in her career now, and she is certainly sitting right up there on top with Garbo, Crawford, Colbert and the other top-notchers, that it is sort of hard to look after a home and husband, too. R-O has made her a star, you know, and that’s no bed of roses.

DID you know that Mae West collects all those jokes about herself? She feels that it is a form of flattery and is quite hurt if there aren’t a few new ones every week. In fact, her fellows-workers on the “Klondike Lou” set are always pleased when Mae comes on the set of a morning and breezily asks, “Have you heard any new Mae West gags?” for it means that La West is in a good mood and everything will be hotly toto. By the way, Mae has made a cameraman—tish, tish, now don’t be vulgar. When Mae couldn’t get her favorite cameraman, Karl Struss, for her new picture because he had been assigned already to the Bing Crosby picture, she halted production while she tried out several of the boys. Struss’ assistant pleased her most with his photography, and she immediately had him promoted to the status of cameraman.

CONSTANT tennis opponents, when pictures don’t interfere, are Nelson Eddy and Brian Aherne. Both boys will probably be next year’s most popular leading men. Nelson Eddy already gets more mail than anyone else on the Metro lot, and since the preview of “I Live My Life” Brian Aherne’s popularity has shot up like a skyrocketer.

LITTLE movie stars should never say “get that man away from here!” to photographers for they are a sensitive breed, alas, and hurt easily. Sylvia Sidney felt the feelings of the camera boys so badly down at Phoenix when she got off the plane to get married, because she wouldn’t pose for them, that they sulked around for hours and plotted revenge. When Sylvia and her bridegroom returned [Continued on page 51]
THE "400" and the four million are not so far apart as you think. The $12-a-week girl clerk who stands behind the bargain counter in a department store, and the debutante who lunches at the Colony Club have one thing in common—a fierce desire to meet the stars of the moving pictures. Gable and Colman and Boyer spell romance just as surely to the debutante as they do to her humbler sister. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady may be at the far ends of the social poles, but when it comes to the movie stars, girls born on the opposite sides of the railroad track are alike in their reactions.

That is the conclusion of a Broadway columnist who is in a position to watch what happens to the cinema stars when they arrive in New York. Their committee of welcome invariably is made up of wealthy women. When Ricardo Cortez and Dick Barthelmes arrived on Broadway for the Louis-Baer massacre, they were monopolized by Countess Dorothy di Frasso, when Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable paid their last visit to New York, you saw them constantly in the cream-colored Rolls-Royce of wealthy Beth Leary, whenever Annex 'N Andy hit Broadway, it is dollars to doughnuts that you can phone them at Clara Bell Walsh's suite at the Plaza. And when the feminine stars of the pictures arrive in New York, the wealthy men of the town dance attendance upon them. Loretta Young's escort was millionaire Will Stewart. Myrna Loy went places and saw things with tall George Marshall, Marlene Dietrich had for escort a governor of the New York Stock Exchange, Bert Taylor, Conde Nast, millionaire publisher, has a standing invitation to the Hollywood beauties, and Kay Francis, if she so desired, could have her pick of the Racquet Club.

The answer is that the wealthy members of the "400" are bored to death with their own sets and cliques. They find a new thrill in the companionship of celluloid celebrities, they enjoy escorting them and being pointed out in public places. The Stardust that is deflected to them gives them a kick. They get a thrill out of it, just as great a thrill as you and you and you would get if Clark Gable were to sit down at the same table.

The "400," fully aware that the movie stars are social lions in the fullest sense of the word, guard them jealously. I will explain that. Carole Lombard, for instance, is leaving the Coast by plane for New York, and the farewell dinner is tendered at Dorothy di Frasso's elaborate manse. Before Miss Lombard leaves, Countess di Frasso arms her with perhaps five letters of introduction to HER friends in New York. In that way, it becomes a closed corporation. These lucky five will monopolize the blond Lombard girl until she is ready to return to the Coast.

The movie stars are content with this arrangement because they love it. Through the good offices of Countess di Frasso, they will be house guests at elaborate Long Island estates, they will be feted at the polo matches, they will lunch at the Colony and dine at the Central

Joan Bennett is popular at both ends of the Air Line. She is wearing an evening ensemble of chartreuse and silver, trimmed with mink.
GOES HOLLYWOOD

It Is Good Form Nowadays To Be Seen With A Movie Star.

Park Casino, they will have liveried lackeys to answer and satisfy every whim. The stars, in other words, like to feel that they have crashed the sacred portals of the real "poo." Here it is that they actually live the lives they portray on the screen. It is pleasant, for instance, to sit on the glassed-in porch of the snooty River Club, perched on the banks of New York's East River, and bandy small talk with Sonny Whitney or Jock Whitney. Outside, at the dock, the movie star can see one of the sleek yachts of the Whitleys riding at anchor, and if the mood seizes them, the captain is ready to hoist anchor and take off. Here, in real life, is all the swank of reel life. The movie stars can't be blamed for going social.

It is pleasant, of course, for a Ricardo Cortez and a Dick Barthelmess to arrive on Broadway a few hours before a great heavyweight fight, and find that their wealthy host has anticipated their slightest wish. Ringside seats, priceless and not for sale, are waiting for them in the fifth row, and anything they desire requires only a slight pressure of a button.

In this curious companionship of the "poo" of the Social Register and the "poo" of Hollywood, the bluebloods give full value in return for the companionship of the actors and actresses. The stars, when they are with them, need never worry that they won't be with the right people. They meet Washington diplomats, they meet captains of finance, they meet newspaper publishers who can do them untold good—in short, they meet the interesting people of the world, and they meet them in a champagne-and-caviar atmosphere that is purely delightful. On the other hand, the movie stars give the "poo" the excitement of vivid personalities, they give them brittle small talk, they give them a colorful slant on life which refreshes their hosts and hostesses, they give them glamour, but most important, they give them an interest in life.

Kay Francis, Donald Ogden Stewart, Fred Astaire, Miriam Hopkins, Marlene Dietrich, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Barthelmess, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are the favorites of the bluebloods. Each of these fits into the social pattern perfectly.

Gary Cooper, who married into society, has a separate clique. Greta Garbo would be admitted eagerly by the "poo" but she steers clear of them. Claudette Colbert, gracious, charming and witty, would have no difficulty breaking into the di Frasso group if she showed any inclination, and actually does join them on infrequent occasions. In fact, the Hollywood personage who couldn't crash is Stepin Fetchit, because the only line drawn is the color line.

On the outskirts of this group of "greeters" stand A. C. Blumenthal and Joe Schenck. These two musketeers do very nicely by themselves. "Blumey" likes pretty women, Schenck likes pretty women. Joan Bennett and her sister, Constance, Carole Lombard and Paulette Goddard are "Blumey's" favorites and Joe plays the field. Occasionally Will Stewart deserts the Park Avenue salons to join forces with them.

On the fringe of this group are the minor men-about-town, the artists and the writers and the wealthier cloak-and-suiters. If the di Frasso group and the Blumenthal group overlook any Hollywood celebs, this third division of "greeters" guls them up and retires them from circulation. As a result of these divisions and sub-divisions of New Yorkers who are movie fans, and ever on the alert to bring the sparkle of a real movie star into their set, any celeb who comes on from the west coast is certain to have an enjoyably crowded visit. I guarantee that they will not lack for anything. And their hosts and hostesses would be offended if the celeb tried to pick up a check, be it ever so small. Economically, as well as socially, it is an ideally pleasant arrangement.

In addition, if the star is of the first-water, he or she can pick up some pin money to defray the air- [Continued on page 50]
They Know Their

The Sophistication Of The Screen Stars Is In Evidence
When They Do Their Marketing.

By Ruth Rankin

And by their groceries you shall know them. Which star buys what, and where, and how much? A man’s table can reveal more about him than his psychiatrist, and a quick going-over of Hollywood tables reveals that we have a new race of fastidious epicures quite in keeping with the sophistication of their screen roles.

But the extraordinary angle is that these busy and glamorous personalities take up their baskets and, like you, madame housekeeper, and you, monsieur good provider go a-marketing, personally. And consider it one of the major pleasures, no less. With the markets of Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills among the most irresistible sights on the landscape, buying the family supplies has turned from drab routine into a colorful experience, if not actually cultural.

The center of their star’s activities is the beautiful Young’s Market at Union and Seventh Streets, and it certainly is the ultimate achievement in food emporiums. The simplest ham and eggs look glamorous in this handsome setting. No wonder Eric Rhodes remarked to me that when he enters this store, he always has an impulse to ask for the jewelry department!

I would make a bet with you that in one month’s time, more big-name stars show up at Young’s than in any night-club—possibly all of the night-clubs—in Hollywood!

That slender girl with the cropped red hair, wearing a pair of comfortable slacks and hovering domestically over the delicatessen counter, is known to millions as Katharine Hepburn. There are three friends with her, but Katie is doing the shopping. Mr. Brown, the store manager, tells me that “she knows the art of buying for the table—whether it is a natural instinct or her good New England training.” She is very clever, the sales-persons in various departments add, never buying too much of one thing or too little of another. Katie loves picnics—any time of year—and she selects all the good pastes and spreads for sandwiches with a nice discrimination. Caviar, pate de foie gras, almond paste, and Roquefort spread are among her favorites. Her purchases are wrapped and carried to her car—she prefers to take them along with her.

One of the most selective purchasers is—you guessed it—Bill Powell, epicure to gladden the heart of old Epicurus himself. I was in luck to catch him right in the midst of a marketing spree, since William’s explorations are quite unpremeditated—they occur when he happens to feel in the mood, and then the food business takes a leap. Bill is no skimpy shopper. The sight of so much splendid provender puts him in a warm, informal mood.

There is certainly an air of opulence about Young’s, guaranteed to give any customer some fancy ideas.
about what to have for dinner, but they can spring surprises in the way of practical prices for staples—in case you have the impression that your favorite dream-man and glamor-girl pay double for their flour and sugar. Most of these staples are ordered by telephone, and when a star does personal shopping, it is in the nature of a tour for new and different things.

Bill the Powell browses all over the store asking a million questions and calling most of the clerks by name. (All of them have been there since the place opened, ten years ago.) He has a standing joke with Daisy Dey of the tobacco department, because he "once had a girl named Edith Day who was so charming he has to buy all his tobacco and cigarettes from Daisy." His latest joke is that Eric Rhodes buys a gift box of candy and preserved fruit.

Madge Evans always purchases imported Roquefort, which is crumbly with age and marked like rare marble.

he is mooching cigarettes these days, not buying so many, trying to pay up for his house! Daisy says he has the heartiest handshake of anybody. Bill prefers to select the meat for his table whenever he can, and he likes a good thick steak. He went in a huddle with the butcher; inspected several cuts with a shrewd eye, and decided on a handsome porterhouse, well-hung and rimmed with just the right amount of fat. The butcher has a wholesome respect for Bill's judgment. The steak set him back two dollars and it was the best in the market.

Over at the grocery counter, half a block long, Bill lets loose and the chips fall where they may. He has a passion for sauces—Sauce Diabolo, Escoffier, Eschalot, and Viniagrette. The Eschalot he uses on the little cultivated escargot (snails, brought up by hand) of which he buys a dozen tins for nine dollars. Then half a dozen of the small imported bottles of Financier au Jus—cox-combs, truffles, and other delicacies combined at three dollars the bottle. Then he invests in a few tins of fancy scallops, some brandied peaches, and some wild-strawberry jam. He leaves the salesman with a glad heart and wanders to the toilet goods counter. (This market has everything to make good living better!)

(Continued on page 66)
WITH JEANETTE MACDONALD AND NELSON EDDY ON LOCATION

By Liza

Jeanette MacDonald all set to work with the waterfall.

Beautiful Lake Tahoe all cluttered up with Indians and movie stars.

The success of "Naughty Marietta" must have made good reading for Mr. Eddy.

This is the story of three city slickers--who suddenly discovered to their horror and distraction that four A.M. is the time to get up and not the time to go to bed. The three city slickers are Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and myself. And if you think I have a whale of a nerve grouping myself with those two you don't know the half of it--why, I've never been able to carry a tune further than from here to there, which is exactly the length of an eyelash, and not even a Dietrich eyelash. But that's the advantage writers have, they can always go around sticking themselves in their stories and the poor movie stars can't do anything about it.

Well, it seems that when the Metro publicity department called me up and suggested that I go on location for a few days with the "Rose Marie" company at Lake Tahoe, which is eight thousand feet up in the High Sierras, I thought it was a good idea. But when that train started playing leap frog with a few Sierras up near Truckee, I decided that maybe it wasn't such a good idea.

What with nearly all pictures being made on sound stages and back lots now, it really isn't necessary for a company to go on location unless they need magnificent, natural scenery, and so it happened that as long as I had batted around Hollywood I had never been on a location before. Well, strange to say, neither had Jeanette MacDonald nor Nelson Eddy. Those two charming and sophisticated Easterners had become a couple of old softies, so completely had they been pampered by Metro with respectful hours, regular meals, well equipped sound stages that are cooled in the summer and warmed in the winter, and every night their own comfortable and luxurious Beverly Hills homes. They didn't know much about Nature except that there was a whole mess of her outside the train windows every time they traveled to or from New York by the Chief, cooled in summer and warmed in winter.

The first fourteen years of her life Jeanette spent in school in Philadelphia, and after that most of it on the musical comedy and concert stages of New York and Paris, so you just wouldn't expect her to know about bugs and bad coffee.

And Nelson Eddy, as you know, was certainly a little city boy, born in Providence, Rhode Island, and brought up mostly in Philadelphia, where he had to work too hard trying to keep body and soul together to find much time for communing with Nature. Then, when he gave up his career of a reporter at eighteen and began to train for opera, naturally he lived in the big cities of the Continent and in New York. And me--don't forget I'm in this story too--me now, I haven't walked further than from Times Square to the subway shuttle train in years. I'm the effete Easterner.

"Ah, Lake Tahoe," said Jeanette and Nelson Eddy, when Director Van Dyke (it was Van you remember who directed them in "Naughty Marietta") informed them that all of "Rose Marie" would be made in the snow country, and he hoped to high heaven they wouldn't get snowed in for the winter, but they'd better take some heavy underwear. Um-mmm, they thought, that's the magnificent resort region, and near sophisticated Reno, and immediately they saw visions of beautiful hotels, snappy bell boys, and a stringed orchestra and Chopin for dinner. I don't know what Jeanette packed, but I packed two dinner gowns and three pairs of French heels.

Well, just imagine our surprise when we discovered that the season was over, all the de luxe hotels and lodges closed, and only one lodge open, and here "Rose Marie" took shelter. Rather
In The High Sierras The “Rose Marie” Company Worked With The Back-Drops All Done By Nature.

a depressing affair consisting of a combination barber shop and bar, a dining room and club room surprisingly lacking in the luxuries of life, an elemental cuisine which convinced me more than ever that I should have bought more American can, and a series of cottages which weren’t exactly my idea of the Waldorf-Astoria. When a chilly little mountain stream trickled out of the hot water faucet I knew that I was back to Nature at last.

Rarely had I gotten the train smoke out of my hair, the night of my arrival, before I was told to go to bed as I had to get up at four the next morning. It seemed that the next day’s location would be at the foot of a waterfall on the side of a wild untouched-by-civilization mountain about an hour’s ride from the Lodge. Well, that four o’clock didn’t sound very good to me, but I had traveled twenty-four hours to get here so, so help me, I was going to that location if it killed me. It practically did. I found tendons in the back of my legs that hadn’t been aroused in decades, and did they object! But if Jeanette and Nelson could make it, I could too.

Paul, the unit man, was big-hearted and didn’t get me there until six o’clock, by which time I was informed Nelson and Jeanette had already done one of their big scenes. Imagine doing a love scene at five in the morning, stifling yawns and trying to get your eyes open. Those two certainly rose in my respect. Well, to get to the location you had to climb, by hand and foot, about two hundred yards to a little crag that jutted up quite impertinently and overlooked as beautiful a waterfall as I have ever seen. Of course if you were a sissy you could get a pack horse to take you, but I took one look at those horses which were quite obviously snarling “dudes” (only that morning one of them had very grandly refused to budge an inch with Jeanette on his back) yes, I took one look at those animals and decided a little foot work was in order. It was certainly the forest primeval that I had to fight my way through, with my arches falling on every turn, not to mention my spirits, hence quite happily putting in a mountain train, I made the crag—which was a trick in itself as it was just so big and already had Jeanette, Nelson, Van Dyke and Dr. Lippe on it. I grabbed hold of a stone for dear life, and every time I took a deep breath Nelson, always the gentleman, yanked me by my foot or throat and kept me from sliding away to the lovely rocks miles below. Of course I immediately upset the one bucket of water the company had between them and everlasting thirst, and that made me awfully popular.

Well, when we three city slickers got together, what we did to Nature was really something. I bet her ears burned plenty. It seems that the switchboard boy at the Lodge had forgotten to awake Jeanette and she had had to hurry to the location at five in the morning without any breakfast, not even a cup of coffee, and it seems that it had turned colder than usual during the night and that Nelson couldn’t find any more blankets and had caught a cold in his head, so we were all in grand form to complain bitterly.

On an outdoor location the sun has to be just so, and the sky has to be just so, so we had to [Continued on page 62]
“Me and My Public”

A Movie Actor Has To Learn
The Art Of Making People
Like Him.

By Helen Louise Walker

Several years ago I had occasion to go on
location with Wallace Beery. Wallie, wear-
ing an impressive Stetson hat, called at my
door at an early hour and tugged me into the
front seat of a large sedan. We were speeding
merrily along the highway when someone
shouted, “Hi, Wallie!” The brakes squealed
and we came to an abrupt and startling (to me)
stop. Three newsboys grinned at us from the
sidewalk and Wallie engaged in a bit of jovial
chit-chat with them for a moment. We resumed
our journey and our conversation. Presently
there was another shout, “Hi, Mister Beery!”
This time it was a pair of garbage collectors.
We repeated the brake-squealing procedure and
the joviality, leaving the two chocolate-colored
and somewhat odoriferous gentlemen in a state
of flattered exaltation.

After one or two more stops, Wallie explained to me, in all
seriousness: “These people are customers. Gotta be nice to ‘em!”
He continued, “I always try to stop to speak to anyone who hails
me. It isn’t merely that they are customers for what I have to
sell, I learn something from them . . . almost always. The
moment an actor gets too big for his hat and tries to avoid the
public who pays him his salary, he loses touch with something
which is very valuable. He should
ride on street cars and busses some-
times, visit beach concessions, hot
dog stands, en-
gage the people
he meets in con-
versation and find
out, if he can,
how they live,
what they think about, what they want . . . and need . . . in the
way of entertainment. It is important for any actor to have a
genuine interest in people!”

There spoke an experienced trouper . . . and if results prove
anything, there also spoke a wise one. Wallie has many of the
attributes of the successful politician, and years of experience have
taught him not only the wisdom of maintaining a friendly rela-
tionship with his public but they have taught him how to do it.

But what of the youthful newcomer . . . the pretty and talented
young woman, for instance, who finds herself plunged suddenly
into a glaring and bewildering spotlight? How shall she greet
that admiring public who holds her future, her professional fate,
in its hands? It is all very well to face, across the footlights, a
crowd which has paid its good solid money to watch you act. All
very well to perform in front of a camera with lights and make-
up, with costumes designed by a world-famous expert, with an
experienced director to tell you whether you are good or terrible
. . . and with the opportunity for another take if you fail on this
one. It is another thing to meet, with-
out benefit of lights or props or direc-
tion, the curious crowd which assembles
in front of the theater in which your
picture has just been previewed . . . the
autograph hunters, the “I-know-your-
Aunt-Emma-in-Podunk!” shouters, the
celebrity hunters who gather in front of the
Brown Derby at lunch time or the
Club Trocadero in the evening.

When Robert Montgomery

gives an autograph a lot of

good-will goes with it.

Rudi Vallee signs and smiles
and talks to everyone.

Irene Dunne meets-
ing the New York
reporters. Great
Scot! They’ve got
their hats off. Irene
MUST be pretty.

The master show-
man, Eddie Canter.
What Eddie signs
in your album is
not the same as his
hand signature.
With police escort, Joe E. Brown leads the parade of stars for a Warner Brothers publicity stunt. Trust Joe for a smile that is as sincere as it is sizable.

Take Merle Oberon. Now, Merle is a fairly experienced actress but not at all an experienced personal-appearance-maker. She is, by nature, extremely shy and she has met her public on only a few occasions... and she really hasn't acquainted herself very well. She has fled in dismay and the reports have been that she was "frozen-faced" or even high hat. The truth was, of course, that she was plain scared.

One time, when she realized that the meeting was inevitable, she went to Miriam Hopkins who was working on the same lot. "What shall I do?" she implored. "What shall I say? How shall I behave?"

Miriam, inured to these experiences, smiled at her panic. "Keep your own mental attitude adjusted," she told her, "Remember... these people have seen you upon the screen, they have read about you in newspapers and magazines, they feel that they know you. They are genuinely interested in you. If some one calls you by your first name, it is not impertinence. It is because he feels that you are his friend. He has met you intimately... there is nothing more intimate than a close-up. Wear your prettiest frock, smile at these people as if they were close friends... which they are. That's all there is to it."

Merle came through her preview creditably, met the critical Press with grace, greeted the sidewalk crowds graciously... and collapsed in nervous tears when it was all over.

Most of the studios who have large "stock companies" realize the importance of this sort of training and advice and retain social arbiters or advisors for their young players, these days. Paramount's Miss Zee Sylvania has coached such potential stars as Gertrude Michaelis, Toby Wing, Ann Sheridan and Grace Bradley in the subtle art of smiling prettily at their public.

"The course lasts from three to six months, depending upon the receptiveness of the pupil, "If they learn how to walk gracefully, how to use their hands and their voices," says Miss Sylvania, "they gain self-confidence. I tell them it is important to be well groomed, to know that they are dressed in the best of taste. If you are worried for fear your hat has slipped from its proper angle, you will not present a cheerful front to your public. The smallest worries are distinctly unbecoming!"

She starts her charges making personal appearances in small local theaters, sees to it that they are properly dressed, tells them to catch as many individual eyes as possible (wearing friendly expressions), to sign every autograph book, which is presented and to give the eager public all the time it wants, no matter how hungry or tired the recipient of the applause may be. "There is time enough to rush through a crowd and be whisked away after a girl has become a sensational success,"

says Miss Sylvania. "Only a Garbo can afford to be whisked!"

The whiskings of even so important and successful an actress as Katharine Hepburn... and their echoes... would seem to bear out Miss Sylvania's theory!

This conversation reminded me that Mary Pickford told me one time that she was haunted, when appearing in public, by the fear that her stocking seams might have twisted. And that reminds me, in turn, of the time when I sat in the box next to Mary's and Doug's at a large charity ball. People kept coming to ask them for autographs and both were as charming and gracious as possible, in an automatic fashion, in according to these requests. They wrote their names patiently, and smilingly, upon programs, visiting cards, leaves from various autograph books and on starched cuffs. But Doug was in a playful mood and had Mary worried all to pieces over remarks he made in French about the various supplicants, as well as about some of the entertainers upon the stage.

"Doug!" Mary would whisper, in horror. "Maybe her mother is sitting next to us... and perhaps she understands French!" To which Doug would reply, brightly, "If her mother is clever enough to understand French, then she must know that her daughter dances like a giraffe!"

Doug! you see, was reaching, even then, a point where he did not feel that he need care about what his public thought of him. With your newcomer, it is a different matter...!

When Julie Haydon had to make her first public appearance, she fled to Joan Crawford for advice. Joan put on her hat, ordered her car and took the little Julie shopping for the proper frock. Then she conducted her, briskly, to a beauty salon for expert advice on hair, and the proper shade of make-up. She supervised the purchase of hat, shoes, gloves and bag. She coached Julie in the gentle art of smiling her best at her public... and she gave a little party for friends to "preview" the act. And she taught her how to hurry, while not seeming to hurry, through the crowd to that waiting car. Julie, I might add, did her teacher credit!

A year or two ago crowds were not so friendly to actors who were reputed to be earning enormous sums of what looked to the hungry man like "easy money." There were ugly demonstrations at one or two premieres. Bricks were tossed and rude remarks were made, to the dismay of everyone. (Continued on page 58)
MARY JANE BAXTER sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the strange quintet round her, at the clean but shabby room, at the dog curled up contentedly at her feet. Never had she seen these people before and she did not quite know what to make of them. Blackie, darkly handsome and just coming into young manhood, stood between his foster father, Tony Orsatti, and Tony's daughter, Julia, who was like something out of a story book in her sweet, young loveliness. At the foot of the bed was Doc, with the too mature lines plainly etched on his little boy face. Flash, blandly good-natured, and Tony, comical despite the seriousness of his manner, made up the group. To the eccentric old woman they all seemed like parts of a very bad dream from which she had just awakened. She feared that this might be another of the schemes of her scatter-brained nephew, Percy, in his efforts to confuse her and aid the doctors of the lunacy commission he had engaged to declare her insane.

"What's the meaning of this? Who are you and where am I?" She shouted into the anxious faces. Tony was worried about this odd old woman. True, the boys had thought they were doing the right thing in bringing her to the apartment after the accident for which they felt they were responsible. Perhaps she was as poor as Blackie and Doc seemed to think, but this imperious, queenly attitude was better suited to one who was in the habit of giving orders and having them obeyed.

"Lady," he began, "you feel all right?"
"Of course, I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?" she snapped.

Blackie explained how she had been struck by a runaway carriage when its horses had been frightened by the Ford he had been driving. It reminded Mary Jane that she had been riding through Central Park, enjoying the crisp spring sunshine when suddenly her carriage had careened wildly, tipped and thrown her and her precious dog, Aubrey to the ground. The boys evidently did not know she had been the occupant of the carriage.

Mary Jane Baxter was sixty-eight and reputedly the wealthiest woman in the world. She had just returned to New York from a European trip with her dog, on which she lavished all her affection and wealth. Dodging the photographers at the dock she had gone to her palatial home to face a lunacy commission examination, which had been brought about by her nephew, Percy, and other relatives who wished to get hold of the old woman's vast fortune.

After having admitted to the examining board that she had recently bought a hotel in France for her dog she ordered them from the house. The next day she bought a lot adjoining her house, stopping work on a skyscraper being erected on it, as a playground for her dog. Sensational newspaper stories regarding this occurrence had already come to the notice of Walter Merkin, a grocer, and his neighbor, Tony Orsatti, who lives in a basement apartment in the rear of his shop with his daughter, Julia, and three adopted boys, Blackie, Flash, and Doc, a cripple who has ambitions of becoming a doctor and curing his own leg. It was Doc who had bandaged Miss Baxter's injured ankle and restored her to consciousness.

Mary Jane tried to get out of bed. She wanted to go home at once but her ankle was too painful for her to stand on. She stormed and shouted at Tony, at Julia and at the boys until they quite lost their patience. They had gone to considerable trouble to make her comfortable, yet she ranted like a lunatic and now she had begun demanding something to eat. Julia brought her a plate heaped with spaghetti and meatballs.

"What is that?" Miss Baxter twisted her nose and sniffed at the plate.

[Continued on page 64]
I do you sing in your bathtub?

If you do you’re as good as a movie star right now. Um-hum. It’s just as simple as that! Lawrence Tibbett said so. The high noon I was due at the Tibbett apartment wore on considerably and still no Larry Tibbett. Undoubtedly that morning the aria got mixed up in the sponge, and under such circumstances one must make allowances and think kind thoughts—so I made allowances. At least it did give me time to see what manner of workshop one orders when bathtub singing—on a bigger and better scale—brings its rewards.

It is a large room with one huge window overlooking the East River, and the color scheme is dead white against mahogany. A typical man’s room. On the beautiful grand piano stands a metronome and several of those thick red pencils used for scoring. It is flanked by two straight mahogany chairs upholstered in white leather. Next comes the mantelpiece with white vases from which ivy sways gracefully down the sides of the open fireplace. Lilies, in simple mahogany vases, relieve several odd tables, on each of which are to be found cigarettes—although Tibbett does not smoke. There is a portable victrola, a desk and set-in bookcases with a separate tier dividing them containing operas, records and scores. For all this impedimenta there remains a sense of spaciousness, of simplicity and pleasing comfort.

Finally I heard strains of the “Rogue Song,” profundo robusto, as the door swung open with dramatic effectiveness and voila! there stood Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan opera, Hollywood and a whole chain of radio stations! He looked very shining and very naughty—exactly like brother Jimmie when he’s stranded home late after school via the kitchen closet and the jan pot.

He was all apologies, song and diaphragnostic humor—sometimes known in less resplendent settings as “belly laughter.” And his hearty good cheer is more contagious than gardener’s itch and twice as much fun! He’s definitely a happy-go-lucky wretch, a carefree charmer who’s quite at home in Hollywood. His first picture under the contract he just signed with Twentieth Century-Fox Pictures will be something to talk—and probably sing—about for a long while to come!

Except for his hair, he looked exactly like that lovely picture of him with curly locks in his role in “The Rogue Song,” a copy of which hung above me on the wall. (He confessed that by edict the wave had been a “permanent”—and he thought that was just the funniest thing that has ever happened to him—and probably is!) But that charcoal sketch over there. We both looked at it—and then I at him.

“You look exactly like a bond salesman there,” I said frankly.

“Exactly!” he agreed, laughingly. “I’ve always thought so!”

We both laughed.

“Have you had your breakfast yet?” I ventured, with visions of waiting until he completed the score of “The Rogue Song,” interspersed with bacon and eggs.

“Oh! I’ve had my apples and cottage cheese!” he smiled. “I didn’t think you could bear it!”

For which I was very grateful. . . imagine watching someone devour apples and cottage cheese for breakfast! My, my, what strange forms temperaments take!

[Continued on page 70]
Hongkong's Contribution

By Leon Surmelian

Much has been written about Hollywood as the city of hard knocks and tragic disappointments, of sorrows, tears, and even suicide. But not always is the road to screen fame strewn with heart-breaking delays and difficulties. Sometimes the gods are generous to a newcomer—as to Wendy Barrie, for instance.

This buoyant English debutante, slender, pretty, and brisk as a fak, is one of the most delightful persons it has ever been my good fortune to write about. So-called "society" means nothing to me. My enthusiasm for her springs from the fact that she has affected me, as well as other hard-hearted Boulevardiers, like a fresh cool breeze on a sultry day.

She is so vibrant, eager, and bubbling over with excitement, as if every day is a holiday, every minute of which must be enjoyed to the full. That shortly after I met her I felt like throwing away my specs and worries and playing hop, skip and jump with her.

To gather the material for this yarn I drove to her beautiful house, formerly occupied by Myrna Loy, who is one of her close friends. The maid led me into a sumptuous room, and presently Wendy dashed in, wearing athletic shorts and tennis shoes. "Hi," she said, giving me her hand, her gray-green eyes sparkling like a child's, as if meaning to say, "Oh, I am so happy!"

She has a piquant type of beauty, with light brown hair and high cheek bones that give her face that aristocratic look so characteristic of her. She has already attained her majority, but looks like a girl of seventeen.

If you had seen us two minutes after we met, you would have thought we had known each other for years, and that, perhaps, I had just come from overseas to pay her a flying visit, and she was telling all about her thrilling experiences in America and showing me through her house.

Wendy is a character for a novel of the kind Michael Arlen used to write. There is a bit of Mayfair, Paris and the Riviera about her, in all of which places she has lived. Her story reads like fiction.

She was born in the British crown colony of Hongkong. Her father, Frank C. Jenkin, K.C., is an outstanding barrister in the Orient. Her mother, Nell MacDonagh, was born in Ireland and is a descendant of the Irish king Brian Boru. Wendy is a niece of Sir Richard Warren, the great English surgeon. Cosmo Hamilton, the novelist, is an uncle by marriage. Sir James Barrie is her godfather, hence, her professional name. "Barrie." The family is distinguished, and the girl, madcap though she is, has plenty of class.

Robert Sherwood told her she speaks the most perfect English he has ever heard.

She has no accent, either British or American, no learned affectations of any kind in her speech. Her diction is a delight to those who know how the King's English ought to be spoken, even though they cannot speak it themselves. And she can sling our slang as fast as a popular high school girl.

Wendy has been a motion picture actress for over two years. She has played in half a dozen English films, including the memorable "Private Life of Henry VIII," in which, you will remember, she was Jane Seymour, the favorite wife of that burly monarch. She has played increasingly important roles in four American productions—"It's a Small World," "College Scandal," "The Big Broadcast of 1936," and "A Feather in Her Hat."" But in spite of her success in the acting profession, of her mad adventures and escapades in a dozen countries; in spite of the fact that she has been around the world six times and has lived pretty much on her own, there is nothing worldly-wise and hardened about her, and she has all the freshness and youthful ardor of a young girl going to her first party. And it is precisely this quality of hers that "gets" her interviewers. [Continued on page 68]
Even the Most Experienced Men in Hollywood Can Not Tell Beforehand Which Part Will Prove a Star-Maker

There's a saying in Hollywood... Parts make stars—but which parts? Here is the one real mystery of Hollywood.

Producers, directors, writers, supervisors—all experienced, highly-paid men—are unable, strange as it seems, to forecast correctly whether a part will click with the public or not. If these experts, without exception, cannot judge with any degree of certainty if a role will prove tremendous, mediocre or a dismal flop, how then can the actor calculate its worth?

Luck still weighs the scales in Hollywood... the progress of a career is willfully determined by the chance breezes of good fortune. Parts make stars—small, may we add in amplification, lack of parts unmake stars, as well.

A shining example stressing the verity of the Hollywood saying may be found in the oft-repeated case of Janet Gaynor, which serves admirably to illustrate the current discussion.

Prior to "Seventh Heaven," Janet had struggled a number of years for recognition—first as extra, then bit player, then leading lady in two-reel westerns and finally as a featured actress at a major studio. Despite the fact that she was no stranger to screen audiences, she failed to attract any particular attention.

Then Fox selected her for the role of Diane in "Seventh Heaven," because she seemed to be the "type."

Overnight Janet skyrocketed to a fame few others had attained before her. When the picture started, no one had suspected that the film would achieve its great mark of distinction. In fact there were some who advised against producing it. The leading role, they said, would be just another garter-snipe characterization.

But Diane turned into one of the most memorable parts ever filmed, and little Janet, with several years acting experience under her tiny belt, suddenly found herself the most talked-of personality in Hollywood. Luck? The part would have made any actress, had she been suited to the role. But, in scenario form, neither story nor role had looked particularly impressive.

When Fox put "Stand Up and Cheer" into production, great things were expected of this picture. The film would be one of the wows of the season, executives felt, and in consequence planned a mammoth exploitation campaign. It couldn't miss.

But it did... in all but one respect. This single exception to the inferiority of the film lay in the introduction of a cute bundle of sweetness who developed into the most popular star of the screen—Miss Shirley Temple.

In a small part, Shirley merely played a little girl who did a song and dance. Nobody thought very much about her until the picture was released, and then the studio realized a fortune lay in its lap. She scored as sensational as did Mac West in his first brief appearance, in "Night After Night."

Shirley had been on the screen for several years, so her amazing personality and ability weren't alone responsible for her success in this film. They helped, of course—but if it hadn't been for the part Shirley now might still be among the unknowns. Mention of Shirley immediately brings to mind another young lady—Jane Withers. She was "discovered" in one of Little Miss Temple's pictures... and once again we have an excellent instance of the part making the star.

Seen as The Brat in "Bright Eyes," she wrapped up all honors for the film and tucked them into her pocket. She stood out like a sore thumb and had things her own way. But do you think the studio planned this? Not by seventeen jugfulls and three slices of salami. Had the powers-that-be known in advance what they learned after, the production reached the public, Jane's part would have been cut to a minimum. General opinion had it that it would be a very swell part for Shirley, without any particular consideration being accorded Jane's rôle. Imagine their surprise when it turned out to be a very poor rôle for Shirley and a star-making part for Jane.

Years ago, Peter Lorre made himself the most hated man in Europe through his...
Henry Fonda, for instance, created a sensation opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Eleanor Powell soared to spectacular heights in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Henry Wilcoxon carved an easy path to stardom for his interpretation of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra." Nelson Eddy sang his way into every fan's heart in "Naughty Marietta."

Freddie Bartholomew endeared himself to the nation in "David Copperfield." Margo evoked the attention of every drama-loving soul in "Crime Without Passion." Margaret Sullivan established herself as one of the screen's most gifted artists in "Only Yesterday." Katharine Hepburn caused everyone to shout from the house tops her work in "Bill of Divorcement." Just as easily the pendulum might have swung in the other direction. In less auspicious parts not one of these stars might have caught the public fancy. Parts Make Stars . . .

On the other hand, Madeleine Carroll, it was felt, would out-Garbo Garbo in her first American film, "The World Moves On." A glamorous star in England, she failed to show to advantage. The part lacked both color and interest. Anna Sten was hailed as the new dramatic sensation of the screen. In Europe, she had enjoyed maximum popularity, "Nana," which introduced her to American audiences, did little for her.

Three more foreign importations, Mady Christians, Charles Boyer and Francis Lederer, likewise failed to impress in parts that their studios guaranteed would be the making of this trio. "Wicked Woman" offered Miss Christians no opportunity whatever except a drab characterization; "Caravan" proved an unhappy choice in which to present Boyer; and "Man of Two Worlds" did not allow Lederer to show the talents that undoubtedly were his. Parts also UNmake Stars. Fortunately, Miss Carroll now has really clicked again in the British "39 Steps," and Boyer and Lederer have since acquitted themselves as splendid actors. Still another angle presents itself in [Continued on page 6a]
Stars In Bed

When The Devil Was Sick The Devil A Saint Would Be, But When The Devil Was Well The Devil A Saint Was He.

IN HOLLYWOOD, as in Paducah and the rest of the world, nothing seems to bring people more closely together than the misfortune of sickness.

In the mending of broken and bruised bodies pesty quartets are forgotten; harsh words washed away with good wishes and love substituted for the malice that’s such a sore spot on the heart of human relationships.

Here is a typical scene in a Hollywood hospital. It is a waiting room off the main corridor. A great director, who is a car on the set when he directs super-spectacles for the screen, sits next to a little extra girl. On the lot she would never have dared speak to this king. In sorrow they become related. Both sit with anxious eyes waiting for a nurse to come through the door with news. She nervously fingers the pages of a book she thought she could force herself to read; he twists the hat in his hands with concerned apprehension. She has come to see her room-mate; another extra girl, who is ill, not with bodily pain but with the mental struggle to survive in Hollywood. He is visiting a featured actress who plays a rôle in his latest picture. Only a week before he was shouting directions to her on a busy set, humiliating her for a poor performance in the presence of the whole cast. Now he comes as a friend, with bouquets of flowers, to redeem himself.

No dressing rooms can tell the stories that take place off these corridors that lead into sick rooms. Happiness and tragedy are welded into a word that spells Life. A great movie star gives birth to a new soul and fulfils her womanhood not with movie make-believe, but with reality. In the next room a great celebrity passes over the great divide and another career comes to a close. In this room Norma Shearer had one of her babies. Across the hall Belle Bennett died of an incurable cancer. In number 260 Clark Gable recuperated from an operation. Down in the nurses’ quarters they still laugh about the time they had getting him into a flannel nightgown cut off at the knees, to take him into Surgery!

Every day unexpected dramas write themselves; delightful comedies, too. The repertoire is endless. The numbered rooms a living book of short stories.

One day Jackie Coogan is brought in, cut and bruised from a horrible automobile accident; his father having died in his sight only a few hours before. An ambulance from Universal City comes speeding madly into the hospital grounds. Charles Bickford, clawed mercilessly by a lion while enacting a scene from “East of Java,” is rushed to the nearest operating room. A disas-

Bickford in a Hollywood hospital after his terrible experience.

uous airplane crash occurs on the way to an Annapolis location taking a toll of lives among the technicians, and a few weeks later, Richard Wallace, the director, in convalescence, recalls over and over again, to the minutest detail, a scene of horror he could never do justice to on the screen. Just as lovely Gertrude Michael stands on the verge of stardom a bad motor crash puts her in the hospital.

“I never really knew how many friends I have in Hollywood until late put me flat on my back,” she confessed from her white hospital bed, where she is rapidly recovering from a broken leg. “Look at these wires,” she said, waving a batch of telegrams above her head. “Why even on the most glorious opening night on Broadway I never got so much attention. And look at the flowers! Half the time I think I’ve been moved into a florist shop. You know, it’s fun being laid up like this. One gets to know where one stands with the world.”

She dug her hands into the thickest of paper messages as if they offered
Anecdotes Of The Stars Told By The Nurses In A Hollywood Hospital.

By Ramon Romero

During the jungle scene in "East of Java" the lion seized Charles Bickford by the throat, severely injuring him.

some immediate cure, and let them linger among the thousands of kind words showered upon her by friends and co-workers who were almost strangers. Her spirit showed no signs of distress, but seemed to glow with a new-found happiness born of the knowledge that Hollywood is not so cruel and busy that it cannot stop to think of its sick.

On the little table by her bed was a stack of manuscripts, sent by the studio for her to read as a prospective "next picture"—a new role—when she is on her feet again and ready to face the cameras.

"I guess being under contract to a studio is like being a member of a large family," she commented sadly. "They get so used to you that after a while you're just taken for granted. Then something happens; an accident, illness—anything desperate you want to mention, and suddenly you assume a new importance. The very possibility of disaster gives new valuation, new respect. It's a shame to admit, but true—sometimes you almost have to die to be noticed."

During the past year she has played a series of "family roles" for Paramount, as she terms them; inconsequential parts of no great importance. Suddenly she is the stricken child, and being given not only ice cream cones and lollipops to hurry up and get well, but the very best room in the house too. Not in months has the studio sent her such grand parts to read as have come to her bed at the hospital. All she has to do now is recover quickly, and be as welcome back as sister Susie just home from the hospital after a bad case of mumps.

"Actors are the bravest patients in the world," one of the hospital nurses said to me, referring of course to Miss Michael's case among others. "Pain seems to affect them differently than people from any other walk of life. They seem to have the happy faculty of dramatizing their illnesses so that even in a hospital bed they are still playing a role. They never permit death and sickness to become real. I've seen magical survivals in this hospital every week; miracles really. That is why I am convinced," she said with positive affirmation, "that actors, particularly movie actors, have the proverbial nine lives of a cat."

The rule holds good not only with grown-ups, but with child actors as well. For instance, she pointed proudly to little David Holt as the latest example of Hollywood courage. The entire cinema capital has been shaken by the news of little David's case of infantile paralysis. Inquiries have poured into the hospital, where he lies a victim of the dread disease, not by the dozens but by the hundreds. David is suddenly everybody's little boy. While those about him wear grave faces and speak in hushed tones, David reads his pile of telegrams and letters with perhaps more zest than he read his fan mail at the studio. These hit closer to home, nearer to his boy heart. These aren't words simply in praise of a performance, some fictitious little boy whom he pretended to be in a picture—these are messages for him, bulging with sincerity and anxiety and love; bringing him so close to the invisible army of friends he can almost reach out and touch them.

Little did David realize a few short months ago, when he was working in the dramatic hospital sequence of "The Big Broadcast of 1936," that he would soon be in a real hospital; the chief protagonist of a situation more dramatic than the one he had portrayed in the movies. There is such a vast margin of difference between a crisis in a play and a crisis in real life. On the set the director yells "Cut!" and the scene comes to an end, like a bad dream—but when the greater director who wields his megaphone over Life, yells "Cut!"—it's all over. Finished. As final as the tomb. Little David knows that difference now.

But David is going to get well. The doctors promise that he will play in the movies again, too. Perhaps it will be a little while—but not too long. It could not [Continued on page 60]
GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A

IF YOU are going to have a Shirley Temple party, see the January issue of Silver Screen, which gives full particulars of how you can get a personal greeting from Shirley, to arrive in time for your party.

MRS. TEMPLE and I were discussing Shirley and Christmas over the luncheon table, just the other day, and I suddenly became so excited over the prospects of wrapping and unwrapping lovely mysterious packages in crinkly tissue paper and big red bows that I began to glow like a Christmas candle.

For eleven months during the year I grovel and grouse like an old crank, but comes December and the first whiff of Santa’s hoary locks and I become as sweet and sticky as a gumdrop. Children have the edge on us adults when it comes to Christmas, as well they should, and I soon found myself deeply engrossed in Mrs. Temple’s plans for a Christmas party for Shirley.

Little Miss Temple took no part in the conversation, even though the magic word of Santa Claus was sprinkled liberally here and there, for Shirley just then was living in another world. She had taken the zinnias from the bowl in the center of the table and had stood them on their heads, with their little short stems sticking up, and had made a most enchanting fairy forest.

There was a throne for the queen, made out of a napkin covered with petals, and Shirley knew that just as soon as all the noisy grown-ups left the restaurant, the shy little queen and her faeries and gnomes would discover the fairy forest that Shirley Temple had made for them and would romp there all afternoon. Yes indeed, with her little face cupped in her two chubby hands, Shirley was planning games for the gnomes to play. And sure enough, right there behind the salt shaker a little brown man in a peaked cap was winking at her as if to say, “Thanks Shirley. Just wait until the grown-ups leave.”

Shirley, the cutest little actress in the world, with the cake that her mother made for her party. Shirley calls it "Curly Top Cake" because of the ornamental icing.

loves to prowl around looking for them in her garden both at home and at the studio. She is very quiet about it and does not want to be disturbed when on the scent of the brownies and gnomes and “little people.” In fact, she never discusses them with anyone, it’s all a great big grand secret.

They, too, are looking forward to Christmas.

In regard to Christmas in the home, Mrs. Temple believes that Christmas never should be “just Santa Claus.” She always tries to keep the spiritual values uppermost in her home and feels that such attributes of character as patience, tolerance, courage, kindness and a sense of security contribute more to a child’s lasting happiness than the doll or skates she might wish for.

"The best gifts are the gifts of the spirit," Mrs. Temple told me. "And the Christmas message of peace and good will right here on earth—not on some remote continent—is still the hope of all Christian people. And the finest thing we can do for our children’s spiritual welfare is for those of us who are parents to do our best to make this hope a reality in our own homes—not only during the holy-

Silver Screen
SHIRLEY TEMPLE XMAS PARTY

The Kids All Over The Country Will All Have This Gay But Inexpensive Party.

Snow men made with toothpicks and marshmallows by Shirley herself. She also made the basket out of paper, with the floral design in colored crayons.

day season, but throughout the year’s calendar.

Because of Shirley’s love for the little gnomes and fairies, Mrs. Temple plans to have the invitation to Shirley’s party read:

“We’re going to have a party soon
Because the Christmas fairy
Is coming here—won’t you come too
And help us all make merry?”

And, of course, down in the corner will be the address of the Temple home in Santa Monica and the time and the date. Shirley’s little friends, mostly the neighborhood kids, will all be invited.

The children will arrive around noon and immediately a party luncheon will be served them on a long table out in the patio (that’s California for you—a patio Christmas with no more snow than a hen has teeth). After the luncheon they will play games all afternoon. Following is the menu that Mrs. Temple has decided upon for Shirley’s Christmas party, and she has very kindly given me the recipes which I now pass on to you. Shirley isn’t given cake very often, but on an occasion such as a Christmas party she is permitted a good slice of the Curly Top Cake. Um-um, wish I had a slice right this minute. Won’t some nice little gnome oblige?

Menu for the Shirley Temple Christmas Party

Candied Apples
Scrambled Eggs
Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches
Hot Cocoa Topped with Whipped Cream
Curly Top Cake and Ice Cream
Red and White Candies

Candied Apples

Wash and core one fine large apple for each person to be served. Peel a rim at the top.
Set apples in a buttered baking dish and fill the cores with sugar. Top with one-half (Continued on next page)

“Let’s you and me have a party just exactly alike.” Shirley invites every kid in the world to have a Christmas celebration.
teaspoonful butter and a sprinkle of ground cinnamon on each apple.

Bake for an hour at 375 degrees—a moderate oven.

Make a syrup by boiling together one package (about one cupful) red cinnamon drops and three-quarters of a cupful of water to 325 degrees—or until it drips from a spoon.

Dribble the red syrup over the baked apples and cool slightly before serving.

Serve in large saucers with cream, or half milk and cream as you like.

**Sprinkle Cup**

The above recipe will serve six children.

Beat the eggs well, add the sugar slowly; add the vanilla; heat the milk; add melted butter and beat into the sugar and egg; mix the dry ingredients and add slowly, beating all the time.

**Icing**

- 2 whites of eggs
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla
- 2 cups of sugar
- 1/2 cup milk

Boil the sugar and milk until it spins a thread; beat egg whites stiff; add boiling mixture, slowly beating all the time until thick; add vanilla. Ice the cake so that it will look like curls. (There is a special kitchen gadget for this.)

It was while she was making "Curly Top" that Shirley was invited to a chilen's party and immediately noticed that the icing was put on in curly-cues. Ever since then she has called it "Curly Top Cake." Of course, pure vanilla ice cream will be the best for the children, but at Shirley's party there will very likely be ice cream sundaes, which is one of Shirley's favorite dishes, and which she calls "Ice cream with gravy on it."

Well, so much for the menu. The table will be decorated with the utmost simplicity, but at the same time delightfully thrilling to the children. The winter theme is to be used at the table and it will be centered with a Santa Claus surrounded with marshmallow snow men. There will be cotton snowballs, liberally sprinkled with silver dust, at each place, also a gay popcorn ball, and a little paper basket to hold red and white candies and nuts. Shirley makes these little paper baskets and marshmallow snow men herself and you can just imagine how much fun she will have making them for her party.

To make a paper basket for the candies and nuts, Shirley takes a sheet of paper—Shirley likes to use ordinary typewriter paper—splits the four corners about an inch and a half on one side only, then she folds the sides toward the center of the sheet of paper for the width of the split—an inch and a half. This provides the side of the basket. Then she doves the corners and pastes them in place. Shirley stops at this stage of the process and with her crayons decorates the sides with floral designs (one of her special delights is drawing flowers). After that is done to her satisfaction she cuts a strip of paper about a half-inch wide, decorates it, and then pastes the ends to the opposite sides of the basket to form a handle.

When she goes to make the snowmen she uses nine marshmallows for each man, three cloves to make his face, and then she takes toothpicks to stick him together and make him stand up.

Besides the cluster of snowmen in the center of the table there will be four of them facing each side of the table. Sprigs of red berries, holly or any kind of Christmas greenery will be used to good effect through the center of the table, leading in the four directions from the snowmen. Mrs. Temple will festoon large bows of red crepe paper around the four corners of the table. And, of course, sparkling silver dust will be spread enticingly over the table cloth and the cotton snow.

Ever since Shirley had so much fun singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup" she has had a great fondness for animal crackers, so Mrs. Temple has thought up a combination of animal cracker and candy which she will surprise Shirley with at the party. The "coated animals" will also be found in Shirley's little home-made baskets on the table.

**Coated Animals**

Dip animal crackers into melted sweet chocolate and into colored icings. The bear coated with white and rolled in coconut, the lion in chocolate, the zebra in white and chocolate stripes, etc. Use small silver and colored candies for the eyes. Lay finished candies on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator.

All kids will get a kick out of these animal crackers. They'll probably all start singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup." [Continued on page 56]
OUR "LILY of the OPERA"

Screen Fans Soon Will Hear The Glorious Voice Of Lily Pons.

By Lenore Samuels

Lily sings her famous Bell Song from "Lakme" in her first picture.

WHEN, in the years to come, they ask me "Did you ever hear Lily Pons?" I shall tell them that I not only heard Lily Pons sing her famous Bell Song from "Lakme" at the Metropolitan, I not only listened entranced to her extraordinary high Es and high Fs on the radio, but I also had the rare privilege of meeting her in person.

And Lily, I shall tell them, was that unique phenomenon in the operatic world—a slim and lovely prima donna diametrically opposite from the massive ladies with huge chest expansions with whom, in the past, we have associated this most fascinating of the musical arts.

She had only recently returned from Hollywood, where she had made her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much," so naturally our conversation turned to pictures.

Said Lily enthusiastically: "Oh, I love that Hollywood. The people—they are so nice. Not too serious. They like to laugh. Yet they work so hard. I have a beautiful house there. Oh, so lovely... And a swimming pool. But, swim? No. I had no time. My friends, they use my pool. I—never. True, I pose beside it. For the still pictures, you know? But I don't swim. And I go only to two parties. Just two. Every morning I get up at six. I am at the studio at six-thirty getting made up. At seven I am working. For three months this goes on."

"Did you find the new medium of acting in front of a camera trying?" I asked when she paused for breath.

"At first," Lily admitted, with a sorry shake of her head. "The first two days I am terrified. I have not—what you call confidence in myself. I am afraid that my features will not screen right. I am afraid of my expression. I am afraid I will look self-conscious. Oh, I am simply afraid of everything. So I refuse positively to look at the daily rushes. I am sure they will be bad and then I will not have the courage to continue."

"After the second day, Mr. Cromwell—he was my director—said: 'Lily, you must look at the rushes. They will tell you what is wrong. Then you will correct your errors. That will give you confidence in yourself. I know it will.' So I look at the rushes and I am very much surprised. It seems that I am at home on the screen. After that I am no longer nervous."

I asked if it upset her emotionally to sing one aria over and over again for the recording machine, as I heard she had to do in Hollywood.

Lily looked serious. "It has to be just right on the screen," she said. "And so we work until it is right. Twenty, thirty times, it makes no difference. We work until we get the proper pitch and tone. The recording machine, you see, has not been absolutely perfected yet. It is still not sensitized fine enough for my high Es and high Fs. That is why I brought Alberti—he is my maestro—with me to Hollywood. Every time I sing he goes into the sound booth and listens. And Mr. Kostelanetz—he directed my operatic sequences in the picture—goes with him. Alberti knows my voice so well he can detect the slightest flaw. So with both of them watching so carefully all the time, I am certain that when they say 'Good' I have recorded perfectly. I am not so sure of my other scenes, though. Maybe the fans will not like my acting. But I hope so. I had such a good time working on this picture, I want to make another."

"I sing a jazzy song in this picture, too," she informed me with obvious relish. "And I do a hot dance," she continued with a snappy, come-hither look in her enormous dark eyes. "And people, they like that. They want to laugh. No?"

"You didn't mind singing a jazz song?"

"Why I liked that song best of all," cried Lily, her eyes twinkling at my amazement. "It's called, 'I Got Love.' You wait and see. It's good stuff!

This, then, my fans, is the Lily Pons I will describe in the years to come. This French Lily of the golden voice, whose mind is as uncluttered as the charming room which was her background... Who, at sixteen, did not know even that she had a voice, and was training herself to be an accomplished pianist... Who met and married a certain August Mesritz during her seventeenth year, for which event the public be thanked. For it was this husband of hers who one day heard her sing a simple song. "You have a voice," said he. "Oh, no," said Lily naively, "I play the piano."

But August Mesritz, who was a music

[Continued on page 69]
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!

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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
SOME CHRISTMAS CARDS the Stars Might Send To YOU!

The Season Is Here—The Sentiment Is True. Merry Christmas!

Christmas gay and a New Year bonnie for everyone — your loving Ronnie

You've made my Christmas the nicest yet — So here's a kiss — your friend Claudette

I hope your Christmas joy comes early — And don't forget your loving Shirley

The Stars Send Cards By The Hundreds, But Each Wish Is Sincere.
The Monkey

The Jungles Are
Full of Hollywood
Actors!

Johnny Weissmuller (in center) and Maureen O'Sullivan, in "Tarzan Escapes," being coached by a native.

Victor Jory, Stanley Andrews and Norman Foster in "Song Of The Damned."
It isn't the Darwin theory that is causing fits among the survivals of the fittest. Nor is it Frank Buck's one way excursions that causes the simians to simmer and burn. It's the fact that the jungles, which formerly echoed so soothingly to the cooing of the cuckoo, now are all cluttered up with actors. A sensitive monkey can hardly be expected to go on just the same after he has seen Maureen O'Sullivan. And the lady monkeys are chattering shrilly against the unfair competition.

The new Tarzan picture, "Tarzan Escapes," will be previewed in the Malay jungle and many a proud ape and baboon is looking forward to a long tailed contract.

Virginia Weidler and a chained bear in "Freckles." Since Charles Bickford was attacked these scenes are often taken by trick photography—two negatives.

June Knight, appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and somebody's distant cousin.

Mala and Lotus Long in "Mala." This picture was directed in a South Sea Island jungle by Richard Thorpe.
All Set!

Here Come Pictures — New And Good.

When the first cool days come the super-pictures brighten the world, the less pretentious, but sometimes more enjoyable, plays come along. Stars hate spectacles, super-pictures and director-pictures. It is in homely, human stories that we often find those never-to-be-forgotten moments of pure delight. United Artists believe that "The Memory Lingers On," sure to be a popular picture, and, from every studio in Hollywood and across the sea, simple stories, with not a million dollar set in sight are ready for your real entertainment.

Barbara Stanwyck, supported by Melvyn Douglas and Moroni Olsen, in "Annie Oakley."

Edward Arnold and Marian Marsh in "Crime and Punishment."

Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East."

Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in "Hands Across the Table."

In "Shipmates Forever," Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are co-starred.

Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person."
The Melody On," a story of a soldier and a sailor. All these stories are broken by grim not have much of influence.

Ben Lyon: (Good to see you back, Ben) Claire Trevor and Ralph Bellamy in "Navy Wife," which has nothing to do with sailors in every port.

In "Sylvia Scarlett," Katharine Hepburn as a boy, and Edmund Gwenn.


Tom Brown and Carol Stone and a chaste salute, from "Freckles."

Helen Vinson, Noah Beery and Conrad Veidt in "King Of The Damned." Two Americans and one German playing in England.
IN THE days before the movies the actresses of the stage and the opera were supposed to be lovely to look at and the sale of opera glasses was booming. But a face fifty or one hundred and fifty feet away, across the footlights, can never be seen in its every last detail. Today the searching lenses of the cameras enable us to observe good looks to their last curve and dimple.

The girls of the movies must not only be actresses of feeling and strength, but of exquisite beauty as well, and the girls have met the test—seen it and raised it. In fact their beauty and care are a separate and continuous occupation. A picture girl can cause factories to work over time if she will but use a certain rouge or cream. She can influence millions of customers by announcing her patronage and she can block traffic with buyers if she shops in person. When her personal appearance is such an important session, how can one of these pretty girls keep from getting conceited? They cannot, but they do not show it—that's where the actress comes in.

Joan Crawford finished "I Live My Life" and came to New York to be married—now she's Mrs. Franchot Tone. She seemed a little thinner and her blue eyes more wonderful than ever. Her new picture is a delightful comedy revealing Joan as a serious actress of extraordinary talent.
The Girls Of The Screen Are The Prettiest Of All Beauties Everywhere. They Are The Cream That Rises To The Top—Hollywood.

Jean Harlow among the hollyhocks. No one can wear a big hat quite as effectively as a platinum blonde. Jean is a girl who likes to dress up—as what pretty girl does not. Put a big hat within reach and Jean knows just the angle to make the darn thing utterly and completely ravishing.

The Business Of Womanly Beauty—Cosmetics, Powder and Such—Is One Of The Greatest In America, And The Inspiring Examples Of The Girls In The Pictures Keep It So.
Eleanor Powell, with her hand in a characteristic pose, as she danced to fame in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Ginger Rogers, a tip-top artist in metal tipped shoes. She was at first a Charleston dancer.

[At right] Fred Astaire dancing in "Top Hat." His next is "Follow the Fleet."

[Below] Patsy Kelly and Ann Dvorak in "Thanks A Million."
The Popularity Of The Tap Dance Is Due To The Fact That It Is The Only Dance That Has Sound And Motion.

The dance routines of pictures are at last worthy of the name, and the tap dance has done it. No more do we have to gaze with bored eyes as hundreds of chorus girls form themselves into pinwheels and spare tires and other circular formations which the camera invariably shoots from the stratosphere.

The clever tap dancers deserve their day.

Taps is tops.

The "Ball Of Fire" girls and Ray Walker. Musicals are lavish and beautiful, and nowadays bring us every popular song.

Alice Faye, star of "Ball Of Fire." Like all the others, she is from the stage, not Hollywood.
They are known the world over and their affairs and their talents, their looks and their loves are discussed with interest by men and women in every walk of life.

It is one of the strangest things in the world, the similar way that ordinary people react to plays, stories and personalities. When a man and his wife and kids in Bangor, Maine, approve of a player ("She's good," they say), another man and his family in Tulsa, Oklahoma, are also certain to like the same player and probably say the same thing.

Our nation may differ on politics, but on the movies we are one.

Bette Davis is a wonderful actress, but at her best in "hateful" parts.

There is No More Pleasing Compliment Than To Tell A Person She Remembers A Movie Star.

Madge Evans and her two pedigreed Scotties. Madge is home again after making a picture abroad.

Ted Healy is the comedian who introduced the "stooge" to the screen.
They Are The Children Of Publicity—
Devotedly Loved By People They Will Never See—
And Millions Understand Them Better Than They Understand Themselves

Jackie Cooper grows up, but he is still a star—
"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

Chico Marx, of the famous trio, being nonchalant.

Robert Montgomery is home again, too, and ready for work in "Piccadilly Jim."

"Rendezvous," with Bill Powell, will tell secrets of war-time spies.

The only Jimmie Cagney, alert and active—in fact, spry.
It is Gary Cooper, relaxed and genial. His marriage is turning out to be a success; his acting has improved and "Peter Ibbetson," his new picture, is a fine work of art.

Constance Cummings and Sally Eilers.

The brilliant cast of "East Of Java"—Siegfried Rumann, Charles Bickford, Leslie Fenton and Elizabeth Young—snooped between scenes. Soon after this Bickford was nearly killed by a lion that sprang at him, clamping his jaws upon Bickford's throat.
SHOTS

The Stars Without Their
Make-Up, Minus Costumes
And Sans Wigs, Still Reveal
The Old Charm. Apparently
It Is “Not Detachable.”

HARDLY an actor likes to be photographed just
as he is when out of character. Not that he
is camera shy or that he has anything to hide, it
is because he fears that he is uninteresting when
he is just himself and he quakes before the snoop-
ing photographer, sure that the picture will betray
him and show him up a glamor-less, uninterest-
ing person. Let him be reassured. The more
commonplace and home-folksey he appears, the
more we like him. Glance at the picture of
Gary Cooper in his baggy clothes and trusty pipe.
The very informality of his appearance lets us all
see the Gary that is underneath every part that he
plays, the Gary we have liked since the day he
hung his long legs over the arm of a chair and
grinned engagingly at us.

One reason why Clark Gable holds
his popularity is that he is the husky
ready-for-anything guy that he ap-
pears to be. A scene in “Mutiny On
The Bounty,” Clark and a native
girl going native and shoreward.

Robert Taylor and Betty Furness doing some snooping
to themselves on the sidelines of
“The Magnificent Obsession.”
Taylor’s fan mail, some of which
comes to Silver Screen, conclu-
sively proves he has clicked
in a big way.
There is Honor and Manhood
in Every Foot of Film.

The generation ahead of
yours read "Deadwood Dick" and grew up to be re-
spected. It is the right way to
raise an American boy, and the
number of fine western pic-
tures that are being made will
help immeasurably to wipe
out the memory of the gang-
sters that the pulp magazines
and newspapers have glorified.
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.
The Grand Opera Stars are making pictures in Hollywood and anyone who can sing is "voicing." Some of the soloists are so expensive you have to pay for the echo. Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, Bing Crosby, Lily Pons, Virginia Bruce and many more are releasing chest tones, arias and trills.

What next?

Edith Fellows. A hit in "She Married Her Boss."

Lily Pons of the glorious voice.

Tamara and Frank Parker singing in "Sweet Surrender."

Helen Jepson, a Metropolitan Opera diva, now making a picture.

Ann Sothern and Edmund Lowe in Columbia's "Grand Exit." Ann is a singer, too, but there is a right time for everything.

Clark Gable and his impromptu class in the M-G-M studio.
Luisa Rainer chooses foods by their color rather than by their tastes.

On her vacation trip to New York, Joan Crawford selected her wardrobe in part from the modals Adrian designed for her to wear in her last picture, "I Live My Life." When Joan likes the clothes she wears in a picture, she usually has Adrian copy them for her for her own wardrobe. Claudette Colbert is another screen star who often takes a fancy to a dress she wears in a picture and has it copied for her personal use.

And now," said Director Van Dyke to the hundreds of Indians he had assembled at Lake Tahoe to do the outdoor dance spectacles for "Rose Marie," which is being made on location, "I want you boys to show me one of your own native dances. I might be able to use it in the picture." There was a great silence. The Indians looked aghast. Finally one brave spoke up, "We do Charleston, Black Bottom and Ritual; Indian dances!" So Metro had to send up a dance director to teach the Indians the dances of their forefathers.

Jean Parker, who is appearing in the next Robert Donat picture (wasn't he elegant in "49 Steps") is gathering up recipes from all the old English inns in and around London. She says she is going in for European dinners when she returns to Hollywood.

Any Southern doesn't diet any more. The blonde star has evolved a method worth any number of trick diets to retain her lovely figure. The secret is consistency. Good consistent exercise and what is more important, good consistent food. It is possible to eat to her heart's content if only she allows herself a certain amount of exercise every day. The Southern weight has remained within two pounds of a hundred and eight for the past six months, she has the appetite of a lumberjack; a sparkle in the eye, and all the health she can use.

Consider the sad case of Louise Beavers, and sadly sigh. For years Louise, a grand actress if I ever saw one, played bits in pictures and worked almost every week. Then along came practically a co-starring part with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life" and immediately Louise was skyrocketed to fame, and her salary zoomed to a new high. But since that picture she has worked little or not at all. She gets too much money and is too important an actress now just to play bits, and there are very few roles like the one she had in "Imitation of Life." Sad to say, fame isn't helping Louise Beavers. It's a pity.

While Madge Evans was in London she took time out to visit the Schiaparelli, Molyneux and Jenny openings, and is more convinced than ever that she likes Hollywood clothes the best.

The Three Phases Of Marriage
In Hollywood, California—Publicity, Advertising And Propaganda.

Occasionally of her recent divorce from George Barnes. It seems that there was one week when Joan and George, two heartbroken young people, just drove around and around continuously trying to make up their minds what was the best thing for them to do. Joan had just about decided that divorce was the only square and fair thing for both of them, and then she suddenly realized that she and George hadn't eaten for three days. They stopped at the first restaurant, which happened to be a Chinese Chop Suey joint, and ordered chow mein, which is a dish that the Blondell is very partial to. Of course the Chinese waiter brought tea and little fortune cakes and Joan nervously broke one and pulled the fortune out. "Don't do it," it said, and Joan nearly collapsed. The whole thing would have probably been called off then and there, but George crushed a cake and out of his came, "You'll feel much better when it's over." So Joan and George decided to abide by George's fortune.

From Stockholm comes the news that Garbo is busy these days finishing up a scenario based on the life of a saint. Her fondest dream has been to star in a picture with a religious theme and the studio offering her none, she has written her own script.

W. G. Fields' pride and joy is his trailer. But while he was so sick at Saboba Springs he had to leave his trailer at home. Returning home the other day, almost well now, thank goodness, he went to call on his trailer first thing and almost collapsed when he found that a stray horse had managed to break in and had stuffed himself on the upholstery of the chairs and divans and even licked off the paint.

Luisa Rainer and a left-handed snack. Nope, she hasn't changed her hair yet. Lew Ayres, Joan Blondell and Norman Foster, also at the party.

[Continued from page 15] to the airport to take a plane for Hollywood they snook up on her unawares and took the most awful picture you've ever seen of a charming and beautiful movie star. It was published in the morning paper, and poor Sylvia looked like the "tiger murderers" on her way to the noose. And that's what causes of hurting photographers' feelings.

Now there are things to be said on both sides. Sylvia, like dozens of other movie stars, especially Hepburn, Garbo, Colbert and Shearer, likes to preserve the glamour of the movies and doesn't like to have pictures taken of herself unless she is at the studio. She thinks those candid camera shots that certain magazines and newspapers glory in are terrible, and quite disillusioning to the fans. "My face is my fortune" is the motto of the Hollywood stars. And furthermore, Sylvia, like the rest of them, can't stand being made to look ridiculous. And so the constant battle with photographers.

On the other hand, the poor photographers are only trying to make an honest living. It's their job to shoot celebrities, and so they make every effort so to do. If the star will be sweet and patient and pose while they snap their cameras, they usually give her a break. But naturally if she ducks and screams they are going to get as bad a picture of her as possible. C'est la guerre.

Now that it is all over, and the pains are not so acute, Joan Blondell speaks.
The Stars Have To Live Somewhere, And Sometimes The Neighbors Think The Association Is A Doubtful Honor.

No matter how incomprehensible it may seem to you the old wheeze of "distance lends enchantment but familiarity breeds contempt" is just as true in Hollywood as it is in your own home town—that is, if the word annoyance is substituted for contempt. If you don't believe it just read this story, which tells of the experiences some of the stars have had with their neighbors.

What a blinding thing glamour is. You may think that if you could only live next to Gary Cooper he could do anything he liked and it would be all right with you. That's fine to think about, but if you had Gary Cooper's eagle eye within a hundred feet of you I bet you'd get just as tired of the noise they made, day after day, as Gary's neighbors did during the period he had them.

Since I began gathering material for this story I've become a pessimist. The stars are folks, same as your own next door neighbors. Their dogs dig up your garden and chase your cats in just the same way. They come home late and wake you up when they bang the garage doors—and if they don't do it personally, every day, he would know it the first day he played hooky, his manager would know it the second and the world would know it the third. Same way with the voice. It has to be kept limber and nothing but practicing will do it. So imagine, if you can, hearing the powerful baritone of Mr. Tibbett come hurtling through the very early morning air, sometimes with the shriek of dawn, so that his throat muscles will be flexible for his first scene at the studio. Well, he lives in Beverly Hills and there's a good sized yard around his place, but the air is clear out in that climate and voices carry without any trouble at all.

But such is fame. Larry's neighbors hesitated a minute and then said, just a bit too hastily, that they'd rather hear Lawrence Tibbett sing scales than most anyone else sing arias—and I guess they meant it—so would I. But not at six thirty A.M. However the reply showed that Larry was too much for his neighbors; his fame had them scared. He helped me out himself by telling me of a time not so very many years ago when he was not the big shot he is now. He was often asked to move to those days, from rooming houses first, and then apartment houses as his budget widened and permitted better living quarters.

A serenade of a different sort greeted the neighbors of Evelyn Venable and her husband Hal Mohr. They live up in the Hollywood Hills, with no particularly near neighbors, but they built a new fish pond and the day of its opening was a proud one in their lives—for awhile. One pleasant moonlight night the pond was taken over by a family of frogs which, at first, only added to the delight of the newlyweds. But one morning—oh, weeks afterwards—Evelyn said, "Darling, doesn't it seem to you that our frog chorus has been unusually lusty of late?" "Why," said Hal, "I hadn't noticed particularly—say—maybe they've been celebrating a few christenings." Just then the telephone rang and as he hung up Hal said, "Yep—you win. The neighbors are beginning to complain."

He hated to kill them, the frogs I mean, so he spent all that Sunday corralling them and tossing them far back into the hills via his car.

Curious ideas people have about pets. There is Douglas Montgomery. He has a duck. Someone

Are neighbors a blessing? Ask Sally Eilers.

Dick Powell is very gifted, but you should hear what his neighbors would like to give him.

Silver Screen

By Helen Fay Ludl

52
The neighbors of Adrienne Ames did not seem to appreciate her.

The neighbors of Adrienne Ames did not seem to appreciate her.

The folk of the next door

Hollywood landlord.

All that was had enough, but the last year or two Dicky has added singing to his other accomplishments, and hour after hour he warbles his favorite cowboy song, "Hand me down my walking cane." His fidelity to his art really deserves a greater appreciation than the gift he received recently. It was a case sent in care of his mother, and the attached note read, "If you don't use this on that boy of yours, we will."

Ah well, what is art if one can't suffer for it.

And what do you think Charles Farrell does? He practices polo right in the back yard and he doesn't live on a ten-acre estate either. You must admit that if you stepped out on your own private patio, and had a very evil polo pony nipping past within ten feet of your nose, you would have every right to be disinherited. The elderly gentleman who is Charlie's neighbor must be a born philosopher for his only comment was, "Well I don't like polo but if they conduct the East-West match here in the back yard, which I strongly suspect will be the next step, I shall have an excellent seat."

Margo, the fascinating young Mexican dancer, created quite a stir in her neighborhood, when she first moved in, because of the numbers of dark foreign looking men that surged in and out of her home. One never knows in these days of revolutions what one may find under one's doormat, of a morning and Margo's visitors looked ominous. Imagine the confusion of a few neighbors when they discovered that the suspicious-looking foreigners were all members of Margo's household, uncles, cousins, brothers-in-law, and all members of the aristocratic Guadalupe family of Mexico. Margo never goes about alone. She always lives with one of her married sisters or her grandmother, who travels most places with her.

Dick Powell has bought himself an estate. He had to. Dick is addicted to music, as you may have [Continued on page 70]
O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY

Rating: 80—REUNION OF BEERY AND COOPER—M-G-M

H ave yourself a good emotional space with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, and don’t forget the handkerchiefs. Wally and Jackie both give their best performances in years and when they turn on the emotions, so will you, and you’ll love it.

Wally plays an animal trainer in a circus who is robbed of his wife and small son by a natty sister-in-law, who is psychopathic if we ever saw one. This causes Wally to lose his nerve and a big cat nips off his arm. He’s pretty down and out. On the death of his wife his son is returned to him, but it is a son who hates him, whose childish mind has been poisoned by his diabolical aunt. How Wally goes about winning the love and respect of his son, and regaining his nerve, is the body of the story, and with just enough tear jerk it reaches an exciting climax.

Sara Haden is brilliant as the insane aunt, and my how you will hate her. Spanky McFarland plays Jackie Cooper as a child—just imagine our Skippy being old enough to have a child play him as a little boy. How time flies, ah me. Clarence Muse as Wally’s man Friday gets plenty of laughs. It’s a good story and a fine production and every member of the family will like it—but don’t forget the handkerchiefs!

The combination of Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper. They have not lost their skill.

RICH GIRL'S FOLLY

Rating: 75—THOSE SNOOTY HEREDITES—Columbia

I N HIS latest picture, George Raft plays a beer baron who is doing a stretch in prison and, while there, becomes the pal and confidant of Walter Connolly, a rich New Yorker, who was sent up as an income tax dodger. (Oh, you meet the best people in jail these days.) Poor Mr. Connolly dies and wills his pal his family, which is quite a legacy if you ever saw one.

George, reforming now, and very serious about life and things, takes charge of the family and starts straightening them out. First there is addle-pate daughter Joan Bennett who thinks the entire universe is being turned off for her pleasure. Then there is irresponsible James Blakely, the typical rich man’s son who is always in a jam. And last, but not least, Mother, elegantly played to the last fluster by Billie Burke.

Of course, George falls in love with Joanie, who proceeds to rebel, and ends up by getting kidnapped. Comes the Chase Scene, and very exciting it is, too. George and Joan are both excellent, and all the rest is a most pleasant and entertaining comedy.

SHIPMATES FOREVER

Rating: 80—THINIMING AND TRADITION—Warner

W ELL, here we are in the Navy again and up to our eyebrows in uniforms and traditions. No matter how you look at it the Naval Academy, where plebes become ensigns, is romantic, and when that Dick Powell puts on a dress uniform and parades around the campus, my, my, does my heart go pitty pat!

Dick plays a successful young crooner in a New York night club who has worked up a good hate for the Navy, despite the fact that his father is an Admiral. But the old man tricks his son into taking the Naval entrance examinations and, sort of on a dare, Dick goes to the Academy for four years—with the understanding of course that he can then return to his night club when he graduates.

It takes seven reels to inject the right amount of college spirit into our Dick, but when he falls he falls hard. Entering the Academy the same time that Dick does are John Arledge, Eddie Acuff, Ross Alexander and Dick Foran, and we follow them up to their graduation, too.

Ruby Keeler, the daughter of an officer, teaches dancing to the kids at the Academy, and of course she and Dick have one of those insulting friendships that finally leads to love. Because the picture is directed by Frank Borzage, that master of sentiment, there is quite a bit of tear jerking here and there. And Dick Powell sings two of the newest Warren and Dubin song hits.

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

Rating: 90—LIL MISSY LOMBARD SCORSES—Paramount

AFTER a year of playing society girl stooge to Paramount’s leading men (meaning Misses Crosby, Cooper and Raft) Carole Lombard at last has a chance to prove that not only is she a beautiful and glamorous star, but a very talented one besides, and with a decided flair for comedy.

She plays a poor young manicurist who has made up her mind, and she has one, that this thing called love is a lot of hooey and she will definitely marry for money. So while she cuts cuticle she watches for a victim. She finds him one day, a scion of an old man who loves hunting, a young go-getter who is, she thinks, the new Walter Youngman. She does love him, but he is one up on her for he has picked out an heiress. Well, of course, they marry for love. But not until you have had seven reels of tip-top entertainment. Fred MacMurray plays the sassy chap and is a lot of fun. Ralph Bellamy gives his usual splendid performance as Carole’s wealthy friend, who is just about to propose when Fred walks in. Astrid Allwyn as the rich girl and Ruth Donnelly as the cashier contribute to the pleasure of it all. Mitchell Leisen, the director, has done a grand job pacing it so there’s never a dull moment.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Rating: 85—IN THE DEMILLE MANNER—RKO

N OTHING remains of Bulwer-Lytton’s famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," except the title and the thrilling eruption of Vesuvius. Instead, a couple of R-K-O’s best writers have written an original story, a joyous story, a powerful dramatic story, which has, as its theme, the dawning of Christian ideals in the mad and ruthless welter of pagan cruelty and lust.

It is a film in sumptuous backgrounds of fabulous Rome, Pompeii and Judea, the story is about a young blacksmith, Preston Foster, who cares not for gold or fame but is happy in the love of his wife and small son. But when they are mercilessly crushed
beneath the wheels of a chariot he hardens his heart, decides that money and power are the only things worthwhile after all, and becomes the most sensational gladiator in Rome.

He effects a crooked deal with Pontius Pilate, (Basil Rathbone) and eventually becomes one of Pompeii's wealthiest men. All this is motivated by his love for his adopted son. But the boy (John Wood) becomes a Christian, denounces the horrible cruelty and grandeur of Rome, and pities the poor slaves who must be sacrificed in the arena. He is deeply in love with one of the slave girls, Dorothy Wilson, and with her he is led to the arena. Preston Foster, grief-stricken and out of his mind, finds them too late to help them.

But, just as they are about to meet the most horrible of deaths—comes the magnificent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, and the most thrilling scenes you have seen in many a day.

**THE BARBARY COAST**

*Rating: 84°—According to the Hays' Office—Goldwyn*

HERE'S that good old rip-snorting Bar- bary Coast that you've heard about, but, mind you now, no hawdness. Mr. Hays saw to that. But even without the bawd, the elegant going-on in the early days of the beginnings of San Francisco are still fascinating by his love for his adopted son. He hardens his heart, decides that money and power are the only things worthwhile after all, and becomes the most sensational gladiator in Rome.

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But, just as they are about to meet the most horrible of deaths—comes the magnificent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, and the most thrilling scenes you have seen in many a day.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**

*Rating: 82°—Bottom's Up—Warners*

**IT'S IN THE AIR**

*Rating: 79°—Funny Farce—M-G-M*

**TWO FISTED**

*Rating: 77°—Never a Dull Moment—Paramount*

**PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET**

*Rating: 60°—Keeping Up with Lizette—Warners*

**I LIVE MY LIFE**

*Rating: 90°—The Taming of Crawford—M-G-M*

**JOAN CRAWFORD's latest picture is one of long, loud, merry round of laughter from beginning to end and you just can't afford to miss so much crazy fun. Joan plays a rich girl with ermines and diamonds and just so spoiled that her Grandma, Jessie Ralph, and her father, Frank Morgan, can't do anything with her.

But, one fine day, when her father's yacht is anchored off the coast of Greece, she falls in love with a young archeologist—and furthermore a young Irish archeologist with a temper equalled only by her own. Brian Aherne plays the young Irishman and looseens up so completely that you find yourself feeling all excited about him.

Well, Brian chases Joanie to New York and takes it upon himself to try and tame her. Phooey for society and wealth says he, and the fight is on. Joan goes into one of the best tantrums ever to be seen on the screen, but Brian isn't far behind with a terrific scene at the church which will leave you weak from laughing.

You've never seen two such amusing butters as Eric Blome and Arthur Treacher, nor such a cantankerous old grandmother as Jessie Ralph. And, just to make it even more terrific, there are Fred Keating, Alene MacMahan, Etienne Girardot and Frank Conroy. And, just as you suspected all along, that master of trivial, sophisti- cated comedy, W. S. Van Dyke, directed it. It's Van Dyke at his best, and we simply can't say more.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** and **FRED KEATING** in "I Live My Life," a good comedy.

**BRIAN AHERNE** (it's his year), **Joan Crawford** and **Fred Keating** in "I Live My Life," a good comedy.
Park Avenue Goes Hollywood

[Continued from page 15]

plane trip back to Los Angeles. Advertising agencies will pay them from $750 to $3500 for a five-minute air appearance, the price depending upon the popularity of the socialites like L. J. Fox will give them expensive perks if they will pose in an advertisement. Hotels offer special rates. Conde Nast, if he writes them to their editors, will direct his magazine editors to devote a page to flattering pictures in subsequent issues. On the basis of such economics, a trip to New York will not be snubbed by any star. It pays well.

The results of the introduction of the stars of Hollywood to the Social Register is amusing. Society doawgus and debbies, anxious to keep up with the passing show, read the Broadway columns religiously. Mrs. Van Astorhilt will know every line in Louella Parsons' column just off the press. Mrs. Vanwhitney will unbend behind her lorgnettes to wave cheerily to Regina Crews. A society woman will be at some pains to seat her swell-looking debutante daughter next to Bob Rulbin, M.G.M. vice-president, on the far chance that Mr. Rulbin will remark after dinner: "That daughter of yours would screen well." Park Avenue, believe me, has gone Hollywood with a vengeance. The pioneer work of Dorothy di Frasso now has spread to the entire society group. Hostesses feel a pardonable glow of pride if they can snare a Grace Moore or a Tullio Carminati to add glamour to the seating lists.

The net result of all this has been good. Snobbery, if it hasn't been completely obliterated, at least has been modified. Society now is inclined to measure a person's interest, rather than his blood count. The menace of the ex-enquirer by the intelligentsia as a shoddy substitute for the legitimate drama, now have gained the upper hand. Logically this has brought about important changes. Jock Whitney, having come to know the people of the screen socially, has been moved to invest his money and enthusiasm in the industry. Young Walter Chrysler has diverted his interest in the publishing business to the selection of manuscripts suitable for the screen. Other members of his board have also been notified that Walter Wanger is on the Coast during the lad's summer vacation from Dartmouth. This introduction of new blood and blueblood into the veins of Hollywood is a happy augury. Inevitably and unquestionably, the social level must be raised and this is beneficial.

Dorothy di Frasso must be credited with the greatest part of what has been accomplished. Bing Crosby, with whom she joined the "goo" and Hollywood in the bonds of wedlock, and while you may point out that this is the less serious version of a shotgun marriage, with Park Avenue as an unwilling bridegroom, the honeymoon has been a mutually happy experience.

She comes from one of the solid families of New York, and her name originally was Dorothy Taylor. She married Count di Frasso, one of the real titillating personages of Italy. In the days when she first turned a friendly glance in the direction of Hollywood, this was little short of social heresy. It was she who took Gary Cooper in hand and transformed the graybeard of the naive six-foot into quite a man of the world. Lupe Velez never forgave Gary for going society with her, but Lupe had as much chance of winning out over the polished Countess as Baer had of defeating Joe Louis. It was this first meeting with Hollywood that convinced the witty and charming Countess to move her lares and penates to Los Angeles. From the very start, she was a terrific success. Hollywood couldn't be awry by money or fame because it had both in quantities, but the appearance of a real Countess, and wealthy too, did the trick. Before you could say Jack Robinson, she had transformed the social center of the film colony. If she ruled it with an iron hand, the subjects never realized it, for Dorothy, trained abroad, always wore the velvet glove of tact.

Her society friends were shocked when they learned that henceforth this was to be Dorothy's real career. But when the first shock wore off, some of them ventured to Hollywood to have a look—see—and they loved it. They found it exciting to have a woman who had been in the world of cocktails at La Rue with some stodgy banker's son. One by one, her society friends capitulated.

That same woman isn't just west breakdown of the morale of the "goo." Dorothy sent the Coast stars east with letters of introduction, and the breaking-down process was complete. So, to the Countess di Frasso must go all the honors. She did as much for the Hollywood stars when they went abroad. She gave them letters to the crowned heads of Europe, she introduced them to people in England and France, for her list of important acquaintances abroad is as vast as it is here in the country. The ones she liked particularly were invited to her parties at the little room of the national museums of Mussolini's last hour.

She is, by all odds, the most interesting and forceful woman I have ever met. Entirely feminine, she has all the vigor of a man in accomplishing what she sets out to accomplish. She would have made a brilliant politician. Grover Whalen said, one night, to her: "Dorothy, you should have been the wife of the President of the United States and he could have dispensed with a Cabinet." I don't believe he flattered her and her constructive ambition, there is no telling what she could have accomplished in any field which enlisted her interest.

Perhaps the most striking thing about that Hollywood, in return, has given her nothing and she has asked nothing. She has helped countless in the movie colony, en- couraged stars by giving them the permission to it that they met the right people and arguing brilliantly in their behalf. But she has asked nothing for herself. Perhaps that explains the security of her position.

There is only one real peril in the situation that has developed. Hollywood, having captured Park Avenue and Newport and Southampton, must be careful not to borrow from them the snobbery that was characteristic of those watering places before Countess di Frasso made her pioneer entrance upon the scene.

The movie stars can walk with kings but let them remember not to lose the common touch. After all, the debutantes and the dowagers form an infinitesimal portion of the population. Park Avenue has gone Hollywood, but it is important that Hollywood shall not go Park Ave.—no. The stars who forget that millions of dollars were made the moment they forfeit stardom, they'll learn that Park Avenue wants no part of them either.

Give Your Children A Shirley Temple Xmas Party

[Continued from page 52]

Pop-Corn Balls
2 quarts popped corn 2 tablespoonsfuls
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup of butter
2 cups brown sugar
Melt butter, add sugar and water. Pour over popcorn, stirring until every kernel is coated. Shape into balls, twist in colored, oiled paper.

lollypops
10 fresh lollipops in bright red paper with huge paper bows are not to be eaten at the party but are for the children to take home.

We all know, what are they going to do and play at Shirley's party? Goodness only knows, you ought to have a very good idea of what Shirley and her friends will do eat by now. But any parent will agree that she will greet her little guests in the large and comfortable living room of her parents' home and when given the signal someone will start playing the words of "Shirt Shirts pop," and all the little boys and girls will grab partners, with Shirley as hostess leading the procession, and march around the room several times, and then through a door into the patio where the Christmas table and luncheon awaits them. Just in case you have forgotten, here is a reminder:

"On the Good Ship Lollipop" and you want the kids to sing them at your party, here they are:

"ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOL"
Sung by Shirley Temple and James Dunn in the Fox Film picture, "Bright Eyes"
I've thrown away my toys
Even my ring and dress,
I wanna make some noise
With real live aeroplanes.

Some day I'm going to fly
I'll be a pilot, too.
And when I do, how would you
Like to be on crew?

On the good ship Lollipopol.
It's a sweet trip to a candy shop
Where bonbons play
On the sweet beauty of Peppermint bay.

Lemonade stands everywhere, cracker jack stands fill the air
And there you are—happy landing on a chocolate bar.

See the sugar bowl do a tottie roll with the big red devil's food cake!
If you eat too much—ooh! ooh! You'll wake up with a "tummy ache.
On the good ship Lollipopol.

It's a night trip into bed you hop
And dream away on the good ship Lollipopol.

Words and music by Sidney Clare and Richard A. Whiting—Arranged by Harry E. Warren. Special permission to SILVER SCREEN to use "the Good Ship Lollipopol" via 20th Century-Fox.

After the luncheon, games are in order, and how. Shirley's favorite game (and the game that will be played first) is called The Patch Shuffle.

Arrange chairs as in a theatre, facing a part of the room which can be conveniently used as a stage. There are twelve
"Thank Goodness—

I'M not

Boy Crazy."

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin

Poor child—those pimples have hurt her looks and made her miss so many good times!

Why don't you have her take Fleischmann's Yeast? It cured my Anne's pimples.

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 hickies! 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.
A Big Smile—

and a little Chocolate Tablet

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action—approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action. There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLD S!... Remember these common-tense 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

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(All who live in Conn., write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 15th St. Rowe Den Sch, W., Mount pleasant)

"Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for stations and times.

The merry part of the March of the Months lies in the fact that the children must guess what months are being interpreted. The assignments for the months are to be given secretly by some member of the family so that no one knows who anyone else is. The months should not be called according to the calendar, just call the name of the child, and have him step to the center of the room, or patio, and "do his stuff." A few "props" may be provided beforehand, if you prefer. Appropriate music on the piano or victrola helps make this game even more exciting for children.

Another favorite game of Shirley's is "Musical Chairs," which I am sure you all know. Another is "The King in the Chair." Two chairs are placed fairly close together but across the space between them is spread a blanket with the ends in the two chairs. Two children sit on the chairs, then send a child out of the room, and when he enters he's invited most cordially to have a seat between them. When the child sits down, the other two children jump up hastily, and the little kid gives a sprawl. The children simply go into hysterics over this, especially the little boys.

Still another favorite game of Shirley's is "Putting the House to Bed." Remember how Shirley put the little horse to bed in "Curly Top"? Well, Mrs. Temple draws a bed on a large piece of paper and tacks it up on the wall. Then he has to draw a paper horse and a pin, blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to put the horse in the bed. The child who gets nearest the right spot in the bed gets a simple prize.

Well, how about a Shirley Temple party for your own little Martha and Johnny? Just do what Shirley Temple does at her Christmas party and I guarantee it will be loads of fun.

Me and My Public

(Continued from page 21)

A period ensued during which stars shrank from public appearances and the gala premieres practically disappeared.

During this time Carole Lombard escaped from a theater by devious subterranean passages, which led him through the basements of three large buildings, and during the same time Miss Cagney guided a crowd by flattening himself on the floor of a convenient taxi-cab. You can’t blame them. An admiring and not at all ugly crowd once threatened to tear all the clothes off Ramon Novarro as mementos, when he was leaving a New York theater. A trio of kindly gents rescued him, led him down a fire escape to their car which was parked in an alley. Novarro sighed, viewed his buttonless and threadbare condition ruefully and expressed his gratitude. But the three rescuers tranquilized him, willy-nilly, to an apartment where they insisted that he be Exhibit A at the large party assembled there. They wouldn’t take "No!" for an answer and Ramon finally made his escape, for the second time that evening, via the fire escape outside the bathroom window.

Anna Sten was flattened but frightened still at the demonstration which occurred outside a Los Angeles radio station where she had participated in a broadcast. Her driver and the Sam Goldwyn press agent both attempted to protect her from the onslaught and found themselves pushing one another with belligerent vigor while Ann fought her way through the throng to her car. By the time the two men had identified one another, the crowds were swarming over the car, surcharging at Anna's clothing and tearing the flowers from the vases inside the car.

"I tried to smile," Anna told me. "I knew that it was sweet of them to be so interested... but I was so terribly frightened!"

Sometimes these encounters of a star with his public led to pleasant relationships and even to lasting marriages. E. Brown has undoubtedly strengthened his fan following by his antics at the Hollywood Legion fights. But it takes a certain type of natural showman to handle such situations.

Richard Barthelmess is genuinely shy and dodges whenever possible. His pleasant relationships and even to lasting marriages. E. Brown has undoubtedly strengthened his fan following by his antics at the Hollywood Legion fights. But it takes a certain type of natural showman to handle such situations.

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"MY HANDBAG CONTENTS NEVER SPILL OR GET LOST,"
says Sally Eilers

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.

BOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • PORTLAND
people remember faces and that they attach the correct names to them. . . . oh, extremely important! Well, I give my modest little prize to Jack Oakie. I was a sit-in in a cocktail spot with a gentleman from the East when Jack, striped sweater and all, strolled through the room. "I'd like to meet him!" quoth my host. "Sorry," said I. "I met him several years ago . . . but he wouldn't remember me."

Whereupon Jack, strolling back through the room, cried, "Helen Louise!"—spread his arms and rushed over to give me a nice kiss. Some more methods I introduced the two gentlemen.

Afterward my friend inquired, "What would have happened if you had known each other before?"

The only answer to which was, "Well, dear! dear! This Hollywood! They have to be nice to their public, you know . . . and be probably thought I was a paying customer!"

Anyway, it made a grand impression.

Exquisite but not Expensive

Stars in Bed

[Continued from page 29]

be otherwise with so many swell people all rooting for him. Harold Lloyd, with whom he worked in "The Cat's Paw," has a new surprise for him almost every day. And Sir Guy Standing, who was in the hospital sequence with him in "The Big Broadcast," is a daily visitor. The executives at the Paramount studio are lining up all sorts of nice plans for his future—and all the kids on the lot relay their sympathies via visitors who are allowed in the sick room. Virginia Weidler sends word that if David doesn't come back to the schoolhouse on the Paramount lot soon, to play with the kids, they will simply have to break regulations and come up and play with him.

Meanwhile David faces the prospect of Christmas in bed. If all the Santa Clauses materialize that are being planned for him, every fat man in Hollywood, with a large tummy, who looks good in bright red will have a job this Christmas Eve; and all the reindeer in the country will probably have to be summoned for the occasion. David has made out a list fifteen feet long of all the things he wants this Christmas; not only for himself, but for all the other patients too. But his mother, wracked with weeks of anxiety, wants only one thing this Christmas. She wants David to get well again. She begs the Almighty to let her tear-stained eyes behold her fat blond boy once more, on his own two feet. A stage mother—but not so different from your own, as you can see.

"And they say Hollywood has only time for the successful, the great and the strong," the nurse smiled a little pitifully.

"The nice things about Hollywood in recent years seem to get into the papers," she continued.

"Why is it you reporters are always so willing to headline the scandals and the divorces, but make so little of the sweet kindnesses people would rather read about?"

To prove what she meant she pointed out the recent case of a little girl, desperately ill, who refused to be operated upon unless she could have a personally autographed picture of her favorite movie star—Myrna Loy. Someone called Myrna and told her. She came herself to the hospital, and in the presence of the sick child gratified her heart's desire. One column in the L.A. Times mentioned the story in a paragraph of scandal notes, in which it was lost. Yet Myrna's battle with her bosses a few months ago made the banner lines on the front page.

The answer is that Hollywood is just a billion dollar backdrop to show off a lot of ego, and few take the trouble to look behind the backdrop for the realities. Hollywood would have you believe its heart is as timel as its glamour, as merciless as the ruthless ambition which rules it. But to this hospital nurse, who lives in Hollywood, and yet is not a part of it—

No wonder April Showers’ Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world.
"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... pro-
per 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 effect-
ive 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.

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment... but my advice
about "Lysol" restored her happiness."

Throughout your home, fight
germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that
threaten your family, but you must
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telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laun-
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soap, with the added 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.
How Much Of It Is Luck? [Continued from page 27]

What part luck figures in the careers of stars. Many personalities scoring sensational triumphs have been more or less prominent on the screen for years. Comes a great rôle, and they are hailed as new arrivals. That's the case with Joan Bennett.

Ginger Rogers had been a leading lady in more pictures than she could remember. With "The Gay Divorcee," she entered upon an entirely new career. Joan Bennett took a new lease on life after her capital performance as Amy in "Little Women." Chester Morris had found new popularity after "Public Hero No. 1." Victor McLaglen amazed even himself in "The Informer," and stands an excellent chance of winning next year's Academy award. Rochelle Hudson qualified herself for stardom in "Way Down East." Bette Davis proved she could troupe with the highest-bracketed stars in "Of Human Bondage."

Bruce Cabot received a new contract for his grand performance in "Let Em Have It." Jeanette MacDonald elevated herself to the top rank in "Naughty Marietta." Edward Arnold took his rightfull place with the outstanding stars of the screen for his priceless interpretation of "Diamond Jim." All these, and many more too numerous to mention by name and part, came to the front because Lady Luck finally deigned to favor them with a touch of her wand.

From a glance at productions now in the making and others soon to be released, it would appear that luck still shines many pathways to stardom, but the aggregate of her past has proven the fallacy of prediction. The following, however, to mention but a few of those undertakings of the future, look like "naturals," both for star and picture.

On Location With Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy [Continued from page 19]

Girls, you have no idea how really handsome that Nelson Eddy is—in person. The first time I saw him on the screen I murmured "Ah, there is a man" and practically swooned. He has done a bit of swooning too, judging from the fan letters Nelson Eddy receives. Since "Naughty Marietta" he gets more fan mail than any body on the Metro lot. Nelson has a very handsome face, just strong enough, just kind enough, and when he smiles there is a certain charming and completely irresistible something about him.

After talking with him for awhile you have a very definite idea that Mr. Eddy knows truth from hooey, and no one will ever be able to make a fool out of him. When he was a kid he had to give up school and go to work to support his mother and himself, but that didn't mean he was going to give up an education. He took correspondence school courses in art, economics, history and practically everything else—in fact, Nelson says that his love for education has taken him more correspondence school courses than anyone else in America. And like most self-taught people he has a real respect for knowledge and knows far more about politics, the arts, and world affairs than you and I with our degrees will ever know.

But, ah me, I was never one to admire the mind. It's his physique that gets me. He usually spends him time on the set drawing caricatures, which are quite excellent, of the people about him. His teacher and best friend, Dr. Lippe, can put Nelson in high spirits anytime with his impersonations and quiet wit, and so Nelson for all son keeps the little Doctor about him as much as possible. Nelson had just as soon not be shaved by the bartender, or have children interrupt his dinner asking him to sing, but he's very gallant about it.

Tahoe was Indian country in the old days and there are still reservations of the Washoos and Shoshone near by. Writer and director Van Dyke has engaged several hundreds of the Indians to appear in the picture (the locale is supposed to be Canada) and the huge braves have become as coy as kittens. They've pitched their tepees on an ishstoa and are prepared to give their all to "Rose Marie."

The other day Nelson Eddy recorded the song "Rose Marie" right out in the open and when the Indians heard it across the mountains they simply went into ecstasies and have been hummimg it ever since. They'll probably all become such rabid fans that they'll follow the company back to Hollywood.

The picture version of "Rose Marie" will be slightly different from the stage play, slightly being an understatement. Jeanette will play a temperamental opera star who wanders into the wilds to help her brother, who has escaped from prison. And our Mr. Eddy plays Bruce, of the Canadian Mounted, who always gets his man. The important Indian role, Boniface, will be played by a Greek, which very likely will annoy the Shoshones. But the sooner they find out about pictures the better.

Well, personally, I don't care how much they change "Rose Marie" just so long as they leave it in "The Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie" and the Totem Pole dance and those three gems are preserved. The Totem Pole dance is going to be an eye-knocker-out. I was rowed over to the isthmus, off Emerald Bay, where the Totem Poles have already been erected, and, mercifully, were they frightening. That dance is going to be the last word in exoticism.

I'm going to be awfully mad if an irate movie star (to whom I might have naïvely given a romance) murders me before I have a chance to see, and hear, "Rose Marie."

Nelson Eddy in the costume he wears in "Rose Marie."
LITTLE AMERICA
That Southern Exposure Again—Paramount

HERE is a deeply moving and thrilling account of Admiral Richard Byrd's second Antarctic Expedition, magnificently photographed and interestingly presented. As you recall, the first of the "Little America" films was not silent, but this one brings authentic sound from the awe-inspiring wastes of the Antarctic and greatly adds to the effectiveness of the picture.

The screen story covers a number of incidents, including the famous flight over Matie Byrd Land, the rescue of Admiral Byrd's old plane after four years under snow, and a blizzard sequence at Little America that will make your teeth chatter. Everyone interested in adventure, modern science, and beautiful photography will go pleasantly mad about this picture.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
Rating: 83—Sword Play—R-K-O

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' famous old classic comes to the screen with much cluttering of swords and chasing back and forth, and if you aren't too much a stickler for text you will enjoy it immensely. The picture was made for entertainment and entertain it does from the moment the young Gascon, d'Artagnan, rides through the gates of Paris until the final scene when Queen Anne appears at the King's Ball, wearing the diamonds that caused all the excitement.

Walter Abel, who plays d'Artagnan, is R-K-O's latest "discovery" and was imported from Broadway especially for this role. He is splendid as the washboarding young gallant, though, of course, there are plenty of those old dickards around who will say that Douglas Fairbanks was better. That's something you'll have to decide for yourself. It's all very exciting and thrilling. Athos, Porthos and Aramis are played by Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen and Ossip Sommer, and three more dexterous young gentlemen with the sword you never saw. Ian Keith plays the scheming Rochefort, Heather Angel plays the lovely Constance, lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne, who is played by Rosamund Pinchot of the Pennsylvania Pinchots. Margot Grahame as Milady de Winter walks away with all the acting honors as far as I'm concerned. There isn't a "big name" in the entire cast, so now we can find out whether or not a picture must have a star to be a success.

THE LAST OUTPOST
Rating: 70—The Great Outdoors—Paramount

THE cameraman gets the biggest hand on this picture, for you haven't seen such magnificent photography since "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." The desert scenes and the scene where an entire village packs up and starts a trek over hill and dale are brilliantly and thrillingly done.

But the story, ah the story, it sounds very much like something you've seen before. It's one of those little triangles wherein a fellow falls in love with the wife of the man who has saved his life, who doesn't know it until they are forced to do the noble thing by each other, and of course he gets mortally wounded so that simplifies love.

Gary Grant is the guy who innocently steals a wife, and Gertrude Michael is the wife. Claude Rains is the rest of the triangle and suffers and suffers.

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May Robson's New Picture

[Continued from page 29]

"That is spaghetti and meat balls a la Tonio," said Tony, kissing his fingers and rolling his eyes heavenward.

"Why I wouldn't feed that to Aubrey. Get me a breast of chicken."

Tony's eyes fairly popped from his head. Perspiration ran down his brow. The others exchanged significant glances and shook their heads.

"Say, who do you think you are... Queen Marie? Would you like something else?" Tony bellowed at Mary Jane.

"Yes, a dessert and a demi-tasse. And be quick about it.

Her tirade was interrupted by the distant jangling of a bell and an impatient, highly excited voice calling Tony. As if glad to escape, Tony hurried into the barbershop where his friend, Walter Merkin, stood waving a paper.

"Hey, Tony!" he said breathlessly "Dat woman who spent a million dollars for a playground for her dog has been kidnap. See!"

Tony took the paper and read the headlines. Beneath them was a picture of a heavily veiled woman clasping a dog in her arms. He looked beseechingly at Walter and pointed to the picture.

"Dat was a kidnap too. The kidnappers are in a pretty pickle. Dis time the G-men are going to make a special example and fry them like weiner-schnitzel. In der chair. And den they turn him over und fry him on der other side."

Tony sat down heavily, holding the paper before him as Walter said goodbye. His face was a pasty white, blank with fear. Again and again he moistened his lips while his eyes roved nervously around the tiny shop like those of an animal caught in a trap. Soon he got up and went into the room where Julia and the boys were eating. From here he could see Mary Jane like an arrogant, overstuffed owl propped against her pillows, with the tell-tale Aubrey in her arms.

"You know what they do to me?" he said in a whisper. "They fry me. That old battle ax in there she's Mary Jane Baxter. She's kidnappe and we're the kidnappers."

"I told you guys that dame meant trouble," Blackie pushed his plate back and got to his feet. "We got to get her out of here."

"But we didn't kidnap her," said Doc, as Blackie moved toward the bedroom.

"Try and make the cops believe that."

"Just a minute," Tony caught Blackie by the arm. "We got a be smart. I do this."

Tony and his family begged Mary Jane to go home where she belonged. She was willing enough to go although she could not understand the sudden change in their manner until her eyes caught sight of the paper with its searchers and story indicating that she had been kidnapped. Her amusement was cut short when she saw another item on the same page indicating that she would be committed to an insane asylum when and if she was found. Mary Jane refused to leave, threatening all of them with prosecution to the last extent of the law if they tried to put her out or told anyone where she was.

For Mary Jane the days that followed were the happiest she had ever known. Robbed of the luxuries to which she had all her life been accustomed, she found herself in the position of serving rather than being served. She was getting a real thrill out of helping Julia in the kitchen and with the housework. She knew real contentment for the first time in her life as she sat rocking and reading in her chair, stealing fond looks at Doc, absorbed in his home work, or fling washing dishes and cleaning the sink. These days she fairly brimmed over with a vitality and charm which seemed to stride through life with the rhythm of a newly discovered melody. These youngsters, who might well have been her grandchildren, crept into her heart and flooded it with a sweetness, a fullness she had somehow missed in all her years of living.

Especially did she love little Doc, with his shrewed leg and his very large ambition to grow up into a fine doctor. Tony had called her "Queenie" in that first hour after her arrival in their midst, before they found out who she was, and "Queenie" she had remained to all of them. They were all sweet to her—from Julia, who was so obviously in love with Blackie and so terribly worried about the lookout work he was doing for Boss Benton, head of a notorious gang of crooks, to Blackie and Flash and even Tony, with whom she quarrelled continuously.

And Aubrey seemed happier playing with these children in their cheap surroundings than he ever had when pampered and spoiled on his silken cushions at home.

There came a night, after the one on which the G-men paid them a visit in order to ask Tony's help in locating Mary Jane, when nervousness kept them all close indoors. Mary Jane sat at the old piano and played a few chords. Then, suddenly, it became a happy party. Flash produced his harmonica, Tony his mandolin and...
they played Italian folk songs while Doc danced, because it was good for his leg, and Blackie and Julia sang, hands clasped, the splendor of their love radiating a glory which had transformed the drab little sitting room with the odor of barber shop soap and stale cooking into a gold and brocade bower fragrant with the scent of morning glories.

That night after he had gotten in bed Doc called out and asked Mary Jane to tuck him in. No one had ever before seen this expression on the face of Mary Jane, the autocratic, domineering old woman, as she stood over Doc, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

"Gee, Queenie," Doc smiled into her wrinkled face, "You—you smile—now."

"Do I?" Mary Jane replied. "Thank you."

"You know, Queenie," Doc continued seriously, "You've got to get out of here before you get us all sent up the river for kidnapping."

Mary Jane chuckled.

"Not that we aren't glad to have you but, gee, I can't figure you out. This dump wasn't good enough for you at first. Now you don't wanna go. Why?"

"Go to sleep. You talk to much."

"Why do you wanna stay, Queenie? You got a mansion, servants, everything anybody can want. . . . and you wanna stay here."

"It's none of your business—but I . . . I like it here."

"You do?" Doc looked at her incredulously, then he pushed himself further down into his bed with a happy sigh.

Mary Jane stooped to tuck the covers close around the frail little body and Doc kissed her shyly on the cheek.

"Goodnight, Grandma," he said softly as she switched off the lights.

Queenie stood outside the door of Doc's room in an ecstasy of bliss. If there had been any aloofness left in her, Doc had forever swept it away. Her fingers caressed the spot where his lips had touched her cheek.

"Grandma!" she said in a joyous whisper. In this moment of intense happiness she was conscious of hearing voices, and she followed them to the roof. Here Blackie and Julia were facing each other in hurt bewilderment over Blackie's refusal to give up his work with Benton. He needed money, he explained, to buy nice foods for Queenie. Noisily thumping her cane to announce her coming, Mary Jane walked out on the roof.

The night was starry and the breeze sweeping up from the East River had a saltry cleanliness. Tiny lights moved slowly up and down the stream and to either side of where she stood great necklaces of steel cut the night.

"I want some of this air, too," she said, and then with a piercing look at Julia: "What are you crying for? You two aren't having a spat."

"Blackie's leaving us . . . me," Julia's voice was scarcely audible.

"You're a couple of young fools . . . idiots! Break up! Throw your happiness away just as I did when I was your age. Ever since I've been sour, cracked . . . miserable. If I had it to do over again I'd do just the opposite, even if I thought he was wrong. It's damnation to go through fifty years of thinking of someone."

Blackie and Julia listened in amazement. Julia's eyes were wet with tears. Mary Jane had turned her back on the river and her eyes were raised to the towering skyline of Manhattan which, years ago, had witnessed the breaking of her dreams.

"Gee, Queenie," Blackie broke the silence. "I never figured you'd loved anyone."

"You haven't sense enough to figure anything," Mary Jane was instantly gruff again. Then she turned to Julia. "As for you, this young fellow might amount to nothing."

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Silver Screen for December 1935

something if you'd try to help him instead of pushing him down." Without a word, she glanced back at him, muttering something about having stayed too long, leaving the youngsters to straighten out their difficulties.

There were others who were interested in Mary Jane Baxter's disappearance. Her nephew, Percy, had offered $5,000 reward for her return dead or alive. Boss Benton, the cause of the trouble between Blackie and Julia, decided that since someone had beat him to the scene, he would have to hi-jack the old woman, just as he used to hi-jack liquor in the prohibition days. Spike and Butch, two of his henchmen, were ordered to look for Mary Jane. It was only a matter of time before they placed Blackie a visit in the drug store, and then they recognized the dog Aubrey. That night they returned to kidnap Mary Jane, knocking Doc unconscious when he discovered them taking Queney away.

Benton and his gang took her to their country hideout and, soon after, Blackie went to see Benton pretending that he had the ransom money. Julia tried to restrain Blackie from going to Boss Benton. Her strong, young fingers clung to his arm.

"Why are you going? I want to know," she implored. Blackie didn't answer but with an impatience born of desperation he took Julia in his arms, kissed her and then pushed her from him, bolted for the door. He did not dare answer or stay and see her lovely eyes full of tears, her mouth trembling, fear of what might happen to him in her every gesture. But Julia did not need to be told. She knew that Blackie had gone to Boss Benton.

Because of the trip that had occurred between Blackie and Miss Baxter, Benton directed the former to secure the old woman's signature, so that it might be sent to her lawyer as proof that she was actually in his possession. He also told Blackie that no attempt would be made to return Miss Baxter to her family, that she would be killed the instant it was demanded half a million dollars was received.

Benton pushed open the door of the room in which Mary Jane was seated with the gangsters. They had collected playing cards and trying to induce the old lady to sign the ransom note. Life had become curiously difficult for the gangsters since Mary Jane entered their home circle. She was one victim who, quite unafraid, ordered them about and made life generally miserable for them. Mary Jane glanced up from the table, opened and smiled at the note.

"Here's a friend of yours to see you," said Boss Benton.

"Blackie!" she went toward him. "The same old battle axe, grinning and beeping about everything." Blackie was deliberately offensive but Mary Jane could not know this. "Did you squawk on us like a sackful of alley cats? If you wasn't so batty you'd know why we snatched you. Tony wants you to make Doc a good leg and an education. He wants it so as Julia and Flash and me can have a chance. And if you had a heart instead of that hunk of iron, you'd sign that ransom note and let a swell little guy like Doc get something out of life instead of giving it all to that hunk of iron.

Mary Jane looked at him a moment. She didn't believe all that he was saying and she didn't understand that part she believed. After all, she had lived the life and this was better than letting that nephew of hers get control of her money. Blackie left the apartment with Benton, who instructed Blackie to call to Mary Jane's lawyer. From an adjoining booth he overheard Blackie secretly calling the police, shot him and then fled, while Blackie was taken unconscious to the prison ward of the hospital. When he regained consciousness, however, he begged to be allowed to take the officers to the Benton hideout. Before leaving on this expedition the government men released to the news agencies an announcement that Blackie had died without regaining consciousnesse, and when Benton heard this on his radio he was greatly relieved. He immediately called the lawyer and arranged to meet him on a country road near his hideout for the "payoff."

Secretly entering the hideout alone, a short while later, Blackie succeeded in getting Mary Jane out of a window, but is wounded when he is discovered by the gangsters guarding her. Within a few minutes a concealed force of officers have rounded up the entire gang, including Benton himself, in a terrific chase and gun battle.

Mary Jane in the meanwhile, went with her lawyers, but was obliged to face another examination by the lunacy commission, with Tony, Walter, Julia, and the boys opposing, with great success, the testimony of Percy and her other avaricious relatives.

"That's so funny, Queenie?" asked Doc as the last of the relatives went through the door.

"Shh!" said Mary Jane. "Listen!" Low voices could be heard through the still opened door. They ran to it and peeped their heads out to see what was going on.

"Come back here, you crazy galoots!" Mary Jane called. "That's Blackie. I sent him out to collect that $5,000 Percy offered," and she rocked back and forth with laughter.

Even Aubrey didn't know what to make of it.

They Know Their Groceries
[Continued from page 17]

Over there he buys bath things until you figure he must be the cleanest man on earth. With my back-brushes, he finds one with a long handle that reaches all points North and South. He takes it up, an army of pine- oil and soap bubbles, to take care of his necessities. About fifty dollars is invested here to keep the Powell chaise pure. (But pure!)

Then, two steps at a time, he proceeds to the dining room, where Mr. Maybrey supervises the vast wines and liquors department. Beautiful bottles to dream of. It might surprise you to learn that William himself does very little tipping, but box, he knows his spirits! He has a cellar that would compare favorably with the best in the country. He discusses vintage dated old hand with the courteously white-haired Maybrey, and orders a case of white Bordeaux, Graves, 1934, and a case of red Bordeaux, Lafite, 1911. Then a half dozen bottles of Martel Brandy, and a case of Moet and Chandon vintage 1921 champagne.

Finally, having invested a neat three hundred dollars in his larder and cellar, he dashes to Mr. Young's office to say how much he has bought, without discussing the Sybaritic pleasures of the table for an hour.

This, my wide-eyed children, does not happen every week. We just happened to be around when Bill was in one of his most gorgeous shopping moods.

Headge Evans has a weakness for fine cheeses, and she likes to select them for herself. Her favorite is a fine high imported Roquefort (85c the pound) crumbly with age and marked like rare marble, of which she purchased two pounds the day we went shopping with her. (Heigh ho! and to think we have been to buy a whole pound of Roquefort at once!)

Mrs. Harold Lloyd buys in large quantities for her home kitchen and for her suburban shopping expeditions. Eddie Horton stocks up with preserved, branded and spiced fruits at intervals, and has no trouble at all making up his mind, as you might expect from his genius-of-indecision performances. He is an avocado customer, as well.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, very much suburban housekeepers, take a look at all departments, and buy a comprehensive supply of groceries whenever they go in Young's. Ginger is very fond of fancy crackers and cookies, the cocktail assortments in amusing shapes engage her interest, as well as the antipastos and exotic mixes. She is fond of a green fig marmalade, also one made of lemons. These range from 35 to 55 cents a jar.

When Cecil B. DeMille goes a-marketing, it's a field day for the fancy sausage department. Also the antipasto and anchovy business. He sweeps a lavish hand right up the sit-down low show-case and says, "I'll take some of that." His preference is for piquant and highly seasoned foods. Louis B. Mayer has a standing order for kippered kippers, wakracuda and eastern smoked whitefish. We just have them sent to him every week at the studio.

The best candy customers are Myrna Loy (imported chocolates, preferably Dutch, and Radekneke's Pastilles), Katharine Hepburn, Jette Goudal, and Mrs. Pat O'Brien — as well as Zasu, whom we mentioned.

Bill Powell buys a lot of candy at Christmas time.

Sally Eilers has the free lunch idea, but what she likes, she buys.
salted meaty nut which has only recently been introduced in this country. They sell for $1.25 a small jar. Ronald Colman is another Macadamia customer, stopping off at the store often just to buy them.

The fresh caviar patrons at the delicatessen counter include Joseph Schenck, who can polish off a pound in no time at all. He also buys lots of meat, and selects his own with unerring judgment. Not long ago he made a shopping tour with Merle Oberon, and they selected a number of delicacies for a party Schenck was giving. The Selznicks are fresh caviar fanciers, also. (Fresh Beluga is $12.50 a pound, and it looks as if you have to be a picture producer to afford it!)

Joan Crawford's infrequent sorties to the market have been mainly for branded and spiced fruits and gift baskets. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill send beautiful baskets to all the new mothers they know in the hospitals. Louise Fazenda is one of Young's earliest customers, and one of the favorites. She buys everything you could possibly think of for her table, from the staple comestibles, to the finest delicacies. The bakery counter is one of her favorites, that department which has made some of the most gorgeous birthday and wedding cakes Hollywood has ever seen. Among many they have accomplished was the Lindbergh wedding cake, which cost five hundred dollars, and another five hundred to get it to Mexico intact and in time. Louise gives presents to all the clerks at Christmas time.

Gary Cooper used to be an ardent delicatessen customer before he was married—he sampled everything, and bought almost everything. They don't see so much of him any more.

One of the most epicurean tables in Hollywood is set by Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland, and a trip to the market with that discriminating pair is a liberal education. They like the wine jellies with meats, and usually order some tender little squabs to be served with wild rice. Their Mexican cook at the beach house in Carpenteria uses many exotic herbs and spices, and in the Beverly Hills house, they have a Norwegian cook who varies the menu for them with many of Warner's native dishes. He was born in Norway, you know. They are especially fond of a Norwegian trout in jelly, which arrives in tins straight from its native shores. They do a pretty thorough job of shopping whenever they descend upon Mr. Young's precinct, and I learned from them, for the first time, that Bombay Duck is a fish! They also are fresh caviar addicts, and in wines prefer the Rhine types, Liebfraumilch 1921 being their favorite, with a Schloss Johannisberger (from the vineyards of the former Crown Prince of Germany) a close second.

Charley and Mrs. Murray are old-time customers who market several times a week. Charley has a funny name for all the girls in the store. One is Frisco Sal, another Louisiana Lou. He likes to select his own prime ribs of beef and leg of lamb, and makes quite an occasion of it. He is a very popular patron, with a new story for the manager every time he arrives.

Nearly all the patrons roam around nibbling on something, a piece of candy or a delicacy from the demonstration table, until it rather takes on the appearance of a party. When Louise Fazenda and ZaSu Pitts arrive together, it is a party.

Carl Brisson buys his Swedish Aalborg Akavit, and Kirsbaer Liqueur up on the balcony, and then makes a systematic collection of Swedish foods from all over the store, even a Swedish licorice candy.

Wherever they shop, you can depend upon it—the stars know what they are buying, from pot-roast to plovers' eggs—and they count among their best days the ones when they go to market!
used to poses, pretenses and outbursts of temperament among the movie great. I said her story reads like fiction, and see if you will agree with me that I am talking funny and walk like her. I prevailed upon mother to let me take the test. It proved successful, and I was cast in "The Wedding Rehearsal," with Roland Young.

Other pictures followed. During the filming of "Henry VIII," "shot on the cuff," as she says, Charles Laughton took her under her wing and taught her the tricks of the acting profession. But hardly had this picture been released when she met young Laughton, Donahue, heir of the five and ten millions, at the celebrated wedding of Barbara Hutton and the late Alexis Mdivani. Their friendship ripened into a romantic passion, then fell for me at once, she said. "I am not pretty enough for that. I have adored four men, and in every case our romantic attachment gradually grew out of our friendship for each other. I have to be of a somewhat pale before I can love a man."

She asked Korda to release her from her contract with him. He did so, and she left for Hong Kong, on her left hand, sailed for New York, filled with high hopes of raising a family of her own. The maternal instinct is very strong in her. But the girl from Hong Kong received from the parents of her fiancé was anything but cordial. They looked down upon her as an actress, and this hurt her deeply, because she is as proud of her family as they are of theirs. Heartbroken, she discussed every phase of the situation with the young socialist, and they decided to part, and she left Hollywood.

She moved to a hotel in Hollywood. She had no financial worries, as checks from the profits of "Henry VIII" kept as well supported. Her income, that picture was a cooperative enterprise for the cast, each getting a percentage of the profits.

One day, while dining at the Vendome, one of the famous restaurants catering to the appetites of screen celebrities, she engaged in a verbal altercation with a certain gentleman, who proved to be instrumental in getting her a studio contract. Zeppe Marx, of the mad Marx brothers, now an agent, happened to witness her verbal fireworks, and, fascinated, assured her some studio could make good use of her talents. Ten days later Paramount offered her a long term contract.

Paramount has been true to her, and considers her one of its white hopes for screen honors. But she doesn't know what fanatics, and newspapermen, and the big agents who take her career too seriously. When I asked her what is her great ambition in life, she said:

"To marry and have a baby."

May the gods always be tender with her.

**Hong Kong's Contribution**

**[Continued from page 25]**

**THE NAKED EYE!**

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into Kurlash. Lo! Your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's,

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**Kurlash**

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department B-12, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, S.
Our "Lily Of The Opera"

[Continued from page 33]

critic of note, held a different opinion. He took her to Alberto de Carosaggio, a famous voice teacher, and de Carosaggio agreed with him. So Lily commenced studying voice, a study so exacting that her entire life had to be and is still regulated by it. Regular hours, regular diet, little or no social diversion—these must be hers if she wished to "get anywhere." And Lily definitely did.

In due course of time she sang at provincial opera houses all over her native France, until, in 1931, she made her famous debut at the Metropolitan in New York—the mecca of all opera singers. At that time Lily was just twenty-seven years old, she was slim and graceful and extremely easy to look upon, and her exceptional coloratura soprano permitted the said old Metropolitan to add new laurels to its already illustrious brow. For her marvellous voice range made it possible for them to introduce a most colorful opera into its repertoire—"Lakme"—unfamiliar to most of us only because it is so seldom that a singer can be found whose range includes its unusually high notes.

From then on, the years sped quickly for Lily. All over the world she travelled, singing her way into the hearts of music lovers. A divorce from her husband was rumoured and then became a reality, another marriage was predicted between her and a titled German doctor, but this came to naught. Another romance is now rumoured between her and Andre Kostelanetz, her musical director in "I Dream Too Much" and on the radio. Lily says nothing about marriage but she does say that "Mr. Kostelanetz gives me so much confidence that when I sing on the radio I forget to be nervous. In opera I never forget. And on the screen I never have to forget. Odd, n'est ce pas?"

Lily enjoyed Hollywood, but it is New York that she loves more than any other city in the world. Recently she bought a home in Connecticut, and it is there she goes after her broadcast in New York each Wednesday night. "I do not know what to make of this life," she told me with a shrug of her expressive shoulders. "I do not sing at the Metropolitan until Decem ber 3, and I break only once: in the meantime I have leisure for the first time in years. But I can do with it whatever I want. Always I have to watch the voice. I must not get tired. I must not catch cold. I must not—oh, never must I get sick!"

Ah, yes! Lily Pons is a success all right. But while she has not lost the touch, she likes simple, unaffected people. She likes simple clothes. "I buy my lingerie in Paris," she informed me, and her bisque-colored silk lounging pajamas paid ample tribute to her native habitat. In New York I buy all my other clothes. All tailored. I do not like frills. In South America I buy my shoes." I did not ask why, because I knew instinctively there wasn't a shop in America that could fashion shoes small enough for the Pons foot, which is size one and a half, and the cutest foot in the world, if you want to take it from one who has seen it that close.

AND THANKSGIVING COMING!

MRS. KALMUS, the authority on Mellinkieler, says that the artist can now start eating again, for white black and white photography adds pounds to one's appearance. color photography works just the other way—every star appears slim and lovely.

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Have you forgotten to mention he was a symphony of talent? He had it all rolled out in cream silk pajamas with a high Russian collar and trimmed in a dull mahogany red that harmonized perfectly with the walls, and with a tinge of rust in his hair. He was, and the press was duly overwhelmed!

But never fear that Larry's going artery on us in the fillums. He takes nothing seriously, least of all himself, and he has a perfectly gorgeous sense of humor that some one may have the good sense to recognize and do something constructive with. At any rate forget he's a Metropolitan star and all the stuffy traditions that have come to be associated with such Elyjan grandeur and take Larry for what he is, a pretty swell guy who's about to sally forth in a moonchipuch that he feels, will at last give him the chance

The Folks Next Door

[Continued from page 53]

Fluted William it's dogs. Believe it, or not, some people do keep chics in and around Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Warren's dogs like 'em. Chicken dinner is a real hit and I'm surprised Warren hasn't spoken harshly to his pups or whatsoever it is you do to break dogs of this habit but, if he has tried, his success has not worked. So far little headey he has been able to make with the inate owners of the chics is to pay bills---and you'd be surprised how much more expensive a dead chicken is than a live one.

Adrienne Ames has a badminton court and she likes to play at night. The catch to that is that she has to have flood lights on the court which shine or rather glare into the rooms of the houses on both sides. Her neighbors and the neighborhood have tried everything. Adrienne quite unconscious of the discomfort she was causing, until one evening she heard some one say, 'My God, they're back again,' and down went the shades. Next day the electricians were busy turning the lights so that they would stay on the court walls.

A day or so after Ralph and Catherine Belfamy moved into their new apartment they dashed down one morning early to try out the tennis court that lay between the apartment house and the somewhat imposing home next door. They hadn't played long when two young and very attractive girls appeared, all ready for a game of tennis, and they seemed much surprised that the court was occupied. "Muscle in on their hour," thought Ralph, and went on playing. He muffed a ball and as he went to get it he heard one of them say, "I wouldn't say anything—he'll get discouraged soon."

That ranked because Ralph isn't a bad player but, then again, he isn't Fred Perry either and the first thing he knew he had him on the ropes and began missing balls all over the place.

"My tennis isn't so bad people have to pay to see," he said to the lady as she left—a lot sooner than he had at first intended.

"No dear—but I think that was just a ploy of yours to get us off their private tennis court!"

Tibbett—The Troubadour

[Continued from page 24]
the old planter up and get a load of Tristan and Isolde before the boy friend asks you down to the Gem to break a chocolate bar with him!

Tibbett, a California village lad who's shortly to be given the Golden Gate on a silver platter because he worked darn hard for it! He was going to be a Sheriff, like his dad, until his father was brought home dead, with his boots out! He was seven and his mother said from then on he could only play sheriff.

Subsequently he appeared in Shakespearean companies, joined the U. S. Navy during the War and, when he enjoyed two decisive operatic successes in 1935 at the Hollywood Bowl, decided definitely in favor of singing. By this time, at 22, with a $500 bankroll, he had married and his wife had had twin sons; but imbued with a new faith in his singing ability he sought and obtained the financial backing of a wealthy art patron.

And so he came East to earn success, which was climaxed, during his second season at the Met, by actually stopping the show for a quarter of an hour while the frenzied audience acclaimed him! It was a real triumph for an all-American baritone, for up to that time a boy with Welsh, German and Celtic blood had as much chance in grand opera as a fan dancer in a raccoon coat.

Yet I really believe overcoming that one additional obstacle made the game, for it was that much more interesting to left tackle Tibbett. At any rate he loves a good joke, whether it's on you, me, or even himself! He told me something that had occurred recently at his gym. He goes in for hand ball, swimming and other virile sports and takes his fame and renown as a heaven send. So he is that many acquaintances at his club and gym know him simply as "Larry."

One rather nice chap, a serious-minded man, had taken an obvious fancy to him and whenever they met took occasion to talk. It had so happened that a fellow member was having financial difficulties—which isn't an isolated case in this merry year of '35—and was not seen about, having to devote all his time to flagging a tobogganing business. The serious man related this to Larry, with proper sympathy. And Tibbett said a few apt words about how sorry he was—that while things, generally, were looking up, some fellows were still having their difficulties. And in he went to take his shower, which was accompanied by the free distribution of about $2,000 worth of "Emperor Jones." A few days later, the serious man sneaked out to where Tibbett was doing a private work-out and, edging over, confidentially asked him to sit down. Larry hadn't the slightest intention whether he was going to be asked to raise the now possibly bankrupt young man, or what, but soon he was treated to some very interesting information.

His companion recalled their talk of the other day and told him not to worry. No, he had heard him singing when he was taking his shower and that, while he was no Gatti-Cazza he, guessed he knew a nice voice when he heard one. Well he figured that with a little training he wouldn't have a half bad chance, no sir! to get something. And that was merely a small radio station of which a friend of his was a director. Of course it wouldn't pay exactly the kind of money the crooners make, ha-ha, but he figured it would be a stop-gap until he got back on his feet, and of course he wouldn't say anything around the club about it . . .

"Did I tell you about the time I was

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Before she can answer, Pat appears. "Through lunch yet?" he asks Melton, pay-
ing less than no attention to Frank.

"Just the dessert," Jim answers.

"Never mind the dessert," Pat says, "we're going to the Sky Club."

"The Sky Club?" Frank butts in. "At one in the afternoon?"

"Kid," Pat remarks quietly to Melton, "the top! Success! I just signed a contract with Bill Ford for you to co-star with Joan Carrot (Jane Froman.)"

Just then the waiter appears with the dessert. "You eat it," Melton suggests hap-
pily to Frank, "as I'm going to try to go with it." He throws a ten spot on the table as a tip and starts off with Pat.

McHugh looks at the bill, his eyes bulging with astonishment. "When song plug-
ging gets a little slow," he ejaculates, "Bugs Kramer becomes a waiter."

I don't blame you, Frank, but waiting doesn't always pay like that. I've been a waiter for years—waiting for ships that never come in.

We mustn't get morbid, though. Next, my little lads and lasies, we have that sterling trio—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert (with Allen Jenkins thrown in for good measure) in an opus yclept "Miss Pacific Fleet."

"It's just started," Joan informs me gavily, "so, of course, no one knows the plot. But here Glenda and I are in the sitting room of our apartment with a bill for $80 rent, marked "Friend's Notice." And you know as well as I do, that when you can pay, that's an Afghanistan request to get out."

Before she can explain more they start a take at Jenkins, (one of the gobs in the (Pacific Fleet) appears in the kitchen doorway with his mouth full of watermelon. "Hey!" he bellows, "ain't you got any bananas?"

"Can you get them for me?"—Glenda.

"I'm hungry," Allen whines.

"How in the world can you eat water-

melon, cucumbers, cheese and then want bananas?" Joan puts in, exasperated.

"Can I help it if I like bicarbonate?" Jenkins demands in a hurt tone.

Well, it goes on like that for a time and then they come to the problem of rent. Allen, of all people, has an idea. He's going to box in a couple of weeks and if it rains, instead of dough, he gets 500 votes in a popularity contest to be held in an effort to elect a queen for the Pacific fleet. The winner receives $2,500 in cash, a trip to New York for herself and com-

Studio News
(Continued from page 10)
The picture will make stars of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. But, alas! They are not shooting one of the big scenes today. The scene is one of the closing shots in the picture and it is merely a corner of the governor’s judgment hall.

I can’t always understand genius but I can always recognize it. And when I see Director Michael Curtiz sitting dejectedly on a truck, lost in meditation, a spotlight playing full upon him, I must realize I am in the presence of genius, although I must also confess the picture he presents suggests nothing more to me than a song from “The Bohemian Girl” called “The Heart Bowed Down. Suddenly he pulls himself together and calls for action. Flynn and Olivia run inside to hide, at the approach of some troops.

“Who’s this?” Flynn asks, indicating the room as a place in which to conceal themselves.

“You must be mad!” Olivia breathes.

“Tell him the Governor and I are on the best terms now. Yes, the very best of terms. Sometimes I think I’m his best friend he has in the world . . . When did you find out you loved me?”

But Olivia only stares at him without answering.

“A nice man, the Governor,” Flynn rambles on. “Let’s me come and go here as I please. In fact—look—he even lets me sit in his chair. He’s been moving about the room as he talks and his speech finally carries him to the Governor’s big desk. He plants his chair down in the chair behind the desk and looks at her. She stares at him incredulously, then gives it all up and begins to sob. For my own part, I suspect Errol is the Governor.

For no reason at all, when I leave Warner I duck over to—”

United Artists

THERE is only one picture shooting here and that is the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Splendor," starring Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea.

The story, briefly, is that of a fine, but impoverished, old family headed by Helen Westley. They won’t give up the ship. You know how Dick Powell sings in "Shipmates Forever"—

“We won’t give up,

We won’t give up the ship.”

Anyhow, there’s no reason for them to give up because they have a very personable son (Joel McCrea) whom they expect to marry a very rich girl (Ruth Weston) who is in love with him. But Joel throws a monkey wrench into the works when he goes down South, meets Miriam, falls in love with her and marries her. And here they are out

Silver Screen for December 1935

The 8th Woman

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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.
at the Belmont race track shortly after their wedding.

When I arrive Joël is giving the assistant director or property man or somebody the devil. “Those box lunches yesterday,” he announces, “were rotten. The meat was green, the salad was wilted, the bread was soggy and something’s got to be done about it.” Miriam stands with her mouth open, lost in speechless admiration.

“I know,” the hapless victim of Joël’s wrath answers. “Yesterday was the first day on the back lot and everything went wrong. I’m sure they’ll be better today.” “I’m famished,” Miriam announces to Joël and David Nivens. “Let’s go open out now.”

So off go Miriam and David. But Joël is an old friend of mine and he lingers to chat a few moments.

And then I remember that Billie Burke is in this picture, too. “Where’s Miss Burke,” I demand.

“She’s over there in the sheriff’s office,” Joël advises me, the sheriff’s office on the United Artists back lot being right behind the clubhouse of the Belmont Race Track. “Come on, I’ll show you where it is.”

So we start out and on the way we meet Miriam and David Nivens who are coming back with a sandwich in each hand.

“Where’ve you been?” Joël asks.

“We opened a box lunch,” Miriam tells him as she wolf’s down a sandwich.

“How does it taste?”” I inquire tentatively nimbly, “it hasn’t much personality.”

“Therre’s Billie,” Joël points her out and leaves me.

Suddenly I find myself face to face with Billie Burke and stammering like a school kid. If from here on out the department is turned over to Miss Burke don’t be too hard on me. I doubt that anything as lovely has ever before—and certainly not since—walked across a stage. You who are in grade school and high school may still find pleasure in the deference of her performances but it is only we old ones who can recall the stage ten or fifteen years ago who have any idea of the Tatian lovesiness that was hers. It is worth being middle-aged to have seen anything as breath-takingly beautiful as she was then.

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I had just made up my mind not to take part in the fashion parade of the stage, when I received a note from a well-known lady of the theatre who asked me if I would like to participate in a new production she was preparing. I was flattered by the offer, but I demurred, citing my busy schedule and the fact that I was not interested in another Vanity Fair. However, after a few days of contemplation, I decided to accept the invitation and set about preparing for my role.

The production was to be a adaptation of the classic novel, which had been made into a film a few years earlier. The director, a well-respected figure in the industry, had asked me to take on the role of the leading lady, a young woman who is pushed to the limit by the demands of her society. I was intrigued by the challenge and the opportunity to work with such a talented cast and crew.

The rehearsals were intense, and the cast and crew worked long hours to perfect their performances. I found myself drawn into the stories of the other characters, and I began to understand the complexities of their lives. The more I delved into the script, the more I realized that I was not just acting a role, but was experiencing the emotions of the character as well.

As the opening night approached, the anticipation was palpable. The audience was eager to see the play, and the critical response was overwhelmingly positive. The performance was a resounding success, and I received glowing reviews for my portrayal of the young woman.

I found the experience to be a transformative one, and I am grateful for the opportunity to explore such a rich and complex character. I look forward to continuing my work in theatre and to furthering my understanding of the human condition.
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WRITE TODAY FOR ART YOUR BOOK

School of Applied Art
Dept. 755, 100 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.
This is a story of an author who was behind schedule on a novel. His publisher got him a key to a deserted inn and sent him there to write the novel. Also, there are the caretaker (Harry Beresford) and his wife (Emma Dunn) who, naturally, each have keys. One by one four other characters, each provided with a key, arrive so that finally there are seven people assembled at the inn, and none of them knows any of the others.

It's the first day of shooting and only the first character—the author (Gene Raymond)—arrives. The author does not tell you other than this is without doubt one of the most beautiful sets I have ever seen.

The grounds are covered with snow, the fir trees are glistening under a burden of snow and the panes of the windows are covered with frost. Inside everything is covered with cobwebs. The cobwebs being spun out of mineral oil with a machine. The spinner, in his enthusiasm, forgot what he was doing and covered the window with cobwebs so everybody is quite put out about the whole thing.

Never being one to mix in other people's affairs, he just sat down on one of the handcuffs—chairs the Arlens brought me back from Europe, so they can wipe off the cobwebs, and take myself over to—

Paramount

AFTER last month's frenzied activities, the things have quieted down here. There's the much talked of "Anything Goes," which stars Bing Crosby. The script isn't finished on this one yet but the scene is a beautiful night club sequence. Ethel Merman is sitting on a sort of crescent moon made of neon lights. The moon is mounted on what they call a "boom" which enables them to swing her from one table to another as she sings "I Get a Kick Out of You." Bing isn't working in this particular scene, as they are merely making close-ups of Miss Merman as she sings, but he is walking around the set in his evening clothes chortling over a newspaper article on some show which has a picture of Mount Manhattan Dean. The ad looks for all the world like Jack Oakie as he looked in "Call of the Wild."

Ethel is really something to write home about in her flame colored chiffon dress with trimmings of bird of paradise feathers at the neck.

Ethel Merman has been playing in "Anything Goes" for a year or so and nothing is going wrong into a picture. Here is Ethel singing "I Get a Kick Out of You."

And then I see Ida Lupino in an ivory chiffon looking too utterly beautiful. Her dress is very plainly made. The skirt is in two tiers, tight-fitting at the waist, one tier flaring out at the knees and the other at the feet, and both of them trimmed with bands of white fox. With this she wears a cape of the same material, also heavily trimmed with fur. "If I don't get to play the girl in "The Light That Failed,"" she informs me, "there's going to be war in camp. She's a Cockney very much like the part Bette Davis played in "Of Human Bondage" and I can really play it, too!"

Ida does two Natalie Wood scenes for me and I sit there with my eyes bulging out of my head. While I've never been one to argue about her looks, I can't truthfully say I've ever been impressed with her ability as an actress. But she really goes to town doing these two scenes for me and Bette, herself, couldn't have done them any better.

"Crownado," featuring Jack Haley, Leon Errol, Burton Churchill, and Alice White is just starting to go so I'll tell you about that one next month.

The other only picture shooting over here is "Mary Burns, Fugitive," which Walter Wanger is producing for Paramount release. This one stars Sylvia Sidney and is the story of an ingenue who takes up with a crook (Alan Baxter) and who doesn't realize what racket her sweetie-pie is in. He plans some sort of a drug bond on her when he sees the cops coming. He escapes but she gets fifteen years. Finally, Pert Kelton, a G woman, who is in the penitentiary with Sylvia, helps Sylvia escape for them, figuring Sylvia will lead her right to Baxter. But Sylvia never liked him much. She wants to be with one of the men who's doing time. She works here and there, always, with the shadow of the law and recapture hanging over her as she finds herself working in a private sanitarium, where she meets Melvyn Douglas. Douglas has been temporarily blinded. When he hears Sylvia's voice he falls in love with it (as who wouldn't?) and arranges with the matron to have Sylvia read to him. We pick them up in his room as he lies on his bed with his eyes all bandaged. Sylvia is fixing his tray, "I thought," she smiles, "I heard you singing."

"That's right," he agrees, "you did."

"You look much better," she goes on, "I suppose I do," he admits. He feels fine. I've never seen him better and he don't like it. If this goes on I'll begin to hate the idea of leaving this place. Must be losing my grip."

"Don't you think we often change our minds about places—and people?" she asks, "I didn't change my mind," he snaps. "You changed it for me."

But he didn't argue that voice of yours in here one night when I couldn't see who it was, but it's not going to get me. I'm going to leave this place, all right, and not later than four weeks from now."

"Where are you going?" comes in an anxious voice from Sylvia.

"To a place I have up near Lake Marquette. It's twenty miles from a railroad." Sylvia gives him a startled look. Twenty miles from a railroad! The chances of anyone who would know or recognize her would be about ten thousand to one there. Sylvia sure looks cute in her blue linen uniform in this light, but so late I can't stop to chat. There is still—

The Fox Studio

THERE are three pictures shooting here. First, we have Mr. Dick Powell, especially borrowed from Warner Brothers, in "The Million Dollar Hotel. The scene is the living room of Dick's apartment. He's a very successful crooner (believe it or not), but at a political rally where he was supposed to sing the candidate was so drunk he couldn't appear. Dick made a speech for

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BEFORE

AFTER

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In “Thanks A Million,” Dick Powell shows that he can do it on the Fox lot as easily as he can in his own home studio.

“I’m sure,” Alan smiles, “and it isn’t as insane as it first appears.”

“What’s my name?” Dick demands of Ned Sparks.


“What’s mine?”


“Okay, Dave, there,” Ned exclaims, satisfied they’re both sane. “Shake!”

“Cut!” calls the director.

“Hi, puss,” says Dick.

“Hi, pal,” says I.

“Have you seen my playroom since it’s all finished?

“No, I haven’t had a chance yet.”

“Well, you ought to take time. It’s really something to see if I do say so as shouldn’t. It’s a super-colossal playroom with slot machines in it and everything. The only trouble with them is the house loses because I have to furnish the guests with nickels to play them and when they win they keep the money.”

“Tch, tch,” I console him. “Maybe I can get you an extra radio booking so you won’t have to go to the poorhouse this season.”

“There you go,” he begins. “You can’t talk to anyone for five minutes without getting sarcastic. Let’s go get a glass of milk and a sandwich. It’s tea time.”

The sandwich taken care of, I must now look after Mr. Lawrence Tibbett.

Lawrence Tibbett, not the least of the Grand Opera singers who have been visiting Hollywood, has completed a film—“Metropolitan.” Virginia Bruce plays opposite.

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Universal Song Service, 104 Haywood Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vida, Hollywood, California.
This is Mr. T’s first film try since the ill-laced “New Moon,” which spelled disaster for both him and Grace Moore. This one is called “Metropolitan,” but no one knows what it’s about. Apparently Tibbett is a stage manager or has something to do with the stage because the set is a little rehearsal room on top of a theatre. He is coaching Virginia Bruce, who apparently is to sing a song in the show.

“We’ll now try the Bird Song,” he informs her.

And Virginia starts singing, “No, no, no!” she screams at her. “Relax! Relax! Relax! And,” grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her, “stop your laughing!”

“I’m not laughing,” she protests.

“Well, come on and sing then,” he orders.

So she sings again. Tibbett starts nodding and smiling. “Head up, chin up, sing to the stars!”

I’ve explained so often over Virginia’s beauty it seems repetitious to go into that again. Besides, I can now rave over her voice. She really does own singing, although she’s quite depreciatory about her voice. But wait until you hear her sing and tell me if I’m wrong.

Next, we have Mr. Ronald Colman in “The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo,” which is a swell title if they can get it all on a theatre marquee. That’s no worry of mine, though. Apparently it is the morning after Mr. Colman has broken the bank because as he steps out of the elevator, looking quite dehaim in his tweeds, slouch hat, cane and gloves, the assistant maître d’hôtel (Maurice Cass) is bowing and scraping, while dozens of bellhops are lined up on each side, forming an aisle through which he must pass. I suspect, from the conversation, that Mr. Colman may have been en route to California in a ramshackled car which breaks down during a storm. The deck refuge in what appears to be an abandoned farm house but discover, a few moments later, the place is occupied. They are made prisoners.

When I arrive they are sitting on a filthy pallet on the floor, Rochelle holding her baby. They hear the sound of a radio program, and the interest as the announcer says: “Ladies and gentlemen, an announcement of nationwide importance—Tom Hansen has been safely returned to his home. The ransom money was paid the kidnappers this evening. The criminals involved have left absolutely no clues. The largest man hunt in history is now on. More news—”

The radio is suddenly snapped off as Rochelle sits there, staring with wide eyes in front of her. “The Hansen kidnappers!” she whispers as she suddenly realizes who their captors are.

You may have surmised that this story is based on the farcical Waywerer, but this is one of those dual roles, with Lowe playing both parts. He is both Domincy and Leopold von Ragenstein. The former is deserted by his safari in Africa and picked up by the latter. On account of their resemblance to each other von Ragenstein (who has been banished from Germany because he fought a duel and killed the husband of the woman he loves) sees a chance to leave Africa. He will murder Domincy, present the evidence, and return to Britain where he will be invaluable to Sir Ivan Brun (Charles Waldron), owner of various newspapers.

His scheme is carried out and we find him driving up to Domincy Hall with his wife (Miss Hobson) and those mentioned slightly (?) behind with his rent before that.

“Mis’rn,” Cass simpers, “I am the assistant maître d’hui.”

“I am honored,” Ronnie assures him indignantly.

“On behalf of the management,” Cass continues, “I wish to offer m’sieu the royal suite with the compliments of the hotel.”

There is a note of sincerity about all this,” Ronnie murmurs, gestuating towards the bellhops, “that really sinks deep into my heart. But,” whimsically, “into each life some rain must fall. This is beginning to look like your shower.”

With which he lightly twirls his cane and saunters off.

Next we come to a little ditty called “Snatched,” which features Rochelle Hudson.

She and her husband, Edward Norris, are making a tour in California in a ramshackle car which breaks down during a storm. The deck refuge in what appears to be an abandoned farm house but discover, a few moments later, the place is occupied. They are made prisoners.

When I arrive they are sitting on a filthy pallet on the floor, Rochelle holding her baby. They hear the sound of a radio program, and the interest as the announcer says: “Ladies and gentlemen, an announcement of nationwide importance—Tom Hansen has been safely returned to his home. The ransom money was paid the kidnappers this evening. The criminals involved have left absolutely no clues. The largest man hunt in history is now on. More news—”

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Next we come to a little ditty called “Snatched,” which features Rochelle Hudson.

She and her husband, Edward Norris,
at the beginning of the paragraph. He is greeted by Seaman (Murray Kinnell), his butler.

Seaman!" the spurious Dominy exclaims warmly. "Splendid! Splendid!" Kinnell exclaims and turns to Valerie. "Mrs. Dominy, I've never seen you lovelier." "Thank you," Valerie smiles. And then the others come up.

"What news of the war, Seaman?" Claude King asks.

"Austria, Serbia, Russia and Germany are hard at it," Seaman informs them. "France is as good as in the war—right now. Germany invaded Belgium today!"

"Belgium!" Love echoes, completely stunned.

Well, it all comes right in the end so you can content yourselves with this comforting bit of news for the time being.

The last time Mr. Love played a dual part, if memory serves correctly, there was a scene where both characters (he and herself) were being photographed together. Mr. Love was so anxious to get his face to the camera, he said he upstaged himself!

Chucking over this reminiscence, I leave Mr. Love to the tender mercies and tricks of himself and go on over to "The Invisible Ray." The complete script hasn't come through yet so I can't give you much of the plot but you can get an idea of what it will be when I tell you both Karloff and Bela Lugosi are in this picture.

There isn't much to the set. It is merely the interior of an observatory—a stone wall enclosure sheltering a huge telescope, a platform runs around the base of the instrument and upon this platform we see the six characters of our story. Dr. Rukh (Karloff) is adjusting the instrument. At his elbow stands Lady Arabella (Beulah Bondi). Dr. Felix (Bela Lugosi) and Sir Francis (Valter Kingsford) stand together—a little apart from the others and behind them we see Drake (Frank Lawton) and Diane (Frances Dee).

"What planets have you about, Dr. Rukh?" Arabella asks facetiously.

"Venus, you can see," he answers solemnly, "and Saturn is in range." He moves a lever and the telescope turns. He places his eye to the lens and then beckons Arabella: "Here is Venus.

Arabella takes her place at the instrument and gives a little squeal of delight. "Oh, look at the lovely thing," she claims. "Drifting along in her veil—"

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GOODBYE, FAT!
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1 To make an offer.  
2 Edward Everett Horton's wife in "Top Hat."  
3 Helen Gallagher's first picture.  
4 We last saw her in "People Will Talk."  
5 The brave little girl in "She."  
6 Short letters.  
7 A moveable barrier.  
8 A high mountain.  
9 To become weary.  
10 Salad in "The Crusades."  
11 Joan Crawford's new leading man.  
12 The Hollywood sphinx.  
13 A girl's name.  
14 A letter of the alphabet.  
15 A masculine personal name.  
16 An army officer (abbr.).  
17 A blunder.  
18 Bliss on a horn.  
19 A parent.  
20 The main star of "So Red the Rose" (abbr.).  
21 Paid publicity.  
22 The lovely Bertramia in "The Crusades."  
23 He still remains the general favorite.  
24 The star of "Love Me Forever."  
25 To cook in hot lard or butter.  
26 What horses do on.  
27 To point a weapon at some object.  
28 Our nation's blazoned hope.  
29 A well-known Hollywood producer.  
30 He is excellent in "Barbary Coast."  
31 Owner of the cafe in "After the Dance."  
32 Letter of Greek alphabet.  
33 Connie in "The Goose and the Gander."  
34 A sharp discordant cry.  
35 Her latest picture is "I Love My Life."  
36 Perform.  
37 The severe superintendent of "Curyl Top."  
38 The other parent.  
39 The Peacock.  
40 Rose of the Rancho." her first picture.  
41 To include.  
42 Hepburn's father in "Alice Adams."  
43 "Charlie Chan."  

DOWN
1 The young poet of "Paris in Spring."  
2 That is (abbr.).  
3 A huge one too.  
4 One who takes a bath.  
5 Exclamation of surprise.  
6 More beloved.  
7 The debuts in "Bright Lights."  
8 A meal.  
9 Into.  
10 The wealthy widow in "Broadway Melody of 1936."  
11 The strongest material known.  
12 Masculine pronoun.  
13 The film which gave us Luise Rainer.  
14 A machine for shaping articles.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

1. LOWE
2. DEMILLE
3. ERIN
4. OBI
5. MULTINEERS
6. ONE
7. ROLFF
8. RICA
9. ACTS
10. DECORATE
11. FRANCHOT
12. TONE
13. OR
14. NO
15. SOT
16. TEE
17. DIX
18. STRATEGIC
19. LOTS
20. ANOTHER
21. A
22. ECHELON
23. VNR
24. ERROR
25. AVE
26. E IS E
27. W
28. SITE
29. DE
30. SAME
31. TA
32. V
33. L
34. ROAB
35. D
36. V
37. DUMB
38. BRILLE
39. V
40. FONDA
41. A
42. Y
43. ROBIN
44. RR
45. MACMURRAY
46. EO
47. EYES
48. SKITE
49. EL
50. APSE
51. D
52. MOTH
53. JAD
54. BUNK

The Editor

AMONG the delights to be derived from "Midsummer Night's Dream" is the unforgettable, fascinating performance of Mickey Rooney as Puck. We have seen many boy actors, from Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," Jackie Cooper in "Skippy," to Freddie Bartholomew in "David Copperfield," and each one of these performances was appealing because the little fellow was usually being picked on. But in Puck we have an entirely new viewpoint. Here is a character conceived from pure imagination, yet he speaks with the wisdom of all the world—"What fools these mortals be," says Puck. Mickey Rooney has lifted the art of the juvenile actor to a higher point than it has ever reached before. His performance of Shakespeare's imp will remain a delightful figure in your memory.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" reveals, for the first time, a new and unexpected mental dimension to the screen, and Mickey Rooney deserves credit for a large share of this very marvelous picture.

Mickey Rooney as Puck.
"I'm a fan for Lux"
says GLORIA STUART

"It's a winner with washables—keeps them like new!"

"WHEN a player is a box office hit, fans won't stand for someone else taking her place. No other player is 'just as good.' I'm that way about Lux.

"With Lux, stockings practically never get runs, undies keep the darling colors they have when new, sweaters stay soft, unshrunken. Naturally I'm keen about Lux!"

Do YOU follow the lead of the Hollywood stars and insist on Lux? They know it's safe—that it has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often have—never weakens threads or fades colors as cake-soap rubbing may. Saves stocking runs, too!

Thousands of girls who must count every penny find Lux helps them to look as well-groomed as their favorite stars. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

“All costumes on the Universal lot that are washable at all are cared for with Lux,” says Vera West, Wardrobe Supervisor. “It cleans like magic—I wouldn't be without it if it cost $1.00 a box!”

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

When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.

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.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. GHISWELL DAINEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, New York
MRS. POTTER D'OSSAY PALMER, Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN BENSDELAER, New York

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Get Shirley Temple's Xmas Card

Silver Screen

January

SEE PAGE 47
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¢
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 in 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.
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
The Opening Chorus

Ralph Bellamy looking over his new club at Palm Springs.

A Letter from Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Do movie stars ever get in your hair, like bats? I admit they get in mine ever so often, and I am all set to tell off a few of them when it occurs to me that I must not bite the hand that feeds me—so I get in my car and drive like mad to get away from it all.

Away last Sunday turned out to be Palm Springs. I just drove until it wasn’t raining any more, and there was Palm Springs in the desert. A little Sherry, I said to myself, will warm the cockles of my heart, so, not having any friends among the Upper Crust who hang out at Palm Springs, I drove to the nearest bar, which happened to be the Racquet Club no less. Well I never saw such a swell place to recover from the dumbs with doldrums on the side.

The Racquet Club is owned and organized by Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell and was having its official opening the day I wandered in to “get away from it all.” It has four championship tennis courts, a swimming pool, a clubhouse and a nifty little bar built out of bamboo and designed by “Mitch” Leisen, one of my favorite directors who did “Hands Across the Table,” starring Lombard.

The “tennis crowd” has already adopted the Racquet Club, and sooner or later all of Hollywood “getting away from it all” will wind up there, and from the looks of things I think Messieurs Bellamy and Farrell are going to clean up, besides having a lot of fun.

On the opening day Ralph Bellamy, Charlie Farrell, Paul Lukas and John Mack Brown gave exhibition matches, aided and abetted by several professionals, and all of the “tennis crowd” was out including the Charlie Butterworths, Grace Moore, George Brent, Claire Trevor, Mala, George Bancroft, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Herbert Marshall, Countess di Frasso, Elizabeth Allen and Kay Francis.

Now, when I entered the Racquet Club that morning I would have sold you Hollywood, with Beverly Hills and Garbo thrown in, for a dime with a hole in it, but when I left that evening I was feeling so elegantly Racquet Clubish that I bought a tennis racquet and have decided to become one of the “tennis crowd.”

Yours for better racquets,

LIZA.
Tips On Pictures

BARBARY COAST, THE—Splendid. San Francisco in 1849, when the Gold Rush was on and law and order were unknown quantities. A robust, exciting film, with Minna Hopkins, Ed G. Robinson and Joel McCrea.

BORN FOR GLORY—Fair. Filmed in England, this picture is remarkable mainly for its marvelous naval scenes and battles. There are many thrilling moments, but the story itself is a sort of lost in the shuffle. (Betty Balfour-John Mills.)

EAGLE'S BROOD—Good. The second of the Hopalong Cassidy series of dux westerns which will especially appeal to the younger set. (Wm. Farnum, Wm. Boyd, Joan Woodbury.)

FEATHER IN HER HAT—A—Fair. A rather heavy-rounded story of a love affair, with Pauline Lord sacrificing everything she can so that her son may achieve wealth and position. (Louis Hayward, Wendy Barrie, Billie Burke, Basil Rathbone.)

FRISCO KID—Excellent. A skillfully told drama of San Francisco when it was known as the Barbary Coast. Jimmy Cagney gives a forceful center performance in the title rôle, and the fine supporting cast includes Margaret Lindsay, George E. Stone, Ricardo Cortez & Lili Damita.

HAPPINESS C.O.D.—Good. A charming human comedy of both the up and down moments of life. John Garfield plays the father of an extravagant family, which of course turns out O.K. at the finish. (Irene Ware, Wm. Bakewell.)

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Fine. A sparkling comedy concerning a man-crazy (Carole Lombard) who has no time to find herself in love with Fred MacMurray who solves the same conundrum as she. Of course you know the answer to this conundrum.

I LIVE MY LIFE—Fine. A comedy-drama of high society with Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne as the principle protagonists and marguerite. If you like luxurious settings and the douches of the stage, see this by all the young'uns. (Irene, Arthur Treacher, Alme MacMahan.)

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ—Fair. A period musical romancer made in England, and with lovely Lilian Harvey in the leading rôle of a dancing girl is added by Napoleon when he gets into a precarious situation.

IT'S IN THE AIR—Amusing. Jack Benny is just as big a laugh-promoter on the screen as he is on radio, and his supporting cast helps to keep this gay and goy flight traveling along at a snail's pace. (Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Mary Carlisle.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—Good Although this does not retain all the well-remembered incidents in Bulwer Lytton's famous novel, it is nevertheless a beautifully produced film with the thrilling eruption of Vesuvius lending an exciting note. (Preston Foster-Dorothy Wilson.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Fair. The World War furnishes drama for another film—this time a triangular affair, with Claude Rains and Cary Grant both getting tremendously hot and bothered over Gertrude Michael.

LITTLE AMERICA—Excellent. A thrilling motion picture depicting some of the most exciting adventures of Admiral Byrd and his men on his most recent Antarctic Expedition.

MAN OF IRON—Good. The story of an iron worker and his love for a beautiful young woman, through the sheer force of his personality and his work, achieves great heights, only to find that he was happiest when working hand in hand with the men. (Barrow MacLane, Dorothy Peterson, John Eldridge, Mary Astor.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Fair. Joseph Hatcher in a fine role as the pianist whose lover dies during the world war and whose child is lost to her for many years. A rather old-fashioned story, but beautifully produced, with good music and an interesting cast.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A—Fine. Shakespeare's immortal vision, as presented by that master showman, Max Reinhardt, should be a "must see" on your list. The cast consists of such familiar names as Joe E. Brown, Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh, Olivia de Havilland.

MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN—Good. A murder-mystery that should please all those who like to play detective. (Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Philip Reed, John Eldridge, Johnny Arthur.)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY—Fine. When that eloquent team—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper—are out to tear your heart strings, you haven't a chance in the world.

ONE WAY TICKET—Good. Here we have the unique idea of a prison guard's daughter adding and abetting a convict to escape. They marry but are forced to spend their days eluding capture. A serious drama, well told and acted. (Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly, Lloyd Nolan.)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Good. There's an interesting angle in this tale of a former Park Avenue maid who promotes a young insurance agent and his wife into Long Island society. (Ruth Donnelly, Anita Louise, Frank Albertson.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Fine. A grand cast bust out on this satirical take-off on a mystery story and gave it all they've got. Here are some of the gay protagonists—Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Gregory Ratoff, Jack LaRue, Monroe Owsley, etc.

SHIP CASE—Good. A romantic comedy with music that should provide as pleasant an evening's entertainment as anyone might wish. It takes place aboard a ship, with the acting of the leads delightful and the dialogue delicious! (Carl Brisson, Mady Christians, Arline Judge.)

SOCIETY FEVER—Fair. The domestic trials and tribulations of a socially prominent family when their source of income is cut off. It has its amusing moments. (Guine Williams, Sheila Terry, Lois Wilson.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY, THE—Good. An intriguing mystery film woven around one of Ellery Queen's popular stories. (Donald Cook plays Ellery Queen, and Berton Churchill, Helen Twelvetrees and Harry Stubbs lend adequate support.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Good. Produced in England, this tragedy of circus life has Gregory Ratoff as the lion tamer in love with his foster-daughter, Benita Hume. Richard Bennett is in the cast.

THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH—Amazing. Have you ever wondered how you'd spend a fortune if it was wished on you? Well, here Roger Pryor is faced with the predicament of spending $1,000 a minute! And he finds it a pretty difficult task, too! (Leila Hyams.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—Fine. Alexander Dumas' dashing romantic adventure novel once again brought to the screen (remember when Doug Fairbanks, Sr., played D'Artagnan?) with all the color and flavor of the original retained. (Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Heather Angel, etc.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—Fine. An extremely interesting idea and dramatically portrayed here—that of dressing a tunnel beneath the Atlantic to connect England and America within a period of 4 hours. Grand cast includes Richard Dix, Helen Vinson, Madge Evans.

TWO FISTED—Good. A fast-paced comedy about a down and out prize fighter and his down and out manager (James Gleason and Richard Taber.) Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns and Gail Patrick round out an excellent cast.

VALLEY OF WANTED MEN—Fair. A Peter B. Kyne action story is neatly transferred to the screen, with Drue Leyton, Russell Hopton and Frankie Darro in the principle rôles.

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Fine. An interesting travelogue which shows you the country just as it is, minus any bun or glamor, and gives you an idea of what the white man can expect of it during war time. No sides are taken so you are privileged to draw your own conclusions.
Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!...in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill. What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this-drama of unreppressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome ERROL FLYNN, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!
BUCK JONES has played the leading role in many a thrilling western drama in which, as the hard-riding squatter or daring hero, he gets the girl in the end. However, none of his screen love stories compare with his real life one and, although he has been married to his wife twenty years now, the end of their story is nowhere in view. They are as much or more in love than they were when they married.

They fell in love at first sight, too, tremendously and entirely. Odelle, Buck's wife, told me the true story of their romance and marriage the night she left with her eighteen-year-old daughter Maxine on a round-the-world tour. It is the first time Buck and Odelle have been apart in all these twenty years.

When you know Odelle, it is easy to see how she and Buck have managed to keep their marriage safe through all the trials and successes that go with movie making. As a girl she loved adventure. She ran away from her aunt's home near Philadelphia, where she was living while her mother was out on the road with a vaudeville company. She was barely fourteen years old and she went out into the world during an era when girls were not doing this sort of thing.

Odelle went about her preparations in canny fashion when she took her departure. She had a little money she had saved from the monthly allowance her mother sent her, and she bought a young ladies tailored suit, which added years to her appearance. She put her hair up on her head woman-fashion and bought a ticket for New York. Upon her arrival there, she went directly to the Madison Square Garden where the 101 Ranch Wild West shows were staging a rodeo. She convinced Mrs. Tantlinger, who was in charge of the women riders, that she was over 18 years old and that she could ride. She could, too, although she had learned on a bunch of farm horses. Buck watched her go through her try-out, and the beauty and skill she exhibited in horsemanship that day won his admiration. Her personal beauty won his heart. It was a case of love at first sight with both of them.

There were trials and vicissitudes for them during that long year, when relatives, circumstances and everything that can possibly enter into love to make things difficult came their way, but they surmounted all obstacles and the following spring were married.

They kept on the road, riding together, until Odelle learned that a "blessed event" was coming their way. Buck decided it was time then to settle down and make a home and he came west to Hollywood. They took a little bungalow on North Sunset Boulevard for which they paid $12.50 a month, but compared to the quarters in which they had lived previously, the little place was a palace.

Odelle says that keeping house was never any problem for her. She married Buck at an age when most girls are starting in High School and she didn't know a thing about housekeeping or cooking, but nothing was difficult for her, because she read most of the leading household magazines from cover to cover and Buck bought her a standard cook book for her culinary guide. She followed directions explicitly and was an excellent cook from the start. She never even burned toast or made any of the little errors that most young wives do. It sounds almost too good to be true, but Buck swears it is a fact.

Keeping house did not prevent Odelle from continuing to ride horseback. She rode up until a few months before Maxine was born. Moreover, she made quite a tidy sum doubling for leading ladies who could not ride well.

Luck was with them from the first. Buck got a chance to double for Tom Mix and other western stars and within a few months after his arrival in Hollywood, he was playing second lead with Franklin Farnum in a Selig Western. As soon as the picture was released, both Fox and Paramount started bidding for his services. He finally signed with Fox. In the beginning he received a hundred dollars a week. Odelle laughed when she was telling about this part of their life together. A hundred dollars seemed like a great sum to them and they took a beach house and went in for fancy living as far as food and surroundings was concerned. She went in for cooking in a big way and cooked so much and so well that before long the studio admonished Buck not to put on any more weight.

He is quite fond of food, at most western men are. He likes big, thick juicy steaks. Tenderloin, preferred. With plenty of hashed brown potatoes and gravy. Combination salad with plain dressing makes a frequent appearance on the Jones dinner table. Buck has never gone in for trick diets although at times he goes systematically at the problem of weight reduction. He takes off his excess poundage, whenever he seems to be putting on a few too many, by the simple method of exercising. He rides a great deal and in between pictures he works out on his ranch.

The Buck Jones rancho is one of the loveliest estates in San Fernando Valley. A long lane of leafy trees leads up to the

[Continued on page 72]
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

for January 1936
You’re Telling Me?”

Write A Letter (It Can Be About Anything Or Anyone In The Movies) And The Writers Of The Fifty Best Letters Will Receive A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH Inscribed To Them By Their Favorite Star And Signed And Framed.

AN ORCHID to Katharine Hepburn as Alice in ‘Alice Adams’—or better, a bunch of violets!’ writes Mrs. J. W. Eisenberg of McCalla Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. It doesn’t seem possible that forthright Jo could be pretentious, affected Alice, but that and ‘Break of Hearts’ prove how versatile Hepburn can be. She alters her personality to fit the character. That’s art!”

Gee Whiz!

SARA REED of Walnut St., Reading, Pa., asks, “How’s about bigger and better boosts for Bob Taylor, that dark, handsome gentleman who is fast becoming the rave of millions of women all over the whole U. S. A.? Can’t we have a story about him in one of your future issues? Do please make it soon!”

‘Don’t miss “Broadway Melody of 1936”—he’s terrific.’

“GLORY AND laurels to Walt Disney, first, for ‘The Band Concert,’ and now for ‘Who Killed Cock Robin?’ The latter, especially, is a silly that, to the average critical moviegoer like myself, is not only not silly but a lively, colorful work of art—a full use of all the possibilities of the cinema in fact,” writes Louis E. Palffy of 15th Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. “The antics of the quaint little actors of animaldom holding the center of the stage in both productions are certainly pleasing. The first showings of these pictures brought down the house amidst hilarious shouts of genuine and whole-hearted laughter.”

When Mickey speaks that’s Disney’s own voice.

“LESLIE HOWARD really knows the art of acting and his natural performances are always looked forward to with much interest by lovers of the theatre,” writes Mrs. P. T. Hill of North West St., Jackson, Miss. “But what I am wishing most is that he will be real generous and make more pictures in the future than he has in the past. His never-to-be forgotten acting in ‘Of Human Bondage’ was enjoyed by millions who will never have the opportunity to thrill to his talent on the stage.”

“Women must wait!”

“WHY DON’T the producers give us a picture co-starring George Raft and lovely Ginger Rogers? We all love Ginger and I think George is the most fascinating person I have ever seen in pictures. Their dancing would be wonderful,” writes Miss E. F. DeLaine, Hopkins, Minn. “I hope to see my letter in print soon. Also let’s have some good picture of George for our album.”

Everybody likes Raft, but, still, is he in Astaire’s class?

“AND WHILE speaking of Motion Picture Academy recognition, what is the matter with Victor McLaglen in ‘The Informer?’ Without good looks or sex appeal he was perfect. The story itself may have been over the heads of some, but the performance was magnificent and should merit recognition.” writes Mrs. Emily Dungan of 11 Maple Court, Bay Shore, L. I. “Incidentally, but not least, may I say that your magazine SILVER SCREEN is one of the finest of its kind published.”

Thanks, Em’.

“AFTEER SEEING ‘Les Miserables’ I searched through all the fan magazines to find out something about the man who played Bishop Bienvenu, and, finally, in my best bet, SILVER SCREEN, read the Final Fling for Sir Cedric Hardwicke,” writes Winifred M. Graham of Greene St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. “You may be right or wrong about the desirability of the movies preaching—the idea doesn’t, in general, appeal to me—but if Sir Cedric’s performance is your idea of it, let’s have more and more of it. He certainly put himself across.”

Sir Cedric’s performance was perfect, the part was “preaching.”

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Jan. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address........................ City.................. State..............

This prize, a framed Ginger Rogers photo, was awarded to Virginia Sharp of Rochester, N. Y., because she wrote such an interesting letter.

Ginger Rogers writing a few words of greeting on her photograph.

The five winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in November have been notified by mail.

If You Would Like A Beautiful Framed Portrait Of Your Favorite Star, Inscribed To You And With The Star’s Signature, Write A Letter For This Page.
**Silver Screen**

**Topics for Gossips**

*IS John Gilbert who, with great unconcern, always walks right past the "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on the stage door of the "Desire" set, but somehow or other when noon comes it is always Brian Aherne whom Marlene Dietrich meets for lunch at Luceys across the street from the studio.

**Miriam Hopkins** has a fortune teller come to the studio, where she is working, three times a week regularly, and has been doing this for the past two years. In fact Miriam is just a pushover for the ladies who read the cards. Miriam claims that she isn't superstitious but that it is a heck of a lot of fun.

**John Boles** probably has the most remarkable wife in Hollywood. The Boles recently had visitors from back home in Texas and of course they had to go to the studio to see John work. It so happened they came on the day John was doing a big love scene. Mrs. Boles and the guests watched John make ardor love to a very pretty star for quite some time. When they left the set one of the Texas ladies said, "Marcelite, I just don't see how you can stand watching John make love to those beautiful women." "Oh, phoey," said Mrs. Boles, "I make him do it well. It's a reflection on me if he doesn't."

**IMMEDIATELY** after the preview of "Sylvia Scarlett" Katharine Hepburn upped and plans to New York for a vacation. As a parting gift Director George Cukor (who is about the only one who can tease Katie and get by with it) presented his leading lady with a gold charm bracelet made up of little trinkets representing all the things that Katie hates most. There was a charm made up like a lake which of course was to remind Katie of "The Lake," her New York stage flop, and another represented a broken heart which was for "Break of Hearts," Katie's flop picture, and another greatly resembled a certain actress whom Miss Hepburn has no fondness for.

**Howard Hughes,** the young millionaire producer who does this "rushing" business in a big way, has fallen hard for Hepburn. "I'm afraid he hasn't been hit so hard since the days of the frenzied Billie Dove romance, not to mention that great adoration he once had for Jean Harlow. One day when she was on location Howard landed his plane right down on the set where Katie was working—she probably refused to speak to him over the phone. Hepburn strenuously denies that there is a romance. There has been a rumor about for quite some time that Katie is married to her agent, Leland Hayward, but maybe Howard Hughes hasn't heard.

**W**ile Spencer Tracy was working in "Riff Raff" he and the director of the picture, Walter Ruben, became quite interested in horses and the approaching racing season at Santa Anita. Spencer has had a string of polo ponies for some time but he has never gone in for race horses before. However, he and Mr. Ruben got so excited over horse flesh one day that they decided to organize a stable then and there. Their first horse was a present from Jean Harlow, named "Wait For Me." Now I ask you, what a name for a race horse! Would you bet on "Wait For Me?"

**HA**ve 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.

**ARE** you one to worship Royalty? Kay Francis admits that she is, and will stand out in the rain any day in the week to see the Prince of Wales drive by. I'm even worse than that, I like Queen Mary's hats. But what I am leading up to is that all of us old royalists will be interested in seeing "Sylvia Scarlett," not only because it stars Katharine Hepburn, but because the second feminine lead is played by Princess Natalie Paley. The Princess (quite bonnie face) is the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul and blood relative of the late Czar Nicholas, and was one of the royal Romanoffs to escape to safety in exile when the revolution rocked Russia. She was a child at the time of her escape and has [Continued on page 55]

*Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are co-starred in "Riff Raff." It is a story of stormy love on the waterfront.*

*For January 1936*
“Garbo Is Right”

Joan Crawford Insists That Being Nice To Reporters Does Not Pay.

By Ed Sullivan

On a couch, in Suite 7-G at the Waldorf, and very chic in a tailored brown suit, Joan Crawford heartily delivered herself of a considered opinion of the New York press: ‘‘After what has happened to Franchot and myself on this wedding trip, ’’ she said, decisively, ‘‘I’ve come to the conclusion that Garbo and I are right. Run away from the newspapermen and photographers—thrust your nose at them—because the best a celebrity can get from the ladies and gentlemen of the press, (most of them) is the worst of it. ’’ They misconquse you, they annoy you to death and if you try to be regular, they step all over you. ’’

‘‘I got up at 6 A.M. to give a reporter an interview on the train at Harmon, N. Y. I figured that he had been given an unpleased assignment and that I’d be as good a sport about it as a girl can be at that ungodly hour of the morning. As we talked, the train rocked unsteadily around curves, and I said to this newspaperman: ‘That’s the way it’s been on these darned trains all across the continent.’ So when I reached New York, I picked up the afternoon papers and this reporter had twisted that commonplace remark into the lead of a story in which I was quoted as saying: ‘I find it almost impossible to sleep in a Pullman berth—alone.’

The Crawford eyes blazed: ‘That’s typical of what you get from newspapermen when you try to be decent with them. So I say that Garbo is right, and Hepburn is right. Let reporters all go to — blazes. She looked earnest and the flame of the match matched the flame of her eyes.

We smoked in silence for a few moments and Joan resumed: ‘Of course, I couldn’t be as fair about the men as I am with the fairer sex. I do like a smile on her face. “If a posse of newspapermen and women were chasing me, the temptation to yell: ‘Yoo-Hoo, Here I am; Chase me’ would be too much for my sense of humor. Greta can do it and does do it and I think she’s magnificent, really, but I couldn’t do it.” She sipped her orange pekoe tea and I quaffed a brandy and soda. I was really enjoying this interview.

“The other day, in your column,” Joan continued, “you wrote an open letter to Franchot and myself. You said that I shouldn’t forget that the same newspapermen who were pestering us for our honeymoon plans were the writers who had built me up from an unknown chorus girl to a movie star.” I nodded: ‘Yes, I wrote it and I meant it.’ She stopped to recover the mules that had fallen from her silk-stocked feet and, holding one of them in her hand to punctuate her remarks, she answered: ‘Well, you’re all wrong. When I read that in your column, I thought to myself that I’d like to have you in California to show you my scrapbooks. I’d show you thousands of newspaper clippings and most of them are Raju and Digs. There’s no reason why I should go out of my way to do anything for the press. They’ve done little enough for me. I’ve worked darn hard to get where I am and I’ve had precious little help from the press.” Her voice trailed off and she jabbed at her eyes.

Then and only then did I realize that Joan Crawford was crying, and that she was voicing to me all the hurt and pain of the yesterdays and yesterdays of her screen career. “I didn’t know you were so sensitive,” I said, feebly. “Forget it,” she said. “What difference does it make whether I’m sensitive or not?” “But you shouldn’t take things so seriously,” I objected. “I never wrote that thing in my column. I didn’t write it with any malice.” She nodded her head, completely recovered from the tears that had wetted her cheeks: “I know,” she said, a trifle wearily. “I’ve cried and cried. time and again, over some story in the paper or in the screen magazines and then I’ve pulled myself together and said: ‘Forget it, Joan. Don’t take any of them seriously.” But half an hour after I’ve made my fine resolution, I’ve sent the maid out to buy the latest screen magazines, to read what some other writer has to say about me. It’s crazy—but we can’t all be sensible, can we?”

I didn’t get to answer that question. At that particular moment, Franchot Tone returned to the Waldorf suite: This is Ed Sullivan, Franchot,” said Joan. “I’m awfully glad you came up to visit us, Ed,” said the husband. “I’ve never forgotten the grand criticism you wrote of the Theatre’s House of Connelly. We had worked awfully hard on it and we needed help badly from the papers. You gave it to us and I’ll never forget the thrill the cast got when somebody rushed in with your review in the Graphic.”

“We were just talking about newspapermen,” said Joan. “Ed says that if we had taken the New York newspapermen completely into our confidence, told them that we were going to be married secretly on such and such a day, that then they’d have left us alone.” Tone shook his head: “We tried that,” he said. “I know that the fellows have to do their job and I’m not hard to get along with, but so help me, if we walked out into the hall, the flashlights would explode. If we went out to eat, a reporter would be hiding under the napkins.”

Joan looked at me happily: “There, didn’t I tell you,” she said. “However,” said Franchot, “I understand a lot of things that Joan finds difficult to understand. When I was an actor in the Group Theatre on Broadway, I got the same reaction to Hollywood stars that newspapermen get. The publicity that Hollywood stars receive frequently reaches a point where it is apt to turn your stomach. It’s difficult for Joan to understand this because she has lived so long in Hollywood that she’s become accustomed to it. But what the newspapermen don’t realize, completely, is that this is not the fault of the star. High-powered publicity men at the studio are paid to publicize the movie stars, and they do a grand job of it. As a result, you have a situation something like this: Joan, who is a swell girl in every sense of the word, arrives in New York, for instance, on a tidal wave of publicity, some of it silly, but publicity nevertheless. New York newspapermen, meeting Joan at the station, look at her through eyes discolored by the publicity that has preceded her. Their irritation seeps into the interview. If they could regard her as a human being, disregard every’thing they’ve ever read about..."
"Newspaper writers are not fair," says Joan. "They turn things around to make them sound different."

her, everybody would be the gainer."

I think that is the most intelligent discussion of the conflict between movie star and newspaperman that I've ever heard. Tone really hit the nail on the head. For instance, whenever I meet movie stars, there is a definite resentment in the back of my mind. I've read silly interviews which they allegedly have uttered, and when I meet them the first time, I'm thinking to myself: "This silly sap is the same one who said that she likes to meditate half an hour before breakfast." The first time I met Carole Lombard, she and I became quite friendly and during the interview I asked her if she'd ever made such a statement as the one quoted above. "Hell, no," said the very regular Lombard eyeful. "Some halfwit ghost writer gave that out." Tone's advice to disregard everything ever written about a movie star is sound sense.

I asked Joan to give me the real, honest-to-goodness background of her own career: "I've read a lot of things about you," I pointed out, "but from now on, I won't believe anything about a movie star unless he or she tells it to me."

"I was born in Texas," she said, settling back into the couch. "When I was quite young, the family moved to Kansas City, I went to school there for a short time, and then ran away from school to work in a Kansas City department store. I wanted to make enough money to get to New York—Broadway. I always felt that I was cut out to be a performer. That's a funny thing. I've asked my mother time and again if some place in the family, somebody had been on the stage, but evidently I was the first of the clan to be bitten by the stage bug.

"I finally got enough money to come to New York. My name then was Lucille Le Sueur. I lived in a tiny brownstone house on 90th street, just off 7th Avenue. The day after Franchot and I were married, I went to see the flat where I'd lived. It is now the Roxy Theatre. I'll never forget how I felt when I lived there. I had two pair of silk stockings and I used to wash them and hang them out the window to dry, I never thought then that I'd actually realize my wildest dreams.

"Two things I'll credit myself with—ambition and courage. I always had plenty of both. I wasn't particularly attractive then, it seems to me. I was not very tall—I've grown three inches in the last six years—and I was heavier, about 155 pounds. I weigh 175 pounds now, so if you can picture me twenty pounds heavier and three inches shorter, you'll get a good picture of a fairly plump girl.

"The legend is that I was so beautiful that the Shuberts picked me for a Winter Garden show and moved all the other girls back so that I could be seen to better advantage in the front row of the chorus line. As a matter of cold fact, I was placed well in the rear, the second or third row. It was only in the last two weeks of the show, when some of the real beauties of the chorus had left, that I was promoted to the front line. Luckily for me, it was during the last two weeks that Al Altman, Harry Rapf and Bob Rubin of M-G-M came in to see the show. They were just names to me and I didn't even know they were sitting in the audience. That's how I got my screen test. It didn't turn out so well and they told N. T. Granlund that they wanted me to take another test. I told 'Granny' that I couldn't find the time because I was going home to Kansas City to spend the Christmas vacation with my mother. N. T. G. gave me a crack on the head and said: 'Listen, You get over there and take that screen test. Do you want to do a broken-down time step all your life in a Broadway chorus.' So that's the only reason I went back and took another test. In those days, the movies didn't mean as

[Continued on page 55]
In Hollywood THE MEN

By Gladys Hall

IN HOLLYWOOD, men have to go to Beauty Parlors, too. In medieval days the heroes of that age had, rather frequently, to go to the Inquisition, where, in little booths, they received the treatment of the thumb-screw, the rack, the water-cure and the bastinado. They were really permanently wowed!

The present-day heroes, the Twentieth Century equivalents of the gladiators, crusaders and knights of the Round Table, feel very much about beauty parlors as did their medieval prototypes about the Inquisition.

Beauty parlors are torture chambers to the male spirit. The torture may be of a more exquisite nature, but it is torture none the less.

Bob Montgomery, I think, gave me the keynote to the way the majority of his fellow-men stars feel about the necessity for make-up, for cold cream and eyebrow pencils and rouge. He told me about the very first day his small daughter, Betty, ever visited him in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot. He was in the act of making up as she entered. The young lady who was with her said facetiously, "Well, Betty, what do you think of your Paw in make-up?" And before Betty had time to answer, Paw himself wheeled about and said "I imagine she feels considerably embarrassed for me. She should."

Some few of the male stars, recognizing the sound necessity, take to make-up more kindly than others. Bill Powell, for instance, says that he suffers and always has suffered from a deep-rooted inferiority complex. He said that as a boy he went through agonies when he was invited to a party. He spent hours figuring out in advance how he could best make a good impression, cut an impressive figure. "If," said Bill, "in those pre-screen days I had been able to curl my mustache to a rakish angle or anoint my face with some beautifying unguent I might not have suffered such pangs of self-consciousness. For those of us who suffer from inferiority, make-up is something of a boon. It makes us feel that we are someone else, at least, that we are vastly improved. Not that I use it very often—not unless it is absolutely necessary for a characterization or for an age transference."

Edward Arnold—"Diamond Jim" Arnold—is another of the robust, virile he-men of the screen who frankly admits a liking for make-up and has no inhibitions whatever about discussing cold creams, powder-bases and the best operators in the best beauty shoppes. He said to me "I can act much better when I am made up. I am an actor, in fact, only after I have put on the greasepaint and, if necessary, the eyebrow pencil.
and the whole facial works. I'd even have a permanent wave if necessary and think nothing of it. I loathe the feeling of wigs on my head and prefer the lesser torture of the curling iron.

"When I played in 'Roman Scandals' I had to have my hair curled onto little ringlets every day of the picture. A very efficient young woman, named Babe or something, curled it carefully around my bald spot in back. It took an hour and a half out of every day to make those ringlets but the feel of that iron on my head made me an actor for the day! I didn't feel effeminate. I simply felt that I was getting into costume, that's all. Occasionally I'd feel a spot silly when some girl would sit next to me, having her hair curled. But I'd just summon my acting abilities to the fore and look indifferent.

"There are no ends I wouldn't go towards achieving the right make-up for the character I am to play. Occasionally I do prefer natural methods to false ones. For instance, I had to gain fifteen pounds for the part of 'Diamond Jim.' I could have been padded to get the extra poudrage effect. I preferred to eat it on. And did. I figured that they couldn't pad my face and 'neck and it is a man's fleshy threat which gives the effect of fat more than any other part of the body."

'Crime and Punishment'

Otto Kruger's hair did not photograph well until he went to a beauty shop and had it darkened.

Edward (Diamond Jim) Arnold says make-up helps an actor to lose self-consciousness.

'Peter Lorre is a specialist in make-up.

The studio make-up man fixes Frank Morgan's side-burns.

'Crime and Punishment' is the first picture I've ever made without make-up. And when I knew there were to be no beauticians for me in this grim story the title fitted my mood! Von Sternberg, of course, is a crack cameraman as well as director and the art is fine. But I missed my beauty parlor! When I put on the greasepaint I feel as an Indian feels in full war paint, or as though I'd had a needle in my arm! [Continued on page 51]
The GENTLEMAN from NEW GUINEA

Errol Flynn, Adventurer, Athlete And Actor, Settles Down In Hollywood.

By M. G. Hart

Are your hearts strong? Ready for the quick thrills of a real thrill? Then give the summer "crush" the out sign, girls, take a deep breath, hold everything, and prepare for the best.

It's on its way, the next "rave"—handsome, muscular manhood with as teasing a smile as any lad of blarney-land ever released. Beneath his humor is character built by experience, for he has the most dramatic background of any screen hero.

His name is Errol Flynn, and even though the irresistible Lili Damita copied him for a husband you can go pit-a-pat, too, if you're at all inclined that way.

He has looks that match Gable's, the delicate romanticism of a Howard, and a personality individually his own. He resembles the athletic ads, massive of physique but lithe and quick.

This adventuring Apollo measures six feet, two inches. A friendly grin sometimes spoils the Greek god ensemble, but turns what might be a well-tanned statue into a human being.

Into his twenty-six years he has crowded enough experiences to satisfy a dozen men. While other actors played at life in stock company repertoire, he has been living it, with dauntless gaiety.

Prospecting for gold in New Guinea, being ambushed by natives, negotiating peace between savage tribes, capturing a pearl-diving crew and a copra-trading ship, receiving plaudits as an Olympic athlete—all these activities have been just preparation for the greatest adventure of all, Hollywood.

Irish by birth, adventurer by instinct, he is now actor by accident, he says. However, having "happened into the movies" because of their call to his dramatic sense, and because he "hadn't yet done them," he finds them such a challenge that he feels he must make good, in order to prove himself to himself.

Lean and brown, gay and glamorous, no more engaging personality could be found to portray the reckless Captain Peter Blood in the Sabatini tale which records the exploits of a young Irish doctor, who is sold into slavery and turns pirate.

Flynn inherited his craving for excitement from his active ancestors. He is fighting his duck in "Captain Blood" with his historic family sword, which was presented to Lord Terrence Flynn by a loyal follower of the Duke of Monmouth in 1686, the period in which the film is laid. He was born in North Ireland and made sporadic attempts, invariably failures, to live up to the dignity of his scholarly surroundings. His father was a professor of biology at Cambridge. When he wasn't reading adventure stories, or playing games, he cast fleeting glances at his books, in English and French schools.

Fame as a boxer, which he won at nineteen at the Amsterdam Olympics, failed to satisfy his budding, restless vitality. Probably swaggering a bit in his strong, young manhood, he went to New Guinea where, as British Agent, he was sent out to make peace between native tribes. Learning their dialects was not difficult, because they have few words and no tenses.

"I would point to objects and try to copy their grunts or shrill exclamations. After a time we would get together, more or less. Maybe," his smile flashed, "that was where I got my training as an actor, I should be in pantomime, what?"

Of course, his gun helped considerably in subjugating the natives. Once he was ambushed and deserted by his "boys." He lost very little time in leaving that spot; in fact, he was right on their flying black heels. He was nicked by a poisoned arrow, the only serious injury that he ever sustained.

He fought his way through his share of the fist-fights that the adventurer must encounter in all "outposts of civilization," and made friends down there among other nomads. He values these contacts as much as any he may make in our world.

[Continued on page 71]

Silver Screen
O-Kay Francis!

Kay Likes Old Friends And Familiar Places Best.

By Ruth Rankin

If Kay Francis hadn't been married three times, you might call her mode of living spinsterish. That is, you might if you are the modern bachelor girl who fits blithely from spot to spot and never sinks an anchor.

But—if you maintain the bachelor appearance only because marriage has disappointed you, or, if you are happily married, Kay's system will certainly command your admiration.

Because she combines the best features of marriage—with single blessedness.

Marriage usually denotes a settling down, and a security. Kay has accomplished both—with no extraneous aid.

She has lived in the same neighborhood almost seven years—ever since she first arrived in Hollywood. She is unhappy in glaring newness, and lives in one of the oldest, most traditional you might say, residence districts in Hollywood. Not in Beverly Hills or Bel Air or Brentwood—but on a plain old honey street lined with comfortable old fashioned houses. The street, DeLongpre, is one of the few out here with a name that means anything. It is called for Paul DeLongpre, a native painter whose studio in that section used to be a gathering place for the intelligentsia.

Kay's house is the former William Hart home. A few houses away is the old Wallace Reid place, the William Farnum house is opposite, Kenneth Hawk's used to live across the way and Irving Cummings once owned the big white frame house at the corner.

"What was good enough for the old silent stars is good enough for me," Kay said, and meant it. She has an amusing correspondence with Bill Hart, who signs his letters "your tyrant landlord." Kay's lease on the place for three years coincides date to date with her Warner contract (with no options!).

Before she moved into it, a few months ago, she lived in two other houses at various times, both within a block of each other. She likes to deal with the same market, the same service station, the same cleaner—she likes familiar surroundings and persons. She is, she says, like a cat. Wants to be comfortable. And how can one be completely comfortable adapting oneself to new things all the time? It is such a same and logical system, and possessing a certain element one finds all too seldom in Hollywood, stability, that it is a wonder more stars haven't discovered it.

Just the simple fact of being a reliable person who stays put is a pretty good indication of character, don't you think?

Kay's house is small and lovely. (Not even a guest-room!) She had it done over—"I mean the wall-paper is new and the curtains, the carpet. A partition was taken out to make the living room a little larger. But the furniture—the fine pieces of Sheraton and Hepplewhite—is her same old furniture, selected piece by piece, carefully and thoughtfully. The carpet is a soft green, a cozy fire burns in the fireplace, and all told it is a complete and restful change from the cold white operating-room interiors one meets all over town. It is a room such as you find in good long-established homes in Connecticut, in Denver, in St. Paul. A well-bred room which looks as if people really talk in it, and say things worth hearing. (Perhaps you are another who feels one cannot really evaluate any person—certainly not enough to write of them—until one knows how and where they live.)

Kay's maid, Ida, has been with her for years and years. She has a couple to cook, drive, and garden. There is no swimming-pool, bar, playroom or library of first editions in Kay's house. Neither does she have a beach house, yacht, racehorses or ostentatious automobile. She drives a Ford, and says, "If I wanted a show window for myself I would hire one and get it over. I certainly wouldn't have it on wheels. A car is simply transportation, to me."

Kay has confidence in herself as a person and as an actress. It takes furs and diamonds and limousines to give some women confidence to face the world. Kay doesn't have to buy it.

She hates big parties but gives one every two years because it is expected of her. She loves to go to the houses of her friends and have them in for small dinner parties—not more than eight. She wants to see her friends and no one else. "Not anti-social," she explains. "Just un-social." In the hysterical race for social supremacy in this most social-climbing of all towns, it is a relief to find one woman who declines to enter the field. It would be too easy for Kay and certainly not worth the effort.

"A fine glamor star I am," Kay remarks, with her brilliant smile. "Once to the Tropicado since I returned from Europe, not even once to the Vendome for luncheon, and to no openings in two years!"

She prefers books to be intimate (Continued on page 70).
"Good morning, Emily, what's the mail like?" I said on one of those few mornings when I felt awfully chipper, having been strong enough to stay away from the Brown Derby and the Tropicadero the night before and therefore getting my full eight hours sleep, which is news. Emily walked over and pulled up the Venetian blinds—I have Venetian blinds—and Emily likes sunlight. "The mail," said Emily, "is on your desk and it looks like the mail has always looked ever since I have been conscious of mail."

Ah me, I felt that Emily wasn't being as chipper about life and mail and things as I was, but I refused to let it get me down. I decided to let the mail speak for itself, thinking that maybe Emily hadn't had her eight hours. Well, I don't know what your mail is like; I certainly hope that it consists of nothing but cheery and interesting letters from friends—mine doesn't. Mine isn't a bit cheery, it's all about deadlines and advanced schedules and printers with a grudge against me, and only once in a great while is it even interesting.

I say this despite the fact that almost every day I get a letter requesting, almost demanding, that I interview a movie star. Now I know that you, my dear reader, would simply do rip-ups at the prospect of interviewing Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable—but I have been doing it now for six years. Dear me, yes, for six years Crawford's gardenias, Harlow's romances and Gable's sex appeal have paid my rent and dressed me very well, and naturally anything that's your livelihood cases to be interesting, after six years.

But getting back to the mail of this particular morning, the morning I was chipper, the letter that spoke the loudest, up and said: "Send story on Lombard immediately."

There you are. The six years are going into seven. Now don't get me wrong! It isn't that I do not want to talk to Carole—why I am nothing but crazy about Carole, I adore Carole. If only they, I mean my bosses, would just let me talk, and not make it compulsory that Carole and I talk about some particular subject, you know, one of those angles that we're always harping about in the fan magazines. I can think of nothing more restful, outside of eating chocolates in bed, and I'm one who shouldn't because I am on the plumpish side, I can think of nothing more restful and interesting than just letting myself relax all over one of Carole's Billy Haines chairs and talking and listening to LIT Missy Lombard.

But a story, with an ANGLE, is something else again—and again—and honey, again! If those Simon Legrees I work for would only let me sit down and chat through a story sometimes without an angle or an idea or the faintest kind of a subject, then I always say fan magazine writing would be a pleasure, indeed it would just be so much velvets to me, and I could and would do it.

"Well," I said half to myself and half to Emily, "I have to get an interview with Carole Lombard.

"Ah well," piped up Emily still in that Venetian blind tone. "I certainly don't know what you're going to interview Lombard about."

"Emily always tries to make it easy for me." You've interviewed her on every subject from what she puts on her face to why she goes on living!

Remind me to fire Emily, she's a joy. That completely taken out of my chipperness, I grabbed the phone and dialed Lombard's house. Carole is one of the few of the movie great who continues to live in a modern Hollywood style, with nary a tennis court or a swimming pool. She drives a Ford and her Old Family Retainers consist of Effie, the maid and Jessie the cook, who were neither recently employed. Carole, I really believe, is the most popular movie star in Hollywood—and I don't mean just popular with the Bennetts, and the Countess di Frasso, and Clifton Webb and Mable, and the Donald Ogden Stewarts and all the other Right People. Carole has a quiet, unobtrusive way of looking after prop men and grips and hairdressers who are sick or low in funds, and old friends of ten and fifteen years ago who didn't make the grade, and not only is she generous with her money, but what is far more important she is generous with her time—she probably makes more hospital visits than anyone in Hollywood. Yes, Carole has a big heart. Maybe, yes maybe, she'd even suggest an angle for my interview.

"Hello, Fieldsie," I said in my best telephone voice, trying to get a devil-may-care quality into it. Fieldsie, as you certainly ought to know by now, is Carole's best friend and severest critic and most efficient secretary. "Howya, darling? This is your old pals walsy. You and Unde Walter looked awfully pretty at Sophie Tucker's opening the other night...

"Oh, it's you. My horoscope said something terrible was going to happen to me today. What the hell do you want?" Fieldsie was certainly, hadn't had her eight hours sleep. But ah, I thought, I will break her down with my cheeriness. "Darling, it's like this;" I chirped cheerfully, "Miss Lombard's fans are clamoring for more news of her and I want an interview." "What again?" she was ungrateful, as were not the least bit broken down and giving me the idea that possibly she and Emily had learned the same set of answers. "Yes, again, I snapped. (To hell with cheeriness) "Can I help it if Carole is a sensation in 'Hands Across the Table' and her fans want to know what she is doing every minute?"

"I suppose you are on a deadline as usual," Miss Fields suppressed a series of yawns. "Well, I guess you'd better make it around four o'clock. If you come an hour earlier we'll have to give you lunch and today is Jessie's day out and I'm not dreaming of going into the kitchen to whip up..."
ONE
BEFORE"

Carole Lombard Gives
An Interview Whieh
Turns Out To Be
Original.

By Elizabeth Wilson

food for a fan magazine writer. Besides...

"I'll see you at four," I said quickly before Fieldsie went too far and said things about fan writers in general and Miss Wilson in particular, for just at this moment I couldn't afford to have our relationship strained. I'd have it out with her after the interview. Besides, four o'clock was a good time to think of something to interview Miss Lombard about.

Hmmm, that's what I thought. Five hours didn't give me anything but a headache. Four o'clock found me at her door with nothing in my mind but the fact that I was there to do my duty by my particular Simon Legree, and that no matter whether I hit on an angle or not, I at least would have an hour or so with Miss Lombard who is worth an hour of anybody's time, especially mine.

"I thought you said you had been on a diet," was Fieldsie's cordial greeting as she opened the door. Remind me to have Carole fire Fieldsie. As a matter of fact last August on the anniversary of the Lombard-Powell divorce I sent Carole a wire which read: "A year ago today you got rid of Powell stop Now see what you can do about Fieldsie."

"Come on in," Fieldsie continued. "It's an interview so I guess you can sit in the living room. Carole will be down in a minute. She's upstairs going over her clothes to see if there is anything she wore last year that she can wear this year. Don't take off your hat, you're not going to stay long."

Well, I could have jumped up from my chair and kissed Fieldsie right then and there, taking Fieldsie by quite some surprise I might add, as she is not what one would call the klasy type. Clothes! A winter wardrobe! That's what I would interview Carole about! Who better? Who has better taste or wears her clothes more becomingly than Carole. I was saved. Leave it to Wilson. Never stuck for an idea—much. Ah, clothes! Women's crowning glory! No, that's hair—well, anyway, clothes!

[Continued on page 57]

for January 1936
"PAMP"

Franchot Tone Is The Pride And Joy Of The Boys And Girls “Far Above Cayuga’s Waters.”

By Julia Gwin

The Willard Straight Theatre in which the Cornell Dramatic Society holds its plays.

ONE night last spring I fought my way to a single seat in the New York Paramount Theatre to see the picture, “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.” As I watched the story unfold I thought of another night and another play which revolved around the now famous Franchot Tone, “Lieutenant Frosthe of the 41st Bengal Lancers, late of the Blues.”

The place was Ithaca, New York, November 14th, 1926. Cornell was opening its newly completed and very beautiful Willard Straight Theatre with a revival of Royal Tyler’s “The Contrast” by the University Dramatic Club. The house was jammed with an audience which represented the cream of Ithaca’s social and intellectual life. Again I was in a single seat, between a white-haired grand dame and a brunette beauty.

The lead in this first American comedy was played by a senior, Stanislaus Franchot Pascal Tone knew his star was in the ascendency even then. Of all who saw that play or acted in it, he alone believed with an unwavering confidence in a destiny that would sweep him to sudden, glittering glory.

I’ll admit I was surprised when I saw this Cornell Senior, whose name I had even forgotten, “going to town” in his first picture “Today We Live,” even though I had thought he showed more natural ability than the rest of “The Contrast” cast.

For a little more than two years this charming young man had been a shining light in the Cornell Dramatic Club, ever since that day in 1924 when he had walked, with buoyant step and a high head across the incomparably beautiful, snow-blanketed campus to Morrill Hall to register in.

Then he was a non-conformist, hating conventional ideas and actions. Today he is a little less explosive but none the less rabid. I am told by people who knew him well that he was asked to leave, kicked out. I believe they call it, of the exclusive Hill School in Portstown, Pennsylvania, for stirring up a rebellion. His spirit has been in rebellion ever since. It possibly explains the Tone touch in so many parts, a touch which has made them different—shall we say Toned up?

Before he became one of our better known leading men he was known by the less dignified nickname of “Pamp.” The origin of the name was explained to me a number of times but the most likely explanation came from Norman F. Bissell, a professor at Cornell who was a student there with Pamp and shared in many of his pranks and adventures.

“ Probably short for pampered,” he said, “since his family never denied him anything. I don’t suppose Pamp ever heard the word ‘no’.

Born in North Tonowanda, N. Y., but reared in Niagara Falls, Franchot is the son of Frank J. Tone, President of the Carborundum Company, who has just received the Atkinson prize for noteworthy contributions to chemistry. He looks like his father but in character he resembles his mother. It is from her that he gets his uncanny memory, his irresistible charm—for certainly he isn’t handsome—his love of art and languages, his gift of mimicry.

From his mother also comes his winged spirit—and that quite different given name, Franchot, which was her maiden name. Mrs. Tone has received considerable local fame as a psycho-analyst. She is a member of the Women’s League for Peace and has spent much time in Washington on League business. Perhaps when Pamp is older he may be satisfied to campaign for peace; at present his need is action, eternal beauty and movement.

Tone’s first year at Cornell set the pace for all his university activities. He early designated the path he would follow and he never lost track of his goal for a single moment. With four students, one of them Norman F. Bissell, Pamp lived at 101 Thurston Avenue, a house which has since become a private dwelling. “And,” said Bissell, “he was a terrible housekeeper.”

In “The Little Gray Home in the West,” as the boys affectionately called it, Pamp spent many happy hours giving free reign to his rebellious spirit. He was democratic to the core.

“One spring day,” Professor Bissell told me, “We bought a keg of beer. When we tried to open it, it spilled all over the kitchen floor. Wading around in beer Pamp had an idea. We must have visitors. Out he went and rounded up a couple of state troopers.”

[Continued on page 66]
The Little Girl Who Kept On Growing
Anne Shirley Was A Child Actress, But Now She Has Grown Into A Full Fledged Star.
By Ethel W. Gorman

The flame-haired youngest adult star in Hollywood is a modern Cinderella. Just a few short years ago a girl, barely seventeen, with her wild grace and pixie charm sprang from obscurity to stardom in a manner as startling to Hollywood as it was to the world. But success didn’t come to her out of the air, as it seemed to some of you, perhaps. It came as a result of long years of preparation, a natural ability to act, and a conscientious desire to do her very best no matter how small a bit she had to play.

Anne Shirley has been in pictures since she was a baby. She was known as Dawn O’Day then, and only to a few people in Hollywood. But these people were unusually enthusiastic when her name was mentioned. Her directors were sold on her one hundred percent and mothers of other screen children had sincere and even tender words of praise for her—a rare compliment. She had a quality about her that disarmed jealousy.

Why was it then that one did not hear more about her when she was a child? Nobody knows. There was one time when Dawn almost stepped into the limelight, just after she finished Four Daughters, in which she played Janet Gaynor as a child. As that was one of the most important pictures of the season any child appearing in it was eligible to appear in any other picture in which a child was needed. Neither Dawn nor her mother were aware of their nearness to success then, but I know that they were because of a conversation I had at that time with a director who thought Dawn a potential star.

What seemed to be the reason that stardom did not come to Dawn then was the sudden popularity of Mitzi Green. Mitzi, a rousing hoyden, and Jackie Cooper appeared in Skippy and were such hits, and deservedly so, that Hollywood was blinded by the fireworks their success created and overlooked the wistful, coy, tragic soulful little gold mine they had in their midst.

And what a break that was for the Anne Shirley that was to be! The first time I met Dawn she was stark naked. She was sitting in a tub of water on the set of the Fox Studio in New York City playing soap bubbles, but don’t be shocked or alarmed at this apparently immodest frivolity, for she was just three years old and, besides, the story called for a bath on her part. It was “Moonshine Valley,” and William Farnum was the star, and Mrs. O’Day was to be his "girl." My, how Dawn worked in that picture! She washed dishes and scrubbed floors and mended shirts and peeled potatoes, and what she thought of motion pictures couldn’t be printed in Who’s Who in Babyland.

She was the original Ay Tank Ay Go Home Girl—in spite of what you have heard to the contrary. She walked off that set, and sometimes right in the middle of a scene, more times than a week has days. When her mother tried to make her "mind" she burst into tears from agony or heartbroken tears according to her mood, but both Mr. and Mrs. Farnum, her director, refused flatly to have her coerced in any way, although, as she was in three quarters of the picture, it made everything very awkward.

There was even some talk on the part of the front office to have the film scrapped and begin again with a new child, but both star and director talked them out of it because they felt that Dawn was exceptionally sympathetic in the part. However, Mr. Fox did have a point to argue over. Dawn was costing him a lot of money. William Farnum was the first of the high salaried stars and he was getting $10,000 a week. Mr. Brenon was drawing between three and four thousand a week. Then came the general overhead, salaries for the cast and working crew.

Dawn just naturally didn’t like motion pictures in those days but the weather might have had something to do with it. It was July and the stages then were partially glass covered. One literally braved under the fierce rays of the sun.

No place for a baby, you say? That’s true, but you must remember that “home” for Dawn and her mother was a stuffy little room in a stuffy boarding house, an even worse place for a baby. The studio at least had ventilation. And as Mrs. O’Day pointed out, probably trying to convince herself that she was doing the best thing for Dawn, as she surely was, home would never mean anything better unless she took this chance.

Left a widow when her child was an infant, Mrs. O’Day was forced to turn the baby over to a day nursery or with friends while she worked in a department store. She had not been trained to earn her own living and she spent many anxious hours wondering what to do. Sometimes these upward strivings direct our actions unconsciously. One day Mrs. O’Day brought the baby to the store. A commercial artist saw Dawn and attracted by the wistfulness in her enormous dark eyes asked to use her for a model. Dawn was fourteen months old then, and she has been earning the living for her mother and herself ever since. In a few hours she had made more than her mother could make in a week. A golden dream opened before the mother’s eyes. She saw an opportunity of being always with her child, and at the same time of earning a livelihood for them both. She didn’t, at first, have the dazzling dream of a motion picture career—that suggestion came later from an acquaintance who had a studio connection and thought Dawn’s golden curls belonged in pictures.

Anne loved to "dress up" when she was a baby. In one scene in “Moonshine Valley,” the working title of which was “The Miracle Child,” Bill Farnum took the little waif he had found abandoned on the road to church. For this occasion he had bought the best outfit the town afforded, a white muslin dress, lace on her panties, and her hat had a feather in it. Anne was captivated by her appearance in this entrancing costume and insisted upon going to the star’s “dressing room” to show it off. Mr. Farnum was enormously flattered by her attention—but then it developed that the attraction really had been a full-length mirror in which his youthful leading lady could “see all of herself.” She posed, twisting this way and that, to get a better view of her splendor but the star was not en-

[Continued on page 75]
The Players Must Be Confident But Not Cocky, Poised But Not Proud.

Jeanette MacDonald has a family, and when she begins to like herself they fix all that.

WELL, so help me, I really don't see how these movie stars keep from being conceited and stuck up. They get more money in a week than most of us get in a year, they see their names in lights continually on the theatre marquees, they get hundreds of fan letters a day telling them how marvelous they are, they have all Hollywood yesting them to a fareyouwell, they have head waiters bowing and scraping and rearranging the entire Troc and Grove to suit their fancy, they have hundreds of adoring fans waiting outside every restaurant and movie for their autographs, and adulation the likes of which you've never seen. I once got a letter saying that I was a good writer and I snubbed everybody for a week—but these stars get hundreds of letters a day. And yet, with few exceptions, I have never met a stuck-up movie star. How in the world do they manage to keep sane and sensible, how do they manage to keep their feet on the ground in this frenzied country of the supercolossal? Burning with curiosity I donned my tippets and scurried away to find out how these miracles are performed.

Well, the other night Hollywood treated itself to a première, a gala premiere, my dear, that brought out the best immites and top hats in town. It was the West Coast opening of "Midsummer Night's Dream," a little whimsy whipped up by Bill Shakespeare who has become as thick as thieves with the Warner Brothers (maybe he thinks they'll put him over) and I have never been so expensively smothered in beauty in all my life. All the moth-eaten Patrons of the Arts were there taking it big—oh I don't have to tell you, you poor unseen radio audience—but, what is more to the point as far as I'm concerned, the movie stars turned out en masse simply done up to their ears in the latest creations of the local couturiers. And wherever you find movie stars, you find fans. There were thousands of them, no kidding, lined up on both sides of the streets for several blocks around the theatre, hundreds of them dangled precariously from nearby roofs, and hundreds more perched on crates swiped from neighborhood restaurants. Don't tell me that Glamour is dead. The cars had to drive right between these lines of fans to reach the theatre, and

"HOW THEY KEEP THEIR FEET ON THE GROUND"

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The Stars Can Afford To Be Almost Anything Except Conceited.

By Liza

to say about Dick Powell. In Esquire I found a lengthy review of "Annapolis Farewell," which was not Dick's picture, but sure enough there it was . . . "And do you know that our own sweet and lovable Dickie Powell is right now completing another one of those dreivingly, drooling candy wrappers with an Annapolis background . . ." Now I ask you! In Judge Mr. Pare Lorentz simply went to town with . . . "I particularly call your attention to Mr. Powell, laughingly called Dick by those who know him well, who is appearing at the moment in the musical farce, 'Broadway Gondolier.' In 'Broadway Gondolier,' as in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' which you will see later, Mr. Powell doesn't let the plot, the situation, or the other actors bother him in the least. He goes his merry way singing regardless . . . You have the feeling during the process that Mr. Powell constantly was reassuring Louise Fazenda, Adolph Menjou, Joan Blondell and William Gargan that their efforts to earn their salaries by putting on a show were as needless as they were useless—Mrs. Powell's little boy had the picture in the hollow of his hand." Huh, all I've got to say is that Mr. Lorentz and Mr. Levin could have run the gauntlet of fans in front of the Warners Beverly Theatre that night without causing a single ripple. Maybe they'll echo Puck and say, "What fools these mortals be," but I always say, "So what?"

Bob Taylor is a good example of a young actor who has met with sudden fame, but who has not let it swell his head in the least. Less than a year ago handsome Bob Taylor was playing bits, and here he is today one of Metro's most popular leading men. If the rumor is true he will play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet, which is the top as far as Metro is concerned. You just can't do better than Romeo. Not only his feminine public, but the feminine movie stars are fighting over Bob, and I'm sure I don't see how he keeps from being conceited. But he isn't.

This is his recipe, or shall we say his sauce of prevention: he has a board of trustees. He has chosen four of his friends from different walks in life, one is a college boy, another is a barber, another a theatre manager, and another a secretary, and these four compose a regular board. They go to all his pictures and tell him their honest opinions, and make suggestions about his acting which he says have been quite beneficial. They advise him about his money matters—and, alas, his girl friends. It seems that the board does not think that Bob Taylor should get married. And Bob is kinda eager to marry Irene Hervey. Who will win out, I don't know. Anyway, the board has no idea of letting their Bobby get stuck-up and ruin his career. Whenever they see his egoism rising like an inflated balloon, one of them sticks a pin in it, and plop, Bob has his feet on the ground again.

Another guy who was an unknown a year ago and is now in demand by every studio and every leading lady in Hollywood is Fred MacMurray. Fred rushes from Colbent to Hepburn to Lombard to Colbent to Sidney so fast that he is dizzy, and I heard that Paramount employs a special guy to answer the phone every day and say to Universal, Metro, Columbia, Twentieth Century-Fox, Warner and R-K-O: "Now, you can't borrow MacMurray."

And I do know that Mae West employed all her little tricks, and Mae knows many a neat trick, to get Fred for her current picture, but Fred is dated up until spring. But if Fred's dizzy with all this fuss they make over him he keeps it carefully concealed. "Whenever anybody tells me I'm good," Fred said to me, "I just think back over the days I spent haunting Paramount for any kind of a job at all, and they wouldn't even let me be a day laborer and dig ditches for them. Those were black days, and I'll never forget." [Continued on page 30]

Dick Powell uses a couple of critics to maintain his balance.

There is one director who can make Katherine Hepburn feel very small.

Joan Blondell has a frank sister, and there's always something to harp on.

Gary Cooper takes it from the studio crowd until he gets back to normal.
The Tap-Dancer
IT OUT

Which Dancer
Will Be Acclaimed
The Best Of All?

By Myrtle Gebhart

Are you girl-fans on your toes? Are your twinkling tooties tapping out stimulating syncopations?

If you are really current, you are developing a talent for tap-dancing, the latest movie craze. No longer are languishing glances sufficient to subdue the hero. Fascination is a soul-and-sole art now.

The new musi-movies have brought into the stellar spot the heroine who types her temperament. There must be rhythm in her romance! She speaks her piece with her nimble feet.

The screen frequently presents graceful swan-dancers, like Maria Gambarelli, and the flame-quick Margo. The ballerinas and ballroom dancers, the tangoers and "draggers" appeal to the eye, and sometimes to the esthetic sense. One visualizes a delicately animated painting or a whirling tornado.

Tapping, however, is the ideal dancing for sound films. The new tip-top tappers arouse an additional sense in their audiences. While watching the girl’s undulating motions and gestures, you hear the rhythmic and stimulating beat of the taps. It is superlatively exciting.

In brisk tapping there is that emotional appeal which is created by parade marches, by the steady boom-boom of drums, by the reverberant rumble of tom-toms. It is the current exposition of the ever-intriguing jazz.

Four Hollywood girls are recent “raves,” due to their skilful manipulation of their feet. Though theirs is a race of high-steppers, any girl can learn to point and prance, to click and clack. She who can tap-dance will be the hit of the evening.

Think first of your “wind.” Practice deep breathing exercises until you acquire control and can time your breathing evenly. A tap dancer never flutters!

Smoking is definitely prohibited; likewise, drinking. Get plenty of restful sleep. And don’t give vent to anger. You must keep your balance; otherwise, you cannot time your tooties to any tempo.

If you would excel at the wing-footed art, some lessons in

Silver Screen
Fighting

IN Hollywood

Eleanor Whitney has developed the fastest tap dance. She is "Doin' the Moochie."

Eleanor Whitney has developed the fastest tap dance. She is "Doin' the Moochie."

Eleanor Powell made herself a name in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Ruby Keeler did it first in "42nd Street," and very attractively, too.

Though now one of the finest tap-dancers, she continues her studies, practising from two to three hours a day just to keep in trim and taking special instruction before each film. To keep nimble requires constant effort.

If a patient accompanist is handy, she prefers piano music. But when she wears out her musician friends she resorts to the phonograph. She works out her own routines and diligently perfects them.

[Continued on page 58]
Intimate Visits To The Stars At Work—With

S. R. Mook

At Columbia

SOL LESSER, an independent producer, who makes pictures for release by United Artists, Fox and Columbia is making one here starring Richard Arlen (who has been too long absent from the screen), entitled "The Calling of Dan Matthews.

Rev. Matthews (played by Arlen) is a minister who upsets the legends of the town with his broad-minded, modern viewpoints. But he is death on places that sell liquor to minors. One of the chief objects of his crusade is a place called "Old Town" which is owned by Frederick Burton (one of the town's leading citizens). It is run by Douglass Dumbrille who has an iron-clad contract with Burton and who runs it as he pleases. Burton has no idea how it is being run, as he built it to replace a disgraceful slum area that formerly occupied the site. Arlen finally persuades Burton's daughter (Charlotte Wynters), fresh from the New York stage to accompany him to the place and see for herself. She sees all right, and she also sees a young friend of hers (Mary Korman) there with Carlyle Blackwell, Jr. Both of them are the worse for liquor. They had been having a party in honor of Mary's birthday. As they drive away in the new car Mary's father had given her for her birthday present (black out at the wheel) the car goes careening down the street, hits a telephone post and Mary is horribly injured. Arlen, following behind, picks her up in his arms.

"Oh, I'm hurt," Mary moans, clinging childishly to Dick.

"Take it easy, Kitty," Dick whispers. "The ambulance is coming.

"I'm so scared," Mary whimpers, becoming panicky. "I'm—I'm awfully scared."

"Easy, Kitty, easy," Dick encourages her. "It's Dr. Matthews!"

"I can't see! I can't see!" Mary cries. "Oh, Dr. Dan, help me. Help me!"

"That's what I'm here for," Dick encourages her. "Don't be afraid, Kitty."

"I'm going to die," she moans, her voice sinking to a whisper again. "I'm afraid. I'm scared—scared—so scared. I don't want to die. Don't let me die," she goes on pitifully. There is a pause and then, "I'm getting sleepy. Mum's not forget to say my prayers."

"That's right, Kitty," Dick says. "Say your prayers."

Now I lay me down to sleep," Mary reporting "Hands Across the Table," I referred to the authors of the story as "the famous Dorothy Parker and her husband, the famous Alan Campbell." I was trying to be facetious in my feeble way and apparently the humor was not apparent and the line was taken seriously. There is no one I have ever known whom I respect more than Alan Campbell and no one whom I admire more. I consider him a good friend of mine. I have been a guest in their home and I wouldn't for anything in the world have written anything in a serious vein that would have reflected on him in anything but the most favorable light. Now that that's over, we'll get on with our story.

First, there's "The Bride Comes Home," starring the peerless Claudette Colbert and featuring Robert Young and Fred MacMurray. My old friends, Claude Binyon and Westey Ruggles, are together on the writing and directing end of this. This is the team that gave you "College Humor," "The Golded Lily" and "Accent on Youth." So, if past performances count for anything, this should be tops. The plot is too complicated to go into. Suffice it to say that

Mary Korman, Richard Arlen and Charlotte Wynters in "The Calling of Dan Matthews" a drama with a moral.

Claudette is the daughter of Wm. Collier, Sr. Mr. Collier was tremendously wealthy—once—but the depression has knocked him for a loop. Robert Young, who has been in love with her since he was eight years old and has been proposing regularly ever since, comes into three and a half million. (The half million, I guess, is to take care of the inheritance tax.) He is always getting into fights he can't finish, so he hires Fred MacMurray as his bodyguard.
Fred is an ex-newspaperman. Bob fires him and then re-hires him when Fred gets him out of a jam. So they start a newspaper and Claudette gets a job (against Fred's wishes because he can't stand her) as assistant editor. They finally realize they're in love with each other and start to get married. When Fred and Marlene are attending a dinner party, Claudette cannot contain her affection for Bob and Marlene. She is particularly captivated by Marlene, who has been married before and by the time she is ready to marry again.

"That's not the case," Marlene says. "I'm going to marry Mr. Bradley,

"I'm not going to marry Mr. Bradley," Claudette responds. "I'm going to marry Bob.

Claudette's comments are met with laughter from the guests, including Mr. Bradley, who is present. The evening is filled with food, drink, and conversation. Mr. Bradley eventually realizes that Claudette's affection for him is not genuine and decides to end their relationship.

"I'm sorry," he says. "I didn't mean to make you feel that way."

"It's not your fault," Claudette responds. "I'm not sure what I'm doing here.

Despite the end of their relationship, Claudette and Bob continue to see each other. They eventually decide to get married, and Claudette takes Bob's name. The two are now happily married and living together.
The Story of Harold Lloyd's New Picture:— "The Milky Way"

The early September sun came over the shoulder of the hill and lay warm upon the herd of cows in the valley. The cows were spread out on the lowland like a team of baseball players with sharply marked black and white suits. The grass had turned to a ripened, faded color and the seed pods of the weeds and grain stalks bent and swayed from the attacks of the sparrows. A brook wound about under the alders. Mingled with the musical tinkle of the cow bell fastened to the neck of one of the cattle could be heard shrill cries from boys taking a last plunge in the swimming hole at the edge of the upland. A graceful feather duster elm marked the passing hours of the warm afternoon with its shadow upon the railroad embankment—an unappreciated sundial.

The boys' voices were raised in heated argument.
"I'll bet cha you can't."
"I'll bet cha I can."

"All right go on and knock it off' en my head then," came the derisive answer.

The shouts grew in excited volume and laughter rang out so boisterously that the cattle lifted disturbed heads to look toward the bank of the stream, where several boys were milling and jumping about two other lads and urging them to greater effort. Burleigh Sullivan, one of the boys, was ducking and dodging while the other kept up a swinging attack, but try as the attacker would, the hat still remained upon the head of this boy with the glasses.

The five o'clock train whistled for the crossing down by the milk depot and the boys stopped to look with fascinated eyes at the long line of cows carrying the milk of the whole valley down to the city.

Burleigh (Harold Lloyd in the picture) soon left school and followed the milk to the city, applying naturally to the milk
A Milkman Certainly Gets Around And Harold Finds Himself Involved With The Cream Of The Cauliflower Industry.

Fictionization by Howard Eliot

compny for a job. Shortly thereafter, he was the happy driver of a morning milk route, with a horse named Agnes who understood Burleigh and, with her good horse sense, brightened the grey hours of the early morning for our hero. Burleigh had a sister, who had also come to the city to work and, while milk was not her racket, she usually called it a day and checked her last hat at the Harvest Moon Night Club about the same hour that Agnes went clomp-clomping through the neighborhood. In fact, Burleigh sometimes took her home, and the morning our story opens was one of these times.

The jazz band had worn their derby hats on their cornets so many times that night that the instruments were positively bald. However, the night at the Harvest Moon Night Club was nearly over. Soon the M.C. with the personality would beam his last beam, they would wake the drunk over in the corner and the last gay and witty customer would weave away and wave adieu, so Mae Sullivan, Burleigh's sister, was at the phone answering Burleigh's ring.

"I'm ready to go now, Burleigh. I'll be waiting out in front." "You hear that, Spider?" bellowed Speed (Middle-weight Champion) MacFarland to his trainer and drinking companion, "Spider." His mellow and diluted nature touched to the last drop by the pitiful picture which his imagination painted of a maiden, fair to see, "waiting out in front." He explained all this to Spider, and as the sad matter began to register in all its desolate and grim details, it is to the credit of these heroes of many a hard fought round of drinks that as one man they proposed to Mae (Mae is played by Sally Blane in the picture) that she should be accompanied lest danger wham her a dirty blow.

Mae looked at these preservers, noted their alcoholic content and dryly said: "I'll bet the other side of the record is much funnier. Check, please."

But when a pug is moved to gallantry it takes much to discourage him and, as Mae started out of the club, first Speed and then Spider tried to assist her and to show her that she was indeed protected from all evil.

"You're funny all right," said Mae. "If you'll tell me where the act is playing I'll try and miss it."

The efforts of the drunkards were seen however by a reporter named Willard—we'll hear more of him later.

How far a picture is the milkman intent upon his daily rounds! There is music in the clop-clop of his knowing steed and poetry in the very act of delivering the milk upon step and stoop, in bascinet and arena. So stimulating is such a scene that many an honest household is awakened to a better realization of the virtues of murder for sleep disturbers and made to forget for the nonce the vitamins in the milk of human kindness.

Mae Sullivan was fighting off the tired gallants and as the sound of Agnes' hoofs reached her she cried out lustily to Burleigh, her brother, to bring her succor. Her dilemma aroused the crusader in Burleigh and he leapt, let us say, and ran wildly toward the caballed maiden, little realizing that he only had to overcome two prizefighters—truly Burleigh was bringing her a sucker. (In the picture Speed is William Gargan and Spider is Lionel Stander.)

They had words which led to blows and Mae's screams brought a cop who pushed through the crowd and found, as Burleigh and his sister escaped, the body of Speed lying unconscious on the sink's wall and Spider, groggy, scoted on the curb. That night, Burleigh, Willard, (remember) rushed off to put the news in his paper and the officer chased Burleigh's milk wagon down the street to congratulate the new champion. Burleigh's protests went unheard.

Consternation waited upon the prizefighter and his trainer the next morning, when they saw the black eye which the champ had somehow received, and they were quite mystified until Ann Westley (played by Vere Teadale) came in with the morning paper and jeered at the crestfallen prizefighter. Gabby Sloan—it's Adolphe Menjou—was the manager of Speed, and having seen the paper telling that his champion had been knocked out by a milkman, he rushed into the room demanding to know what had happened, for already the reporters were flocking about and some story must go out that would save the prizefighter's reputation.

What to do? What to do? Meanwhile, Burleigh Sullivan, the milkman, had felt rather sorry for the luckless champion and so he went to the hotel to tell Speed the truth about the whole unfortunate mixup. Gabby Sloan expected Burleigh and the next morning, when Speed announced, Ann brightly suggested that they all hide under the bed, so formidable and terrifying had been Speed's description. Imagine then the sudden change in the attitudes of Speed and his trainer, and Gabby, the manager, when the docile and bespectacled Burleigh appeared. Speed immediately wanted to beat him up, but Ann protected our hero until finally the story was wormed out of him. "When I was a little boy I was sorta puny," Burleigh told them, and between demands from the reporters for admission and threats of bodily harm from Speed, he went on to tell how, on the fateful night, he had simply ducked each blow and it had resulted in one fighter landing on the other. "Spider knocked him out," said Burleigh. And to prove it he maneuvered the two fighters into such a position that when Spider swung at him, and he ducked, Speed again received the punch and measured his length upon the floor. Burleigh stood over him saying to Gabby, "You see?" Just then the door burst open and in came the reporters.

The next day's papers had an elaborate story of the second knockout, and Speed, as a champion, had become a laughing stock, and Gabby, a nervous wreck. His weak heart scented unable to carry on, in the face of such blows of fate, and Ann called the doctor who prescribed some sleeping medicine. However, Gabby at last came through with an idea!

This brilliant thought required the presence of the milk-man-handler and so Spider was sent out on Burleigh's route to tell him that Gabby wanted to see him. While Agnes and the milk wagon waited patiently for Burleigh to emerge from the adjacent basement, Spider lurked within striking distance and quite startled Burleigh when he poked him in the ribs and gave him Gabby's message. In fact, a policeman [Continued on page 68]
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!

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS
The Stars Really Sign

The Autographed Photos in the Silver Screen Contest for Named, Inscribed and Signed Portraits

Get a Kick Out of It and Meet the Photo. See Page 10.

A star spends her days worrying about "They." The movie audience is made up of 60,000,000 people and it is impossible to get a better label for this huge army of fans. So the star wonders what "They" think about her next picture, her love scenes, and her new coiffure. It is with assurance that a star inscribes a photograph or sends a love letter to some person who has addressed his devotion. Here, at least, is "them" with a name and address.

Claudette Colbert reached the No. 1 position last year (1935) and has gone on getting better and better. She's busy, but not too busy to sign photographs, learn her lines, build her new home and fall in love.

Nelson Eddy takes time out for a contest winner.

Alice Faye greets a winner with, "Happiness Always."
The 1936 MODEL CHASSI

On View—Plenty. This Is
The Year When The Girls
Can't Take Off Any More.

THIS more honest day that Time hath wrought—franker, anyhow—has let us in on the secret of the "Body Beautiful." The faces this year do not seem to be any lovelier than they were some years ago. Where is there a girl today who could be compared with our worshipped Billie Dove, who used to smile upon us just after the Great War? Dietrich carries on, the fairest of the "stylized" beauties. The new girls can all sing or dance, so you will have something to distract your mind, anyhow.

Sally Eilers keeps getting prettier and seems to have found the secret of happiness. Perhaps the baby told her.

Frances Drake leading war Universal's "I Ray." You're off invisible ray, this isn't the
Welcome To The New Streamlined Airflow Figures. The Standard For Beauty In Faces, However, Hasn’t UPPED. The New Girls Are No Prettier.

The Bevy girls, in "Collegiate," are majoring in diving this semester.

Jean Harlow, it is rumored, is going to change the color of her hair. We protest! Probably California is taxing the platinum.

Gertrude Michael’s popularity is booming. She’s fine in her recent picture and slick in her swim togs.

Gloria Stuart is all aglow with her new happiness and that doesn’t take away anything from one of the prettiest faces in pictures.
If a small part has emotion, then it may prove the "open sesame" to the unknown actor who gets a chance to play it. But, without one distinctive characteristic, small parts are pretty hard to make outstanding. In recent films a number of little opportunities were well handled by players who are now in demand. One, for example, played by Brian Donlevy in "Barbary Coast," has turned the trick and from now on Brian will be in the money. On the release of this film so many favorable reports came in for the performance of the menacing gunman that Samuel Goldwyn signed Donlevy to a long term contract. He will be next in "Shoot the Chutes," the Eddie Cantor picture.

Edith Fellows made the most of the spoiled brat in "She Married Her Boss."

Eric Blore was the super-waiter, could we say the super-supper waiter, in "The Gay Divorcee" and from then on it has been easy.

In "Sadie McKee," Edward Arnold played the drunken Broadway sport, made a hit and so became "Diamond Jim Brady."

You can never forget Francis Ford as the drunk in "Steamboat Round the Bend." You'll be seeing him.

Arthur Treacher played a butler a few times and now he will be starred as "Jeeves," the famous P. G. Wodehouse character.
Guinn Wills that memorable scene in "Worlds" was his career. Above, cute and simple and "The Littlest Bell."

Barbary Coast," Mr. Brennan played a wise man, and no role failed to mention He has arrived.

[At left] Ginger Rogers as she appeared in "42nd Street." She was marvelous. It won her a chance with Fred Astaire, and in "Top Hat" they broke plenty of records.
A scene from "Things To Come," the H. G. Wells prophetic story filmed in England, with Patricia Hilliard and Derrick de Marney.

Note the size of the sculptor (below). From the H. G. Wells' picture.

Director Menzies, H. G. Wells and Raymond Massey confer.
Pictures Are As Unusual As The Minds Of The Men Who Make Them.

Ever since Jules Verne, the imaginative story has been tremendously interesting to all of us. Perhaps this is because we are all dreamers who allow our plans for the future to get nicely brightened with the gay colors of hope. However, some succeed in bringing their fancies to earth and cashing them. We have known a number of inventors, one even who was very successful, and we have come to have the greatest respect for that phrase “I have an idea.”

The screen is a stimulant to the imagination. You, too, may be inspired to solve some of its problems. For instance: The pictures make the players known the world over, but no one has ever been able to figure out how to use the screen for advertising and not offend the customers.

Chew on that one.

Richard Dix went to England to make this G. B. picture, "Transatlantic Tunnel."

Etienne Girardot, the Rainmaker in "In Old Kentucky."

More imagination. Leon Errol and side wheel rowboat in "Coronado."
Spencer Tracy is happy when he can play polo, but the studio does not let him risk injury.

Dick Foran, in camp on location, sings while the frying pan sizzles.

Frances Drake (left) and Grace Bradley with Sir Guy Standing sailing on the port tack.
Them in the Studio Always

The Stars Go Back To
Nature When They Rest.

When a player has a vacation it seems that a camera must go along, and that brings up the most discussed question in every publicity office. It is this. Is it best to have the stars known only in the settings of the studio, in character? Do photographs which reveal them as ordinary people tend to take away their glamor? We may as well settle it. It has been proven many times that personal appearances build up a player. Stars, when they meet their public, always seek to appear "regular"—just one of the folks. Therefore it seems that off-stage commonplace photos of the players would also establish them as "regular" and hence make friends for them—build 'em up—Q. E. D.

Brian Aherne is a flyer between his grand screen appearances.

Heather Angel, with the sun in her hair, relaxing from the strain of "The Three Musketeers."

Maureen O'Sullivan can't get rid of the Tarzan influence.
TRY that again and this time a little slower, please," says the director. The players move back to their original positions, the cameramen, sound men, grips, juicers and make-up men do their parts. The scene is shot again. No one speaks.

The director communes with himself in the silence. Perhaps they will do the scene over and over all day. No one knows what is wrong or right. The DIRECTOR is working. James Cagney told us about a certain scene that he was making. He believed he had a good reason for doing the scene in a manner somewhat different from the conception of the director and explained his point.

The director smiled and gave orders to shoot the scene. At the end, he simply said, "Once more, please." After he had done the scene over and over and over, Cagney gave up and did it according to the director's idea. "Cut," said the director, still smiling.

William Wellman, on location, making a scene for "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

Bing Crosby, Director Lewis Milestone and Ethel Merman discussing "Anything Goes."
Menace—The Soul Of Drama.

James Cagney’s greatest gift is his capacity to appear truculent, aggressive and ruthless. Scene from “Frisco Kid.”

"The Story of Temple Drake," in which Jack LaRue played opposite Miriam Hopkins, established him as a remarkable menace.

When George Raft, with implacable gaze, starts menacing, it’s a build-up for drama.
ENACE THAT MAKES A MOVIE

The Sinister But Silent Suggestion That Something Terrible MAY Happen. That's Menace.

THE eyes squint a little and look through the eyebrows, a hard smile, corners down, curls the lips and there is never a flicker of movement—that's the formula. Charles Laughton is the Supreme Menace of the Screen, but James Cagney can be nearly as fearsome by simply staring un-winkingly at the offender. We wonder if anyone ever looked that way in real life.

But as a matter of fact these terrible people make the excitement, the suspense of the story. It speaks volumes for the culture of America that we respect the villainy of the "heavies."

We used to hiss them.

Charles Laughton, as Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty," seems utterly inhuman.

Barton MacLane, in "Doctor Socrates," made the gangster dominating and convincingly wicked.

Paul Hurst can make your blood run cold. He puts the punch in "Westerns."

In the "Call of the Wild," Reginald Owen "smiled and was a villain still."

Since "Little Caesar," Edward G. Robinson has cast many a baleful glance.
Ah-ha!

HOLDING

The Marquis of Queensberry Rules Do Not Hold In Hollywood.

In "Stars Over Broadway," Jean Muir and Pat O'Brien in one of those husband and wife poses.

Scene from "Ship Cafe," with Carl Brisson and Arline Judge. It looks as if that hold would develop into a half nelson.

Colin Clive and Dolores Del Rio in "Meet the Duchess." It was during this clinch that Colin's wrist watch speeded up and gained ten minutes.

George Brent portrays Ginger Rogers in "In Person," his first starring picture.
SOME girls have a positive talent for being held while others are born elusive. Sisters to the eel, they slip from the grasp before your idea is properly worked out. The underlying thought back of the firm grip of one movie lover on another is motivated by each player trying to turn the other's back toward the camera, and the real feelings that co-starred players have for one another, when they embrace, is illustrated nicely by James Cagney and Fred Kohler in the picture below.

Ronald Colman (he's "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo") and Joan Bennett. It's good to see Ronald's moustache back again after "Tale of Two Cities," isn't it?

In the South Seas, Mala and his native girl put their cocoanuts together.
SHOOTING CELEBS IN

Hollywood

Famous Folks In Focus.

WHAT applause is to a stage actor, the click of the news camera is to the Hollywood star. The faces that cost the producers thousands of dollars weekly are free to the candid camera boys.

Jack Oakie grabbing the publicity. Lynne Overman in eclipse.

Winifred Shaw (at left) at the Premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Katharine Hepburn is treated for injuries sustained in the beach scene of "Sylvia Scarlett." She rescued Princess Paley from the surf and was severely pounded.

Victor Jory, who plays Oberon, the King of the Fairies, in the picture, laughs it off before the mike.

"Our Gang," the Hal Roach bunch, never gets any older. Hal has the entire world, full of eager replacements, to choose from.

Phil Regan and Johnny Greene.
HOW TO HAVE A Shirley Temple XMAS PARTY

BECAUSE of Shirley Temple's love for little gnomes and fairies, Mrs. Temple plans to have the invitation to Shirley's party read:

"We're going to have a party soon Because the Christmas fairy Is coming here—won't you come too And help us all make merry?"

And, of course, down in the corner will be the address of the Temple home in Santa Monica and the time and the date.

The children will arrive around noon and immediately a party luncheon will be served on a long table.

After the luncheon they will play games all afternoon. Following is the menu that Mrs. Temple has decided upon for Shirley's Christmas party, and she has very kindly given us the recipes which we now pass on to you.

Menu for the Shirley Temple Christmas Party

Candied Apples  Scrumbled Eggs
Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches  Hot Cocoa Topped with Whipped Cream
Carly Top Cake (Plain Sponge) and Ice Cream
Red and White Candies

Candied Apples
Wash and core one fine large apple for each person to be served. Peel a rim at the top.
Set apples in a buttered baking dish and fill the cores with sugar. Top with one-half teaspoonful butter and a sprinkle of ground cinnamon on each apple.
Bake for an hour at 375 degrees—a moderate oven.

Make a syrup by boiling together one package (about one cupful) red cinnamon drops and three-quarters of a cupful of water to 232 degrees—or until it drips from a spoon.
Dribble the red syrup over the baked apples and cool slightly before serving.
Serve in large saucers with cream, half milk and cream as you like.

Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches
Into a mixing bowl put one-quarter of a cupful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of peanut butter and one-half a cupful of red jelly. Stir till blended and spread generously on whole wheat bread.

Remove crusts and cut into triangles.

Well, so much for the menu. The table will be decorated with the utmost simplicity, but at the same time delightfully thrilling to the children. The winter theme is to be used at the table and it will be centered with a Santa Claus surrounded with marshmallow snow men. There will be cotton snowballs, liberally sprinkled with silver dust, at each place, also a gay popcorn ball, and a little paper basket to hold red and white candles and nuts. Shirley makes these little paper baskets and marshmallow snowmen herself and you can just imagine how much fun she will have making them for her party.

Little Shirley, everybody's sweetheart—as cute as she is talented.

To make a paper basket for the candies and nuts, Shirley takes a sheet of paper—Shirley likes to use one of her typewriter paper—splits the four corners about an inch and a half on one side only. Then she folds the sides toward the center of the sheet of paper for the width of the split—an inch and a half. This provides the side of the basket. Then she dottails the corners and pastes them in place. Shirley stops at this stage of the process and with her crayons decorates the sides with floral designs (one of her special delights is drawing flowers). After that is done to her satisfaction she cuts a strip of paper about a half-inch wide, decorates it, and then pastes the ends to the opposite sides of the basket to form a handle.

When she goes to make the snowmen she uses nine marshmallows for each man, three cloves to make his face, and then takes toothpicks to stick him together and make him stand up.

Ever since Shirley had so much fun singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup" she has had a great fondness for animal crackers, so Mrs. Temple has thought up a combination of animal crackers and candy which she will surprise Shirley with at the party. The "coated animals" will also be found in Shirley's little homemade baskets on the table.

Coated Animals
Dip animal crackers into melted sweet chocolate and into colored icing. The bear coated with white and rolled in coconut, the lion in chocolate, the zebra in white and chocolate stripes, etc. Use small silver and colored candies for the eyes. Lay finished candies on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator.

All kids will get a kick out of these animal crackers. They'll probably all start singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup."

Another favorite game of Shirley's is "The King in the Chair." Two chairs are placed fairly close together but across the space between them is spread a blanket with the ends in the two chairs. Two children sit on the chairs, then send for a child out of the room, and when he enters he's invited most cordially to have a seat between them. When the child sits down, the other two children jump up hastily, and the little kid takes a sprawl. The children simply go into hysterics over this, especially the little boys.

Still another favorite game of Shirley's is "Putting the Horse to Bed." Remember how Shirley put the little horse to bed in "Curly Top?" Well, Mrs. Temple draws a bed on a large piece of paper and tacks it on the wall. Then each child is given a paper horse and a pin, blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to put the horse in the bed. The child who gets nearest the right spot in the bed gets a simple prize.

Well, how about a Shirley Temple party for your own little Martha and Johnny? Just do what Shirley Temple does at her Christmas party and we guarantee it will be loads of fun.

If You Intend To Give A Shirley Temple Xmas Party, Fill Out The Coupon Below And We Will Send You A Facsimile Of Shirley's Greeting Card. It Was Especially Written By Shirley To All Those Who Have A Party Like Her Own.

Only 10,000 greeting cards are available and these will be sent to those sending in coupons, as long as the supply lasts. Address: Elinor Kent, Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

This offer ends January 6, 1936. All requests must be postmarked not later than that date.

(City and State)
FOR some weeks past scraps of information concerning Clark Gable— who was once quoted as saying he was very, very grateful for his success—had been peeping up at me from newspapers and various motion picture trade journals.

Clark, you see, had suddenly taken it into his head to hop off to South America by plane, and his journey, started in Hollywood with so much secrecy at the ungodly hour of four-thirty one cold morning, by degrees took on the semblance of a romantic good-will tour.

Everywhere he stopped he was mobbed by adoring fans. Beautiful Argentine flappers and matrons, some of whom should have long since reached the age of discretion, followed him along the main thoroughfares of Buenos Aires and the other cities and hamlets which he visited. They tore off bits of his clothing for souvenirs until he had to seek shelter in his hotel room for common decency's sake. While he registered at the desk of a certain hotel two avid admirers opened up his two small suitcases and carried away portions of his under-clothing and pajamas leaving the rest of his extremely personal belongings strewn over the floor for amused onlookers to gape at.

One evening—after replenishing his wardrobe through dire necessity—he left two pairs of shoes, one brown, one black, outside his bedroom door to be polished. The next morning only one shoe of each pair remained—and they weren't mates.

After reading all these astonishing news items of Clark's reception by the hospitable South Americans—and I mustn't neglect to mention that he was the guest of many of the wealthiest inhabitants on their extremely well-appointed ranchos out in the great open spaces of that vast continent—I wondered, just a little bit, if Clark still could be quoted as saying he was very, very grateful for his success.

And, during the business of finding out, I discovered that Clark Gable "is no fool," to quote Eddie Cantor. He had such a terrifically hard time crossing the gates of fame and popularity and success that he would be the last person in the world to go high-hat or temperamental on those loyal fans who show, in the only manner they find expedient, their tremendous liking for him.

Of course, when he was quizzed by hard-boiled newspaper men in New York about his amazing reception by the South American señoritas, he must be forgiven for his embarrassed grin and his "Oh, I guess women are crazy." After all, as one man to another, it is a bit thick to have to admit you're such a hero. But he didn't say he disfavored the fuss that was made about him everywhere he went. He didn't say it because he's an honest soul, and if he had to come out with a definite statement he'd have to admit that he liked it. Who wouldn't? The only thing is could you and you and you—and even I—remain as poised and collected and keep our feet on the ground with such amazing nonchalance if we had half the female population of the world doing obeisance to those feet, just to mention an old Japanese custom.

Did I say half the female population? Well, just add to that a goodly portion of the male population, too. For Clark is equally as popular with the men who like their movies as he is with the women. And the newspaper men tell me "He's a great guy. Regular." In addition to this I had a motion picture executive sitting beside my desk the other day telling me anecdotes and gossip about Clark with such hero-worship in his eyes and in his voice and in his heart that I exclaimed quite sincerely: "Now, what's the matter with me? I've never walked around the corner to see a Clark Gable picture?"

To which this horrified young man had but one reply: "Wait until you see him in person. I'll bet you a double martini that you'll come away raving about him too."

But to see Clark Gable in person was not such an easy matter to arrange. Not because Clark was walking out on interviews or anything like that. It was simply that he was rehearsing for a broadcast of the play, "His Mislaking Lady," practically from the moment he stepped off the boat from South America and, actually, I believe it is easier to get an audience with the pope or the King of England or the President of the United States than it is to get within the sacred precincts of a rehearsal room of a prominent broadcasting station.

While I was patiently waiting to get even a two minutes' audience with the king of the present crop of movie heroes, I took time out to delve a bit into his past. A past that doesn't go back so far considering that Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in February, 1901, of Pennsylvania Dutch parents. The Pennsylvania Dutch are noted for their rugged persistency, which trait may account for Clark's ability to get what he's after on the screen and off.

There were no actors in the Gable family until Clark...
January can dialled was Well, felt immediately for trotted

Only companies screen that And, finally, landed in New York where he appeared in several prominent plays, among the most important of which was "Machinal."

In the meantime he had played on the stage for a year in Los Angeles, and in that period had appeared in a few films in which he received little attention from the producers or the critics. Eventually, after another session in stock, he reached Los Angeles once again and overnight made a tremendous personal success as "Killer Mears" in the highly dramatic play, "The Last Mile."

The movie moguls, always on the lookout for spectacular "finds" of that kind, immediately signed him on the dotted line and he has remained in Hollywood ever since, and from the looks of things today will remain there for a long while to come.

It so happened that M-G-M had purchased a story around that time (this was in 1931) written by Adela Rogers St. Johns called "A Free Soul." And there was a role in this story that seemed written to order to the measurement of the stalwart, vitaly alive young actor, Clark Gable, whom M-G-M had under contract. One day Adela saw Clark—then really an unknown so far as the screen was concerned—striding across the M-G-M lot. To her he was the very epitome of Ace Willong, the pivotal character of her story, and she went to Irving Thalberg and begged him to

assign this part to Gable. Well, very little need be added to this, for the rest is history.

The fans of the country went mad about Gable as Ace Willong. And every feminine star in Hollywood envied Norma Shearer who had had the good fortune to play opposite him in "A Free Soul." Soon they were all clamoring to play in a Gable picture. Overnight this young man's stock went up so high that the producers could not cast him in enough films to satisfy either his adoring fans or the glamorous stars who wished to play with him. Helen Hayes, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Marjory Davies—each of them, and many others, had her day with Gable, and the producers, in order to satisfy them all, overworked their gold mine. They put him in too many pictures—and they typed him in the same kind of role time and time again. The result was that his stock began to drift and the fickle public lost its interest. But . . . only temporarily.

After Gable had been given a long vacation in which to recoup his strength and his looks, M-G-M loaned him to Columbia to play opposite Claudette Colbert in "It Happened Tomorrow." This was a comedy rôle, the first he had ever played on the screen, and he came through so brilliantly it was just as if an entirely new star had been discovered in the cinema world. The picture brought the same success to Claudette, whose career in pictures almost paralleled Clark's up to this point.

Well, now that I've delved into Mr. Gable's past, I'm sure you'd like to learn a little something about his future. Well, so did I. So off I went again to that broadcasting station to see if the flinty press agent who had barred my admission on several previous occasions would relent now that I have given him a few days' uninterrupted peace. But orders were not given. And his orders were to keep everyone out of that room who had no business there. Which meant me in no uncertain terms.

After this impasse was reached, a page boy who had listened to this little altercation suddenly took pity upon me and whispered: "This is against the rules . . . I have never done it for anyone before. But if you want to peak through that little glass window into Gable's mail room you can see Mr. Gable himself. You can have just one minute by my watch." So I trotted up two or three steps and passed my face against the little window and saw Clark rehearsing. Only, just to rile me a little more, while everyone else in the cast did their rehearsing with their faces turned toward me, Clark spoke his lines with his back toward me. So, if any of you fans would like to know how Mr. Gable looks when he is at work and not facing a film camera, and how he handles his lines—well, all I can say is that he stands most nonchalantly while delivering his lines and that he keeps one hand in—yes, his right hand (trousers' pocket).

When I stepped down from my perch it was to gaze into the amused eyes of several dozen actors who were resting between rehearsals, and to say that I felt like the silliest of the South American serenitas putting it mildly . . .

Even a movie hero has to eat, and I finally caught up with Mr. Gable on his way to the commissary on the last day of rehearsals and, in between mouthfuls of an enormous ham sandwich and generous gulps of hot coffee, he pleasantly informed me that he was planning to return to Hollywood immediately after his broadcast—which, by the way, he was enjoying immensely. And he was past any earthly concern as to the nice big lump of money he was getting for it—even as you and I. That he was going to do a picture called "San Francisco," worn around the earthquake of 1906, with Jeanette MacDonald, and another called "Till We Meet Again," with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy, I could not learn, just as I could not figure out this story yourself but that he didn't know which was to be done first. And while he talked, I suddenly understood why women all over the world fall for the Clark Gable charm and personality. Why, he's just like the boy you first fell in love with. He has the same amused chuckle, the same earnest way of looking straight into your eyes with that same earnest expression, while he makes you feel, for the moment at least, that you are the only person in the world that matters. And that's an achievement which all women enjoy alike. Besides which, he really has a great sense of humor, and won't even love the too.

As ten minutes with the Clark Gable personality is really just a tease, I naturally wanted more of it. And so, when I reluctantly saw him off to the rehearsal room I immediately made for the nearest telephone booth and dialed the young executive with whom I had so recklessly [Continued on page 47]
THANKS A MILLION
Rating: 80---THANKS A MILLION, Mr. Zanuck—Twentieth Century-Fox

It certainly is the year for extraordinary musicals but you’ve got to believe me when I say that this is really the best. Mr. Darryl Zanuck’s little workshop has taken their best writer, Nunnally Johnson, “Broadway Melody’s” director, Roy Del Ruth, a batch of Arthur Johnston and Gus Kahn’s song hits, and a top notch cast and turned out a musical satire that will leave you gasping for breath after laughing yourself silly for an hour and a half. It has everything, everything indeed, even a good plot and witty dialogue, which two things are as rare as hen’s teeth in a musical.

Briefly, the story’s about a stranded troupe of entertainers struggling by bus back to New York, who get caught in a small town on a rainy night and have to seek shelter at a political rally. Fred Allen—you know Fred on the radio—who manages the troupe, sells the politicians the idea of putting on a show along with the candidate’s dull speech, to enliven up the campaign. It does, all right. Never a vacant chair at a rally from then on. In fact the opposition gets so upset that they have to put on Paul Whitman and his band as a counter attraction.

Fred’s show consists of songs by Dick Powell, a tap dance by Patsy Kelly and Ann Dvorak, and specialty songs by the Yacht Club boys, and if you don’t go mad, completely mad, over their “Alphabet” song you’re crazy. The preview audience applauded so loudly I expected the Chinese roof in my lap at any minute.

Well, one night Raymond Walburn, the plastered candidate, goes on a bender and it falls to Dick Powell’s lot to deliver the old bird’s speech. Dick does it with such ease and charm that the women go slightly batty over him and the politicians decide to shelve their man and run Dick for Governor. Well, there’s one surprise after another, with a fast finish that’s a knock-out. You just can’t afford to miss so much hilarious fun.

Dick Powell is simply grand as the young crooner of the troupe; he gives an easy likable performance, and sings three songs that are very good. This is Fred Allen’s first feature picture—it won’t be his last. Most of the wise-cracks fall to him and to his foil, Patsy Kelly, and you know how she can deliver. Ann Dvorak is excellent as the girl in love with Dick, and of course Raymond Walburn as the drunken candidate will go down in history. There’s a lot more cast, a lot more story, songs, and everything, and I could keep this raving up for days.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO
Rating: 69---THAT FASCINATING COLMAN—Twentieth Century-Fox

Romance and Ronald Colman! What more do you ask? Ronnie, charming and debonair as ever, plays an aristocratic Russian refugee who, to keep body and soul together, drives a taxi-cab in Paris in the spring. The former Grand Dukes and Duchesses, who are now waiters and chefs in a Paris restaurant, chip in their savings and send Ronnie to Monte Carlo to try his luck with baccarat.

Ronnie, once more a gentleman with his valet and everything, proceeds to break the bank at Monte Carlo in as thrilling a gambling scene as you have ever seen. Of course the game operators can’t let him get by with that, so they frame him with a beautiful blonde—Joan Bennett, no less. Ronnie again tries Dame Fortune, again makes a big winning, but the fast card ruins him. So it’s back to his taxi-cab in Paris for poor Ronnie, where he eventually “picks up” Jeanie, and she explains that she didn’t frame him after all. It’s rather a slight little thing, but the Casino sequences are quite thrilling and Ronnie is still the most fascinating man on the screen.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY
Rating: 70---THE SNATCH RACKET—Twentieth Century-Fox

Here’s the fastest moving of the gangster-movie pictures and if it’s thrilling you want, baby, here they are. The story involves a kidnapping gang hiding out with “hot” money. Rochelle Hudson and her husband, Edward Norris, and baby are mugging very pleasantly from Ohio to California when, quite by accident, they stumble right into the gangsters’ hideout, and of course the nasty men, fearing detection at their heels, keep them there as prisoners. Then they send the young husband out with the marked money so that he will be lured for the G-Men. Thus the snatchers haven’t a chance, for the government boys are right on their trail up to a thrilling finish. The picture is fraught with suspense and will keep you glued to your seat hardly daring to breathe. Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero, as the brains of the gang, give sensational performances that will rank right along with Eddie Robinson’s Little Caesar. Edward Brophy and Warren Hymer are the comedy relief. What tempo!
Jean Muir, James Melton and Pat O'Brien in "Stars Over Broadway," which introduces Melton, the popular radio singer, to the biggest success of his career.

from the day she joins the famous Buffalo Bill show to the time when she becomes the toast of Kings and Queens, and then back to New York and her one great love. The Buffalo Bill show makes an exciting and glamorous background for Annie's romance with Tony Taylor (excellently played by Preston Foster) who is the champion until Annie comes along and takes away his laurels.

It's rather a beautiful love story, but with plenty of comedy for us folks who like our laughs. Sitting Bull — played by Chief Thunder Bird — no less — is a riot, and his scene with a folding bed will have you in hysterics. Moroni Olsen is perfect as Buffalo Bill, and looks exactly like the pictures we've seen of him. Melynn Douglas plays Annie's devoted friend who never wins her love, and Andy Clyde plays an inn keeper with a huff. Why not more of this American saga?

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

RATING 90% — THESE MAD MARXES — M-G-M

THINGS were getting so that I didn't think the Marx Brothers were funny any more. And then along came "A Night at the Opera" and I laughed and shrieked and whooped and hollered until the tears started running down by cheeks, carrying my mascara with them. I was a mess when I got out of that preview, but what fun, what mad, insane, screwy fun.

The three Marx Brothers — Zeppo, the fourth, is now a successful agent—are picked up in Venice where Groucho is talking (and how!) a rich widow into backing an opera and permitting him to manage her money. Um-mum-mm. Chico and Harpo are a couple of bums who come down to see Kitty Carlisle (playing an Italian prima donna) off to New York and decide to go along stowed away in Groucho's trunk. And that leads to one of the funniest scenes that has ever been on any screen—the mad goings-on in Groucho's little two by four stateroom.

Well, in New York, of course, they simply take over the opera. They want their pal, Allan Jones, to sing the lead in "Il Trovatore" but the management insists upon Walter King, the great Italian tenor, and incidentally the heavy of the picture. What those boys do to "Il Trovatore" is really something. The backstage of the opera house is a madhouse, and in the midst of Mr. King's big aria the backdrops start shifting—and the props start falling—and eventually Allan Jones sings "Il Trovatore" and becomes a sensational success. There's just no telling all the grand insanity in this picture—you see it for yourself.

Allan Jones, Metro's new singing "discovery," has a fine tenor voice and a pleasant personality that assures me that we will be hearing from him again. Kitty Carlisle is quite lovely as a stray who has a chance to sing. Harpo plays his harp and Chico plays the piano and Groucho prattles on and on. Yes, this is the Marx Brothers' best picture.

TO BEAT THE BAND

RATING 45% — FACE OF A SORT — R-K-O

HUGH HERBERT plays an elderly and slightly cracked man who is about to marry a little blonde cutie when his aunt dies leaving him fifty-nine million dollars (fancy that) provided he marries a widow within three days. Hugh marries off his sweetie to a suicidal maniac who promises to get it over with at once so Hugh can have a widow. But in the meantime they fall in love and Hugh is snared by his woman lawyer—and a widow.

There is much ado about it all, and, of course, Aunt Elizabeth appears in the last reel and announces that she isn't dead and it was all a little trick of hers to keep Hugh from marrying the blonde baby. Helen Broderick (remember her in "Top Hat").? plays the women lawyer, and it's a shame, albeit an outrage, to put such an excellent actress in such drivel. But surprise, surprise. Just when you think it's all pretty hard to take, out pops a young man who does a tap dance all over the piano and the furniture that is really magnificent. Whichever is he is should be trained for a second Fred Astaire.

FRED ALLEN, PATSY KELLY, ANN DOVORAK AND DICK POWELL in the best picture of the month, "Thanks A Million."
PETER IBBETSON
Rating: 86th—An Exquisite Production—Paramount

PARAMOUNT has made of George du Maurier's famous story a picture of rare and sensitive direction. It becomes a veritable triumph in emotional appeal. Nothing so lovely and exquisite as this mystic, far-away dream before it has been seen on the screen and unless you are Old Stoney Heart himself you will be deeply moved by its beautiful old age love story. Dylan Thomas's screen version of the Duchess of Towers, and has never looked more beautiful or given a more sincere performance. Her Duchess of Towers is flawless. Gary Cooper gives Ibbetson a certain charm and sensitivity that proves beyond a doubt that our Gary has become one of the most finished actor on the screen. The part of the young man in the story is played by little Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, as Mary and Peter when they were children, and you have never seen two children more charming and natural. The prologue alone is worth your trip to the theatre.

It's the story of a great love, shadowed from the beginning by a brooding sense of fatefulness, and if it's a lot of la de la and hi de ho you're looking for this is not your picture. But I do hope you have a soul for beauty.

PADDY O'DAY
Rating: 59th—Jane with a Brogue—Twentieth Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS plays a little Irish immigrant girl, with a brogue as thick as pew soup, which George Cooper in America has learned that her mother has died before she arrived. She is confined to Ellis Island but manages to escape in a milk can, via milk truck, to New York where her mother was formerly employed, and there she makes the acquaintance of Pinky Tomlin, a budding young scientist with a passion for stuffed birds.

Two of Jane's friends from the boat, George Givot and Rita Camino, visit her and in no time at all persuade Pinky to back them in a night club venture. The night club is a sensational success and Pinky's hurried family report Jane to the immigration authorities, thinking that it might stop Pinky in his mad venture. But the immigration authorities are thwarted to be sure, when they arrive to snatch Jane and find that she has been officially adopted by Pinky and Rita who have secretly married.

Jane sings an Irish song and a Russian song very well indeed, Pinky sings one song, "Changing My Ambitions," George Givot gives his famous Greek impersonation, and Rita Camino sings and dances beautifully —keep your eye on her, she's star material.

METROPOLITAN
Rating: 88th—Tibbett's Return—Twentieth Century-Fox

AFTER three years' absence from the screen, Richard Dix returns with more to prove that he is still the best of the screen singers. As is customary in such pictures the story matters little, in fact it matters not at all, and what is just so much background for Tibbett to sing, and sing he does, and beautifully.

This is the story of a lovely girl singing "The Road to Mandalay" and "The Glory Road" so well as Tibbett sings them. From the operas he sings the Figaro aria from "The Barbiere di Siviglia," the Tenorade Song from "Carmen" and the Prologue from "Pagliacci." Ah, what a feast for the music lovers, and what grand songs for all of us.

The story concerns a spoiled prima donna (Alice Brady) with a very rich backer, who walks out on the Metropolitan and decides to start an opera company of her own. More attracted by his physique than his voice (oh, you know how those things are) Alice chooses Tibbett for her leading man. But things don't work out as she had planned, so Alice walks out on her own show and poor Tibbett has to finance it, manage it, sing it, and everything else—with the usual triumph at the end.

Virginia Bruce plays a wealthy girl with operatic ambitions, and, of course, she too falls in love with Tibbett. Luis Alberni again plays a hysterical Italian and is thoroughly delightful. Dickie George Marion Sr., as a forgotten maestro simply reeking with temperament. A very fine supporting cast, but the picture is really all Tibbett. It's a treat you can't afford to miss.

"Peter Ibbetson" has been highly complimented by all the critics. Gary Cooper is excellent and Ann Harding was never better.

IN PERSON
Rating: 79th—Ginger Rogers on Her Own—RKO

This is Ginger's first starring picture on her own at RKO and our favorite redhead is off to a good start. Ginger plays a movie star by the name of Carol Corliss, who is recovering from a nervous breakdown caused by too much mobbing from her fans after a personal appearance. The nature of the disease forces Ginger to wear a black wig, false teeth and eyebrows so that her dear public won't recognize her.

But, one day, she meets George Brent, forces him to take her to the country for a rest, and gradually becomes her own self again. Of course that black wig and horrible teeth don't fool George but he pretends to refuse to believe her when she tells him she is the famous movie star. There are a lot of good movie "touches" in this story but they ring true, and even though the picture has a happy ending I have an awful feeling that poor George won't be very happy being Mister Carol Corliss.

HIS NIGHT OUT
Rating: 60th—Mouse into Tiger—Universal

ARE you an Edward Everett Horton fan? Well this is your picture, and count me in on it. I'm such a dyed-in-the-wood Horton fan that I haven't missed one of Eddie's pictures in years. And this is one of the most amusing I have ever seen. Eddie plays a mousy sort of chap with no more than a jolly fish face and an air of that of a dyspeptic of dyspeptics. Quack doctors have given him only three months to live, so Eddie takes it big.

Eddie is in for a safe robbery, thinking to save his girl friend, and immediately becomes involved in crooks and police and the third degree. Suddenly there begins to be a will of his possession of his willy body and Eddie proceeds to take command, recover the troops, apprehend the criminals, and get his girl back. It's hilarious. But a comedy for beginning to end and Eddie has never been funnier. Eddie, of course, is the whole show, but a capital job and abetted by Irene Hervey, Jack La Rue and Robert McWade.

RENDEZVOUS
Rating: 92—Utterly Exhilarating—M-G-M

HERE is a mystery comedy-drama that is so delightfully exhilarating that you leave the theatre all peppeped-up—which is really something these days. Personally, I liked it even better than "The Thin Man," how'se about your William Powell and is it what it's been billed as? But still, a comedy he's got them all beat a mile, plays a young man way back in 1917 who is extremely anxious to get to France, but the daughter of the Assistant Secretary of War falls in love with him and gets him "tricked" into a desk job in Washington—wiiill job turns out to be far more thrilling and hazardous than the front line trenches.

But through all the excitement the comedy ripples along elegantly, with some of the most amusing dialogue that has been written since "The Thin Man."

Bill's mittie girl friend—she's so dumb that she doesn't even know there is a war going on—is divinely played by Rosalind Russell, who is bound to become a star after this picture. Lionel Atwill is perfect as the Chief of the Secret Service, Cesar Romero stands out as a Russian spy, and Bonnie Barnes, as a beautiful and clever foreign spy, shows off her knowledge and expertise since coming to Hollywood. It's a gay picture with plenty of interesting Secret Service detail and you'll love it.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
Rating: 93 The Bountiful Sails Again—M-G-M

OUT of the pages of a gloriously romantic and adventurous novel comes this most insinigant character, as captures all the hearty spirit and all the glamour of the original story. Stirring and thrilling beyond words, this saga of the early British Navy, of peril and hardship on the mysterious sea, of young love on an enchanted tropical island, of hate and horror, of torture, holds you fascinated for over two hours.

Charles Laughton, as the sadistic Captain Bligh, Clark Gable as hot-tempered Fletcher Christian, and Franchot Tone as the gentlemanly young Byam reach new heights in screen performances. How you will hate Charles Laughton, but of course the more you hate him the better he is. Clark Gable has never been more rough, more a man's man, than he is as the first mate. The "Bounty." An outstanding franchise Tone does his best work to date—his stirring inducement of the barbarous code of the sea, which makes a show, beg, bug, and get the plead to end, prove the most lurid of our at the preview applauding wildly.

The picture is splendidly cast down to the lowest character, and special praise should go to Dudley Digges, Eddie Quillan and Herbert Mundin.
By Mary Lee

Irene Dunne turns your thoughts to beauty in "The Magnificent Obsession."

BE BEAUTIFUL

SKIN that gleams with a clear, fresh vitality is a possession any woman would envy. There is much you can do to make it an enviable asset, only don't confine its care to your face. Give the rest of you some of the breaks. Beauty baths are the way.

Not everybody bathes in milk or champagne, but there are those who have been known to do both.

Empress Poppaea of ancient Rome, so the legend goes, bathed the milk that by nature should have gone to feed hundreds of infant asses. This was her beauty bath.

Smooth white milk filled the marble pool from which Cleopatra emerged, feeling extra queenly and fit to vamp her way to map-changing conquests.

All down through the decades and centuries, famous beauties with time and money to spend have revelled in the luxury of milk baths. Not so long ago, Claudette Colbert, playing the role of one of history's fastidious ladies, bathed in mare's milk. The thing we remember most about Anna Held is her famous milk baths. She gave them credit for the smooth young skin she boasted in her later years.

Amazing as these ablations may seem when you read about them or see them in pictures, it's a fact that milk contains certain essentials that beautify the skin. A daily plunge in a tub full of fresh milk would surely benefit your skin, but there are easier ways to get the same beautifying effects. A body rub with evaporated milk before you get into the tub is cleansing, soothing and wonderfully soothing to skin that has been dried out from cold winds and artificial heat. Its consistency is heavy enough, so it can be applied easily. Not that it takes the place of soap. Nothing can do that for the perfect cleansing which is the real basis of skin beauty. But do select your bath soap for its purity and beautifying qualities, not just because you like its fragrance.

Here's a before-the-bath beauty treatment that does wonders to soften and improve the texture of your skin: Rub yourself all over with your favorite tissue cream, a lubricating type of cleansing cream or evaporated milk. Then take klin, which is powdered whole milk, in the palm of your hand and rub it briskly over your skin to remove the cream. The friction brings up a healthy circulation at the same time the benefits from the milk and beauty cream are massaged right into your skin. The little particles of dead skin that cloud the surface beauty are pleasantly removed along with an amount of dirt you never would have believed yourself capable of accumulating! After a soak in the tub, or a shower if you prefer, you'll find your skin delightfully smooth and soft. You can be sure it's clean as clean can be, too, and that you've done a lot to avoid those irritating skin eruptions that come from letting the pores fill up with dirt that bathy bathing doesn't completely remove.

Just a word to remind you, too, that drinking plenty of milk helps keep your skin clear and smooth. So take your milk beauty treatment inside and out.

One of the most delightful beauty baths we know has a luxurious milky appearance, and it certainly leaves one's skin white and velvety afterwards! It's prepared by pouring half a package of Limit in the tub while the hot water is running. The running water dissolves it, so you won't have to swish it into a solution later. Add your favorite perfumed bath essence or salts. Personally, we're addicted to Bathshebeth, a water softening powder with a lovely fragrance that lasts for hours. After a lathering with a good beauty soap and a little luxurious languishing, you emerge pleasantly scented and with just enough of the Limit adhering to your skin to make it look ethereal without clogging the pores.

It's wonderfully soothing to dry, chapped skin, too.

Baths serve double duty for beauty, and the twin to cleansing is the way your bath makes you feel. A warm, fragrant bath is relaxing to tired nerves and muscles. And a bath that bubbles and is especially rich to take the kinks out of nerves and smooth the frown lines out of faces. A soak in a tub full of champagne would no doubt be a delightful experience, although somewhat expensive. Put some of Molinelle's "Fizz" in the bath water and you'll feel as if you were bathing in champagne! It's pleasantly scented and effervesces most convincingly.

Cold showers and plunges are not for everyone. If you have the kind of circulation that responds quickly to stimulation and you feel all a-tingle and glowing afterwards, by all means take them. If they make you feel "shivery" and it takes you a long time to warm up, they're doing you no good at all and probably some harm.

Don't fool yourself into thinking that you'll become hardened to them. Better to skip them altogether.

Now for a word about bath brushes! They're a grand help to get your skin thoroughly clean and keep it free from annoying blackheads and blemishes. Backs, especially (and we're showing plenty of them in this Season's evening gowns) need the stimulation and deeper cleansing a good scrubbing with a stiff brush will give them. Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic makes an excellent bath brush with a detachable handle, long and curved to fit the back. The bristles are so soft you won't splinter lather all over the wall. And there's a canvas strap across the brush so you can get a good firm grip when you're using it without the handle.

Use plenty of lather with your bath brush. Begin by rubbing it up and down your spine to bring up circulation the way your shoulders so that every inch of skin is covered. Then do the rest of your body, especially arms and legs. The stimulation of a bath brush is fine for that "goodish" roughness so many of us have on our upper arms and calves. The chief cause of that roughness is poor circulation, you know.

Don't forget your feet when you're wielding the bath brush. Stimulating scrubbing helps keep them in the pink of condition.

It's a good habit to make your bath-time count for facial beauty, too, especially if you're one of the rebels who doesn't like to use night creams at night. Cleanse your face first, then spread on a liberal supply of your favorite tissue cream and leave it on while you're bathing. The warmth from the bath helps to drive all the benefits of the cream. And you'll finish up with the feeling that you've given yourself a complete beauty treatment from tip to toe!
I'm sorry but, whatever it makes of me, I do NOT suffer when I am in booth No. 6 of a beauty parlour!

And very reasonable of Mr. Arnold, too. For make-up in Hollywood does not necessarily mean beauty. It has become, what with the sensitive panchromatic film and the influx of colour photography, as necessary a part of male knowledge and practice as it is the art of dancing, the perfection of costumes or the art of proper coinuming. There is no more actual reason why a man should feel ridiculous about making up in order to look young or attractive than there is for him to feel silly when he has to make up for some weird characterization. Certainly Boris Karloff has no qualms when he makes up for Frankenstein, nor did Lon Chaney ever suffer because of complicated make-up, nor Fredric March when he played "Jekyll and Hyde." It is all acting. It is all a part of the game. And whether the star must make up to resemble a monster or adorn his face to resemble Romeo stems from the same picture plant.

Besides, though "male and female created He them," and despite the biological difference, male and female alike have hearts and lungs and livers and skin pigmentation. There would be no sort of use in, say, an unmade-up Bob Montgomery playing opposite a daintily made-up Joan Crawford. It could not profit him and it would certainly pain us to see a sleekly beautiful lady being made love to by a grayish-skinned, panchronamically screened young man.

The plain truth in a nutshell is that men have to use make-up just as women do. There isn't anything delineate about it. It's necessary. Still, so was the Inquisition...

In a certain Beauty Shoppe in Hollywood there hangs a framed photograph with an inscription which reads "Here I Hang For Pauline." It is signed "Otto." The gentleman who "hangs for Pauline" is Otto Kruger. And he hangs there because, when he first came to Hollywood and had his first screen test it was discovered that Otto would have to have a-hair dye. And dye was the word—misspelled. Otto had played on the stage for many years with his hair as God gave it. But the searching sensitive fingers of panchromatic made of Otto's American-coloured hair a shade called "dead." And it also added some ten years to his age. Therefore, Otto had, perforce, to submit to the ministrations of Pauline, who transformed the Kruger hair to a pinkish-red.

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are two men I know of who definitely and absolutely refuse to have any commerce of any sort with make-up. They play, fortunately for them, such hardy, he-men roles as do not require beautifying. But even if Clark should play a less muscular part, as it were, he will take his chances, he says. He'd prefer visitors to say "How could Joan or Norma fall in love with a face like that?" rather than anoint that face with creams and powders.

"A built-in china shop," Spencer told me, "would be Mary's Little Lamb compared to me in a Beauty Parlour! I don't need make-up, thank God. They don't cast me to wear sex appeal." Many of the men who use facial make-up have to do so because, conversely, their masculine activities would be curtailed if they didn't. Which is one of the screen's little ironies. Paul Cavanagh, for instance, (who is soon, I am told, to marry Reine Davies, sister of Marion), lives an entirely out of door life when not in production. His skin, dark to begin with, is burned a deep brown from much exposure to sun and wind. It is far too dark for screening without make-up. If he had appeared with the whiteskin of a day or two ago, for example, without benefit of make-up he would have looked like a blackamoore making advances! Paul said: "Make-up is the greatest of all secrets, that all men of the theatre know, but which are, for some reason, very, very, very much less, for the sake of convenience, to talk about..."

Bing Crosby, in "Mississippi," had to wear side-burns and longish hair. Bing is one who always wears a very slick, short hair-cut. He didn't know what to do about longish hair. He was not, he told me, very adept at keeping it brushed and shining and slightly waved. He had to go to a beauty parlour for first aid. He did. But while he was there, there under the min-

istering hands of the manicurist, too, he knew how longish hair should look, he buried himself in the daily paper lest a stray passerby discover a cronomer to his shame.

Ken Maynard told me that he loathes make-up so violently that it makes him ashamed. He is so very young. And, of course, he felt that his ranch house with his make-up kit under his arm. He actually expects the horses to neigh at him, he says. He has put off a picture for two and three days, and simply because he loathes sitting down before a mirror and doing things to his face. Of course the directors don't know, however, how it can be helped. I cannot imagine that he looks particularly very dark and, living as I do, on my ranch and in my plane, my natural colouring is accentuated by the elements. I really, fully understand the Art—I must be—than I am of my sensitive scruples or I'd never submit to the agonies of cold cream and powder lessens.

It was really very funny, they tell me, when DeMille was making his CRUSADES, to see the big, stalwart straps waving over the heads of the men who had to line up in beauty parlours or under the ministrations of studio make-up men and women to have their long locks curled or their beard shaved "kept up." The looks of disgust on those masculine, crusading faces were all but frozen there!

Peter Lorre went to Columbia Pictures to give right out of "M-G-M, where he had made "Mad Love." In "Mad Love" Peter had to have his head shaved as clean as a billiard ball. When he arrived at Columbia he had about one week's growth of hair and Mr. Von Sternberg said it would do nicely just as it was. But it had to stay just as it was for the duration of the picture. And so, every day, Peter had to sit him down and have minute scraps and ends of hair delicately trimmed so that the length would remain mathematically the same throughout production. A barber's hand might have been too heavy for so tweezery a job, and so a lady barber was called in. Peter says that he whistled to keep his morale up while the fastidious shaving was in progress.

Yes, men have to go to beauty parlours in Hollywood, too. And they go whistling marital airs or smoking big black cigars or hiding behind newspaper. They resort to it bitterly or they are reasonable enough to realize that panchromatic film plays no favorites between male and female.

But give eight out of ten of 'em their choice between the bistanto and the Beauty Shoppe and they'll go for the bas-

Fred Allen reports he's discovered a Yes-Man with an inferiority complex. He says "Maybe."
THINGS that burn me up with human热 is why Gar-True Michael was try-ing unconscious on the side of the road wait-ing for the ambulance, after her terrible au-to-mobile accident near San Bernardino, the people who rescued her and called the doctor proceeded to lock the purse of fifty dollars, take her wrist watch, and even the shoes off of her feet. Can you imagine any-thing so horrible?

GARY GRANT also skipped six thousand miles as soon as "Sylvia Scarlett" was previewed, as he had an offer to make a picture in London and Paramount prom-ised him a leave of absence. This leaves Cesar Romero the inside track on Betty Furness was wrong that she, and Virginia Bruce met on the set of "Metropolitan" they have been rather sweet on each other.

THE other day William Powell was being interviewed on "What I Dislike About Women." "Would you like to have me write the story?" Bill asked in his most charming and disarming manner. The in-terviewer nearly fell out of her chair, never in her years of fan magazine writing had an actor ever suggested that he write his own story. "Yes," she gasped, the gullible dope. Well, later she received a piece of paper on which was typed:

What I Dislike About Women
By William Powell
Nothing!

WHENEVER Herbert Mundin starts a new picture he prays for just one thing—a director who photographs only the scenes that will actually appear in the completed picture. Dur-ing a certain picture, be-fore the first day of shooting, the director, by actual count, took forty-eight falls on the ice in a skating rink, with a hefty lady of a mere two hun-dred pounds falling on top of him. In case you don't know, there is no way to prevent a fall on ice. Poor Mr. Mundin landed in bed for four days after that sequence, but through his pain and misery and bruises he kept consoling himself by thinking, "Ah, what a

scene that will be in the picture. The audience will roll in the aisles."

That was a couple of years ago but he still burns every time he remembers that not one foot of film of the scene was in the finished production.

BINNIE BARNES' mother is a sweet old-fashioned lady who lives in the country outside London, and very likely still thinks of America as the "colonies." The other day she wrote Binnie a frantic letter. It seems a British paper ran a story to the effect that Binnie was way out West with cowboys and Indians. The poor old lady was frightened to death for her daughter's safety so she wrote a letter beseeching her to allow plenty of bodyguards to pro-tect her from the savage killers.

WHEN W. C. Fields entered the Para-mount commissary the other afternoon, for the first time since his severe ill-ness that almost did away with him, every one in the restaurant rose and gave him an ovation that brought tears to his eyes.

GENE AUSTIN has sold a song to Mae West for her new picture, titled, "I Hear You Knocking. But You Can't Come In." Kinda cute.

"Garbo Is Right"

"Garbo is right" me for advice and I tell them to stay home. The odds are too great. There are lines of girls in front of every casting office out there. It is awfully discouraging to go back, morning after morning, and be turned down cold. It takes a lot of courage to keep going back and back and back in the face of repeated rejections."

I said: "Suppose you were starting all over again and you were advised to stay home? She became very serious: "I sup-pose it sounds comme; but the more they'd tell me to stay away, the more de-termined I'd become to go out there and have a try at it. Nobody could discourage me, once my mind was made up." In that sentence, I think you can sum up Joan Crawford's career. She has plenty of "heart," the courage to be a real trooper, and her courage is all the more amazing be-cause she is sensitive. The slings and ar-rows of outraged fortune find a responsive target in her, and it is doubly to her credit that she who can't "take it," has steeled herself to taking it without ever liking it. When I talked to her, she was excited over the prospect of making her first costume picture, "A Gorgeous Hussy," the story of a Colonial girl who influenced the decisions of a President of the United States. "I'm fed up on Cinderella stories," she confessed. "In the first reel, I'm a poor girl and in the sixth reel, things have hap-pened and I'm wearing gorgeous costumes. I think that this picture will give me a chance to prove that I'm an actress instead of a clothes-horse. Joe Mankiewicz is going to script it and I'm looking forward to it with a lot of real excitement."

Her young husband reconvened the room: "Shall we go out for dinner, dear?" she asked, and I took this as a convenient ex-cuse.

"Tell the truth, Joan," I asked. "Before I go, I want to know you were on the level with that statement that Garbo's right."

As we were walking to the door, she reflected on it: "Honestly I think she's swell," she said. "She's better than swell—she's—she's—" Her hubby supplied the word: "Terrific?" Joan nodded: "That's it. She's terrific."
them. I know too much about poverty, you’ll never catch me lording it over creation. Gosh, no.” I don’t think we need worry about Mr. MacMurray.

Clark Gable, I guess, is the guy who has the right to be the most conceited in Hollywood, if he had a mind to be conceited. But Clark, today, in his stylish starched shirt with the very Best Drawing-rooms, is still the same Clark who, six years ago, slightly frazzled about the cuffs, was informed by newspaper people that he had a sex appeal. Clark claims he saw a lot of his level-headedness to his wife, the charming Rea.

She was his name way, the women in Hollywood simply went mad over Gable, and fawned over him and deluged him with autograph books when he would leave for the studio in the morning. “Hmna,” Gable would say to himself, “I guess I’m a pretty fine fellow.” But when he would leave at night, he was just as casual with him as if he were a plumber or a brick layer returning from his day’s work. None of that “you’re-so-wonderful” stuff. No fuss made of it.

Good common sense. And, combined with his own innate sense of humor, this made Gable the swell guy he is today.

I just happened to hear Ginger Rogers, who can dance for me any time and I won’t ask for better, having an interview the other day, and I can well see how it happens that she hasn’t acquired a head. “To what do you attribute your sudden success?” asked the interviewer. “Well,” said Ginger with a quiet sigh, “it may seem sudden to you, but it represents eight years of hard work to me.” And that is certainly true. Ginger has been working hard for eight years, so the fact that she can dance and sing comes as no surprise to her. It’s something that she has worked for. She is most pleased that the public likes her the way she is. She has no plans, oh great plans, for the future and these plans will require an awful lot of work. Ginger is definitely the Working Girl Type.

Another good worker is Jeanette MacDonald, who I still insist is the only movie star I ever saw close-up, who played a high C. Fame has come to Jeanette so gradually that she never let it unbalance her at all—and, of course, Jeanette is essentially a very sane and sensible person—she herself didn’t care what the stars of Hollywood were. Once, when the women of Hollywood asked her to do an interview, she refused. “No, I don’t know them,” she said. “I’ve never met them.” She was the one who was interviewed.

Jeanette has three perfectly swell recipes for keeping her feet on the ground. First of all, she has the good fortune of having a mother who never gushes over her and never grooms her. Mrs. MacDonald is the stage mother. She treats Jeanette just the same as she does her other daughters, and Jeanette would feel awfully silly going into a temperamental outburst and putting on Hollywood airs around her mother. She admits it holds her down. Then there is her singing teacher. When she reads the proof of her letter by the time after the first view of “Rose Marie” Jeanette will doubtless feel very rocky, just as she did after the preview of “Naughty Marietta.” But her teacher will gently say “You and Jeanette both aren’t going to be greatly impressed—she will simply say, “You have much to learn,” and Jeanette will get the idea that she’s no Galà C. Yet, though, too, Jeanette, being a sensitive soul, remembers all her preview notices that weren’t so flattering, and like milestones around her heart are all the bad things people have said of her, and there’s nothing like that to keep the ego suppressed.

George Cukor, the director, is the fly in the ointment as far as Katharine Hepburn is concerned. Our Kate, it seems, is given to moments, albeit days, when she is being the great actress, and so impressed are her co-workers with her that when she is having these illusions of Duse they keep well in the background. “Miss Hepburn doesn’t see fan writers” . . . “Miss Hepburn doesn’t autograph pictures or albums” . . . “Miss Hepburn’s set is closed, no visitors allowed” . . . “Miss Hepburn doesn’t do this or that.” . . . And everybody, including yours truly, is scared to death of Hepburn. No, not everybody. George Cukor, who directed Hepburn in her first picture, “The Bill of Divorcement,” and “Little Women,” and who directed her in her latest picture, “Sylvia Scarlett,” never misses an opportunity to “tell Katy off” and miracle of miracles, she takes it!

When La Hép becomes the great actress in a scene for one of his pictures George will say, “Get off your high horse, Ella,” or “Pull yourself together, Ella” and immediately Kate will come down to earth and give a good performance. But just let anybody else call her Ella! Just you try it some time—if you’re bored with living. And of course no one in the studio, in fact, no one in Hollywood, is ever allowed to mention “The Lake” to Hepburn. “The Lake,” you recall, was the play that flopped like a bag of meal, with Hepburn as the star, two years ago on Broadway. Well, the other day on the “Sylvia Scarlett” set, Kate was giving her all to one of her scenes when George stopped her with an “Ella, be yourself.” “Well, how do you want me to act it?” stormed Miss Hepburn. “Oh, act just like you did in The Lake,” said George sweartly while the entire cast froze in horror. Anything could happen, even murder. But Kate merely gave him a nasty look, and proceeded to do the scene perfectly. But let some other director try that some time!

I ran into Spencer Tracy on the “Riff Raff” set at Metro and Spencer told me that whenever he was inclined to think that Mrs. Tracy’s little boy Spence was a heluva fine actor he always thought of his pal John Garfield. With he keeps in a comfortable place in his dressing room. He received it after he made “Goldie” with Jean Harlow some five years ago, and every winter he returns it to the dressing room. “Dear Spencer Tracy,” a woman in Austin, Texas, wrote him, “I have just seen you in Goldie” and I think it stinks. I guess you do all right as a beginner. Please send me your photo as I want to frighten the mice out of my cellar.” So whenever anyone tells Spence he is a great actor, John Garfield says to himself, “That’s what you think.” He’s often inclined to agree with Austin, Texas, when he sees the day’s “rufus.”

Every time Gary Cooper gets to toying with self-esteem he begins to think about the terrific ribbing he’s in for from Carole Lombard, who has the biggest sense of humor. “Come in, Jack Moss, his agent, who is no little Lord Fauntleroy, and all the prop boys and set workers, I would give my right arm to the man who would work with the idea that I have funny notions about myself,” Gary told me. “Have you ever been ribbed by Carole, or Monte, or Oakie? It’s all—I’m my life miserable by yelling ‘There comes that big booful Gary Cooper, the cinema star. What are your seven steps to Glamour, Mr. Cooper?”

Good old “Rain” had a very chastening effect in Joan Crawford’s young life. So sensational was Joan’s rise to fame and popularity that the studio, and Joan herself, thought that Crawford could do no wrong. And then along came Sadie Thompson, a woman to whom Joan always said, “I’ll see you wretchedly, and every since then Joan has managed to keep her feet firmly on the ground. Just mention "Salomey Jane" to Joan Crawford and she is a gal who played the idea that she really is Miss Glamour Queen. But sister Gloria takes the starch out of her right away. “Oh you were all right,” says Gloria, “but you certainly looked fat.” (There is no more devastating word in the movie dictionary than “fat.”) And when she gets around for autographs, Gloria will toss off, “Sure they like you, but I wonder what the adults think!” Poor Joanie is so shrewed by then that she decides to start a course in stenography the next day.

I’ll never forget my first Hollywood luncheon with a movie star. Jean Harlow, whom I had met in New York, invited me to have lunch with her and I stayed awake all night wondering whether to wear my imitation Hattie Carnegie or borrow some other well-cut suit and lace. But finally, glasses and fascinating hors d’oeuvres and glaces at the Lido, or the Vendome, or the Brown Derby. But when Miss Harlow arrived she was already headed. “I know the best place down at the beach,” she said, “where we can get the sweetest ham-juars and onion pies! Hollywood the onions don’t even have a chance to be stuck-up—I haven’t met with a scallion since I left New York.”
There was a clippity clapping sound which turned out to be La Lombard making a down-the-stairs entrance in a pair of mules. And a very good looking pair of pajamas I might add. With a few understatement regarding my ability as a writer Carole dropped onto her best tutued sofa, as only Carole can drop, lit a cigarette and gave me a big smile, "I'm going to be fun." Miss Wilson is about to spring an idea on us, though personally I don't think she has had an idea in years. Fieldsie, better bring in some knick-knacks for her to chew on or she'll want to stay to dinner.

Remind me to have Paramount fire Miss Lombard.

"I've thought of an awfully ducks subject for this interview," I said with false enthusiasm. "Clothes."

That opened the door and I brought out one interview on clothes," said Carole with a suer, "I've given out a hundred. I don't know why you writers always think I know so much about clothes. I grant you that an actress might make more of a study of clothes than the average woman, clothes are part of her business...

And letting an actress talk is part of my business, so just sat—I do that awfully well anyway—and let Carole speak her mind. "Of course I do not think it takes the intelligent woman long to find out what colors are most becoming to her. Carole continued, "I say she should stick to those colors. She can wear all the various shades blended out of those colors and often she can combine two or more of those colors and in that way get away from wearing a solid shade all the time."

"You're doing an awful lot of talking about clothes, Miss Lombard," Fieldsie interrupted, "for an actress who doesn't know anything about them."

"I'm not talking about clothes," Carole snapped, "I'm just talking common sense."

"But it funny, now, I could have sworn you were talking about clothes," and Fieldsie made for the door. "I guess we need a cocktail."

"What's on the subject of the clothes," I said hastily, hoping to keep Carole talking. "What about your winter wardrobe?"

"Mine is the same as it was last winter, only smaller," said Carole. "Do you know something, Elizabeth Wilson? Do you know that we had this same interview exactly a year ago in my dressing room and you were eating a chicken sandwich and drinking coca cola and it was a stupid interview then and I don't think a year has improved it any. Think up something new."

(Carole has an uncanny memory.)

"What kind of a cocktail do you want?" Fieldsie shrieked from the next room.

"Just a little Sherry for me," I said wistfully. "I don't drink.

So a few minutes later Fieldsie appeared with a shaker of "Between the Sheets" for him and I with a glass of milk for Carole who is building up, and a tray of tiny sandwiches and nuts.

"Well," said Carole, "what about that interview with Elizabeth Wilson? Do you think we'll ever catch you two stuff yourselves. Where are all those angles you said you had? I haven't heard you mention anything but clothes the last six months before, millions of times."

I felt that it was up to me to think of something. I searched for a handful of nuts. "Nuts," said Fieldsie, "make your face break out."

"Fieldsie, my pet," said Carole caressingly, "don't you think you'd better go up stairs and make out my income tax or a revised list of telephone numbers or something?"

I don't want to type any more this month," replied Miss Field, "it breaks off my fingernails. Maybe you had better employ a typist to assist me."

"Oh, Oh, Oh," shrieked Carole, going into one of her big emotional scenes. "To think that I should live to see the day that my own secretary should speak to me like this. Is there nothing sacred any more? And I suppose you, Miss Wilson, would like to have me write this story for you? REALLY."

Now, Carole," I said soothingly, "I just want you to say a few intelligent things that I can print. Let's see now. There must be some good angle we haven't used before. How about the kind of home surroundings an actress should have. You know, should it be quiet and simple and restful, or gay with a touch of glamour."

decided not to start resuming just here. "Well," I said, "now that you've mentioned it, what about dieting? Could we make this interview about diet."

"We could, but we won't," came back from Carole. "You know I never diet. And besides you interviewed me on that subject two summers ago, and since then only fan writers have done so—all of them fat."

"Yes, indeed, I must speak to Mr. Zukor about having Lombard fire at once."

"I've got a dinner date," said Carole, "and I don't care if you cry your eyes out, you've got to leave here not a minute later than five-thirty. Think fast now and get a subject for this interview before you get thrown out."

"Well," I said, sort of floundering about, "what do you think of an actress marrying."

"It's been done," said Carole, cleaning her nails with the pad I had brought to take notes on—guiltily.

"What do you think of technicolor?"

"Done."

"Do you have to love to live?"

"Done. Six times. Yours was the worst."

"How do you develop glamour?"

"Done."

"What made you decide to be a movie star?"

"Done."

"I never would have believed it," said Miss Lombard breaking into our quiet "but do you know that it is fifty-five already. And I have a dinner date with my Uncle Bob Cobb. Don't you think it's swell?"

That moment I knew about "Men," I shouted in exaltation, and giving Fieldsie a grateful look. "I never done that."

"Go on, Carole," urged Fieldsie, "tell Wilson about the men in your life. She won't print it—not much."

"Men," said Carole in beautiful conciliation, "so you've ruined my afternoon to interview me on men. Well, I'll tell you now. I think that pictures are everything in a business. If you have good pictures you are a success and if you haven't you aren't, no matter if you are the greatest actress in the world. My job is to get good pictures and—"

"Have a heart, Carole," I mourned, "that's your career interview. Don't you remember, we did it last month. Don't ask me to do that over again."

"And don't ask me to stay here another minute," came from Carole, "You know very well that you haven't got an idea in your head for an interview, and never did have, and I want you to take your Christmas present now so you won't bother to come back until next year. Maybe by then you can think of something that's never been done before."

Well, dear reader, there was and here I Can you think of anything that hasn't been done before in the way of a Lombard interview? Do you want my undying gratitude, or do you care?"

It said Fieldie, appearing to me the door with the air of a tragedy queen, "I have a swell gag for you if you ever have the chance to interview Carole on men. Have Lombard say, 'Who do you think I am? Helen of Troy or Cleopatra?' And then you say, 'The only difference is that Helen of those girls had to tell the tale, and you did.' How's that?"

"It's been done before," I said gloomily. "The editor deleted it from a story I did in 1932."
"Any girl who really is earnest about wanting to tap-dance can learn," Ruby thinks, "provided she has a strong will power. It is not an art for the weak-spirited! Only constant practise can produce results worth noticing."

No story on dancing can omit Fred Astaire. There is always one who is just better than all the others, and in tap-dancing Fred's name is entwined in laurel. Ginger Rogers rehearse six hours daily with Fred and considers it "just sufficient exercise." She prefers loose clothes, slacks or shorts and a light-weight blouse, while practising. She eats normally, except that for lunch she is content with a salad. Fred designs their routines, Ginger offering variations.

Her vibrant energy always has been her main trait. Even in her cradle, her mother says, she danced, kicking her toes to the Victrola's music. At fifteen she won the Texas Charleston championship.

"Top Hat" had one scene in which she and Fred talked with their toes. In a brisk pedal conversation, they questioned, parried, quarrelled, pointed and made up—all with their flippant feet.

Right now she is going nautical, as they are evolving new numbers for "Follow the Fleet."

That tantalizing tapping that we all thought so wonderful in "Broadway Melody of 1926" cost Eleanor Powell thirty-six pairs of dancing slippers. She spins out the toes of her practise slippers in her speedy whirl.

Your ambition, however, may be less spectacular. During rehearsals she danced twenty-five miles! Have you her patient application?

You might break in your own slippers, too, thus saving your mothers that bother. Eleanor's mother has learned four simple routines from her daughter and obligingly takes that new stiffness out of her girl's slippers. It takes her three weeks to train a new pair of footwear.

Tapping "refreshes" the Powell girl! After such violent effort all day, she "rests" by working out impromptu numbers! Every free moment at the studio is spent experimenting; her feet are so alive that they can't keep still.

One day she worked out a routine that she named "Temptation." Members of the crew called her aside, individually, and begged her to teach them "a few steps." It was very amusing. Each hard-boiled worker wanted to be up to date, but feared his pals would razz him.

In one corner she was teaching a "grip" how to do a time-step, and another she had an electrician perspiring over a spin, on an unused set a cameraman was kicking his kinks out.

Herding them all together, she said, "Listen, boys! Combine!"

After that, she gave daily lessons on the set. Almost the whole studio was on its individual toes and heels, practising foot taps under her conscientious instruction.

"Of course, you all can learn!" she invigorated their lagging spirits when they tired. "Just let yourself go—follow the beat of the music. All right, everybody! Point!"

Eleanor rattled her rhythms on a platform of linenwood, a rare and expensive lumber, such as is used to sheathe boats that batter the ice-floes around the North Pole. Tests made by sound engineers proved it the most sturdy hardwood and the best recorder for the microphone. But any wood will do for your platform. You aren't competing with the top-notchers yet. Just starring in your sorority?

Eleanor eats sparingly of sweets, and doesn't smoke. Otherwise, she satisfies her appetite. She says that she has no time for parties, as she must stay home evenings and soak her feet!

The Powell prancer started dancing when she was six, concentrating on ballet and acrobatic technique. She took her first tap lesson when she was sixteen. Those spectacular spins and wild whirls are the result of much practise.

Through seasons in "Hot Cha," "The Folies" and "The Scandals," she stepped up to the top. That scene where she seemed to be a spinning sunburst, in her costume of gold sequins, was preceded by countless hours of careful timing.

So vital is eighteen-year-old Eleanor Whitney that, after a couple of hours' brisk tapping, she will meet an interviewer and inquire, naively: "Would you like to see me dance? Please say yes!"

At ten, Eleanor had her first tap lesson, her teacher being Bill Robinson. In one hour she had mastered twenty steps.

This small child from Cleveland—she now measures exactly five feet—traveled in vaudeville with Rae Samuels. Appearances with Rudy Vallee, Jack Benny and other stars followed. She weighs just ninety-eight pounds.

She originates many of her steps, inspired by any sound with a steady rhythm—the motors of cars, the rumble of trains. Once she heard a machine-gun rat-tat-tat and immediately evolved a new routine. Incidentally, she beat it!

Tests proved her to be the fastest tap-dancer in the world. A record of her solo was "timed" in a play-back, in comparison with a machine-gun in action. She taps sixty taps each four seconds, to the quickest machine-gun's fifty-two shots during the same fraction of time.

Medical examination showed her to be perfectly normal except for an unusual development of the cerebellar portion of the brain, at its base, which section controls reflex action, and a slight increase in blood pressure and pulse. According to tests given by her doctors, she actually taps faster than she can think!

In "Millions in the Air" she strains "Doin' the Moochie," swaying with a fluent grace, and going into a swift heel-to-toe finish.

Like the other girl-tappers, she is very energetic, and eats heartily, though she dabbles lightly at sweets and does not smoke or drink. She requires lots of sleep, usually nine or ten hours.

"A steady disposition is about the most important thing," she gave her opinion. "If I let myself get excited or annoyed, it interferes with my rhythm. A tap-dancer mustn't ever get angry or upset."

This child never has been in a night club. Her recreations are shopping with her mother and going on picnics with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny.

How about it, girls? Are you going to be popular or passé? Will you tap to triumph in your social circle? It's up to you!
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.

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 clearer the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

The Original Chocolatey Laxative

Take your Laxative the CHOCOLATE way
I shall be polite and see thee Mr. Ziegfeld.

Three cheers, gang! Ziggy is in! I wish you all might have seen Miss Rainer as she stood in the doorway. The hour-glass figure, the gown of blue crépe de chine with its long train and lace bodice—the famous Anna Held hat, sitting way on the back of her head and held in place with a ribbon beneath the chin and a few hatpins. She was really a picture.

Next there is "Riff Raff," starring Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow. Almost the whole of this is laid in a fishing village and canning factory. There is a strike and Spencer gets mixed up in it. At first he's all right, then everyone turns against him, and then he's the great hero. He and Jean get married, and something can happen and she gets sent to jail, and there's a baby. She and Spence both think the other doesn't want the baby and she thinks Spence wants to be footloose as he was in "A Man's Castle."

But I'm getting ahead of my story. This scene after the watch is just after he's become the great hero and there's a testimonial party for him on a pleasure boat tied up to the dock. There are signs all around—"Fishermen's Union, Local No. 7," etc. Spencer, Joseph Calleia, J. Farrell McDonald and Vince Barnett are on the platform as the crowd press about them.

"Listen, Nick," says Spence backing away. "What is this?"

"Dutch," Calleia says soothingly. "Nick is your friend—he show you. (Aside to the crowd (Quiet, everyones. Now I tell you why we are all assembled in this place for this party. Was in honor one man standing beside me right here. Was not necessary to tell you what this fellow, Dutch Muller, have done for us all—he save a me my ship—he save a you your jobs. Maybe he save us all our lives. Who can answer?"

There is a rousing cheer of applause at this. Spence looks around and spits Mickey Rooney, Mickey is looking up at him. He jerks his head over his shoulder trying to let him know he should come to the house as Jean has escaped from jail and is waiting for him. But Spence shows no concern and there is, seemingly, no question in his eyes. He merely looks offstage and sees Wade Boteler leaning against a wall watching him. Spence's brow furrows at this and when Spence's brow furrows, it really furrows.

Calleia, unmindful of all this by-play, is continuing with his speech. "And for cause he do this was give me great pleasure to present this big hero—our great friend—three hundred dollars from Nick Louis, his great friend!"

He extends the money to Spence and there is deadening applause but Spence shakes his head. "Uh-uh—never mind, Louis—I don't—"

"Aw, come now—bygones for bygones, Dutch," Calleia pleads. "Get some new clothes, get a new girl, maybe, eh?"

Spence looks at him suddenly and grins. "Yeah. That's right. Clothes and maybe a new girl. Maybe I take a trip for myself. Thanks, Nick—"

"Sure," Calleia agrees. "A nice trip to the beer saloons, eh, Dutch?" He laughs uproariously at his idea of Dutch's taking a trip.

Vince Barnett is puzzled at Spence's taking the money. A man nudges McDonald who keeps trying to fathom Spence. "Huh?" comes from McDonald, who is startled by the judge.

"Now," says the man. "Go ahead."

"Oh, yeah," McDonald agrees and turns to the crowd: "Quiet, everybody. Then he turns haltingly to Spence: "Dutch, the dough was Nick's idea but this is from the boys of Fishermen's Union, Local No. 7. This is the best way we know to tell..."

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**Silver Screen for January 1936**

**NOW-NO BAD BREATH behind her Sparkling Smile!**

**AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES**

**FOOL POOR PEGGY—ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED!**

**HE WAS HOBBED 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 WONT HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.**

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"Ah, Wilderness" has returned from its location trip to Massachusetts, and Spring Byington, Eric Linden, and Lionel Barrymore have made the interior scenes in Hollywood.

you how we all feel. Everybody knows what's in this package but you—so open it, and God bless you!" Spence accepts the package, but his mind is not quite on the presentation. He opens it vaguely while the crowd falls to complete silence. It is his union card. He's been re-instated. For a moment he is terrifically touched. His emotion at seeing the card again is pathetic. "You mean—!" he begins, looking at McDonald and the people around him.

"Sure," says McDonald.

What a scene! And then it's all over and Spence is shaking hands with me, his re-instatement completely forgotten.

"Did you have a good time at our party?" he inquires anxiously.

"Sure," I enthuse. "It was swell."

"Come on out Sunday, then, and we'll have a small one for ourselves."

"Fine, but will you be home? I come back."

"Well," Spence answers cautiously, "you better call up first."

So we let it ride on that hopeful note and I take myself over to the next set where "Ah, Wilderness" is shooting.

"Ah, Wilderness" is the famous play that George M. Cohan and Will Rogers played on the stage so successfully. Lionel Barrymore is playing that part, Spring Byington is playing his wife and Eric Linden is playing the part Elisha Cook, Jr., created so successfully on the stage.

It is the story of a middle-class American family and their problems (about 1900), particularly with their 17 year old son, Eric. His mother has caught him reading some books that she considers perfectly scandalous and she's told his father about them. Barrymore, père, wants to see these outrageous books. He is sitting beside a table with a student lamp on it and Miss Byington sits across. Eric comes into the room carrying the books.

"Let me have them," Barrymore orders, holding out his hand. Eric reluctantly turns them over to his father, watching him anxiously.

"From Barbarism to Socialism," says Barrymore reading one of the titles.

"One of the greatest books I've ever read!" Eric exclaims enthusiastically.

It goes on like that, with Barrymore reading off the titles, Eric fervently endorsing them and Miss Byington horrified at the mention of each. One of the books, as I recall, was "The Portrait of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde.

"That awful man they put in jail!" Miss B informs them.

"Plays by George Bernard Shaw."

"He wrote a play so vile they wouldn't even let it play New York," she sniffs.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

"It sounds terribly blasphemous—some parts I read," comes from the outraged mother heart.

"Everybody's reading that, Essie," Barrymore cuts in, "and it doesn't seem to do them any harm. Here," handing it to Eric, "you can keep that one.

"What about the others?" Eric demands.

"Never you mind," his mother orders.

"Go upstairs to bed and don't wake everybody up going up those stairs," she adds.

She kisses him and gives him a push towards the steps. Eric goes out looking anxiously at his father and his books.

No one who saw Eric in his first picture, "Are These Our Children?" can ever forget his performance. He was hailed as "the find of the year" and the title was well deserved. Then a series of poor parts in mediocre pictures left him where he started, I'm sure, with a part like this. Eric is again headed for big things.

Musing on the queer pranks late plays on people in this business, I head for—

**Fox**

FOUR pictures going here. First there is "Professional Soldier" which stars Victor McLaglen. The scene is the interior of a palace with genuine plaster-of-paris marble pillars. A masquerade ball is in progress. Many women are in evening dress, merely wearing masks while others are in costume. Most of the men are in regulation evening dress, although a few of them are also in costume. McLaglen is in a monk's costume. He is awkwardly trying to make his way across the crowded dance floor, apparently trying to find someone. What an awful beating he takes. One pair of dancers stick their clasped hands in his face, another knocks his cap off, others jostle and step on him but finally he reaches the edge of the floor and that is all there is to the scene.

So I amble over to the "King of Bur-lesque" set. This number boasts the presence of Warner Baxter, Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Mona Barrie, Dixie Dunbar, etc. Who is Dixie Dunbar? I inquire. "I never heard of her."

"You will," my guide prophesies grimly. So look out for Miss Dunbar.

This is another of the increasing number of films which is being shot without a script so no one knows what it is about. Sufficient to say the scene I am about to watch is being shot in an old-time bur-lesque house and when I say "old-time" I really mean old-time. The chandeliers are combination gas and electric affairs. The lights about the proscenium arch are on the outside instead of the inside. There are antiquated boxes along the sides of the theatre with piles of boxes in front of them to support the upper boxes.

Sidney Lanfield is directing them. All at once he calls "Paxton Sisters and Miss Faye!"

There are voices onstage answering "Yeah!" and the three girls stick their heads out the side of the stage.

"This is just a rehearsal," Lanfield tells them, "so don't wear yourselves out, please.."

There is silence a moment and then Lanfield goes on: "Have you heard the sound track?" He refers to the music to which they are to dance.

We heard a few bars a few minutes ago, one of the Paxtons answers.

"That's always good—a big help," Lanfield answers sarcastically and I cannot help but think of the difference in his tone now and when he directed Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge" a couple of years ago.

The girls come out and do a soft shoe routine. They are dressed in short black satin costumes with big black and white ruffles and black and white hat—sort of poke hats and they are in the middle. They twist and wiggle as they dance. Mr. Lanfield watches for a moment and then his voice rings out: "Swing it, girls," and the hip wiggling is speeded up.

My guide and I are sitting in the back of the theatre on a couple of orchestra seats. The assistant director comes down the aisle and spots us. "Hey, are you guys working or just sitting there for a gag?"

"We're just sitting," I answer.

"No."

"I don't work with the other side with this girl. She's supposed to be in the audience and she's all alone. Women don't go to burlesque shows alone."

So we move to our new location and sit and sit and sit. But nothing happens and it begins to get late. "They've only made one shot all day," the lady who couldn't
"My Marriage" is shooting. This is the picture that has been so widely publicized because it is Claire Trevor's first really big part and she got the flu in the middle of it (the middle of the picture, not the part, I mean) and production was held up for over two weeks. She looks mighty chic in a brown, wool crepe dress with a yellow figured scarf. She sure knows how to wear clothes. With Claire in this film are Kent Taylor, Paul Frederick, Tom Beck and Noel Madison.

Noel is the villain of the piece. He, in that quiet, charming way of his, has been responsible for the death of Claire's rich father. She is in the living room of her hotel suite with Beck and Madison. The latter is talking to Beck.

"I told you I wanted fifty thousand dollars and before I get through here I'm going to get it," he snarls. He glances at Claire as he finishes.

It is apparent she is badly frightened but she is trying to keep her nerve. "I haven't any cash here—but I have—jewels," she says in a low voice.

Madison hesitates a second and nods. "Get them!"

She turns, crosses to her handbag, opens it and takes out a slender chain of keys when the phone rings. She jerks around, quick desperate hope showing in her eyes for a second as she looks towards the instrument.

"Never mind that—hurry up!" Madison orders.

The hope dies out of her eyes as she crosses to an overnight case on a chaise longue. The phone rings again and she stiffens imperceptibly. It continues ringing at short intervals, building the tension astoundingly, as with shaking fingers, she tries to find the right key. She fumbles it and Madison moves closer to her, threatening and impatient. "Hurry up," he snaps, "you're stalling."

"I'm not," she whispers, her nerves on edge as she finally finds the key and opens the lock on one side.

The phone stops ringing—is silent a second and Claire looks sick with defeat. She jerks the key out of the one lock and fits it into the one on the other side when the phone starts again. This time Madison looks uneasy. At the second peal he looks at Claire. "Does the clerk know you're up here?" he asks tersely.

"Yes!"

Madison takes an automatic from his pocket. "Answer it. Don't let anyone come up and don't try anything."

"Cut," the director tells her and it's getting so late I haven't time to wait for the next shot to see what happens.

"You sure look good," I murmur to Claire as she comes off the set. "You don't look at all as though you'd been sick."

"Thank you," she smiles.

"Better go on and lie down and save your strength," I suggest.

"It pays to be sick," she laughs. "Everyone is so nice. I have a dressing room on the set and a couch and I've never had that before."

All I have to say is a girl as nice as Claire should have everything.

The other picture is "Your Uncle Dudley" starring Edward Everett Horton and featuring Alan Dinehart, Marjorie Gateson and another of my new favorites, Rosina Lawrence, who is as pretty as a picture.

The scene is the dining room of the Thursday Morning Breakfast Club and the occasion is a banquet given by the "Save Our Trees" Association.

Dudley Dixon (Horton) is seated at the centre of the table playing nervously with a salt shaker as Alan Dinehart is on his feet speaking. Dudley is the town glad-
Quickly... correct these figure faults

"Your Uncle Dudley" stars Edward Everett Horton, and about time, too. Alan Dinehart and Jack Mulhall are also in the cast.

hander, secretary and fall guy for every community organization. He is dressed conservatively and, while not shabbily, there is a frayed appearance about him.

"The most I'm thinking of is one who, because of his sterling labors in arranging for the Deepwater Music Company's contest in our lovely city of Fairview is deserving of our highest praise," Dinehart announces. He pauses and Horton thinks he is through. He starts to rise but Dinehart pushes him back down in his seat and continues. "He is a man who has given of his unselfish services to the community at large and has sacrificed time and money to do it." He pauses and again Horton starts to rise and again Dinehart pushes him back and continues. "And, because of our great appreciation and high esteem for this man, I take prideful pleasure in presenting this beautiful silver loving cup to our vice-president, Dudley Dixon!"

Horton having tried to rise twice now fails to get to his feet. Dinehart reaches under the table and brings forth the huge silver loving cup. Applause breaks out and Dinehart looks down at Horton. "Hey, Dudley!" he whispers hoarsely, "Get up!"

"Who—me?" Horton falsettoes in well-simulated surprise.

It has been Horton's lifelong ambition to get a gold loving cup. His house is full of silver ones. But better a silver spoon in one's mouth than none at all, I always say.

I glance about the table and there at each end are Greighton Hale (looking like a kid) and Jack Mulhall. Once more musings on the capriciousness of the fate that rules this business and makes extras of yesterday's stars and stars of yesterday's extras, I journey over to—

R-K-O

My luck is terrific here. Sylvia Scarlett is on location and there is only one other picture shooting—"It Happened in Hollywood." This picture has a studio background and there is no set. They are merely using one corner of a sound stage as it actually appears without trappings. It is the end of the picture but if R-K-O think they're going to double-cross me and make me tell the whole of the plot they're nuts. Wally Ford is a hair-brained publicity man and Brian Donlevy (wasn't he swell as Robinson's henchman in "Barbury Coast") is a notorious killer who has had his face altered by plastic surgery and is now in the movies as a gangster.

This scene is where the game is up, the police have spread a dragnet for Brian, he has fired all the shots in his revolver and he and Wally are left with a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. There is no dialogue but the struggle is so realistically done I break out in a cold sweat and all the crease comes out of my freshly pressed suit.

I suggest to the director and Wally and everyone else who will listen that they ought to send my suit to the wardrobe department and have it pressed because I was a good audience, but they all tell me there's a rule on the lot against people going around in their shorts while suits are being cleaned. "You sure got his goat, all right," and I grin and go on out to—

Warner Brothers

Of here "Captain Blood" is still shooting and they are making the most terrific scene I have ever witnessed. The "Blood Ship" and a French man-o'-war are colliding. They actually collide, the cannons on the French ship are actually fired (only instead of real cannon balls coming out, balls of fire—real fire—are shot out.)

A mast breaks on the French ship, falling and hitting one of the extras (a stunt man who is hired to "take it" on the shoulder). He takes it so realistically and goes down so well I thought he was actually hit but he wasn't. The pirates on the Blood ship are throwing ropes with grabbing hooks over the rail of the French ship, trying to drag it closer so they can get aboard for hand-to-hand fighting. Some of the pirates grab hold of ropes and swing themselves across the narrowing gap and land on the French ship. It is all very thrilling and very exciting.

Brian Donlevy, who stood out in "Barbury Coast," has a big part in "It Happened in Hollywood."

My excitement suffers a let-down, though, when we arrive on the next set and I find Dolores Del Rio working in "Meet the President." "This, so I start telling Wally here," someone whispers but I've heard that so often!

Anyway, this is described as a "sprightly farce," adapted from the English stage play, "A Present from Margate." The Duchess of Rye (DD) is being sought by Lord and Lady Holloway (E. E. Clive and Mary Forbes) and Lady Maynard (Elva Nailon), the sophisticated relatives of her late husband. Del Rio, to escape boredom, has slipped out to the Casino for an evening at the gaming tables, where she meets Major Chesnoff (Warren William). Returning from the Casino, Del Rio (disguised in widow's weeds with a long black veil over her face) is recognized by Rose Torrent (Louise Fazenda) and her husband.

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John (Herbert Mundin).

"Good evening, Duchess," Louise beams but Del Rio pretends not to have heard her and hurries over toward the elevators. Louise looks frantically around at Herbie. "Come on—quick!" she ejaculates grabbing him by the arm and rushing towards the elevator.

"What's the matter—is there a fire?" demands the startled Mundin.

"There goes the Duchess of Rye, stupid," Louise snaps.

But just as they reach the elevator the door slams.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"We missed it!" Louise pants in mock dismay.

"Maybe it was the wrong car," Mundin suggests.

Dolores Del Rio, Louise Fazenda and Herbert Mundin in "Meet the Duchess," Del Rio's last picture for Warners.

Fazenda is really dolled up in a cloth of gold dress with a long train and a three-quarter length cape. She has a huge bunch of green, brown and orange flowers on her shoulder.

There are a lot of laughs on this set despite the aura of solemnity and dignity Miss Del Rio creates about her. I'll bet if a vote were taken Louise Fazenda would be elected the most popular woman in Hollywood. She's always kidding.

After the shot is finished, John Ellis, the still photographer on the set, grabs at the suspenders of the head electrician (a very fat gentleman) as he passes, pulls them way out and lets them snap. "Why do you wear suspenders?" Ellis asks.

"I'm not going to after tomorrow," the electrician informs him, ruefully rubbing his back where the suspenders have stung him as they snapped back. "I'm going to kill myself with a belt!"

And, lastly, we have "Men of Iron" which introduces Barton MacLane as a star. He has only recently been made General Foreman of the Bolding Works—a huge plant in the town. Tonight he comes home to his patient ever-loving wife, Dorothy Peterson, to tell her he has again been promoted—this time to the General Managership. Trembling with excitement he embraces her. She is a little surprised at this but starts to return it when she suddenly sees the dirt on his arms where he has rolled up his sleeves.

"For a general foreman you sure bring home a workman's shirt of dirt!" she flips.

"General foreman?" he repeats triumphantly, "You are now looking at the new General Manager."

"General Manager," she sighs happily, "Oh, gee, Christ!" And then she notices his dirty shirt, "You'll have to get another clean shirt, Mr. General Manager."

That kind of thinking is apt to run up the expenses, so we button our coat up to the neck and fade out.

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It was like Pamp not to even ask their names. They were good fellows who knew good beer when they tasted it and that was all that mattered. And today, when approached, those same troopers remember the easy-to-like Cornell student, speak proudly of that party, and will tell you that "Pamp" Tone is not only a regular guy but the best actor in pictures... and mean it.

A few times he felt rebellious enough to drive his ancient Ford sedan, which Norm Bissell later inherited to the the campus grounds in the early morning hours. Once he almost ran over a night watchman, certainly he frightened him half to death. But these were merely the outbursts of exuberant, youth, of a spirit whose unique individualism believed in "obeying that impulse."

Then there is the memorable occasion when Red Mason of Milwaukee, Norm Bissell and Pamp Tone went to Bailey Hall and listened to an afternoon in charge of Dramatic Association. During his last year at Cornell he did not have morning classes but on these three days he would drag himself from bed and, still half asleep, over his "fat fear," over his "fear," said Professor Mason, "something might be said about him while he was away."

They have never lost track of each other, these two, though perhaps it is only once or twice a year that letters pass between them. And while he deplores the loss to the teaching profession Mason is inordinately proud of the success Franchot is building for himself.

On the other hand, Professor A. M. Drummond, who has been associated with some of Franchot's productions, believes that Pamp did the best and wisest thing. He cannot see that there could ever have been a moment's indecision as to what to be. It was then and still is, according to this man, impossible for Tone not to get the best out of his chosen profession.

FRANCHOT played his first role when he was the late editor of the "Critic" in the first production of Shakespeare's "The House" at Cornell. Under his direction he appeared in such plays as Sheridan's "The Critic;" in the first production of "The Stranger" by Graycore; in plays by O'Neill, Barrie, Dunsany, Goodman, Mirabeau and others. And always the theatre came first with him...

In this point everyone with whom Tone seemed agreed... it was the greatest love and joy of his life. He would forego any pleasure, any previous engagement for the chance to read a new part or do any work that meant advancement in the theatre. In his three years at Cornell he played a variety of parts, one of the most memorable and outstanding being that of Oberon in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

During his last year he was president of the Dramatic Club and he also staged and designed "The Masked Show" a production of the Savage Club, modernized after the Savage Club in London. I believe Tone was one of the organizers of this club.

It is interesting to compare the attitude of these two professors toward Franchot. Both are unashamedly proud of having had a hand in the shaping of his life. Professor Mason is no less informed but his conversation takes on the form of reminiscence—"I remember when..." He chats with graced informality about his association with Franchot, telling anecdotes which he frequently "off the record and not for publication." Always there is a humorous twinkle in his eyes and the smile on his lips which is so typical of Franchot.

Feminine friendship is as necessary to Franchot as the air he breathes and this
need was met in Ithaca by pretty Tessie Barton, now Mrs. Allan Tremaine of the family into which Irene Castle once married. They met at a tea at Pamp's fraternity, one of the few affairs of this kind he ever attended there, for Alpha Delta Phi distinctly disapproved of them. He covered them with more glory than they are likely to receive for many years to come. From Mrs. Tremaine, he learned that Pamp had an excellent collection of Orthopthic records. He was particularly partial to the dramatic composers, Debussy and Wagner, and to all French music. Playing these records, reading aloud from "Alice in Wonderland," and working at his dramatic club formed his major activities in Cornell.

Tone was, according to both Professors Mason and Bissell, a remarkable but not a brilliant student. Even today Bissell recalls with considerable chagrin how he had to dig for the very things which Pamp Tone's retentive memory and photographic mind acquired with the utmost ease.

Somewhere I have read that Franchot was athletically inclined. Norm Bissell will tell you that he not only did not go in for sports but was not even interested enough to go to baseball or football games. He was described by his brother Jerome Tone, Jr., who preceded him at Cornell and won considerable prominence in both sports. Pamp was only interested in athletics as a kind of religion to him and he never allowed anything to interfere with it.

Franchot had a passion for books on the history of the theater and sophisticated literature. His family allowed him carte blanche in the purchase of such volumes and his theater was always filled with his Ithaca associates as the most complete of its kind they had ever seen. Norman Douglas' "South Wind" was his favorite book of modern fiction, to which he gave autographed copies of it to all his friends.

Franchot was always interested in form and manners, so much so that during his stay at Cornell he wrote a report on the history of manners, in which he cited Chesterfield's letters. The thoroughness of this necessity is a matter of pride to his professors as is also a treatise he prepared on Wagner's music. Form and manners, music, literature and the allied arts make up the basic qualities of this very modern Pamp Tone with the contradictory streak of democratic aridity. He is always ready to take up the torch where some fallen crusader has dropped it in his struggle for a principle.

"Asked Pamp about an occasion when he made stump speeches. He had quite forgotten all about it, and he laughed in what I could not decide was derision or the embarrassment a little boy feels when he has been taken for a fool. "I must have been drunk, if I did that," he said. "I don't recall anything about it." "You never did go in for that sort of thing," I said.

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, parties and drinking. I understand you used to make one cocktail do all evening." He chuckled.

"Say, listen, I'm a Kappa Beta Phi... don't let them kid you. I didn't miss much fun."

One of the things about which Pamp is most proud is that he is the wearer of both the Phi Beta Kappa and the Kappa Beta Phi key... an almost unheard of occurrence. I only know one other person who has both these keys and, strangely enough, he is a professor of English... a former University of Virginia graduate. When a Kappa Beta Phi key is awarded two things are necessary, first, you must have thunked a subject; secondly the key is dropped into a bottle of glass of whiskey and in order to get it you must drink the whiskey, without removing the container from your lips, and take the key into your mouth at that time. And, of course, everyone knows that a Phi Beta Kappa key is a scholarship key. Which explains why both keys are almost never held by one person.

Tone did have a number of nice things on Broadway. He had worked with the New Playwrights' Guild and he had been a member of the original Group Theatre. His first real New York play was "The Age of Innocence," with Katherine Cornell, and he appeared in "Green Grow the Lilacs," "The House of Connelly" and "Success Story.

Out in Astoria, at the old Paramount Studio, he had had his first taste of film glory in "The Wiser Sex" with Claudio Colbert and William Boyd. This was in March 1932, just a little more than three years ago, and yet today Franchot Tone speaks of bowing to an uncertain quantity.

"This has come to him on merit alone. He has not reached his present stature by riding, as has often been suggested, on the shoulders of certain friends. I wasn't raised in a family which made grinding implements for nothing. A man with the brains and ability to develop Carborundum, a composition hard enough to cut diamonds, certainly could not fail to instill a little of this quality into his son. Yes, sir, Pamp's backbone is in the right place. His career is founded on fact and will continue to thrive and blossom no matter in what soil it is planted. Tone, if given even one hundredth of a chance, is bound to become one of the unforgettable figures of the American screen."

"And this is the lad who made dramatic history at Cornell. I have not talked with any of his professors, classmates, and friends in Ithaca since the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and I am wondering what they think of Pamp now. I am wondering how they will feel when they see him in "Mutiny on the Bounty.""

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**GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE**

[Continued from page 49]
"The Milky Way"

[Continued from page 20]

seeing Burleigh's hands in the air, made a logical conclusion that here indeed was a hold-up beneath his very nose. The cop would listen to no explanations, but with a huge revolver against Spider's ribs he marched him to the station house.

Burleigh, now that the familiar peace of the early morning had returned, was swiftly about the business of the trip. He took his tray full of bottles and ran lightly as the dawn to back door and dumbwaiter, returning to the stage car so many years before as a paint brush between strokes returns to the pall of paint.

But drama, intense and horrifying, was a anad on this page, the more sinister note had struck! In the midst of Burleigh's pleasant routine, dread disaster had overtaken the shining white equipage, which was as full of milk as a coconut, and laid Agnes low. When Burleigh appeared from the basement entrance of 49 Roosevelt Court he found the faithful Agnes lying despairingly on her side. Burleigh's world had crashed.

"Help! Help!" he cried.

Heads appeared at many windows, and what but a seldom seen spectacle had seemed a deserted city became quite alive, glamorous and vocative.

"What's the matter down there?"

"Stop the racket."

"How do you expect me to sleep?"

"What's the trouble?"

The whole block seemed to be yelling questions and all cackling together as one hen will set a whole hen roost to squawking. "I gotta use a phone," Burleigh explained to the now thoroughly agitated citizenry. His plea failed to impress any one of the more vocal members of his audience, so Polly, as pretty a maid as ever wore a nightgown, (played by Ida Lutin House, Spike's maid,) called down to the distracted milkman. "What do you want to use a phone for?"

"It's a matter of life and death—I need help," Burleigh answered.

"All right, you can use mine. Apartment 319," said Polly.

Burleigh ran to Polly's room and, as he entered, Polly popped into bed. The ensuing phone conversation startled Polly considerably.

"Mr. Kinny... hello—hello!... Mr. Kinny, something's happened to Agnes," lawled Burleigh. After the conversation Polly suggested, "You better bring the lady up here."

"But when Burleigh explained that Agnes was a horse, the reaction was too much for Polly's composure and she fairly rolled with laughter and, carried away with mirth, unconsolably friendly, very attractive and disclosed many a praiseworthy curve, round and luscious, until Burleigh fled from the laughing maid, covered in dishfulness and--leaving his cap behind.

Through that unpretentious bit of head gear, another meeting came about between Polly and Burleigh Suitran, and romance began to ride about in the shining milk wagon until a flower almost sprouted from each Grade A milk bottle and honey from each Grade B.

Gabby Sloan's idea was taking form and in spite of hell and high water, the day arrived when Burleigh, fascinated, listened to the voice of the tempter, for Gabby was wily, adroit and convincing.

"You're yelling at me, calling you The Tiger. See? There's eighty thousand people to see you. You're the main guy—you got dough, thousands of dollars. The cowd-call the Tiger! Tiger!" Gabby paused for breath and just then the phone rang. Burleigh answered the call and from the bewildered expression on his face Gabby became aware that against his warm relations and trouble were abroad in the land.

"But, Mr. Kinny," Burleigh remonstrated, "Agnes was sick and of course I sent her straight home, but Mr. Kinny, I never had sixty dollars. I can't pay, Mr. Kinny!"

And then over the face of Burleigh, the milkman, the clouds came creeping, kissing tower and steeples, there came the dawn of an idea. His radiant face turned to Gabby Sloan.

"I do it," he yelled. "I'll fight, I'll fight."

Gabby decided that the training of Burleigh, now called "The Tiger," would be best conducted in a retreat far from inquisitive newspaper reporters. So as the warm days of summer drowsed away and the mosquitoes sang their litanies, the old Jenkin's place, along the Chippewa, became a changed habitation. The erstwhile chicken coop was now the dressing room of "The Tiger" and, in the yard by the side of the cowd-calling, the Jepkins farmhouse, Jenkins had grown cauliflower, there stood, four square to all the world, a roped arena complete with canvas and bell. In this training program, however, did not go forward. Burleigh listened attentively to the Spider and tried to profit by the wisdom of his remarks, but the main art seemed indeed quite unintelligible to him.

Ann even took a hand in teaching Burleigh to move his feet and danced with him around the ring while Spider looked over in complete disgust. The girls, Mae and Polly, arrived at the training camp, and, as the shadows grew long across the meadow land, Grayman, as usual, and Polly and Mae walked and talked, quite happily together. And behind the barn, Burleigh and Polly talked to one another, smiling, and went across the lower pasture the red winged blackbirds by the river edge so lustily sang their trilling song, that it, too, seemed just a little more of the same delightful story.

Finally the night of The Tiger's first fight arrived and Gabby Sloan was reassuring him in his corner that he was plainly terrified. He heard the advice of Gabby, but he seemed hardly confident of the outcome of his coming battle.

"I'll And not only that," said Gabby, "but you got your charm with you and when you have that old horse's tail there ain't nothing to worry about."

Burleigh was searching for something, but alas, whatever it was his search brought nothing to light, and as Gabby turned toward the announcer the Fighting Milkman stepped out, the lights were shut off, and the crowd was escaped. The crowd hooted and yelled and when Gabby turned around he was not pleased to see the empty corner. Gabby, quick to realize what had happened, rushed from the arena in pursuit. Later, the lost charm was found, and equipped with the magic horns' tail, Burleigh returned to the ring. The crowd jeered at him and the huge incandescent lamps revealed each tremor of fear.

At Burleigh's apartment were Speed and Mae, while at the barber shop Polly listened and maneuvered feebly as the blow by blow description was broadcast.

"Her voice is down," yelled the radio announcer. "Her voice is down," yelled the radio announcer. The crowd cheered wildly for The Tiger. His remarkable ducking had kept The Tornado from long and his left jabs seemed to have jolted The Tornado into helplessness.
Shirley said, "ring the killer out!" During the fight, Gabby, the famous Fighting Milkman was over in his corner drinking a glass of milk. The crafty Gabby's publicity plans were taking shape. The newspapers had flaunted the glory of Burleigh's triumphal battles continuously, so that on the day he was to reach his home town every man, woman and child was in holiday mood. At the station the Milkmen's Band blared and topped and the breeze rippled a thousand flags and banners, while above the heads of the crowd huge balloons advertised to all the world the prowess of Burleigh Sullivan, now The Tiger, The Fighting Milkman.

The train drew into the station and pandemonium broke loose. Cheers rent the air. The balloons lurched and tugged at their restraining ropes, confetti whitened the shoulders of the thousands of welcoming citizens. Gabby and Burleigh at last appeared and the frenzied crowd yelled and sang, pounded one another's backs and milked about their hero.

"Tiger!" "Tiger Milkman!"

Gabby, dressed like a ring master, had met Ann and was explaining the ballyhoo, while Burleigh, in clothes so loud that the plaid and stripes seemed to weigh him down, took the bows and kept the excitement going. He patronsed Speed and kissed his sister, Mae. She tried to tell him something, but Burleigh had spotted Polly and rushed to her while news weekly cameramen ground their cameras and the admiring fans hurled long paper streamers at them. Prominent among the important arrivals was Mr. Wilbur Austin, head of the Dairy Company and Burleigh's former boss. He took many bows and grinned as Burleigh introduced him to the crowd as his new manager. Ann questioned Gabby and learned that The Tiger had been sold by him to Austin, but that the $5,000 purchase price had all been bet on Speed to win over Burleigh. Some fight fans in the crowd did not seem impressed with Burleigh's horse-play and one went so far as to put his hand into the cab in which Speed and Mae were leaving, asking:

"Hey, Speed! What round you goin' to flatten that guy?" indicating Burleigh.

Mae turned to Speed, an expression of amazement in her eyes. "You never told me you were going to fight my brother," she said coldly. As Speed tried to escape, her questioning, Mae at last saw the whole hideous plot. "I get it," she cried. "Six knockouts in a row. The fight fans get a stepped up-then you step in and send my brother to the hospital. Keep your dirty hands off me."

Speed tried to reassure her, but Mae, fathoming the whole campaign clearly for the first time, refused to be placated. That night was the occasion for the big reception at the palatial Austin home. Mrs. Winthrop Lenmore, sponsor of the Milk Fund, was there to meet the principals, and the fight articles were ready to be signed by Gabby and Speed for their appearance at the Milk Fund Fights. Gabby went for the fighters to get their signatures and Speed, looking very serious, entered with Mae.

Gabby greeted him. "Okay Speed. Now you sign on the bottom line. I'll sign Elwood McFarland instead of Speed, that'll make it look legal." "I'm not fightin', Gabby," said Speed as he refused the pen. "The scrap's off."

Slowly it dawned upon Gabby that Speed really meant to refuse to sign. He looked around wildly. The others in the room gasped in open-mouthed wonder. For a moment Gabby watched the swinging pendulum of a tall clock as if fascinated. Then he let his eyes travel around the luxurious room and come to rest on Speed. "You sign that contract," he relented.

To Gabby's horror Speed took the contract and tore it into bits. "I'm not going to fight my brother-in-law," he said, and Mae lifted her chin defiantly. "Speed," moaned Gabby, "you know my blood pressure. Do you want to kill me?"

The butler announced Burleigh, who came in dressed in full evening dress. He went to the center of the room and demanded to know the reason for the tense situation. Gabby whirled on him dramatically and pointing to the torn fight articles, said:

"He done it! Ha! Go ahead, Speed, tell him so we can all laugh.

"It's like I said," said Speed. "I'm not going to fight my brother-in-law.

Burleigh in his ballyhoo mood made fun of Speed and announced his meeting with Mrs. Lemoyne. But no sooner did Mae realize how her happiness, her home and her darling to-come-babies were being jeopardized than she ended the fight, and demanded that Speed sign up at once, much to Speed's delight.

Meanwhile, Gabby had taught the "knee action" trick to Mrs. Lemoyne. When Polly appeared, Mrs. Lemoyne left them alone, but Polly surprised Burleigh by signing up to do with him. She called him a killer and finally got him to promise that he would not fight. It was only when Gabby had pled the cause of Charlie, her baby, crying for milk that Burleigh signed and the great fight was on.

But Polly felt that she could not bear to see Burleigh almost murder the former

Pauline Goddard playing mother to Charlie Chaplin's boys, Sidney, left, and Charles, Jr. Shirley Temple joins the fun.

Is there someone one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamp-light—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 LASMERT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHAD TONE.

Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

LASMERT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASMERT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLASH on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be sienk and full of dancing rainbows. KURLASH is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.

**Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.**

Write Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. address Dept. SS-3.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 

...
champ, so she went to plead with Speed.

"He ain't going to hurt nobody," laughed Speed. "I'm carrying him for three rounds, then—zing!"

"I'm going to tell him," cried Polly.

"Oh, no you ain't," said Speed as he grabbed Polly and tussled with her, trying to lock her in the closet. But Polly was furious at him, and, kicking the door with her full strength, she swung it open just as Speed charged at her and his head struck the edge of the door with such force that he dumped over to the floor out cold.

Polly tried to make good her threat to Speed and so went to Burleigh's dressing room to tell him the news, but to her consolation Burleigh was missing. The pine boards of the cheaply made dressing room echoed hollowly to her calls and she realized that once more the heavy hand of the unexpected had held their destinies in danger. Could she have seen Burleigh she would have realized that the soft heart of the milkman that she had so instinctively liked actually did actuate his every act, for Burleigh had slipped away to the hospital to see Agnes, his once devoted horse. His trip was well rewarded, for he found the veterinary help there, and Agnes was looking very happy to see him. There, by the side of his former business associate, was a weak-legged pony whose gentle gaze entirely won Burleigh's heart.

Spider had been told to keep an eye on The Tiger so, after Burleigh disappeared, Spider took to Gabby the note Burleigh had left: "Tell Gabby I'll be a little late for the fight.

Gabby was desperate. The thousands of fight fans roared at the preliminary fighters and Gabby knew they were in a tough mood. When the time for the main bout came and still Burleigh was missing, Gabby went to get Speed to fill in the time and found him on the floor still groggy. "Get me the ammunition—wait a minute...I got it myself. But alas, it was the sleeping medicine all the time! Gabby put the bottle to Speed's mouth, made him drink and so another complication came into the picture.

Later, Gabby Sloan took the mike to the studio to tell the audience at the fights the thrilling story of The Tiger as Speed needed in his corner, Burleigh, with the colt, tried to get into the other side of the ring. The fight fans yelled with delight. The Fighting Millers, Gabby's name for the team, is as famous as the story, "He's a sketch, that guy!" "Hey, Tiger!" they yelled vociferously.

Overhead a lazy blimp flashed electric words to hasten the wheels of commerce. The last glint of daylight faded from the western sky. Soda and cigarette boys called raucously to the excited fans and the peace of night had a hard time to find a place to settle.

For life is all a comedy to fight fans and philosophers, and as Speed and Burleigh stepped to the middle of the ring to receive their final instructions Mac and Polly hung their arms about another, their young hearts beating faster as tether. The bell rang for round one!

O-Kay Francis [continued from page 17]
whose romances can be kept about as sub rosa as a brass band. What the public was to know, was the public discovery. The romance is Delmer Davis, writer on the Warner lot, and the only writer there, we are told, whose contract permits him to write for other studios. Delmer is tall, red-headed, intelligent, not hand-some, and very quiet. Went to Stanford and studied law. He wrote "Hiration Walk," and was noticed on the set for his ability to write when that picture was shooting. He wrote "Strangled" for Kay, and was on the set all day long. Kay gave the romance a vacation. He later appeared in "Heart of the Century." and was noticed at least as an interesting atmosphere. Beyond that is vanity. My friends take me as I am, and I have no de-sire to impress strangers." My gosh, she sounds too sensible to be a movie star. I wish there were more like her.

Kay is an economical lady, with planned economy, and will some day be, undoubtedly, one of Hollywood's wealthiest women. It's a cinch she will never be in an extra line, begging for work, when she is old and gray. She seems to subscribe to the Nitch-wealth theory that one's first duty to the world is to take care of one's self. Anyway, it's a good theory no matter what Kay's money does.

There have been three Fords in Kay's Hollywood career. (She hates, she says, the "limousine attitude" toward life. When a child, she had a penchant for naming things, and still does. The Ford is called Rabbit. The Ford with Peter and She-Peter is the Seven Vessels. The Dachshund is Weenie. The bird is Napoleon the Second). A noisy bull-frog that moves all around with her. She has three houses in Hollywood (seven years) is called Basso Profundo.

Kay dislikes jewelry and never wears it. In a safe deposit vault in Wall Street two jewels shine unseen, a diamond and an emerald. They are the symbols of a departed love, and their history is kept a deep secret.

Her next picture is to be "Lovely Lady," and no picture ever had a more appropriate title. She is lovely. And she has the background, the discrimination, the selectivity, that really constitutes a lady.

The Gentleman from New Guinea (Continued from page 10)

A traveleau film expedition fired his soul and unleashed thecric years. Deciding to do something about it, he returned to England.

His career began with stock companies, after which he played on the London stage with Herbert Marshall in "Another Language," had the lead in "Othello" and starred in John Drinkwater's drama, "A Man's House." His dashint personality in an English film brought him the coveted role of Peter Blood.

A confessed fatalist, he regards the movies as a part of the adventure. This career business isn't turning out such a snap as he had anticipated. If it, he probably would have given it up by now.

"I never worry about anything." He settled his sinewy length in a big chair and lit a cigarette.

"In those days I was just a kid, now, oh no, because it is a reproduction of life's drama. No matter how energetic one is, one can't go everywhere and do everything, except vicariously. That's why the movies appeal to me more than the stage, with their wide panorama of locales and dramas, their vivid actual. I can't stand routines.

"I had read of Hollywood as a cruel place, where hopes were dashed, an in-sular world self-sufficient, excluding outsiders. It was to quiet these fatalistic, their justifiable competitive spirit, the people are friendly. They are clever and inter-esting, and smart individuals."

"I've always been interested, I can see where it is going to be my toughest adventure. That's why it appeals to me.

As all current fans know, he married Lili Damita, the beautiful French star, and emigrated to Hollywood. They had met on shipboard, en route to America.

Lili Damita, wife of Lili as the international fiancée, as she had been reported engaged to Prince Louis Ferdinand of Germany, to Hugo Brasse of England, to Sidney Smith and now to Delmer Davis. Who can compete against those beguiling Irishmen?

The diamond in her engagement ring was worth five years ago in Kay on Guinean with part of the money for which he had sold his gold strike, as he thought it would be easier to carry out his new wealth in rough-cut stones. He traded the others for stocks, which promptly slid off the exchange, but kept that one sparkler as a good luck token.

Though he represented England at the Amsterdam Olympics in 1906, in the heavy-weight boxing class, he doesn't follow any daily box-office routine, except that he has been practicing fencing for his "Captain Blood" role. His boxing career was "just fun," and he likes tennis and swimming, too.

He has written short stories and a book describing the dangers and thrills of pearl-hunting. He has sailed, fished, and watched his natives win battles against sharks.

Twice he decided he had had enough of New Guinea, and once to Buenos Aires, but when he was called back by the fascinating spell of the tropics. The primitive naturalness of life down there appeals to him.

Watching actors' shadows flicker across a tree-stretched picture, the line is not sound, little did he dream that some day he would be performing such exploits on the screen, himself.

"In small towns in the tropics, the re-actions of both natives and whites are alike. Except it was to quiet their justifiable competitive spirit, the people are friendly. They are clever and interesting, and smart individuals."

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“The Feed Bag”  
[Continued from page 8]  
front gate. The ranch house sprawls comfortably beneath any number of beautiful cottonwoods and walnut trees, and an atmosphere of peace and security prevails. Hollywood seems a long way off from there, although Buck makes it in to town in twenty minutes in his high-pressure car.

In summer Buck doesn’t eat much for his morning meal. Coffee, raisin-toast and cereal, usually. In winter, however, he generally shell seven or eight walnuts around the ranch corral, helping rub down his horses and looking after his powerful Danes. His appetite is keen therefore, and he likes a man’s size breakfast of ham and eggs or bacon and eggs with either waffles or hot cakes and coffee.

For lunch, he eats in the studio lunchroom and orders whatever he prefers on the bill-of-fare offered him.

Dinner is something else again. He likes vegetable soup, watercress or combination salad with mayonnaise and Calomel. Buck hunts a great deal and often brings home a brace of wild ducks. Odelle always cooks them herself and then she knows exactly how Buck likes them prepared. He prefers this meat rare. Buck cleans them well for her, then she bakes them, without basting, in the oven hot over coals for twenty or thirty minutes. She bastes the meat with water and frequently she uses orange juice in place of water, as the tang of orange juice detracts from the wild flavor of the meat. She covers the breasts of the ducks with thin slices of salt pork when roasting. She often places a few stalks of celery inside the duck if it is to be served quite rare. When guests are invited for a duck dinner, she cooks it longer when the family is dining alone.

Here is a simple menu of a Buck Jones Duck Dinner:

**Onion soup**

Wild Duck with Wild Rice 
**Carrant Jelly Salad** 
(Cress and Endive or Lettuce and Cress)

French 
**Rice** 
Squash or 
**Asparagus**

Lemon tarts 
**Cheese Coffee**

Buck prefers duck to turkey and it is not unusual for them to have an appetizing duck dinner on Christmas day. Neither Buck nor Odelle have the type to do anything just because it is considered the regular or routine thing to do. They live their lives as they see fit and proper themselves. Because they are happiest in simple living, they do not attempt to go social or make an impression, although the Jones bank account compares favorably with some of the screen’s most popular stars. Odelle gave me her recipe for making lemon tarts. They are much better to serve with duck than with lemon pie. Here it is:

To make the tart shell:
1 1/2 pound butter 6 tablespoons sugar 2 cups flour 4 egg yolks
1 teaspoon salt

Work salt, flour, and butter together; add egg yolks and a tablespoon of water if mixture is too stiff. Roll out on a board only long enough to have dough patted. Put in ice box to chill.

To bake tart shells—
Line pastry cases or large muffin tins, or individual baking molds, according to the size tart you want, with thinly rolled paste, fluting the edges, and pressing to molds, so that drip will not stick, in baking. Bake in medium hot oven but do not brown too thoroughly. For the filling, use the same recipe as for lemon pie filling.
Walter Winchell and Damon Runyon, who plotted doing a G-man story sometime ago, had an offer from a producer who had heard about it. The boys received a wire from him reading: "Would like to see a skeleton of your story."

"WOULD LIKE TO SEE A SKELETON OF YOUR DOUGH," was the wire they shot back.

Anne Shirley [Continued from page 21]

tirely forgotten. Now and then she would throw him a roguish glance to see if she were being properly appreciated, much to Farnum's amusement.

"What chance has a man got," he said laughing, "when they begin to coquet at the age of three?"

Shortly after this picture Mrs. O'Day, acting on the advice of Mr. Brenon and several friends, packed up and went to Hollywood. Not only was there more opportunity there for the child in pictures, but living was cheaper and Hollywood a more livable place than New York for people in moderate circumstances.

For the first few years she did very well, then the tide turned and the struggle for existence became a rather terrible one. The little girl felt the strain, she was seven or eight by that time, as much as her mother did. She knew that earning the living was her responsibility, and although she was not fully aware of what it all meant she knew in her baby way that they were "up against it" and that she must find a way out. She didn't know how to do that, except to put her whole heart and soul into the work she had now grown to love.

Solving an economic problem is heavy meat for a child so young and Dawn took it far more seriously than was best for her—and yet it was those years of anxiety that fostered a deep longing for something, she knew not what, that deepened the child's nature. Tides of emotion too obscure for her to express radiated from her in everything she did. They do yet. You saw it.
Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the movie fan who finds that those spots dancing before his eyes are Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. These two have worked out the pattern for every musical picture, or rather trod it out, as those French maidens tread the champagne out of grapes (only faster, and Fred and Ginger wear shoes). Well, anyway, it is their cycle and they can stick to it. Their gay bonanza, "Top Hat," has gone through the country collecting as thoroughly as a California Tax Collector. Now everyone wonders about their next piece, "Follow The Fleet," and this is to let you know you can Follow The Fleet feet of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and learn their story if you get Silver Screen for February.

The exclusive fictionization of "Follow The Fleet" will be the leading feature of our next issue, and what a feature! Complete and exciting. And how it will be talked about, upstairs and downstairs. It's a play! It's better than that—it's a double play—Astaire to Rogers to Berlin. (You know, Irving Berlin does the music.)

Smart people have found that they get more pleasure from a picture after they have read the story, or if they see it a second time. Also they point to the success of pictures made from popular books.

So, read the story of "Follow The Fleet" and enjoy to the full the greatest comedy, acting, dancing couple on the screen today—Fred Astaire and Ginger (Cover Girl!) Rogers. It is a treat at any time and our treat next month. Help yourself!

* * * * *

DID you see the new kind of jokes in this issue? They are TRUECOMICS—jokes really made by the wits of Hollywood.

* * * * *

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(Signed)

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—and a Merry Christmas to you all

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Fictionized
"Not the least of my luxuries
IS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"
SAYS MISS ELISABETH REMSEN

Miss Elisabeth Remsen
of
REMSENBURG, L.I.
and New York City...member of distinguished and conservative Manhattan family...ardent sportswoman—excella in riding, speed-boatting, aqua-planing, golf, in fact all active sports. Her position, dignity and charm make her a most sought-after member of New York's social groups.

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If your teeth are dull, off-color, and look only half clean, start using Listerine Tooth Paste now. See how quickly it brings improvement.

Note how thoroughly but gently it cleans—and how quickly. Thousands are won by this speedy action.

See how it erases unsightly surface stains and discolorations. "Magically," say many. Note the brilliant flash and lustre it gives after brushing is over.

The really remarkable results that Listerine Tooth Paste gives are due to special, delicate, light-as-a-feather cleansers not found in ordinary dentifrices.

As they cleanse so gently, they also polish...softer than enamel, they cannot harm it and so can be used year in and year out without danger.

Start now to give your teeth better care. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and let it show you what it can do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
THere's no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp... hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustroously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.
A Letter from Lisa

DEAR EDITOR:

The subject of our little talk today is Raffles. Not Gentleman Raffles like Ronnie Colman, but church and fair raffles. All started when Madge Evans and Una Merkel asked me to drive down to San Diego with them to close the fair which you've read so much about this year. It seems that a beautifully furnished Barkers Brothers house had to be raffled off, not to mention an Auburn car, spode china, and radio galore. Madge had been chosen to cut the big barrel and pull out the winning tickets. Despite the fact that Una and I grew reckless and bought fifty chances each at the last minute we won not a thing, and haven't spoken to Madge since. A Mexican from Sonora, Mexico, won the beautifully furnished house and it will be such a dandy place for whipping up chile and enchiladas.

"I've never won anything in a raffle," Una complained, "except once at a church social in a little southern town. I was eleven at the time and as skinny as a rail. I bought a fifty cent raffle ticket and won a hand crocheted brassiere—size forty."

I was telling this the next day at Metro and it seems that half the Metro lot had had their sad experiences with raffles. John Wayne and MacDonald once won a parrot at a school raffle, when she was a little girl taking the first stepping stones to literature in Philadelphia. She was crazy about the parrot though it did talk raffle and absolutely refused to talk, and could hardly wait to get home to show it to her mother and sisters. The parrot took one look at the very lovely and regal Mrs. MacDonald and croaked, "Why, you son of a gun. The parrot went right back to the school-house.

Myrna Loy won a turkey from the local missionary society once but it seems that the bird was a patriarch of a line of turkeys, so it was more to be admired than chewed. Clark Gable won a box of Dotty Dimple cut out paper dolls, and you can just imagine how happy that made Clark. Of course, only last fall Elizabeth Allan took two chances on a car in Hollywood, gave one of the tickets to her cook and the other to her maid and promptly forgot about it. Several months later she read in the newspapers she had just won a new Ford readster. And now Elizabeth Allan's maid is the happiest maid in town.

Though she didn't pick a winning ticket for herself either at the fair Madge Evans won the comment distressing. One of the officials said to her: "How long since you've been in pictures, Miss Evans?" Madge told him she was planning a come-back. Me now—I've never even won a crocheted brassiere, have you?
The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES


A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

for February 1936
ANNIE OAKLEY—Fine. Barbara Stanwyck as the vivacious Annie Oakley, crack rifle shot in Buffalo, Bill Cody's famous circus several decades ago. This film should please all type of her color, action, romance and some historical interest. (Melvyn Douglas.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Fair. There's a night-club background to this tale of a torch singer (Winfred Shaw) who loves her manager (Lyle Talbot), only to learn that he's gone goofy over a Park Avenue socialite (Genevieve Tobin), Allen Jenkins and Spring Byington furnish the laughs.

CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS—Fair. This was once one of Harold Hert Wright's most popular novels dealing with civic affairs in a large Western town. The story still holds elements of general interest. (Richard Arlen, Donald Cook, Charlotte Wynters.)

CORONADO—Good. An amusing musical, with tuneful melodies, some uproarious rowdy comedy, and young romance, of course. Eddie Duchin furnishes the music, Jack Haley, Andy Devine and Leon Errol the laughs, and Betty Burgess is the interest.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Fine. Josef Von Sternberg turns an interesting production of this famous Dostoevsky story of a man tortured by his conscience after deliberately committing murder, even though the characterization hardly penetrates the possibilities of the original. (Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, Marian Marsh.)

EAST OF JAVA—Fair. This is simply bursting with melodramatic situations... with Charles Bickford the bad man who takes command of a trap steamboat that is beached on an inland wilderness with wild animal life. (Elizabeth Young, Leslie Fenton, Frank Albertson.)

FIRST A GIRL—Amusing. An English comedy with music, with lovely Jessie Matthews as a clever impersonator, and Sonnie Hale as her light-hearted manager. It is really quite entertaining.

FORCED LANDING—Good. A murder takes place on an airplane and by the time it is landed every passenger is considered a suspect. Character. If you like mysteries of this kind, this won't let you down except at the end—and by that time you will have had your fun. (Toby Wing, Osa Novell, Sydney Blackmer.)

FRISCO WATERFRONT—Good. Ben Lyon as a cagey痨g who meets with an accident, and during his time under anesthetic relives his entire past life. A story told backwards, as it were, but interesting nevertheless. (Helen Twelvetrees.)

JUST MY LUCK—Fair. A come-back for Charlie Ray in the awkward boy type role he made famous during the old silent days. (Anne O'Connor.)

PETER IBBETSON—Fine. George Du Maurier's exquisite story of a mystic lover that existed mainly through the inspired work of Dostoefsky, now becomes an absorbing photography. (Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, Dickie Moore, Jane Wedder.)

RENDEZVOUS—Delightful. Heroes are certainly made not born. In this story of romantic intrigue in Washington during the World War, Will Farnell, forced to remain at home while the clever ruse of Rosalind Russell, proves the point in most exhilarating fashion.

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Fair. A wealthy man (Walter Connolly) with his pleasure-loving, extravagant family, George Raft, a former gangster, with the usual romantic caveman results. Joan Bennett is the daughter who gets tamed, and Billie Burke the wife.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—Fine. Another exciting melodrama which will keep you tense in your seat until every gangster and gangster is either dead or behind bars. (Rochelle Hudson, Bruno Veidt, Cesar Romero.)

SONG OF THE DAMNED—Fair. A story that takes us to the penal colony at Devil's Island in So. America for the greater portion of the dramatic plot. The principle players are Victor Jory, Florence Rice and Norman Foster.

SO RED THE ROSE—Excellent. An unsurprisingly moving tale of the old South just before and after the Civil War and the part played by a young man upon an aristocratic old family. The cast is headed by Henry Wilcoxon and Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher.

SPLENDOR—Fine. Although the story is a blend of sophisticated trivialities (that of a snobbish V. family going to any lengths in order to retain its smug position in society) it is so well constructed and so well acted and photographed that it is bound to capture your interest. (Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Billie Burke.)

STARS OVER BROADWAY—Good. A musical with Pat O'Brien as a talent scout, and with Jean Muir as the girl with high ambitions and not much ability. Both Frank Morgan and Jean Friedman, of radio fame, sing very well indeed.

3 KIDS AND A QUEEN—Good. A wealthy eccentric man (Mike Robinson) allows his three hungry relatives to think she is kidnapped, and then allows them to turn him into a madcap melodrama and romance. Fine cast includes Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry, Henry Armetta.

THANKS A MILLION—Excellent. A political satire set to music, and a very well cast as a singer who actually wins a governorship! Fred Allen, the radio top notch, gives a fine show of himself here as do Ann Dvorak, Patric Kelly and Raymond Walburn. You'll like this.

THROWBACK, THE—Good. An average Western tale dealing with cattle rustlers—and with Buck Jones riding his horse into victory at every count. (Muriel Evans, Bryant Washburn, George Hays.)

TO BEAT THE BAND—Fair fare. One of those typical musical comedy ideas about a goofy young man (Hugh Herbert) who is left a huge fortune with the condition that he marry a widow. Helen Broderick lends excellent support.

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—Good. A British-made feature featuring our own Rosine Claire as an ex-cabaret singer who turns governness in the home of George Curzon, a peer of the realm. The variety of tuneful melodies and some good comedy situations.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—Amusing. Edward Everett Horton is cast in the title role of this story about a man who has a total loss of memory. It turns the tables most successfully on all those who laugh at age and senility. (Akin Williams, Marjorie Gateson and John McGuire.)

WHIPSAW—Fine. Myrna Loy's first picture since her vacation, and an exciting event not alone because of its plot—concerned with expert jewel thieves—but because Myrna and Spencer Tracy, a G-Man, are a most effective team.
Eddie Cantor gives you the time of your lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men. He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL Merman • PARKYAKARKUS • SALLY Eilers

and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS

Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown...Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton...Directed by Norman Taurog

Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland"...Released thru United Artists

for February 1936
"You’re Telling Me?"

Write A Letter—Win A Prize.

WHY MUST actors naturally fade out after being in pictures for a while? asks Lydia Aaronson of Bennett Ave., New York, N. Y. "I am referring to Jack Mulhall, in particular. He certainly is still a favorite with the public. He appeared as a doctor in the picture 'Two for Tonight,' and although he was only on the screen for a minute the audience actually applauded at the sight of him. It really gave me a thrill to see such an enthusiastic welcome given a one-time favorite. Why not have bigger and better parts for Jack Mulhall?"

Also in "Show Them No Mercy."

"WITH APOLOGIES to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, I'd like to make a few awards of my own to the following on past and future performances," writes Adolph Zapfel of Desplaines Ave., Forest Park, Ill.

"To the fellow who can put over a song like no one else and who appears to really enjoy singing—Dick Powell."

"To the best comedian on the screen who never lets down an audience when they want good clean comedy—Edward Everett Horton."

"To my favorite comedienne, who isn't given nearly half enough to do—Paisy Kelly."

"To a very lovely lady—Ginger Rogers."

You’re the judge.

HELEN BRODERICK and Hugh Herbert may have tried to ‘Beat the Band’ in that insufferably insignificant picture, but Fred Keating stole what honors there were," writes Alice Anne Shue of Brewster St., Providence, R. I. "It was the first time I had seen Fred Keating and I want to go on record as a Keating booster: he was charming, delightful and bears watching. Good work, Fred Keating. And Editor, can’t we have a story on him please? He’s my ‘write-up’ nomination!"

Fred is O.K., but Hugh Herbert is Okayer.

"UNA MERKEL is the sweetest actress on the screen. Her lovely personality and most delightful southern accent, along with the wonderful talent that Una possesses, make her 'The Tops' in any picture on the screen," writes Jack Kilroy of Glenwood Ave., Port Huron, Mich. "The screen has few artists but none of them are any finer than Una Merkel. She is the most lovable little actress in the world."

Una and the lionizer.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Feb. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"
SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is ____________________________

Address ____________________________ City __________ State __________

"I HAVE been to see George Brent in his latest picture, 'In Person,' every day during the week it was here and I can certainly say I liked it," writes Marion Cameron of Portland, Me. "I adore him and think his acting is great, for he is so natural and engaging in his ways. I do hope to see my letter in your grand magazine."

As Maine goes—!

"TIME AND again I read of Madge Evans as the Typical American Girl. This is all very true and what with Madge being so beautiful, clever and charming, why must we wait so long for her pictures," asks Ida Mae Shreero, of N. W. 71st St., Miami, Fla. "My friends and I enjoy watching Miss Evans on the screen, therefore SILVER SCREEN Editor, can you do something about this for us? SILVER SCREEN is our pet magazine and Madge Evans our pet actress. I would like nothing better than a pretty autographed photo of this charming lady, autographed to Ida Mae. Please grant this Yuletide wish."

It takes about five weeks for the photo to reach you.

"THAT MOST charming manner of Franchot Tone took my fancy long before 'Lives Of A Bengal Lancer' and 'Murphy On The Bounty,' the pictures in which most people are only starting to appreciate him," writes Mrs. F. Allen Roth of Penn Ave., West Reading, Pa. "Regardless of the role he plays he's tops with me. I can't see too many pictures of him. Thanks to SILVER SCREEN for 'Pamp' and may your magazine continue to give us pictures and news of Franchot Tone."

Hooray for Cornell.

"I HAVE just seen 'Broadway Melody of 1936,' I think it is the best musical picture of the season (notice I didn't say 'one of the best')," writes Blanche Gerber of Tellier Ave., New York, N. Y. "I have always been one to have a new favorite actor each week, but after seeing that picture, Robert Taylor tops the list for keeps. Incidentally, don't you think Joan Crawford would be swell with Bob?"

Excellent with Joan or you.

LANIE KARThANS of Bonne Terre, Mo., writes: "My parents own a cafe two doors from the theatre. After the shows people stop in and buy eats and drinks. After seeing 'Broadway Melody of 1936,' people came in and exclaimed about Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell's talent and looks. All are looking forward to this couple again. Here's our cheer."

In the meantime see "The Magnificent Obsession."

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in December have been notified by mail.

The Best Fifty Letters Received Before February Sixth Will Win Beautifully Framed And Inscribed Photographs.

SILVER SCREEN
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
Marriage

Lloyd's Candy Cooks

HAROLD LLOYD and his wife, who was known to film fans as Mildred Davis before her marriage, have managed to achieve two difficult goals together. They have kept their marriage safe and happy in Hollywood and they have managed to remain normal and wholesome middle-class in their daily life and habits, although they are surrounded with every magnificence and luxury. Their home is one of the real show places of California, with its landscaped gardens, golf greens, outdoor theatre, tennis courts and swimming pool. Yet all of this grandeur has not changed either Mildred or Harold in any way. They feel fortunate, but not superior.

Having Mildred Gloria, Peggy, and baby Harold Jr., has made normal living easy for them, because it has tied them up with the same kind of interests and experiences that John Smith and his wife have back in Oskaloosa.

I had an entire day at the Lloyd home two weeks ago and I found Mildred facing the same sort of problems that occur in my own home. Little Mildred Gloria and Peggy have reached the same stage that my twin girls have. They have become autograph collectors and are busy formulating plans for a club composed of their little girl friends. They are learning to type/write too, and are proudly displaying their small knowledge of the "hunt and peck" system in letters to all of their friends. Both were busy pecking away at machines, while Mildred and I went in the pool for a swim.

The girls are going through the ordeal of having their front teeth straightened, wearing the usual bands. They told me in detail about their plans for the "Jolly-eggers Club" and it sounded very much like the small club in our own neighborhood, with initiations, planned picnics and all-proof that they are growing up in normal fashion.

As for Mildred, she is as pretty and vivacious as on the day she gave up her screen career to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Their romance was as normal and even-tempered as their married life has been. Mildred had been in Los Angeles to try for a screen career during her summer vacation from school. Then, when fall came, although she had won several coveted leads at Universal, she returned to her home in Washington to complete her High School course. She was only sixteen, but she was enrolled as a senior.

Two weeks after she began her finishing term, she received a wire from Hollywood, asking her if she would accept a year's contract as leading lady for Harold Lloyd, at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. She says that the girl doesn't live who is prouder than she was the next day, when she took that telegram to school and showed her classmates proof of her big opportunity. She accepted pronto, too, receiving the wire on Tuesday and being packed and ready to start for Hollywood by Thursday, with all of her immediate relatives in tow. She didn't doubt that she was going to be a big success, for the opportunity had come to her without any effort on her part and this convinced her that she was fated to succeed.

Harold's leading lady, Bebe Daniels, had left him suddenly to accept a DeMille contract and he had looked everywhere for a girl to take her place. He tested any number of girls when, by accident, he saw Mildred on the screen. He was waiting in a darkened projection room for his turn to run some film, when he saw a part of a feature in which Mildred had played. He knew the instant he saw her walk across the screen that he wanted her to be his leading lady. After a lot of difficulty, he learned that she had returned to school and he had his manager wire her an offer rest is screen history. She came and their pictures together were successful. Through their close association, friendship came and they knew.

The day I visited Mildred, the girls coerced her to let them make some fudge. They can't cook yet but they make good candies. Fudge is their favorite. It is the favorite at our house, too. All of the Lloyd children are fond of taffy but they don't eat it now, on account of the bands the girls are wearing on their teeth.

Mildred gave me some of their best candy recipes. When I asked her about cooking, she confessed that she can't cook very well, but she knows how food should be prepared and oversees everything that goes in and out of the kitchen. She started watching the screen when she was sixteen, and, when she married, Harold always had plenty of servants so there has never been any need for her to work in the kitchen herself. She likes to make candy with the girls, and popcorn balls on holidays, but she doesn't cook anything except spaghetti. She cooks this whenever they week-end at their beach home.

Harold likes roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. All kinds of roast meats, in fact. The children are fond of fried chicken and creamed peas so they have this twice each week. All are fond of soup and macaroni and all kinds of vegetables, especially stewed tomatoes and roasting ear corn. Their only dislikes in food are—tomato trifle and kidneys. Their favorite desert is chocolate ice cream.

Here are the spaghetti and candy recipes.

**Spaghetti**
Drop a package of spaghetti (1 lb.) in boiling salted water and cook about twenty minutes. Serve with the following sauce—

- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1/2 pound ground round steak
- 1 can stewed tomatoes
- 1 cup mushrooms, diced
- 2 small chopped onions

Brown ground steak slowly. Add chopped onions, and continue cooking. Add stewed tomatoes and tomato puree. Cook slowly for two hours. Add pepper and salt. Strain, add diced mushrooms and serve with spaghetti and grated Parmesan cheese.

**Fudge**
2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1/2 cups sweetened condensed milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nutmeats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add sweetened condensed milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water. Stir mixture constantly to prevent scorching. Remove from heat. Let fudge cool slightly. Divide chocolate in small pieces. Chop nutmeats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

**Quick Fondant**
1/4 cups confectioners sugar, sifted
1/4 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Blend sifted confectioners sugar gradually into sweetened condensed milk, using fork. Add vanilla and continue mixing until smooth and creamy.

Her variations use plain fondant between halved nut meats or on stuffing for dates. Or form into small balls and roll in chopped nuts, shredded coconut, grated chocolate, chopped candied fruits. Add drops variously and form into round flat creams.

By
Ruth Corbin

Mildred Gloria, Mrs. Lloyd and Peggy are having fun in the kitchen making fudge.
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!

for February 1936
**GADGETS FOR BEAUTY!**

By Mary Lee

---

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRLIE... or no cost!**

You will appear inches smaller instantly... and in ten short days you will actually lose 3 inches of solid fat from hips and waist or it will cost you nothing!

Our Roving Reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer, yet most of them go about it the wrong way. The successful Perfolastic method requires no effort, diet, drugs or exercise... it is based on the healthful, invigorating principle of massage. The special "live" material exerts a gentle, massage-like action on your flesh.

With every move you make, each breath you take, this massage-like action removes those extra inches at just the spots where you want to reduce. And with the loss of excess fat comes energy and pep! Test the Perfolastic Girlie and Brassiere for Ten Days at Our Expense!

Try the Perfolastic Girlie for yourself and prove that YOU, too, can reduce without effort. Why not profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the sure, safe Perfolastic way!

Don't wait! Mail this coupon now! You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

SEND FOR TENTH DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 733-E, 42nd St., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic GIRLIE and Upfift Brassiere, also samples of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 Day Free Trial Offer.

Name: __________________________
Address: _______________________
City: ___________________________
State: _________________________

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**STRANGE devices have appeared in the aid of beauty!**

Among the most incredible (and effective) are to be found in Hollywood. A wood where often a woman's face is a fortune worth millions.

A star, to be a star, must be the most honest woman in the world when it comes to admitting her own good looks. She has to know her slightest defects so they can be corrected. She must be intimately aware of her best features so as to play them up before the all-seeing, all-revealing camera.

There are curiously intricate machines at Max Factor's gorgeous new make-up studio to guide that expert in making the most of the stars' beauty—a job he has been doing for 26 years.

The "Beauty Calibre," which Mona Barrie as a willng model wears upon her head, is an intriguing device that looks like a combined hairnet and football helmet. This amazing machine makes it possible to measure the features of a star to a fraction of an inch. As the make-up artist knows the measurements for perfect beauty, he can tell with this machine just where each star fails to come up to standard. Then the imperfection is remedied with tricks of make-up. Nothing is left to chance. The Hollywood beauty that thrills moviegoers from Coast to Coast has been reduced to a science of mathematical exactitude.

There are laboratories for diagnosing complexion as carefully as one's doctor diagnoses illness. One contraption looks like a modernistic nickel slot machine. It is used by skin experts to get a "close-up" of unadorned skin. The dermatologist looks in one end and the star in the other. Between the two, encased in the machine, are revealing lights and magnifying lenses. To the candid eye of the dermatologist, the star's face is so enlarged that he could count every pore if he chose!

With the help of this machine, there is no guess-work in determining whether a woman has oily, dry or normal skin. And any little point where there is room for improvement is noted. Then the exact beauty care to keep her complexion flawless is prescribed. And the type make-up that is best for her skin, as well as most becoming, is selected.

In the make-up rooms (which look like attractive living rooms in private homes) a button is pressed and a whole section of wall slides back to reveal a lavishly appointed dressing table with special lights and mirrors. There are separate sets of lights to duplicate ordinary room lighting, outdoor daylight and the dim lighting effects of a night club.

There's a room for blondes only, with lights shaded a pastel blue. This is because blue is a complimentary color to blonde complexion. For brunettes, the room is lighted in rose tones, since rose suits brunettes in the same way blue suits blondes. We're told that Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Margot Grahame and Binnie Barnes are among the stars who've proved the value of this new type of lighting! Incidentally, this is one of the Hollywood beauty tricks you can try in your own home, simply by fitting blue or rose shades over your own dressing table lights.

Coming across the continent to New York's Fifth Avenue, there's a remarkable beauty contraption in the new Richard Hudnut salon. It's a "Right Angle Facial Chair" that's tipped gradually downward during the treatment until your feet are higher than your head! The idea is to get a smooth, fresh flow of blood to your face, nourishing the tissues from below and stimulating the action of the pores.

First, while you're sitting up, your back is massaged to relax all the nerves along your spine. Then an adjustment is made at the nape of your neck to take out congestion and allow the blood from your body to flow freely to your head. As the treatment goes on, you are gradually lowered to a reclining position. Your feet are massaged, then your legs, to stimulate the circulation from the tips of your toes to your face. You hardly realize what's happening to you until you find yourself...
completely relaxed, with your feet slightly higher than your head. Then, after you're fully prepared, the astringent is applied and your face is tied up in a contour-shaping bandage.

A "Skin Detector," shaped like a box, with facing windows and fitted with a microscopic lens, determines the individual linings you need. What is visible to the eye, we're told, is often a fallacious picture of a skin's true condition, but with this device it is possible to see where a woman will have wrinkles three years later. What the detector reveals is noted on a chart. This chart is the guide for what creams and lotions you should use, how you should make up and even how you should wear your hair!

Much has been learned about women from the revelations this "Skin Detector" has made. For instance, most women have underlips too heavy for beauty. This is remedied by rouging the upper lip more and the underlip less. In fact, one can rouge only the upper lip and then draw it down over the lower one to transfer a little of the color.

It's quite simple to create an optical illusion about the length of one's nose, especially in the evening. To make a long nose look shorter, take your finger with a bit of lip rouge on it and faintly color that little strip at the end of your nose that separates the nostrils. To make a wide nose look slimmer, smooth the color very lightly on the outside of both lobes, from the tips of the nostrils to the little depressions where the fleshy part ends.

As for your hair, the way the waves go has a lot to do with the symmetry of features you can make people think you have. For the turned-up nose and a chin that's too determined, waves should run parallel with the line of the nose. If you have a long nose and sharp chin, have your waves run at right angles to the line of your nose, so as to avoid emphasizing its length.

We wouldn't believe, until we were shown, that nine out of ten women have eyes too close together for true beauty. However, this defect is easily remedied by creating an illusion of eyes spaced farther apart. This is done by make-up and, above all, by shaping your eyebrows. Eye shadow should be applied from the middle of the eyelids out toward the temples. Eyebrows should be shaped to follow the curve of the upper eyelid when the eyes are opened wide. They should begin no closer to your nose than the inner corners of the eyes and end in a line parallel with the outer corners. Wear your hair pulled back from your temples to give more width.

Speaking of eyebrows, there's a new device to be found in many beauty shops which has actually taken the pain out of tweezing. It's an electric eyebrow tweezzer, made by Nestle-Le Mur, which works very quickly and has a certain vibration that prevents you from feeling pain.

SECOND THOUGHTS
New Titles For Coming Pictures

"Shoot The Churey" (Eddie Cantor) has been changed to . . . . "Road Gang"

"Prison Farm" (Donald Woods) has been changed to . . . . "Road Gang"

"Meet The Duchess" (Dolores Del Rio) has been changed to . . . . "The Widow From Monte Carlo"

for FEBRUARY 1936
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"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 OBSSESSION
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
S H I R L Y T E M P L E is very proud of her autographed picture of President Roosevelt, and if you call on Shirley at her Santa Monica home it is the first of her treasures that she'll show you. Shirley wanted a picture of the President so she sat down and wrote him a letter requesting one. A short time later the photograph arrived, an 11 by 14 and handsomely mounted. It bore the inscription: "For Shirley Temple from Franklin D. Roosevelt." In the same folder was another picture of the President which he asked her in a polite note to deliver for him. It was autographed by the President to Bill Robinson.

I T S E E M S that London must have its little romance. Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers, who are appearing in the theatre over there, are rumored as engaged—though Mary and Buddy still maintain that it is only a beautiful friendship. With Dick Powell head over heels in love with Joan Blondell and Mary Pickford head over heels in work on her new movie company, which is just about to start production on its first picture, maybe it is just as well if Mary and Buddy do pair it off.

Y O U can always tell an out-of-town fighter at the Hollywood Legion Stadium because the minute he enters the ring he starts staring at Seat one, Row one, Seat one, Row one where Mae West sits, and has sat ever since she came to Hollywood, and those boxing boys are just as eager for a glimpse of Mae as you are. She was late one Friday night recently and a fighter from Frisco kept looking over at her vacant seat so often that he got knocked out in the first round. Celebrity unconscious.

D E S P I T E the fact that "The Milky Way" has been jinxed by sickness ever since production started, those who have been lucky enough to see "rushes" of the picture say that it is the best that Harold Lloyd has had since "Grandma's Boy," which was way back yonder when you were a little girl with an Alice in Wonderland comb. On the sick list were Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verne Teasdale, Helen Mack, and Director Leo McCarthy who was laid low for many weeks with a malta fever, whatever that is. The doctors do not wish Adolphe Menjou to return to work for months (he nearly died you remember) so the end of the picture will have to be changed, as Menjou had several unfinished scenes.

H A R O L D L O Y D took his two little girls and Harold Lloyd, Jr., to the Paramount studio one day to watch daddy work—but the kids were so busy visiting the set where Bing Crosby was working that they didn't see poor daddy do a single scene. Which all goes to prove that you must never expect to be a hero to your children.

A S S O O N as his picture "Modern Times" is released, Charlie Chaplin is leaving for England to put his two young sons in school there. He wants the boys brought up with an English accent. There is a lot of talk that all isn't so well with Charlie and Paulette Goddard these days. Charlie has been seen dining with the ex-Mrs. Buster Keaton, and Paulette has been playing at Palm Springs with no Charlie in sight.

P R O D U C E R Hunt Stromberg had the surprise of his life the other day, when he called Jean Harlow into his office and told her that she had better take a course in shorthand and typing so she could play with conviction the role of the secretary in "Wife Versus Secretary." "But, Mr. Stromberg," said Jean, "I'm already a good typist and I know all about shorthand. My secretary taught me!" And you could have knocked Mr. Stromberg over with a feather.

In Jean's new picture she plays Clark Gable's secretary—some day. But Myrna Loy is the wife, so that's going to make it tough for Clark trying to choose between those two girls.

R O C H E L L E H U D S O N has been doing a bit of night clubbing lately with Harry Richman, he who sings. But she still insists that her real heart throb is Bert Kennon, a cameraman. Goodness, how the girls do go for cameramen.

R O B E R T M O N T G O M E R Y is one of those people who never puts a book down until he finishes it. His favorite habit is starting a new novel about nine in the evening and sitting up all night.

K A Y F R A N C I S has come down from the mountains again and is having a mad social whirl in Hollywood. Delmar Davis, her darling boy friend, is always along. It looks serious.

F O R G E T about the lucky break, we heard Anita Louise tell a group of the younger generation the other day and marvel that such a pretty little head could contain so much wisdom. "The Hollywood so-called lucky break is usually an illusion," said Anita. "Back of almost every one of these miraculous instances that you read about are years of concentrated effort, preparation and training in the direction of an individual's goal. Anybody who thinks he can achieve fame in pictures through a series of lucky breaks is wasting his time in Hollywood." And Anita Louise spoke a truthful. A very pretty mouthful, but a truthful.

M A E W E S T isn't the only gal in Hollywood who can "make" a cameraman. (Remember Mae had George Clemens, an unknown assistant, promoted to first camera when she wasn't able to get Karl Struss for "Klondike Lou." Katherine Hepburn claims that distinction too. During the shooting of "The Little Minister," people on the set noticed that a strange man came over to the stage every day and sat right there on the set until the company went home at night. They wondered who on earth this strange man was, but he wasn't very conversational. One day, the very last day of production, the cameraman, Henry Gerrard, collapsed while making publicity and was rushed to the hospital by the strange man, who turned out to be Gerrard's doctor. He had been pleading with the cameraman to have his appendix out since the start of the picture. But Henry Gerrard belonged to the "show must go on" school—and paid the price. "The operation was made by his assistant, Robert de Grasse. And Hepburn was so pleased with them that she insisted upon having De Grasse photograph her in "Alice Adams"—which he did happily. But now he is Katie's favorite cameraman.

W E L L, you just couldn't have a picture with a title more innocuous than "The Perfect Gentleman" and now could you? But when the London censors saw that [Continued on page 60]
CONFESSIONS
OF A
COLUMNIST
By Ed Sullivan

Have You Ever Wondered How They Get The Inside News That They Print? Here Is The Secret.

The title of this article fills me with forebodings. "Confessions of a Columnist" has always rung a bell to me. I feel a bit like a literary fan dancer, if you know what I mean: as if I were about to strip down my type-writer to skin and bones in an exposure that might well be indiscreet, if not actually indecent. But so many readers have asked me to tell them the modus operandi of a Broadway columnist that these so-called "confessions" may be interesting.

Claudette Colbert, on her last trip to New York, asked me to explain to her how I secured an item that appeared in my column of April 15, 1935. It read: "Claudette Colbert will wed Dr. Pressman." I told her that it had been wired to me from the Coast, that I'd checked the authenticity of the information by a long-distance call to Hollywood, that same night—and that the informant who had wired me the line satisfied me, knew what he was talking about. "But you knew it before the family knew it," said Claudette, much mystified, and she eyed me suspiciously as though looking at a 50th century wizard. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow probably were just as startled when I itemed in my column of August 29, 1934, that they would be married. In the same column I stated that the action of Dolores Costello in quitting the Barrymore yacht at Seattle indicated a definite break-up of the ideal marriage. As far back as November 11, 1934, I reported that Sid Smith and Lillian Bond would wed.

The question is: how does a Broadway columnist call his shots so far in advance? How does he know there is a romance blooming months before it takes shape and form—how does he know it before the groom-to-be has engaged a minister or bought a ring? As Sherlock Holmes might say, the answer, if for instance, I learned from my Coast operatives that Claudette Colbert has been seen three or four times with a Dr. Pressman, the first question I must have answered is whether or not the man in the case is married. A Broadway columnist, in all but exceptional cases, will not mention a married man or woman. Once I learn that he is eligible to marry the girl, I concentrate on this particular twosome. Within twenty-four hours after my first tip on Claudette and her doctor, I had wired three of his patients. All of them were friends of mine from New York, people I had aided on Broadway with column boosts. The telegrams they sent back to me confirmed the fact that Miss Colbert and Dr. Pressman were serious.

The reason, similarly, that I went out on a limb on the Dolores Costello-John Barrymore story was that earlier "inside" reports from the Coast had prepared me for a separation. Letters from Broadwaysites on the Coast had warned me that it was only a question of weeks before this particular marriage would be wrecked. The minute my Coast operatives shot me the wire telling that Dolores had returned to Hollywood from Seattle, the deduction, in view of the facts already in my possession, was that this was the beginning of the end.

But, you ask, where does all this information come from? Who is the one who tells The answer to that is expansive. In Hollywood, I have three staff correspondents. From them, in the course of a week, I receive four telegrams, bulky messages that come to me over the wires as Night Press. This is a cheaper rate than the ordinary telegraph rates as a concession to newspapermen. In addition, I receive two bulky letters of general comment. There is very little that happens in Hollywood that does not come to me within twenty-four hours every day in the week. In addition, on every studio lot, I have a personal representative, a volunteer courier. The stars' dressers, cameramen, directors, grips, studio writers, stand-ins for the stars—all of these are working for me. I know most of them from New York, for Hollywood now is well-populated with New Yorkers. Some of them are on the Coast...
as a direct result of me plugging them in my column. They express their gratitude by informing me of what goes on behind the scenes. Not long ago, in my column, I devoted a few paragraphs in praise of a director on the RKO lot who had turned out an excellent two-reeler. Two weeks later, he sent me a story that served as the lead of my Monday gossip column. It was picked up by the Associated Press and flashed all over the world. The managing editor, Harvey Deull, probably thought I was a very snappy reporter to have landed the scoop. I didn't tell him, and he won't know until he reads it here, that a grateful director was responsible. In this game, you cast your bread upon the waters and it comes back as headlines.

It is not all beer and skittles. You must, above all, be accurate. My column is syndicated in such wealthy papers as the New York News, the Washington D. C. Post, the St. Louis Star-Times, the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, the Detroit Free Press, the Miami News, the Chicago Times—an inaccuracy on my part would plunge all of them into libel suits. In five years of Broadway cloumning, I've had only one libel suit that went to court and we won it. It was a curious suit, too. I learned that the winner of a national Jewish beauty contest was married, at least that was the information. To check it, I telephoned the man who was supposed to have married her. He was a New Jersey lawyer. He confirmed the story and I printed it. To my horrified amazement, the girl instituted suit for criminal libel. The paper's lawyers immediately contacted the New Jersey lawyer who had given me the confirmation: "He will deny that he told it to you," the lawyers told me. Instead, he not only repeated the assertion but offered to go into court and so testify. It was then that he revealed that there had been no legal ceremony, that his claims rested on a common law marriage basis. We won the suit, but it was the most unusual experience I've ever had in this racket. Now I don't believe 'em unless I see the marriage license and talk to the officiating clergyman or town clerk.

I stated above that a Broadway columnist will not mention a married man or woman in a romance that will upset their family life. This goes for all the craft.

The romance between Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman was revealed last April. "How did you know?" asked Claudette.

Sometimes it happens accidentally, but the unwritten law is that such mention is taboo. A married man or woman can safely say with any escort she chooses and he or she will be safe from columnar mention. In fact, if married men were as careful in avoiding such romances as the columnists are careful to avoid mentioning them, there would be fewer heartaches.

Only in rare instances is this unwritten law broken. I broke it for the sake of a great newspaper story to get the scoop on the marriage of Eleanor Roosevelt Dall and Charles Boettiger, Chicago Tribune political writer. On October 2, 1933, I ran this line in my column: "Next marriage in the Roosevelt family will involve a Chicago newspaperwoman." The President's daughter at that time was married, but she and Curtis Dall had separated. The Dall divorce already was in the works. So I decided to go ahead and shoot with it, holding back the names but so wording it that nobody could mistake it was Eleanor. I caught the country flatfooted on it. My old foe, Winchell, burning up at being scooped by five full months, taunted me in his column with the fact that I had written about a married woman and a married man before they were divorced, but in that particular case, I was in possession of facts that justified breaking the craft's unwritten law. The Page 1 scooperoo was worth it, and the proof of the pudding was in the eating. I mean to say they did get married, verifying my boldness.

Not all of our predictions, of course, come true. For instance, when "Tobacco Road" opened on Broadway as a stage play, I assured Jack Kirkland, who had adapted it for the stage, that his play would be an off-Box office flop. To date it has grossed $1,500,000. I was only a million and a half dollars wrong on that one, and I've been wrong on plenty of others.

But it is amazing to look back over the index of columns written in the past five years and see how accurate the log is. For instance, on July 7, 1933, I queried: "Are the Conrad Nagels drifting?" It was

the month of June, a year and a half later, they got tired of concealing a hopeless #2 and sold it. On July 31, 1933, I wrote: "The Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard marriage is being kept a secret until the release of his next picture." That was quoted at the time but later proved true.

These old columns reveal a lot of interesting Water Under the Bridge items. Here are a few.

There is a line about Alice Faye, a cli
cent in George White's Scandals, and here's another about one Fred Mantz was married, playing in the "Collegians," a five-piece band in the stage musical "Roberta." The line about MacMurray, then an unknown, linked him romantically with Lillian Lamont. That was on April 2, 1934. Despite his rise to screen fame, MacMurray and the Lamont girl are still Check-to-Check, which indi

cates that his upward spurt was not beyond the size of his hat. There's a line here of August 21, 1933 that Mrs. Dick, the Astor widow, was dancing last night at the Hotel Pierre Roof with an Italian fighter, Enzo Fiermonte. Later they were to be married and create Page 1 stories that lasted for the proverbial nine days. On July 17, 1933 is the first page scoop of the marriage of Loew and Barbara Smith romancing. On [Continued on page 62]
The MAN
the STARS
FEAR

He Is A Hard Man To Impress And Harder Still To Frighten.

By Liza

**THE** most feared man in Hollywood is—you’d never guess! He isn’t the income tax collector, he isn’t the process server, he isn’t Boris Karloff, and he isn’t the dentist, though I can work up a good fright over the dentist any time. The man the stars fear most in Hollywood is—surprise, surprise—the cameraman!

Every star believes that the cameraman on her picture can make her look as young and lovely as Shirley Temple or as old and ugly as the Witch of Endor, just as it pleases his fancy. So she may be rather rude to the director and she may snap something awful at the supervisor, and she may be quite abrupt with the publicity department—but for the cameraman she has only love and kisses. He can make those circles under her eyes (she really shouldn’t have danced all night at the Troc before her close-ups) disappear like magic, and he can make those red spots (heavens, she really shouldn’t have eaten that chocolate cake and toasted almonds) look like so many rose petals. No wonder she worships him—and fears him!

Of course the movie star is a little bit stupid for she really ought to realize that whether the cameraman likes her or not he has to make her look like a Dream Girl—or else—

Miss Movie Star has various ways of currying favor with her cameraman. Sometimes she marries him, sometimes she gives him beautiful presents, but most often she gives him her undying loyalty which means that she is going to fight heaven and earth and the “front office” to get him on her next picture. Yes indeed, the boys behind the cameras are far more important in Miss Movie Star’s opinion than her leading man, even though he is Clark Gable. That gives you a general idea.

Though you’ve been going to movies several times a week ever since Mary Pickford made “Little Lord Fauntleroy” you’ve probably never noticed on the main title of the picture the name of the man who photographed it. You may never have noticed it, Toots, but every star in Hollywood has. I am asked continually in Hollywood not who directed such and such a picture, but who photographed it. I’m telling you those boys are important. And, incidentally, they certainly have a lot to do with your enjoyment of the picture.

Just who are these cameramen who are so important that they can strike terror to the souls of movie stars? There’s an army of them, but among the top-notchers are Karl Strauss, Victor Milnor, Hol Mohr, William Daniels, George Folsey, Gregg Toland, James Wong Howe, George Barnes, Charles Lang, Leon Shamroy, Ted Tetzlaff, Charles Rosher, Sid Hickox and Ollie Marsh. Ever hear of them? Probably not, if you just go to the movies to see Joan Crawford melt into the arms of Bob Montgomery. But ah, if you know anything about cinematography you know that those boys are “big shots” in the movie industry—and more favored with smiles from the Glamor Girls than any men in the country.

Many a man in Hollywood would like to get a smile and a cheery good morning out of Garbo just to start the day off right, but I don’t know but one man who rates such attentions from glamorous Greta and he’s Bill Daniels. Bill photographed Garbo in her first American picture, and so pleased was she with the breath-taking beauty he gave her on the screen that she has demanded Bill Daniels for her pictures ever since. The producer may change, the director may change, the leading man may change.

But the photographer, NEVER! If anyone even suggested it Miss Garbo would probably go home. Bill Daniels has one of the few autographed pictures of Garbo which, naturally, he cherishes, and when she went to Sweden last time she wrote him a letter. It is Bill he converses with on the set between “takes,” often she teases him—but Bill Daniels, like every one else who has become friendly with the mysterious Garbo, won’t talk. It’s the Garbo curse.

Bill’s own life is far more interesting than a lot of the film stories he has to shoot. This is the case of a lot of the cameramen I have discovered. Bill claims that he never would have been a cameraman if he hadn’t fallen in love. He was attending the University of Southern California, and studying hard to be a lawyer, when he met a pretty co-ed on the campus one day and fell so much in love that he decided he must have a picture of her to wear over his heart. So he bought a dollar kodak to take snapshots of her and this led to his interest in photography. From “still” pictures he began to experiment with motion pictures, completely forgot all about his law course, and soon became one of the ace cameramen of the industry. The co-ed became Mrs. Daniels, and she isn’t the least bit jealous of Garbo.

Another cameraman who has had an especially interesting life is James Wong Howe, a Chinese, and one of the most brilliant men in the business. Ann Harding claims that Jimmy “catches” her better

Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy working in “Whipsaw,” with James Wong Howe at the camera.
him to visit him at the studio the next day. Jimmy became interested in camera work immediately and his delightful and skilled artistry with the lens makes him one of the most important cameramen in Hollywood today. It was Jimmy, incidentally, who started the rage for diffused, or soft focus photography. In the midst of a picture a star was scratched by a kitten that was in the scene with her. The scratch made a nasty furrow which showed through the make-up. So Jimmy went downtown and bought a dollar spectacle lens on Hollywood Boulevard, put it in front of the regular lens, and diffused out the scratch. James Wong Howe has more beautiful ladies smiling at him than even Charlie Chan.

During the last few years three important movie stars have said it with marriage, though only one of the marriages lasted. Jean Harlow was so enchanted with the way Hal Rosson made her look in "Red Dust" that she couldn't help but admire the man, and adoration led to marriage as you may recall. It didn't last long. Jean probably discovered that she was beautiful without benefit of cameraman, and so she divorced Mr. Rosson giving, as her reason, that classic remark—"He read in bed." Hal Rosson has been in England since the divorce, photographing English pictures, and reading good books we hope.

Joan Blondell had been at the Warners' Studio for a year or thereabouts when Sam Goldwyn borrowed her for "The Greeks Had a Word For It." Now, the cameramen at Warners' hadn't done right by our little Joanie. Joan is a good-looking girl, but like all stars she needs special lighting—which she proceeded to get at Goldwyns by the ace cameraman of the business—George Barnes. Joan almost swooned with delight when she saw herself in the "rushes," never had she looked so divinely beautiful. Naturally she had to thank Mr. Barnes, and that led to conversation, dates, and marriage. George followed her to Warner Brothers' Studio, where he is still on contract, though he hasn't photographed a Blondell picture since their separation last fall. He was scheduled to photograph "Colleen," the picture Joan and Dick Powell are making now. But maybe it's just as well that he isn't, for with Joan and Dick in love with each other in real life, maybe we shouldn't test George's good sportsmanship too far. With no light here, and two lights there he could make Joan and Dick look like

[Continued on page 70]
Editor's Note

This is an unusual article for Silver Screen to publish. It is a serious effort to aid the crusade for safer automobile driving.

Otto Kruger warns parents to avoid accidents to children by forbidding them to stand on the seats of a moving auto.

The most urgent and the most desperate situation existing in this country today arises from the misuse of the automobile. It should be man's best friend, since it replaces the horse. What it has become is a death-dealing instrument of destruction, the most powerful enemy on our horizon.

It is a frightful thing to lose trust in every man on the public highway. Suspicions of all amounts to the same thing. But we are forced into suspecting him. He may mean potential death to you and your family, and you may mean the same thing to him, in order to save five or ten minutes of time—and what will you do with that time after you have it?

The question has risen to one of national import, a crusade for the preservation of life. The editor of Silver Screen is the first to conduct a personal campaign among the most influential picture stars in Hollywood on this momentous subject.

A picture star sits on top of the world, he has money and fame and the earth is pretty well his oyster . . . . His natural impulse would be to feel rather more privileged than the average man, to get out on the highway and let off a little steam in his high-powered car.

Some terrible tragedies have resulted. Tragedy has a way of being received with a certain detachment—unless it strikes close to home. Hollywood has experienced the untimely death of Dorothy Dell, in a speeding car. It has seen the awful example of Jackie Coogan's father and Junior Durkin in one crash leaving several bereaved families from the catastrophe . . . the death of Adrienne Ames' sister in an automobile crash, besides the innumerable injuries that have been sustained by others.

Fellow actors are viewing the subject of speed with a sober seriousness. In the face of these and other ghastly accidents, Hollywood has decided to take its place with the conservative thinking communities, and to use all possible influence to impress on drivers everywhere the fact that fast or careless driving is the most terrifying hazard in our lives today. When 50,000 persons can meet death in a year, the comparison with bloody war and pestilence is too near for comfort.

It has been proven that Garbo can wear an eccentric hat in a picture and have every woman in the country copying it. Joan Crawford's clothes and Jean Harlow's hair are examples of the tremendous influence exerted by picture stars. They cannot help being conscious and proud of that influence—and now they have become resolved to wield it in another, more profound, direction.

I have talked with all but one of the stars you will find quoted in this account. It is their genuine desire that you read and be guided by their words of caution.

Wallace Beery is a man of tremendously powerful build who gives the immediate impression that he could dominate any situation. He could not, however, prevent the wreck of his car if he was in collision with a reckless driver, any more than John Jones could. He told me this.

"I have reached the age where I do not think it is smart to take chances—not at this or any other age. You never need to be in that much of a hurry. It is with a sense of responsibility to everyone on the road that I take my car out on any occasion. If you look at it in that light, it cannot be what you do, but what the other fellow does. The other fellow owes you the same consideration you give him.

"One cannot help realizing the seriousness of this driving problem when every paper carries reports of the staggering number of deaths and injuries from motor accidents."

Beery adds that he believes in moderation in all things. He is known to be one of the best and most cautious pilots in the air, as well as on the ground.

Jimmy Cagney—reckless, dashing Jimmy—on the screen—said in absolute seriousness: "So far as I am concerned, we can go back to the horse and buggy days. I think the whole tempo of the age is too exaggerated, but to go so far as to spend an automobile through congested districts is simply an outlet for morons. I never drive a car when I can avoid it, and then I do not drive fast. There are other ways to get a kick out of life preferable to speeding. Get up and sprint a mile before breakfast, that will take some of it out of you.

The Hollywood Players Implore Their Fans To Join Them In A Crusade Against Reckless Driving.

By Ruth Rankin
"I do think it should be realized and acted upon by fellow drivers that the speeder is endangering some one's life, before the law steps in and writes a ticket. There are only so many motor cops, and they cannot take care of every speeder. Speeders break the law whether they get caught at it or not. They are the most active menace to every community and should be treated as such."

Leslie Howard, in his make-up on the "Petified Forest" set, discussed the subject with his own penetrating intelligence. He was so absorbed in it and so exceptionally interesting, I could have listened indefinitely. He told me he began to fear speed in traffic long ago. Now he is certain that unless some desperate measure is taken, speed will destroy the world.

Mr. Howard is a leisurely gentleman of the new school—one who has considered speed as a factor in modern life, and who has decided there is no point in hurrying. He feels that men who lived before automobiles were invented were much happier, much less given to neuroses. He believes *speed* to be the primary cause for the tragic state of nerves from which the world is suffering—aside from the more obvious and gruesome fatalities.

"I never drive a car faster than forty miles an hour, and that speed only on an open road with no traffic and a clear straightaway," he says.

"People ask me how fast the English car I own will go, and I can't tell them. I don't know, I have never been in traffic. I drive at half the rate as in the open, and less.

Binnie Barnes once read of a woman hideously scarred in a motor accident. She has refused to drive fast ever since.

"I have no desire for speed. I never ride a horse fast. Unless there is a contract to fulfill, I am never in a hurry to get from England to California. I travel leisurely, even slowly, and do not like fast ships, fast trains, or fast automobiles. I can see no benefit in getting from London to New York in five days or from New York to California in one day.

"Unless the world curbs its desire for breakneck speed, I feel that man is surely headed for insanity.

"The driver who pauses at the wrong time," says John Boles, "is as dangerous as the too-confident driver."

"Wally Beery says, "I have reached the age where I do not think it is smart to take chances."

Jeanette MacDonald has a speed limit for her chauffeur. If he drives faster, out he goes.

"The driver who pauses at the wrong time," says John Boles, "is as dangerous as the too-confident driver."

Jeanette MacDonald admits honestly she

[Continued on page 74]
Off To The Desert

By Ben Maddox

Right now every divine darling in our fervent Hollywood is anxious to recover from the strain of it all. You know how it's been—continuously climbing into your best bib and tucker and forever putting your best foot forward until you thought one more holiday party and you'd scream! Today's motoring, bathing and loss of it. And so there's hardly a familiar face in the standard Hollywood hangouts. Everyone's dashing to the desert. Tho' swell open landscapes are the January tonic.

It's really no effort to plunge into the Southern California sagebrush. To whisk into a suddenly serene, tranquil atmosphere you need only a little time. If you're still an old-fashioned gal or boy you zoom along on a keen highway for three hours and you're at Palm Springs, chief desert settlement. The daily air-plane leaves the city at 3 p.m. and gets you there in an hour and a quarter. Or, if you are a star, you likely pilot yourself in your own ship.

If Paul Lukas invites you to step into his plane I'll bet you wouldn't dream of saying no. But his wife isn't so impressed with his sales-talk about the safety of the airplanes. The dainty Daisy pokes along after him in her car.

The lure of the far flung ranges is at its height these days. Even movie celebrities are turning over fresh leaves and resolving to pep up by going back to nature. There are all sorts of spots in the desert, and all of them expensive, by the way. You can loll luxuriously at such swank hotels as El Mirador or The Desert Inn at Palm Springs, sharing the shadow of a placid Joshua tree with society folks from the East. A bellboy's hand to anticipate every wish. You can rent a house, build your own, or rusticate at some of the other expensive hostels. Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have discovered so much housekeeping on their new Encino ranch that when they grab the baby and direct the chauffeur to soothe them to the tune of "Big for Pansies," they prefer New Yorkish comforts.

So does Gloria Swanson. Our snappiest gossips are wondering if really whether the romance that blossomed for Gloria last winter will endure through this season on the desert. While waiting for a picture break the devastating Swan-

Charles R. Keeler
Horseback riding in the desert, where the flowers bloom amid the sand ripples and the mountain tops glisten white in the sunlight.

Ruth Chatterton flies her own plane to the desert playland.
The Hollywood Stars For Their Winter Vacations Flock to An Oasis In the Desert.

Palm Springs. Some stars, like Madge Evans and Una Merkel, for instance, go for bicycling. They pedal from the hotel to the drugstore and order a soda, thumbing over the magazines while gaily gulping their drink. You don't have to dress up and that's a major draw. Ladies pack their panties when preparing to transport their sweetness to the desert air, for slacks have supplanted shorts except for tennis. He-men dig out their rakiest scanties. If a fellow has that Richard Arlen silhouette he doesn't have to be a Great Actor to be feted by the women. (You should glimpse Charlie Laughton in terse trunks!) Informal sports attire is donned for the cocktail hour and evening. A few of the ladies insist upon dolling up.

Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay are forgetting their Hollywood boy-friends as they lie out in the sun for hours, absorbing strength to go back and dazzle at the Troc. Carole Lombard invariably asks her secretary "Fieldside" to accompany her. This feminine fixture of the Lombard menage not only answers all letters, but is chief companion and tennis partner when there's no Robert Riskin in sight. The Crosbys and the Arlens are currently missed. Since Bing fixed up his Rancho Santa Fe estate, near San Diego, he's forsaken the desert. Dick and Joby have the Europe bug. Jean Harlow's not been enthused about Palm Springs lately. Maybe she remembers that a man may be romantic beneath a huge limpid moon and then turn out a nightly bookworm after you marry him!

However, there isn't a grander locale for a high-powered honeymoon than Palm Springs and I'll refer you to Errol Flynn and Lili Damita for references. They've traveled the globe [Continued on page 75]
A THOUSAND TEACHERS

By Dickson Morley

Jean Arthur Found Out A Thing Or Two For Herself.

Jean drinks a toast to wish good luck to every fan.

IT TAKES a super-superior blonde to stand out in Hollywood, where there's one in every film, two on every block, and three being refurbished in every class beauty parlor along the Boulevard. If you want to ask me, who's on talking terms with the town's best fair-haired femmes— including Harlow, Lombard, Bette and Marlayna the Magnificent—today we have a new runner-up for tops. It's a pleasure to spotlight, for your extra special consideration, Miss Jean (Gives you that mile-a-minute pulse!) Arthur. In person she's now nearly the most exciting of 'em all; verily, the Blonde of the Month.

The Arthur hair is an exquisite pale gold, and the way she can set off a gorgeous coiffure is suddenly every other lady star's business. But this is simply a starter. Listen on. The Arthur orbs are vividly, beautifully blue. Without, as well as with, mascara, her lashes are sweepy. She has a trim, aristocratic little nose, a provocatively curved mouth, and a figure that's diminutive and exceedingly graceful. Not only her increasingly notable performances have made her important, but the news has spread around that here is another real personage—a volcanic spirit that can go far. There's a constant swirl of suspense around her because she's liable to go into most any mood any moment. Her ideas and her actions invariably bear a bang. She leaves you with a "lift," and when a gal does that she's got Something. The exuberance of a dashing, gay soul is irresistible.

Like all originals, Jean (She's-a-young-smoothie!) Arthur blithely makes her own rules. She scorns the old Hollywood patterns and zestily chooses for herself. She won't hit the headlines nor tease the gossips. And, as for her love-life? Why, it's so completely her own very own that you wouldn't know she had one. Until you meet her and instantly realize that she must

You don't see her cocktailling about or dining at the Troc, except on rare occasions. More often she's gracing the elegant spots in New York City. She prefers the orchestras in the big city and airplanes back and forth 'cross-continent between pictures.

Meanwhile, the local superficialities don't enmesh her. Actually, you might sum her up as a smart New Yorker in a nine o'clock set-up. A discriminating as well as a colorful individual, she doesn't burlesque sophistication. She moves with breeze and punctuates her conversation with varied topics. She possesses intelligence and civilized humor along with her ambition and flair.

But, you may be mumbling to yourself, wait a bit. Didn't there used to be an Arthur who didn't matter? Is this the same gal and, if so, what's the trick? How come the transformation?

Ah, madame, I kiss your hand. What keenness—you are the quick-witted sort who appeals so strongly to Jean (She's-the-top!) Arthur. But you needn't have a feeling I'm fooling. Or that she's framed me by putting on, a perfect pose whenever I've heaved into sight. There has been an amazing change. She's the same Arthur, but, unshackled. Oh, my goodness—how revamped! It's as well a Before-and-After and you'll ever encounter in this most amazing of all artistic professions. Jean's formal confession occurred in her dressing-room at Columbia. It was high noon on the final day's shooting of her current click, "If You Could Only Cook." I always politely order whatever my interviewee picks, and was ready to be heroic on a lettuce leaf. To my delight, Jean (She's-the-Coliseum!) Arthur bid for ham-and-eggs, toast and coffee. What a woman.

It seems Jean was catapulted into this movie line when she was just sixteen. She was still high-schooling in New York City and dreaming of bright college years when a studio scout offered her a contract. In those days she had the gosh-darnest inferiority complex. But even at that her natural verve pecked through. They said they'd give her $75 a week. She replied, "I can't accept less than $150." To her astonishment they handed her the pen and paper, called her parents down to sign, too, and pronto Jean and her Mother were off to Hollywood.

Her shyness soon rose and confounded her luck with a vengeance. What she didn't comprehend about acting would fill a book. And she was so perpetually abashed by the bombastic behavior on every side that she didn't dare speak up to the directors for more attention.

"If my acting has improved noticeably," Jean declared, attacking her second egg with fervor, "you can credit a thousand teachers." I gasped. Now that was being practically colossal with gratitude. I was disappointed to the point of dunking my toast. "Coming again, plezze?" I hissed in my nearest Nipponese.

[Continued on page 65]

SILVER SCREEN
Shirley Temple Wins

THE great popularity of little Shirley Temple was one of the most remarkable developments of the last few months. Her charm puts over picture after picture and extends beyond that to many commercial enterprises. Dolls, dresses, books, magazines—all reach a tremendous sale so long as they carry the magic of Shirley Temple's name.

It all began in May, 1934, with the appearance of a gangster film, "Little Miss Marker," and like every popular success it was a complete surprise to the producers. Shirley Temple had been on the screen before but never had been given a real opportunity. "Little Miss Marker" introduced the bewitching Shirley that we have come to know in her later films. At that time Shirley was not quite six years old.

As everyone knows, she has two older brothers, and with them and her father and mother she lives a perfectly normal home life. Through the wisdom of her mother she has been kept from being spoiled. It is interesting that the Temple family makes no claim of ancestors of brilliant stage tradition. Shirley is the first of their kin on both sides ever to have entered the theatrical profession. Her first appearance on the screen was in Educational Comedies, and it was the all-seeing eye of a Fox director—who came to the conclusion when viewing one of these comedies that here was a little girl with possibilities—which is responsible for her success. And how right he was!

Among the pictures that came out soon after "Little Miss Marker" was "Stand Up and Cheer!" in which Shirley did her first cute little dance with James Dunn. This was followed by "Baby Take a Bow."

Writers in Hollywood were now enthusiastically interviewing the little star. Silver Screen's representative, Mr. Mook, asked Shirley, while she was making "Baby Take a Bow"—"Suppose the film is not a success?" "Then," said Shirley, "we'll call it 'Baby Take a Flop.'" This is a true story, as we can well believe from what we have since come to learn about the little player. Shirley has had the trying experience of being cast in a poor picture, too, for "Bright Eyes" was not generally liked. Her popularity survived this setback and when the Silver Screen readers were asked to vote for the Most Popular Star on the Screen for 1935, the ballots indicated, from the very first day, that to Shirley Temple belonged the greatly desired title—The Most Popular Star in Pictures.

The recent films in which Shirley has appeared have shown the little star in nineteenth century costumes, very quaint and pleasing. Every production, these days, has to have a dancing star and Shirley has tapped up stairways and down, and, thanks to Bill Robinson, has quite out-classed in dexterity any other child star.

In addition to playing her emotional parts Shirley sings—very sweetly and naturally. In fact she is at her best when singing or dancing. In "The Littlest Rebel" she gives a finer performance than ever before. The high spot is her duet with John Boles.

There is, at the present moment, a gold medal being prepared which will be sent to Shirley as soon as it is ready. Silver Screen is very happy for Shirley and very proud to have helped to establish the little star in this unique position. We wish her many years of good pictures.
Astaire's and Rogers

Fictionization Of "Follow The Fleet" From The Screen Play By Dwight Taylor And Allan Scott.

By Dena Reed

The lights of the Paradise Ballroom which advertised fifty dancing partners for the price of ten cents per dance twinkled brighter than usual this evening. For the fleet was in and when the fleet is in prosperity walks from around the corner and pops right into the cash register!

"Gee," said Dopey, a young gob, to Bat Baker, leader of the band of his battleship. "That music sounds good, don't it? My feet's just itchint' to dance. I got fallen arches from tangoin' with them Chinee dames."

But Bat wasn't even listening. He was thinking of Sherry Martin, his former dancing partner, with whom he was still in love. Somehow they had had a silly argument and the last he had heard of her was that she was dancing in some high class cabaret.

While Bat stood in romantic reverie, his friend Bilge Smith, the Handsomest Tar in the navy, had gone to see about liquid refreshments. His thoughts, too, centered on the female of the species, but he wondered about them all, not about just one.

Bat paid his admission and turned to his sailor pals with a nod to precede him on to the dance floor.

"Wait there for me," he told them, "I gotta look up a party in the 'phone book." "That's a good place to look," Dopey said, "they have a lot of swell numbers there."

In the meanwhile Bilge had come back from the beer counter and stood outside the window waiting his turn to go in. He quite ignored the prim-looking young woman with the eye-glasses on her nose who looked like what she was—a teacher. He didn't like that type but it seemed to be his luck to find one in every port.

Here was this one grabbing his arm and crying "There you are! I've paid for both of us and hauling him into the dance hall before he knew where he was.

"Thank you," she said. "I wanted to get in to see my sister—she works here—but they wouldn't let me in without an escort."

Bilge eyed her skeptically. "I thought you were trying to frame me," he said with a scowl, trying to put this homely jape in her place quickly. He moved toward his sailor friends hoping she would take the hint and beat it. But she didn't take the hint—she followed him.

"I spent the whole afternoon watching the fleet come in," she told him eagerly. "If I were a man I'd be a sailor." Wistfully she waited for a reply but Bilge was looking over the pretty girls and wasn't even listening.

With a sorrowful little sigh, she looked after him and then went in the direction of the dressing room and knocked on the door.

"It's Connie," she announced.

"Come in," cried her sister, Sherry Martin. "I'm glad to see you sis, but what about your singing lessons tonight?"

"I didn't feel like giving them." She
turned away so that Sherry wouldn't see her misty eyes. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I--I just seem to frighten the men away."

Sherry looked sympathetic. "You look like a music teacher--that's the trouble. It isn't really that gentlemen prefer blondes. We just look dumber."

"You're so attractive, Sherry," sighed Connie watching her little, lovely sister pull a dress over her head.

Sherry watched her sister thoughtfully. Connie would be as glamorous as anyone if she hadn't gone around looking like a member of the S.P.C.A. Maybe if she dolled Connie up--she snatched a gorgeous gown from a box and tossed it over to her sister.

"Put it on," said Sherry, "then maybe men won't act like brothers to you. You'll make them say 'uncle'!"

Connie's laugh was like a chime of bells. "Even though I'm not a blonde I could be dumb, couldn't I?"

"Sure," said Sherry, "it takes a lot of brains to be dumb. But I've got to go now sis. It's my turn to go on. Remember, dear, clothes make the man!"

The curtain was going up and Sherry hurried to be in time for her cue--

Her fresh young voice had the ring of confidence. The couples dancing looked at her and smiled, for she presented a beautiful picture of youth--hopeful, optimistic, gladsome youth. "Let yourself go . . ." she sang. Her voice was an invitation, but more than that, it thrilled her hearers and stirred every pulse to the tempo of the joy of living.

The dancers responded with alacrity. They let themselves go off into a gliding, slithering fox trot. But one of her audience stared fascinated. But had come back from the 'phone booth in despair of finding his lost sweetheart again. And here she was singing to him. When her act was over, he followed her, whistling their old signature song. She stopped eagerly, turned around and her pert little face lit up like a small child's at Christmas time.

"Bat!"

"Sherry!"

"What a surprise to see you here. There was the suspicion of tears in Sherry's blue eyes. "I've missed you, Bat."

They sat down at a nearby table and talked endlessly. Before long they had patched up their differences and were friends again.

While Sherry and Bat were kissing and making up, Connie Martin, looking young and lovely in her sister's evening clothes, went onto the dance floor in search of Bilge Smith. The sailor had attracted her strangely. Passing rows of sailors who eyed her covetously, she at last came upon Bilge's handsome face among them. Her heart pounded relentlessly.

"Hello, sailor, haven't we met before?"

Bilge grinned and shook his head. "Want to dance, baby?

"I'd rather talk," said Connie boldly though her knees shook.

"Okay with me, Toots. Let's get out of here." Connie grew frightened, but she was playing the romantic game for the first time in her life, and she was determined to see it through.

She followed Bilge out into a patio paved with imitation bricks, trellised with imitation flowers and flooded with imitation moonlight.

Without warning, Bilge was taking her in his arms and was holding her close. Her heart throbbed joyously and then she broke away a little breathless with excitement,

"Please," she said.

"What's the idea?"

Bilge asked, intrigued.

"It's--it's a line of defense," Connie said weakly.

Bilge's answer was to take her in his arms again and Connie's soft face glowed with happiness.

"Want to come up to our apartment and raid the icebox?" she asked.

"Do it!"

While Bilge and Connie found love in a synthetic patio, Sherry and Bat were still trying to accustom themselves to the idea that they had found each other again.

"Let's dance," Bilge said tenderly, "it will be good to feel your feet stepping over mine again."

"How about your feet stepping over mine?" retorted Sherry, yet the thought of dancing with Bat as they used to do thrilled her.

The orchestra played a soft medley of fox toots. The lights were low and dreamy. Sherry followed Bat's intricate steps without effort. A sudden burst of applause brought them back from heavenly oblivion. Weber, the proprietor, came forward with a prise.

"You've won the contest," he said with a benign smile.

"Contest?" Sherry was puzzled, then she
“Ambition Pinch-Hitting for Love”

Jean Harlow Is Giving All To Her Career.

J ust as lovely Jean Harlow put aside her platinum tresses to become a “brownette,” so has she come to realize that work, which she once thought a pleasant game, is actually a very important part of her life. Jean was walking up and down her dressing room with the sound stage for work in “Wife vs. Secretary,” in which she was working with Clark Gable. “I’m one of those people who can’t do justice to more than one thing at a time—I’m naturally giving all my time and energy to the thing which I regard as most important. I’ve come to know that work is not a punishment but a salvation, that work is a concrete something to which one can cling in happiness as well as in sorrow.” Jean’s new outlook is reflected in her every gesture. One senses in her a new determination—and she is more quietly alert than the Jean of a short while back.

For Jean Harlow, leaving the studio doesn’t mean that her work is finished. That is when the more serious side actually begins. For at home she learns her lines, studies diction, and looks for new ways of improvement. She never goes out while working in a picture—and she rarely even entertain at home! During the rare intervals in which she has a few days off-week-ends in particular—she goes off either to a ranch of a friend near Santa Barbara, or to a small mountain cabin to rest.

For a long time now, Jean has been trying to convince people she is more than “just a platinum blonde.” This had a lot to do with her changing the color of her hair. So long as she remained a blonde the task was doubly hard. That is why the change of hair which she made for her role in “Rififi,” with Spencer Tracy, gave her the chance to prove her real ability. It will be remembered that in “Red Dust” and “Red Headed Woman” Jean achieved her greatest successes. In those pictures audiences did not think of her as a dazzling blonde—but as an actress. They saw her as she really was, not as a platinum blonde. Now, with her change to “brownette,” Jean wants them to forget the platinum blonde permanently.

The Jean Harlow of today has her eyes turned toward the future. She is building with that end in view. Knowing that a star is only as good as his or her pictures, she is making sure to exert every effort to build as good as she can, so far as her own job is concerned.

It is much more than personal security and fame that Jean is after, however. And she said: “I’m not in pictures for the glory. Nor am I particularly interested in the money. Fundamentally, I’ve chosen the screen as a life’s work because I like it. If one doesn’t feel this way about one’s life’s occupation, one’s doing the wrong thing.”

Jean is anchoring herself to her career. She is not shutting herself off from the joys of life even though she is putting her career ahead of other interests—including romance. With scarcely a day between the shooting schedules of “Rififi” and “Wife vs. Secretary,” Jean had no time, even if she wished, to visit night clubs or supper rooms or to attend gay parties. On the set, she is the same cheerful and sporting girl of her earlier career. She and Clark Gable, who acted together as far back as “The Secret Six,” still have the same spirit of gay camaraderie. But the subtle change in Jean is evident. There are more consultations with the director, and a definite striving to achieve the best which is more felt than seen when one steps on the Harlow set.

One thing more one notices about the Harlow of the moment. She is happy! Her disposition has always been the joy of any picture crew. That is one thing she has always insisted upon, saying: “I can’t work in the atmosphere a bad disposition creates. No one really accomplishes anything by losing his temper. I’m very, very sensitive and if I don’t feel vibrations of good-will about me, I cannot accomplish half as much as I would otherwise.” And so no matter how upset she may be Jean manages to be pleasant to her fellow workers—but she radiates more than just the effort to be agreeable. For Jean has hitched her wagon to a definite goal—and the way she’s going there’s no doubt she’ll reach it!

But suppose Love comes along—will the call of her career silence the call of Jean’s warm-hearted nature for romance? Or is ambition only pinch-hitting for Love?
By Julia Gwin

ONE BUCK
(Not Inflated)

Frank Buck, In Addition To Putting Many Animals In The Zoos And Circuses Of America, Has Also Put A Phrase Into The English Language:—"Bringing 'Em Back Alive."

ALL of us are born with a love of adventure. Little girls hope to grow into exciting glamorous Joan Crawfords and little boys dream of flying the mail or hunting big game. But not all of us can make that dream come true; not all of us have a talent for bravery and a flair for accomplishing the unusual like Frank Buck.

Irving Thalberg is a genius at production; W. C. Fields has the gift of comedy; Lily Pons a talent for singing, and Frank Buck has an understanding of people and animals which enables him to live the adventures of which most of us dream. Into the snarling teeth of the jungle he harps his very life in the strangest of all professions, and modestly insists he is no braver than any other man.

"Capturing wild animals," said Buck, "isn't a matter of bravery. It is a question of thinking fast and keeping calm in the face of any emergency. When something on which I haven't calculated occurs my first feeling is one of panic. If I didn't keep a cool front I would be done for. Animals sense fear in an opponent almost before he is himself conscious of it. Take, for example, my fight with a King Cobra, which was recorded in "Wild Cargo." The bottom dropped out of the basket in which a native was carrying the reptile. The boy turned and ran but I was hedged in on three sides. I backed away looking for something with which to defend myself or a way out. I don't mind saying I was scared to death. One false move would have been the finish of me. I couldn't run, for that would have been a signal for the cobra to strike. Quickly I removed my coat, threw it over his head and fell on him. Then the boys rushed in and recaptured him. That wasn't bravery; it was knowing what to do and not losing my head. Another man, unused to jungle ways wouldn't have lived to tell the tale but it wouldn't follow that he was a coward.

"Snakes have played quite a part in my career. As a boy I used to catch rattle-

snakes and sell them for snake oil. Later I supplied Rattle Snake Pete Gruber with snakes for his museum in Rochester, N. Y."

Once a python robbed the expedition of a half grown pig pennel on the borders of the thicket. Buck and his natives had planned a rare feast but the snake beat them to it, but, swollen from devouring the pig, he was unable to squeeze back through the pen and was easily captured by the men who thought for days of the meal they had almost had.

Another time Buck was trying to free a mouse deer from a native trap. This animal is a miniature of our American deer and a great favorite with Buck. Its importation is prohibited since it is a dangerous disease carrier. As he reached toward the trap in a thicket a giant python stabbed like lightning from the jungle growth, to seize Buck's arm in its powerful jaws while its deadly coils began to encircle his body. With his free hand Buck drew his revolver and fired. This and a parang, or bush knife, in the hands of Ali, his number one boy, saved him from certain death.

If you met Frank Buck you would never suspect that he was the internationally famous "bring 'em back alive" man with a reputation for having brought to America more "firsts" in its zoos and museums than any other two men. You could hardly believe that included in this group was the

Deep in the jungle Frank has his own circus parade, which is reviewed very suspiciously by the jungle beasts.
NOT SO TOUGH

After All Those Pictures It Turns Out That Pat O'Brien Is As Gentle As A Lamb—Well, Ram, Anyway.

By Lenore Samuels

WITH theatres throughout the country showing films depicting Pat O'Brien, for the most part, as a tough Irish tenor, it was only quick enemy of the snapshot trigger, it was a distinct novelty to find that Pat, in person, is a totally different character. Or, so I found him when I visited him in his suite at the Warwick Hotel one gloomy afternoon in December during his recent stay here.

"I'm no good at interviews," he said in greeting. "I can't talk about myself." And, for a moment, he looked very much like a small boy invited into the parlor to show off before his mother's guests, assuming the very antithesis of the "I'll tell the world" attitude which he's forced to assume in some of his screen rôles.

But, although his temperament is different, his looks are not. If you'd only seen Pat just once in films, you'd recognize him in the flesh. He has that same unsmiling face, those same thoughtful blue eyes, that same unmanageable straight brown hair. He is tall and slightly on the robust rather than the aesthetic side. Therefore, it is quite amazing to hear him express his views in the gentle, urbane manner which we have come to expect from—say Mr. Leslie Howard. And his taste for the so-called arts—or should we say the finer things of life—are correspondingly similar.

As a further contrast, Pat was born in Milwaukee—of all places—a city noted far more for its pre-War Pilsener and Budweiser than it is for its arts and sciences. The population was principally German, but that time this didn't phase Pat. He claim he marched in more parades, danced his well-drilled Irish jig at more outdoor picnics than he had any right to, considering his Irish blood. But the Germans, a fun-loving people in those days, were glad enough to be entertained by this little Irish lad whose gaily whirling feet and droll remarks belied his serious little face.

It was the remembrance of the fun he had participating in all these town festivals when a child that actually shaped Pat's career on the stage and on the screen. For, when he was studying at Marquette University in Wisconsin, he was planning to become a criminal lawyer. In his senior year he captained the Marquette football team and before he graduated he had a 69 yard dash through the Notre Dame line to his credit. He admits that he will boast about that for the rest of his life.

The excitement of this dramatic finale to his college years must have prompted him to discard the idea of a prosecutive career as an attorney and get himself a job in the chorus of a musical show instead. He remembered that he was a pretty good hoofer back home in Milwaukee and this ought to start him off. It did—but he didn't stick to the chorus for more than one season. Instead he joined a traveling stock company and this led to his assignation of the rôle of Michael opposite Helen Hayes in "Coquette," when she took this popular play on the road. He also played in "The Front Page" on tour and the following season made his first Broadway appearance in "A Man's Man." It wasn't so very long after this that Pat got snapped up by Hollywood and has remained there ever since.

All this is the story of Mr. Pat O'Brien bit by bit—in spite of the fact that he had a sore throat and was far more desirous of having me sit and rave about Mavronne, O'Brien, his small daughter, a portrait of whom he had placed in my hands before I had been the room half an hour.

"How old is she?" I asked, noting that Pat's eyes were turning toward the portrait and that he was getting plenty bored talking about his not so remâ™te past.

"Eighteen months and twelve days," came back like a flash.

When it comes to his daughter, Pat is right there with the snappy answer. Nothing urbane and Leslie Howardish about him then. One can easily see that heart and soul he is wrapped up in this younger—an enthusiasm that he shares equally with Eloise, his wife.

"She went to Palm Springs with Mavronne," he told me with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "It's the first time we've been separated since we were married nine years ago. It felt awfully lonesome traveling.

"Why didn't you bring her along?" I asked.

For a moment Pat looked amazed at my lack of perception.

"I wouldn't!" he replied. "We couldn't risk such a change of climate for the baby.

"I see," I murmured, deciding to tread lightly from then on where Mavronne was concerned. "But doesn't Mrs. O'Brien's good shop take up a great deal of her time?"

"Not from the baby," Pat said quickly. "She's a great organizer. (He means Eloise, of course, not Mavronne.) She's got the shop running so smoothly that she only has to spend three hours away from home each day. Do you know that some days she takes in almost three hundred dollars?"

I looked properly amazed.

"Yes. The O'Briens are running into luck these days. If she keeps this up I'll be able to retire in a year or two," he continued, grinning broadly.

Mr. O'Brien was chatting freely now. Evidently Mrs. O'Brien's business enterprise had a loosening effect on his tongue. For which I was truly grateful.

"She's getting so well known," Pat went on, "that Adrian—you know the gown designer at M-G-M—and sometimes Orry-Kelly of Warners call her in when they're rushed to help them design and turn out gowns for various productions. Eloise is great at rush jobs. She was a private secretary before she went on the stage. That sort of trained her. She's really very methodical, very efficient."

Now that Pat was well started I asked him a few things about his own career. "Why," said I, "weren't you cast in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' along with all the other Warner Brothers' contract players?"

"Everybody asks me that," answered Pat—and was there a slight hint of sarcasm in his hellow Irish voice?

"I don't know. They just didn't, that's all!"

"Would you have liked to have played a part in it?" I persisted, quite sure that if the answer was negative it would be off with my head.

"Well—er—yes," admitted Pat. "It would have been a great experience working under Reinhardt."

"You're so different from the rôles you play most of the time," I couldn't help remarking after the suitable pause which followed this frank admission of disappointment. "Do you mind always being cast as the wise-cracking, bell-bent-for-heaven-young-know-it-all?"

"I liked my rôle in 'Oil for the Lamps of China' better than anything I've done so far. That was a serious dramatic rôle with a chance for definite characterization. The story had a definite idea, too, and wasn't just manufactured to fit a slap-bang personality such as I portrayed in 'The Irish in Us' or 'Here Comes the Navy' or several other pictures of the same sort. I liked the part I played in 'Stars Over Broadway' too. The studio wanted me to play that but I resisted upon under-playing it straight, instead, they finally agreed.

"I liked the way you handled that part," I told him sincerely. "I think you were right, in soft-peddling it. It was twice as effective played that way."
Pat was so pleased with this that he almost blushed. Yes, he is that modest.

"I think," he told me, "you'll like 'Ceiling Zero,' too. I just finished that before coming East. Cagney is teamed with me again in it."

"How do you and Cagney get along together in films?" I queried.

Again Pat looked at me as if amazed at my lack of understanding. "Jimmy and I are pals," he exclaimed. "We work fine together. Although I'm afraid that if they keep teaming us our parts are bound to get pretty routine. You know what some of the fans write me? They want to know if there aren't enough girls to go around in Hollywood. Either Jimmy or I get the girl in the end you see. But seldom do we both get a girl. One of us generally has to do a Pagliacci."

"Is Jimmy the rough-neck type in real life?" I asked him while we were still on the subject.

"No—no. Jimmy's the gentlest soul. He's a fine linguist, too. And he's simply crazy about music."

If it wasn't that I had found Pat himself so diametrically opposite from the blustering characters he has given us in such confusion, I might have found it difficult to accept this for gospel truth. But if the bumptious Pat O'Brien of the screen could be transformed into such a sophisticated, kindly man of the world when he removes the greasepaint, why, then, anything is believable and possible.

I hear you have the hobby of 'collecting things,'" I murmured in a concentrated effort to get him talking about himself again.

An odd, unholy gleam came into his eyes. "I collect books and antiques," he informed me.

It was only later that I learned the reason of that unholy gleam, but Pat gave me no inkling of the truth then. You see—shh—we've got to whisper things Pat collects more than books and antiques. His wife once told me that when a junk collector too—pieces of string, old theatre programs, odd neckties, cigarette coupons, nothing is too trivial for her husband to collect and hang on to for years. And if he so much as misses one of these precious items there is a very dear thing to say. Oh, Pat isn't Irish for nothing. He's got a temper too. It's traditional. For he really is the easiest person to get along with, most of the time.

But, as for the collecting that Pat thought fit for publication, . . . "I've a first edition of 'Blæk House,' published in '80," he told me proudly. "And one of 'Dombey and Son' that my wife gave me. I really treasure those two books. Think of the heritage they must have had before they came into my possession."

"How about the moderns—do you collect firsts of those, too?"

"Not particularly—a first edition has no real value to me unless it's really very old and very rare."

James Stephens, the Irish philosopher who writes the most exquisite prose in English—or any other language for that matter—is a close friend of Pat's. (If that amazes you from your knowledge of Pat O'Brien derived from the screen, it wouldn't if you had the privilege of really talking with him as I did.)

"I'm having dinner with Stephens tonight," Pat said just as simply as I might say I was having dinner with Mary Smith.

"Stephens visited us out in Hollywood in the fall. He's a strange, little man but quite a leprechaun he writes about so tellingly in his 'Crock of Gold.' He autographed a copy of that book for me when he was in Hollywood. You can rest assured I'll never part with it."

When I quizzed him about his taste in literature generally, Pat blithely admitted that he preferred the reading of Irish folklore to anything else he could think of. He's especially fond of the play 'The Laddy Greentop.'

"Being born in Milwaukee certainly didn't dampen your Irish ardor," I remarked and Pat smilingly acquiesced.

As for his next play, he's not so sure that he might not be assigned to a part in "Slim," a story by William Wister Haines. If so, he will be co-starred with Jimmy Cagney once again. If he doesn't do "Slim," he says that he's sure to do "Three Men On a Horse," because Warners bought that play with him in mind. In either event he's satisfied. He's really not difficult to please, although he insists that he prefers roles which allow him a chance for characterization rather than wisecracking. And I don't blame him, for since "Oil for the

Pat and Square Erwin in "Ceiling Zero," Pat's latest picture.

Pat's latest picture.

Lamps of China" and "Stars Over Broadway" I have a feeling that the studios haven't done right by our Pat. He is definitely a fine actor.

Just as I typed those last lines, Pat O'Brien stepped into my office for a visit to the editorial staff, and escorted by a representative of the Messrs. Warner Brothers. You see, Pat just came here for a vacation—so all he has had to do with his trivial is submit to a dozen interviews, rehearse for an appearance in a scene from "Clear All Wires" on the Rudy Vallee hour, make a personal appearance in Washington in connection with "Stars Over Broadway" and open up the six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden.

"Outside of all that, you've had nothing to do but enjoy yourself," I exclaimed in disgust aimed at the Simon Legree Warner Brothers. Pat smiled deprecatingly. "I feel fine now," he said. "I'm getting used to the New York climate again and am ready for everything."

I asked him if he had prepared a sketch from one of his recent pictures to give when making his personal appearance in Washington. But Pat said no. he had nothing planned, he would just step out on the stage and speak extemporaneously about anything that came into his head at the moment. As it was like pulling along with the Volga bateau to get Pat to talk about himself, no doubt he intends treating the Capitol fans to some of that true teller's magic which the members of the Lambs Club boast that he possesses in such abundance.

"How's Mavourneen?" I shouted after him as he was going through the door.

"Fine!" he called back. "I just spoke to my wife about her a few minutes ago."

"He's so different," murmured the office staff after he had gone.

"He's so well-bred, so good-looking. Why you'd never know he was the same person you see on the screen even though he looks practically the same."

What did I tell you? After all, fifty million typewriter pushers can't be wrong!
YOU say it can't be done? That Carole Lombard and Virginia Bruce and Joan Crawford have far too much money to spend, when they start to redecorate their little homes in Hollywood, to put their own personalities into them? That Mary Smith out in Oshkosh, who goes down to the dime store, picks out her own blue and white checked curtains, her own gay rag rugs, paints her chest of drawers and her dressing table, does a better job of injecting her own personality into a room—

Humph! So thought old Cynic Babcock once, until armed with her spectacles and her most inquisitive air she started on a round of inspection of some of the stars' homes, from Toluca Lake to Westwood; from Hollywood Boulevard to the Santa Fe country. A few people, of course, didn't invite her in, but those who did gave her an eyeful and an earful. And gave her practically a whole magazine full of ideas about this putting your own personality into your living room or even your back bedroom.

The thing that really knew this old cynic for a loop was Carole Lombard's drawing room (or call it the front parlor, if you wish). It is all in various shades of blue (Carole's best color) with a dash of tomato red (Carole's lipstick color) and yellow (the color of her hair). The trick of the room is that every other woman in the world looks badly in it except Carole. She looks simply stunning!

Bill Haines, who achieved the room, with Carole's help, told me between chuckles about how they worked it out. He also added 'a little ray of sunshine for those of you who have no Bill Haines to guide you' that if you'd like a room that would do similar things for you, you can have it by using your ingenuity and your brains.

He said, and very seriously, 'If you are considering doing a house or a room to fit your personality, it is advisable to look at yourself in the mirror and see what colors become you, your eyes, your mouth, your lipstick. Try different colors behind you and see what shows you up to the best advantage. You may like green very well, but when you try it behind your figure, you may find it does the wrong thing to you. Try color after color until you are convinced just what brings out your best qualities. This isn't a new idea with me. The ancients used it. Wealthy Romans had special rooms in their palaces which were done in backgrounds to make women stand out effectively and be more attractive. The backgrounds were planned to frame a woman's beauty rather than to dominate the room.'

Well, when I walked into Carole's living room, I knew that Bill had been telling me the truth. Not that your scribe is any object of feminine pulchritude in any setting, but in Carole's blue-blue drawing room, she was forced to confess she didn't look her best. That Carole had the breaks. Bill told me that when Carole was in the room it looked furnished; when she was absent, it was a bare room.

It is, however, considered objectively, a swell room. The effect is blue and then some more blue. The walls are gray blue, the carpet of cobalt blue and the valances (top window draperies) are still another shade of blue. There are some traditional eighteenth century pieces of furniture, some painted Hepplewhite and some Adam gilt consoles. There are no pictures on the walls, only a bronze torso of Aphrodite has been hung, in the base of which are planted some African violets. There are two little chairs covered in the color of Carole's own lipstick and a sofa in the yellow of her hair.

Incidentally, Carole told me she was rather proud of her good pieces of furniture, which had been selected from time to time and with a great deal of care and study.

"Rather than acquire a large and expensive mansion in Beverly Hills, I rented this..."
In Hollywood The Homes Of The Stars Are Designed And Built To Be Becoming.

ceramics, a hostess chair so light she can pick it up and carry it around, comprise the remaining furniture. This hostess chair is covered in striped necktie silk of gray, white and cobalt, which brings up another point, you don't have to do a room expensively to make it effective!

According to old Maestro Haines, if you want to re-cover your chairs, don't go to a drapery department for your material. Watch the sales in a dress department. Very often you can pick up remnants of coating material for chairs and organza for curtains. The more unusual material you can get, the more interesting you make the room. Bill says he himself goes to the dress departments and this necktie silk material on the chair came from a sale.

Well, I could go on and on with the subject of Carole's house, but—as you may have suspected, there are other stars in Hollywood who have injected personality into their homes!

At Virginia Bruce's Toluca Lake home I found a room which will interest some of you gals who live at home with the family and can only have one little corner to call your own—your bedroom. Virginia, you know, moved home to Mother and Father Briggs when she relinquished her position as Mrs. John Gilbert. Father and Mother's house is a small cottage, so two rooms had to be added to it when Virginia came home.

Harold Grieve, one of our best Hollywood decorators, who had originally done the Gilbert mansion, helped Virginia to decorate these rooms according to her personality. One is a little outside room in yellow, white and blue which she uses as sort of an office for her secretary and her fan mail. It contains a desk and a low comfortable chair and bookcase. The other is her bedroom-sitting room and it is the one I want to tell you about.

Yes, girls, here you have one of the most modern and yet one of the sweetest bedroom-sitting rooms [Continued on page 80]
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
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
The Expressive Face of
MISTER HORTON

A Photo Tribute To
A Funny Fellow

Edward Everett Horton and Peggy Conlin in "Her Master's Voice.

When an actor can convey the subtle emotional angles of a story by his facial expression he makes the whole thing more real and enjoyable. Edward Everett Horton has played in many a picture, but never one he did not help. Now he is the star of "Her Master's Voice," which makes that a picture the discerning should not miss. He is a bachelor who entertains in the Mayfair manner, but beneath that sartorial splendor there beats an understanding heart. As you might expect, Ed Horton is a great lover of dogs.
EVEN though we rarely see pictures of Hollywood jumpers in mid-air, we feel they can leap as well as any. The important thing in a jump is the ability to jump; however, it is to look the part. Apropos of ski jumpers, players pride themselves on their ability to jump into character. In Hollywood, the saddest words of tongue are "You're Not the Type." Any rate, they can't say about the swimming players.

No place can equal wood for providing the setting for whatever costume appeals to your mood. The heights of the Sierras are not the place for skiing. For striking distance, and the sliding down snowy mountains brings out the A blood in many a starlet. On the other hand, a few miles away in the desert, the swimming enthusiasts may pool their interests and let the sun out the tawny tints of their skin. Theirs is the setting for whatever appeals to your mood, height of the Sierras are not the place for skiing. In Hollywood, the saddest words of tongue are "You're Not the Type." Any rate, they can't say about the swimming players.

On send! Cecillia Parker practices skiing. It takes grit. You'll see her in "Ah, Wilderness!"

Gladys Swarthout, the opera gal, has finished her first picture, "Give Us This Night" (Title in Bad Taste), and dons a bright green jumper and dark green skiing trousers in case she feels jumpy.

Helen Wood and Paul Cavanagh have completed "Champagne Charlie," but are still dizzy evidently.
RIGHT ANYHOW!


Astrid Allwyn's sleeveless over-jacket is of white suede trimmed with flat nickel buttons. The interesting collar and cuffs are made of white balls of tufted yarn.

At Palm Springs, in the desert, the swimming pools defy the calendar. Carole Lombard, in her one-piece suit of navy blue taffeta satin, wears a hat between dives.
In Charlie Chaplin's picture, "Modern Times," Charlie and Paulette Goddard show how closely tears and smiles are related.

Robert Donat and Joan Parker working in England in "The Ghost Goes West." This is the picture directed by the master, Rene Clair.
IF YOU can't balance your budget any better than a Democrat can, still you will have to go to the movies to see the great pictures that are right now being ground out of the cameras of Hollywood. Every lot and studio has speeded up and enthusiasm knows no bounds, all because the dear old movie public has resumed the habit of going to the movies. "Mutiny on the Bounty" set new records, and no theme is too ambitious for the producers to tackle. Every box office is bursting with money for the first time since sound pictures ceased to be a novelty, and Hollywood is making the most of it.

Plans are going forward for many important pictures and, as a rule, we are moved to admiration when we consider how wisely the themes have been selected. There should be great interest in the Fox picture, "The Country Doctor," which will have the famous Dionne quintuplets. Jean Hersholt plays the doctor.

And then again, the producers make plans which seem, from where we sit, utterly and completely ridiculous. For example, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has for years and years been an expression to signify a boy in curls and velvet clothing. Now this is, we understand, to be made with Freddie Bartholomew and no curls. In other words, the once outstanding characteristic of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be thrown away. "Tain't right."
Some Stars Are At Their Best Only When Opposite A Certain Player.

Warner Baxter and Alice Faye are a new combination and an interesting one. See them in "The King of Burlesque."

"If You Could Only Cook" brings the aristocratic Herbert Marshall and the triumphant come-back girl, Jean Arthur.

In "Rififi," Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow are opposite one another. Spencer, the he-man, is a good match for colorful Jean.
SUPPOSE you realized that you were at your best when you played with a certain person, how tenderly you would regard that player and how confidently you would play your part when coupled with this good luck mate. Some teams seem to match just perfectly—Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, for example—and it is these combinations that the producers are eternally looking for. The fans will never stop writing in for Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert to be teamed together again.

RKO-Radio announces that presently Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers will be separated and Harriet Hackett will dance with Fred. As Ginger has already starred in a picture without the great Astaire this particular artistic divorce does not seem disastrous. There is one pair that we recently saw teamed, which to us seemed to be close to perfection—and that was Ann Harding and Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson."

Eddie Cantor is Eddie Pink, a timid little tailor, in his new show, "Strike Me Pink."

Ethel Merman is again the leading woman in Eddie Cantor's show.

There is a different kind of a chorus in "Anything Goes."

The real spirit of the old gorgeous Follies is in this impressive number from "The Great Ziegfeld."

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN
SO MANY musical pictures have choruses that the Hollywood Beauties are living in clover. Every known method is used to secure pretty and well built girls who conform to the standard. Beauty contests are held at dozens of beaches, and newspapers throughout the country receive photographs by the bagful in order to find the girls who are just right—pretty, graceful and shapely. Some of these choruses band together after the picture is finished and capitalize on the fame of the film. So many stars are dancing nowadays that every chorus girl has a chance.

There is nothing that shows the difference between pictures and the stage more than chorus numbers. The chorus girl of the stage is of doubtful beauty and uncertain age, if we may believe the comic magazines, but a chorine in the movies is apt, at any moment, to have the camera crane swing down to spread across the screen an all revealing close-up. And so the dancing girls of Hollywood mark a new high in chorus beauty. They really are young and beautiful. When a romantic holdover of the Gay Nineties sees one of these pictures it is almost impossible for him to resist lining up at the stage entrance of the movie theatre.

The prettiest chorus on earth! In "Strike Me Pink," the girls are more divinely formed than Venus and they are blessed with beautiful faces as well.

Harriet Hoctor, between the lions, dances at the command of the trumpeters.
Have They Got That Thing?

Personality Is The Indispensable Qualification For Screen Success.

These girls are prettier than many successful Hollywood stars but have they the mysterious qualification called “Personality?” In a woman it is called charm. Perhaps it may also be described as sex appeal. Whatever name is given to it, certainly it is the quality of attractiveness that makes every one in the audience feel a kinship of soul—a feeling of friendly understanding with the stranger on the screen.

Remind us next year to check these girls. Which will be “way up there” where the bright lights flash, and which ones will fail, or at least not make the neon?

For after all, stars do fade out and the personnel of the studios is constantly changing. Norma Talmadge, as she left the Brown Derby after lunch one day, was accosted by some autograph hunters. Norma shook her head and said “Run along, kiddies, I don’t need you now.”

June Travis, in “Ceiling Zero,” pin her hopes on her dramatic ability, although she has a radiant personality.

Harriett Hilliard has a good part in “Follow the Fleet.” She sang on the radio with Ozie Nelson’s band and Hollywood received her with open arms.

Marguerite Churchill is back on the screen and ready to go to the top. See her in “Man Hunt.”
Rita Cansino will soon be seen in "Paddy O'Day." After that the world is Rita's.

The dancing marvel, Eleanor Whitney, awaits the decision of the public.

Pauline Craig is in the chorus of "The Great Ziegfeld." She is pretty enough to be a star.
Margot Grahame Finds That Exotic Blooms Add Just The Right Touch To Formal Dress.

Margot Grahame is an English actress and she knows the Mayfair custom of wearing flowers on all occasions. Her success in "The Informer" put her over as a clever person. Her ingenious use of blossoms is illustrated by these specially posed portraits.

Margot is making a picture, "Two in the Dark," with Walter Abel whose D'Artagnan is an unforgetable characterization. There has always been something fascinating and dramatic about flowers in connection with a beautiful woman. Do you remember in "Romance" how Doris Keane tore her bunch of violets to bits? Or to come down to times within your memory, the faded bunch of violets of Alice Adams was one of the never-to-be-forgotten touches that only Booth Tarkington could appreciate.

A cluster of Hawaiian ginger blossoms combined with spathifillum sets off Margot Grahame's gown. She also wears some of the ginger blooms in her hair.

Bing Crosby's Thoroughbred Horses Are In Training At Santa Anita.

There is no connection except the financial one between the picture "Anything Goes" and Bing's horses. At the Santa Anita track Anything that Goes faster than Bing's thoroughbreds will get itself disliked. The stable consists of six yearlings, "Double Trouble," "Friend Andy" and "Miss Flip," a three-year-old.

Bing's stable is more pretentious than any other movie star although quite a number of players have a race horse or ponies, which entitles them to wear horse clothes.

The movies have always been kind to horseflesh. Millions of people felt personally acquainted with Tom Mix's horse Tony and time was when thousands of people went to the movies to see the thrilling performance of Rex, King of the Wild Horse.
Of Wearing Flowers

Three lovely green orchids add to Margot's lamé and velvet dinner suit.

Corsage of bird of paradise flowers on the leopard skin lapel of Miss Grahame's dark green sport suit.

String

Crosby riding a stable pony, his left is "Double Trouble," and his right, "Friend Andy," is held by Albert Johnson, Bing's trainer, who was once a famous jockey. His feet are pressed by horse power.

Bing petting "Miss Flip" at Santa Anita—or maybe he's crooning to her.
There are poor players being dropped all the time, but we do not miss them. Now and then, however, good players leave pictures for some reason or other and a proof of their popularity is the fervor with which they are welcomed back to the screen.

Everyone missed Myrna Loy after her hit in "The Thin Man." Her vacation is over now, and she is at work with Bill Powell again in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Leslie Howard, after many months away from Hollywood, has now returned to play in "The Petrified Forest."

The popularity of pictures with songs has brought Harry Richman to Hollywood again.

After having worked abroad Phillips Holmes is in Hollywood once more and at work in "The Chatterbox."

Antonio Moreno, an old favorite, returns to pictures and will appear in "Bohemian Girl."
The Foreign Heartbreakers Seem More Romantic Than Our Heroes.

Those foreign lads—they have something. Take Donat. He made one picture in Hollywood—"The Count of Monte Cristo"—and his romantic manner registered in many a maidenly bosom. Boyer has a dash of sadness that is appealing and Kiepura makes romance come so near that the girls can hear the rush of wings.

Can you imagine our he-men—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy or Gary Cooper—going poetic? The boys from Europe have a corner on the dream prince business.

Robert Donat is not here now but his pictures, "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The 39 Steps," and "The Ghost Goes West" have won for him a large following. Charles Boyer has a number of films, arr "Private Worlds" and "Hearts." He will be Dietrich in "Invitation to Kiss."
This heavy crepe dinner gown of taupe is a perfect foil for Anne Shirley's flaming red curls. The buttons are dull silver with sapphire blue centers.

Anne Shirley's sport dress. The enormous green buttons are tied to the dress with cord and are the feature of this Scotch plaid frock.

Jane Wyatt wearing a knitted outfit of pearl grey design against a dark blue background. The skirt is of matching blue wool. A smart off-the-face hat is worn with this ensemble.

Mary Carlisle's ashes of roses felt sport hat is trimmed with grey angora band trimming and blue grosgrain ribbon.
THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER OF MELINDA AND DITTY IS A VERY TALENTED ACTRESS.

JOAN BENNETT IS AN "O" AND "M" FILLER INNER, A SLIPPER DANGER, A MOTH CHASER, A CHEESE NIBBLER, A SIDE SHOW ADDICT, A SLIGHTLY MAD, A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND EXTREMELY DELIGHTFUL YOUNG PERSON. FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN FILLING IN "O" AND "M" WHILE WAITING FOR THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR TO TAKE HER OWN SWEET TIME WITH MY NUMBERS AND BELIEVE ME I SIMPLY ADORE A BIG FAT "O," AND FOR YEARS I HAVE DANGLED MY SLIPPER UNDER EVERYTHING FROM RICKETY CIGARETTE BURNED TABLES IN SMELLY JOINTS THAT BRING OUT THE GYPSY IN ME TO A BIT OF OLD RED PLUSH IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. AS SOON AS I FOUND OUT THAT JOAN BENNETT SHARED MANY OF MY PECULIAR TRAITS I DECIDED THAT SHE WAS A KINDRED SOUL AND WAS FILLED WITH GREAT ADmIRATION FOR HER.

ISN'T IT WEIRD HOW WE ALWAYS ADMIRE PEOPLE WHO ACT AND THINK JUST AS WE DO, AND WITH WHAT SATISFACTION WE ALWAYS SAY, "I'M LIKE THAT TOO!" BUT, FEAR NOT, I AM DEFINITELY NOT IN THE MOOD FOR GROPING VAGUELY AMONG THE MYSTERIES OF "THE HUMAN EGO." TODAY (I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANYTHING IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW) SO DON'T EXPECT ANY PONDEROUS PLATITUDES FROM ME, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO WANT THE LOWDOWN ON THE YOUNGEST OF THE BENNETTS JUST STICK AROUND.

EVER SINCE I SAW JOAN PLAY ANY IN "LITTLE WOMEN," WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN MONTHS AGO AS TIME FLIES, I FEEL THAT I SHOULD GIVE OF MY ART TO HER AND SNARE HER ALL OVER SILVER SCREEN. SO EVERY MONTH I WRITE MY EDITOR (OH YOU KNOW SIMON LOGUE) BEGGING FOR AN ASSIGNMENT ON JOAN BENNETT—AND EVERY MONTH I GET GARBO. FINALLY I CHANGED IT TO A "HOT ANGLE ON JOAN BENNETT"—AND THEN I GOT SHIRLEY TEMPLE. THAT JUST GIVES YOU A ROUGH IDEA OF HOW IMPORTANT I AM IN THE TV WORLD.

WELL, TWO YEARS PAST AND THEN ONE MORNING OUT OF THE BLUE, VIA TWA, CAME A LETTER FROM NEW YORK REQUESTING A JOAN BENNETT STORY AT ONCE, AND I WAS THAT STARTLED I HAD TO TAKE THREE ASPIRINS TO SETTLE MY NOSES. MY PET STORY, WHICH I HAD CHERISHED EVER SINCE I SAW JOAN IN "LITTLE WOMEN," WAS TO BE A MAGNIFICENT DE-MUNICATION OF THE FIVE BENNETS WHO HAD PRECEDED JOAN IN THE THEATER. HOW DARE THEY TREAT HER LIKE A BABY, HOW DARE THEY TRY TO OVER-SHADOW HER—MY, MY, I WAS REALLY GOING TO TOWN WITH THE BENNETS.

WELL, LOSING MY PET STORY SORT OF IRKED ME AS I AND A NATURAL CRUSADER BUT THERE IS STILL PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT JOAN, THE YOUNGEST OF THE HOUSE OF BENNETT, AND SO FOND AM I OF JOAN THAT SHE CAN COUNT ON ME FOR A BIT OF FIRST CLASS RESPECTIVE ANY TIME SHE WANTS RESPECTING DONE. BUT, JOAN, WITH HER GRAND HUSBAND, GENE MARKEY, HER TWO CUTE KIDS, MELINDA AND DITTY, AND HER VERY GOOD CONTRACT WITH WALTER WANGER IS AS HAPPY AS A BUG IN A RUG SO I CAN JUST TAKE MY RESPECTING ELSEWHERE.

OF COURSE IF YOU ARE A JOAN BENNETT FAN, AND I HOPE YOU ARE, THE FIRST THING YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW IS WHETHER OR NOT JOAN IS AS SWEET, DEMURE, HELPLESS AND CHILDLIKE IN REAL LIFE AS SHE IS IN PICTURES. THE ANSWER IS NO, AND THANK GOODNESS. SWEET? HMM—YES—SOMETIMES. BUT NOT WHEN SHE'S HAVING AN OUTBURST OF TEMPER. JOAN HAS A VERY FIERY Temper AND SHE CAN GET AWFULLY MAD WITH A PERSON, AND IF YOU HAPPEN ALONG JUST THEN SHE'LL GET YOU ALL WORKED UP AND YOU'LL VOW THAT YOU'LL SNUB THAT PERSON IF IT'S THE LAST THING YOU EVER DO. WELL THE NEXT DAY AT THE VENICE SCREEN YOU SEE THAT AWFUL PERSON SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU AND YOU GET READY TO SNUB HER, BUT BEWARE, WHEN YOU DISCOVER HOW HORRIBLE SHE IS, EATING WITH JOAN BENNETT AND THE TWO ARE GIGGLING LIKE A COUPLE OF SCHOOL GIRLS ON EASTER VACATION. THAT'S JOAN FOR YOU. SHE'LL BURN UP WITH RAGE ONE MINUTE AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT THE NEXT.

BESIDES, SHE IS THE MOST FORGIVING MOVIE STAR IN HOLLYWOOD.

DENAIRE? WELL, I SHOULD SAY NOT. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER AT THE VENICE AMUSEMENT PIER AS I DID ONE SATURDAY NIGHT ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO. THERE WAS NO "MISSISSIPPI" ABOUT HER THERE. YOU CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT A POPULAR AMUSEMENT PARK IS LIKE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MILLING AROUND, AND NOT EXACTLY THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU FIND IN JOAN CRAWFORD'S DRAWING ROOM EITHER, BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME HELD-BENT ON SATURDAY NIGHT FUN.

OF COURSE THEY RECOGNIZED JOAN IMMEDIATELY AND STARTED JOSTLING HER AND CROWDING AROUND, AND THE YOUNGSTER JOAN WAS NOT THE LEAST Perturbed. SHE SIGNED AUTOGRAPHS WHILE DEVOURING A HAMBURGER WITH ONIONS. THEN SHE WENT TO EVERY SHOOTING GALLERY (JOAN'S FIRST CLASS SHOT), AND EVERY (Continued on page 79)
Here's The New Batch Of Success Stories, And Some Failures Who Beat The Game.

Bill Haines, once very popular, was typed as a rah-rah boy and killed off. But not before he had a business all ready to fall into.

Robert Taylor was wonderful in "Broadway Melody of 1936." His new picture is "The Magnificent Obsession," with Irene Dunne.

In "The Dark Angel," Douglas Walton had one speech (he was the blind young man who protested the remarks of a lecturer). Now he has a nice contract.

You may have to wait a long time for success in Hollywood but when it does come it usually arrives with a sudden, breathtaking, upward zoom which leaves its recipient gasping with incredulous joy. Again and again we hear the Cinderella story of the player who was hungry and unrecognized the day before yesterday and who is headed for the sumptuous state of stardom today. These are the stories which keep up the courage of the strugglers, which lure ambitious youngsters from their homes in Keokuk and San Antonio and Bridgeport to break their hearts in the too-often unequal fight for fame and fortune.

But failure creeps slowly, insidiously, stealthily. Actors, you see, are incurable optimists. They have to be or they never would attempt the struggle in the first place. Bankers, business men and politicians make mistakes sometimes, or are the victims of adverse circumstance. They see the writing on the wall and occasionally they hop off cliffs or buy revolutions. They blame themselves for failure and your actor never does. Always he blames "bad breaks," bad stories, unfortunate publicity or unfair direction. The ego which is an integral part of his mental make-up will not allow him to blame himself. He waits for one more "break," one more opportunity. Give him one small chance and he will show up like Barrymore. They are pathetically brave and hopeful, the slipping actors. They refuse to recognize the specter—failure—even when they find themselves dependent upon the Motion Picture Relief Fund for groceries. Success came first, and nice, will come again—suddenly.

There is plenty of reason, when you think of it, for this optimism. Take young Fred MacMurray, who learned to play the saxophone while he was in school and who found that he could use this accomplishment to earn sandwiches and coffee here and there after he was graduated. But he wanted, inexplicably, to act...so he came to Hollywood (with saxophone). He didn't find any acting to do but the saxophone stood him in good stead and presently he found himself in New York, tooting away like anything with the California Collegians.

A Paramount talent scout saw him, interviewed him, tested him and sent a laconic report to his home office on the Coast. "This boy looks promising," he said. "He is handsome, has a spontaneous, Irish smile, has some of the Gary Cooper quality of ingenuousness. He can't act—yet. But I think we could attend to that..."

It is characteristic of this strange industry that MacMurray, who had been struggling for a chance in Hollywood for months and months, was "discovered" with some fanfare while he was in New York and not thinking about pictures at all. Paramount, on its scout’s advice, put him into "stock." Fred Datig, veteran casting director for that studio and shrewd judge of young talent, tested him for every possible part. But it was not until after a rival studio had borrowed him for a bit in a May Robson picture that his home studio began to take him at all seriously. Because there was a deplorable shortage of young leading men and because Fred Datig was still battling valiantly for MacMurray, they cast him (amid executive misgivings) opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." But they didn't tell him that he was cast for it. They told him, vaguely, that he might play around with the part for a few days to show what he had to offer. They indicated that they would probably reshoot his scenes later on with a real leading man.

Wesley Ruggles, the director, explains that they wanted to keep him on his toes. Not until the picture had been in production for two full weeks did Ruggles tell MacMurray that the part was actually his. Important scenes, of course, were shot afterward. But it was still a trial, a test, a probation period.

The day after the picture was previewed, no less than eight representatives of magazines and newspaper syndicates telephoned the studio to ask for interviews with the new actor. What was more, the new actor was called into an executive office and offered a nice, new, fresh, shiny contract which contained an extremely pleasant starting clause. That was exactly a year ago. The day that this is written the morning papers carry the announcement...
SUCCESS COMES SUDDENLY BUT FAILURE CREEPS
By Helen Louise Walker

that young Fred is to be starred in "13 Hours by Air."
Can you imagine the feelings of a youthful aspirant for film fame when he finds himself, after years of hoping and dreaming, at last on trial in an important role?
Can you imagine his mingled apprehension and hope when he receives that message directing him to call at the executive office?
It is not merely the aspirant, himself, who is affected by all this.
When a promising newcomer is receiving his baptism of fire in a picture, a feeling of tension begins to permeate an entire studio.
The word goes 'round that the Big Boss is attending all the rushes in which the newcomer appears. Everyone on the lot who can contrive to do so sneaks in to see those rushes every evening. "How did he look today? How's he doing? What did the Boss say? How is the kid standing the strain? How does he compare with that last guy...you know, the one they fired? An atmosphere of tension, of waiting, penetrates even the remote corners of the huge lot. The bootblack feels it. The hairdressers feel it. Prop men and electricians make bets among themselves as to whether

Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," which made the name MacMurray a household word—that is if there are any girls in the family.

Do you remember lovely Billie Dove? She changed careers, but did not let go of happiness.

this is "just another flop" or a new money-maker for the company, and a new personality to flame across public consciousness in the cinema sky.
All they need...so many of them... is one chance. Nelson Eddy sang one song in "Student Tour" and found himself cast for the swell role in "Naughty Marietta," which put him definitely upon the motion picture map. Robert Taylor played a small role in "Society Doctor" and found himself a sensation the day after the picture was released. Alan Jones had an almost invisible part in "Reckless" and stepped from that into an important role in the forthcoming Marx Brothers picture, "A Night at the Opera."
Douglas Walton had been playing "bits" in pictures for several years and he objected strenuously when Sam Goldwyn asked him to play the blind soldier who had one speech in the hospital scene in "Dark Angel." Quoth the canny Mr. Goldwyn, who knows his show business as few men know it, "You do this one, tiny part for me... and do it well... and you'll see that something important will come of it!"
Douglas was persuaded. He did the tiny part and did it so well that floods of fan letters swamped [Continued on page 60]
LOVELY fall weather, a most "unusual" downpour to add zest to living and, as if all that were not enough, "Rose Marie" with Rudolf Friml's delightful music and a new book by Hollywood's ace writing team—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett—who adapted "The Thin Man," "Ah, Wilderness," "Naughty Marietta" and "Manhattan Melodrama." In all the scripts this pair has turned out there hasn't been a flop, so this should really be something.

In addition to the script and music, this picture has Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in their first film since "Naughty Marietta.

Most of the musical numbers have already been shot but shooting of the story proper is just starting. Jeanette is a very temperamental actress.

Looking too beautiful in a cloth of silver gown, she is in her dressing room after the performance. Una O'Connor, as her maid (remember her as the maid in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street") is changing Jeanette's shoes and stockings. Jeanette has just had a letter from her brother in prison telling her his parole has been refused. The brother is the only one on earth Jeanette gives a darn about and she's plenty downcast. She tells Una she doesn't want to see anyone tonight, when there is a knock at the door and in bustles her manager (Reginald Owen) with the house manager (Halliwell Hobbes).

Mr. Owen is a husky, active man with a monocle. His whole life is spent trying to keep his temperamental star pacified. He always falls in with every mood of hers, which only irritates her more. He is overly-anxious and scared to death of her. "You were beautiful—beautiful," he coos. "Thank you, Myerson," Jeanette answers in a bored tone. "Look what we took in." Reg beams, holding out the night's report. "Yes, yes, later," she answers impatiently, waving the paper aside.

"Broke the house record," he raves on, his enthusiasm not a whit dampened. "You know Mr. Gordon, the manager of the house?"

"Oh, yes," Jeanette says giving Mr. Hobbes a very faint smile which shows she's not at all interested in him, his records or his theatre.

"You were superb," Hobbes tells her. "In my twenty years in this theatre, I have never heard a lovelier voice."

"Thank you so much," the star replied, still bored to tears. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I don't feel very well."

"Oh, dear, dear," Mr. Owen laments, falling in with her mood. "I sensed that. I could see it in your performance." He turns to Hobbes: "Miss de Flor has a terrible throat."

"There's nothing wrong with my throat," says Jeanette sharply, "and I never sang better in my life. I just don't feel like seeing people," beating her fists on her knees in emphasis as she utters the last words. Then she turns to Hobbes apologetically: "You understand, I'm sure."

"Of course he understands," says Owen sharply, changing moods to match hers and acting as though the whole thing were Hobbes' fault.

"There are some very important people to see you, Mademoiselle," Hobbes begins. "I'm sorry," says Jeanette curtly. She turns away and starts to put her brother's letter in her purse but poor Hobbs continues.

"But the Premier—he's waiting," he goes on desperately to Owen.
"I can't help that," says Mr. Owen. "But he came all the way from Quebec just to hear Miss de Flor." Hobbes pleads. "He is so anxious to meet her."

"My dear fellow," Owen announces importantly, "much more scared of Miss MacDonald than of the Premier, "if Miss de Flor doesn't feel like—"

"Myerson!" says Jeanette sharply and he turns to her, agitated anew by the tone of her voice. But she is through with him—for this time—and smiles charmingly to Hobbes. "I shall be delighted to meet the Premier. After all," noting Hobbes' look of relief, "it's like a royal command, isn't it?"

The reason for this last change of heart on her part is she feels the Premier can help her get her brother paroled.

Personally, I enjoy temperamental stars—on the screen only, though, mind you—and I know Miss Goodrich and Mr. Hackett will at least make this one human so it should be just another picture in their string of successes.

The Getaway is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month and take you on over to

FOX

NOW, here on this lot, right before your very eyes is Shirley Temple in her latest epic called "Captain January." The captain is none other than our old friend, Guy Kibbee. He is a lighthouse keeper who has saved Shirley from a shipwreck four years before. She was the only one who was saved and the only loot was a trunk that washed ashore, which had belonged to her mother. She is looking through a photograph album that came out of the trunk.

"Gee, we were lucky, weren't we?" she asks.

"Lucky!" Kibbee repeats.

"Yes," says Shirley. "If it wasn't for this we wouldn't know what my mother looked like, would we?" And then she reads, haltingly—"Lucia d'Ammermoom." "Do you think," she persists, "they named the song after my mother?"

Such child-like faith, Shirley looks mighty cute in a little Peter Thompson house and white skirt, and that room in the lighthouse is something to remember with its banjo clock on the wall, and gleaming copper pots and kettles hanging on hooks over the range in the kitchen. But we can't stay here all day.

Almost on the next stage is Fox's other child prodigy—Jane Withers—in a picturization of one of my favorite novels—"Gentle Julia." No one has ever written kid stuff that could compare with Booth Tarkington's and Harry Leon Wilson's. If Fox does as good a job of picturizing this book as R-K-O did with "Alice Adams" I'll have nothing to squawk about.

This scene is in the bedroom of Jane's mother (Myra Marsh, who resembles Florence Vidor when Florence was loveliness). Miss Marsh is seated at the sewing machine and nearby is Grace Goodall, who plays Jane's aunt, embroidering. Jane is at a secretary, sitting on top of her feet and writing like mad. She steps writing a moment to think and her glance happens to fall on a printed sheet of green paper. She pounces on it and reads it, her lips curling indignantly. "Vile things!" she announces.

"What are?" her mother inquires.

"Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter," says Jane.

Now Herbert (her first cousin) is played by Jackie Searle (who is another of my favorite actors) so I don't need to tell you how aptly Jane's description fits him. I don't know anything about Henry Rooter but I'm willing to take Jane's word for it.

"It seems to me," says Miss Marsh, "after what you've told me, that party Friday night, you'd be a little more charitable towards Herbert."

"An' let him crow over me cause I got to be punished by staying indoors, while he gets an ole newspaper press as a reward!" Jane demands indignantly. "An' anyhow that's no reason he can't let me write for his ole paper."

"Are you interested in writing?" Miss Goodall puts in.

"Oh, I write porty-off an' on," Jane admits casually. "Here's one I just finished."

"Let me hear it." Miss Marsh says.

"Oh, it ain't so much," Jane smiles in a deprecatory manner—but she reads it all the same:

"The organist was seated at his organ in the church.
In some beautiful woods, of maple and birch.
He was very weary while he played upon the keys
But he was a great organist and always played with ease.
I would like to be an organist, scated all day at the organ.
Whether my name might be Rockefeller or Morgan.
"Why, that's wonderful," her mother compliments her.
"I guess I'll hafta let 'em print it." Jane concedes in tones of a martyr, "seizin' as Herbert's my first cousin an' everything."

As she goes out the door, her mother rises and crosses to the desk where she picks up the green paper that is fresh from Herbert's new printing press. "Listen to this," she admonishes Miss Goodall, and reads: "Mr. Henry Rooter's dog, Sam, who recently had puppies, now has the mange.

"Read that one about Mr. Crum again," Miss Goodall laments her, Mr. Crum being Tom Brown.

Miss Marsh obliges. "Mr. A. Crum gave fifty cents at church Sunday, according to Miss Julia Atwater who went with him."

There's Tom for you, putting on swank again.

And lastly we have "The Song and Dance Man" which was supposed to have featured James Dunn, but Jimmy had a row with Fox so now Paul Kelly is playing the title part and that lovely Claire Trevor is opposite him.

This is the story of a conceited ham vaudevillian (that's Kelly) and his partner, La Trevor. She gets a call to try out for a big Broadway show and Mr. Kelly immediately assumes they want him too. So he gets them dressed up in the costumes they wear in their act and off they go to the races—or the theatre, rather. They arrive at the theatre and Paul immediately goes over to the piano player to explain their act.

"First the partner does a solo," he began.

[Continued on page 61]
TALE OF TWO CITIES

A GREAT and magnificent picture! Charles Dickens' immortal story of the French Revolution comes to the screen with overpowering beauty and breath-taking potency. Produced by David O. Selznick who, not long ago, gave us "David Copperfield," neither money nor talent has been spared on this production, and under the inspired direction of Jack Conway the most blood-thirsty chapter of modern history is brought to life in all its thrilling splendor and mighty reality.

It is no Cecil B. DeMille "spectacle." The characters are of dominant importance, and although there must be twenty or more of them outstanding, all are individualized, all live and breathe just as they did in the pages of the book. The story, as you recall, takes place in London and Paris in 1790 on the eve of the Revolution, and then proceeds to the storming of the Bastille, the Reign of Terror, and—the Guillotine.

You probably remember your Dickens, anyway there is not enough space to go into the plot, which is truly a fascinating one. The old die-hards will be pleased to know that Metro has not changed a syllable of Charles Dickens' famous novel. Ronald Colman leads the illustrious cast and as Sydney Carton gives a flawless performance that runs the entire gamut of emotions but never rings false.

When he utters those unforgettable words at the guillotine—"It is a far better thing that I do, than I ever have done. It is a far better rest that I go to than I ever have had"—you feel that you just can't stand it, you've got to cry or tear your handkerchief or something. Elizabeth Allan as sweet Lucie Manette is lovely and appealing. Henry B. Walthall plays Dr. Manette, and his plea for his son-in-law before the tribunal is a masterpiece. Edna May Oliver makes plenty of her peppery and tart remarks and is excellent as Miss Lucie's friend and guardian. Reginald Owen reaches a new high as Carton's law partner, utterly devoid of a sense of humor.

Then there is Blanche Yurka, making her screen debut, as the blood-thirsty Madame LaFarge who knits while the aristocrats' heads fall into the basket, and Donald Woods as handsome young Charles Darnay, the beloved of Lucie Manette, and Isabel Jewell as the little seamstress who goes to the guillotine hand in hand with Sydney Carton. There's E. F. May giving an inimitable Chief Justice, and Claude Gillingwater as the English banker, and Walter Catlett as the spy, Fritz Leiber as the revolutionist, H. B. Warner as the teur's Basil Rathbone as the foppish Marquis, Billy Bevan as the cockney "resurrectionist," etc., etc. You can't afford to miss this really great picture.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR
Rating: 99—MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE OF THE YEAR—Warner

HERE is a quiet, sincere and deeply moving film which so thrilled the preview audience in Hollywood that at the end of the picture they rose in tribute to the life of a great man and broke into spontaneous applause. There was hardly a dry eye in the house, men and women both wept unrestrainedly, but not because of any mawkish sadness—no, tears too were sort of a sincere tribute to a great man who fought so unselfishly for the welfare of mankind.

Paul Muni plays Dr. Louis Pasteur, and it is indeed his greatest rôle. He will undoubtedly win the Academy Award for his perfect and sympathetic characterization of the courageous scientist. You may not think that microbes, gers, toxins and rables make very exciting screen fare, but that's where you are mistaken. Dr. Pasteur's fight with microbes is far more thrilling than the French Revolution.

In a quiet, sincere, and gently humorous manner, this picture tells the life story of Louis Pasteur from the time he is banished by the Emperor from Paris, and branded as a charlatan by the Court physicians because they are too stupid to recognize his theory of microbes as a cause of diseases, to the time, and this is one of the most important scenes in any picture, when broken in health but not in courage he is brought in a wheel chair before the Academy of France to be decorated by the Czar of Russia, and praised by the great Lister, Muni's call upon the young doctors to preserve their faith in their high calling of benefaction to mankind in this scene is the highlight of the picture, and his passionate plea should be heard by every young man in the medical profession.

Josephine Hutchinson plays with beauty and restraint Pasteur's wife, and Anna May Wong plays his lovely daughter. Donald Woods is his lifelong disciple, and little Dickie Moore is one of his first patients. Second to Muni, praise should go to Fritz Leiber for his magnificent portrayal of Dr. Charbonnet. And, naturally, much praise should go to the director, William Dieterle, who directed as if divinely inspired. It's a picture you do not want to miss.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET
Rating: 85—FUN AMONG THE GOBS—Warner

A SLIGHT but funny comedy with Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert giving their usual gay performances. Joan plays an amusement jenner gal who is out to win the Miss Pacific Fleet popularity contest which is being staged in San Pedro, California, by the local Chamber of Commerce, with none other than Mr. Funny Fingers Herbert presiding.

Glenda Farrell, Jean's side-kick, and Allen Jenkins, the dumb-cluck champion boxer of the Navy and special pain in the neck to Joan, do all they can to win votes for Joanie, and their all is quite sufficient. Of
course Joan falls for a marine, Warren Hull, and almost loses the contest. Minna Gombell plays Hugh Herbert’s wife and always turns up just when Hughie is having fun with the girls. There are a lot of gags, some funny and some not so funny, with the one about the nicked in the telephone getting the most laughs.

**AH, WILDERNESS**

**Rating:** 93—DRAMA OF YOUTH—M-G-M

This is the gentle story of a young boy back in 1906 who has to go through all the despondency and dejection of growing up. Eric Linden plays the idealistic seventeen-year-old boy, and gives a thoroughly sincere and moving performance that will put him right up on top with Hollywood’s best actors. The picture, as you know, has been adapted from Eugene O’Neill’s stage play and has lost not one thing in the adaptation.

It is still the great saga of the American Family—simple, true and homely. Lionel Barrymore plays Eric’s understanding father, and the father and son scene so talked about on Broadway is still the highlight of the picture, and even more effective perhaps than it was on the stage, due to the sympathetic acting of both Barrymore and Linden.

Little Cecilia Parker, as Eric’s first sweetheart, is fresh and dainty and everything she should be. Wallace Beery is grand as the bumbling uncle who just can’t seem to keep a job or stay away from drink, and Aline MacMahon is perfect as the semi- tragic old maid relative who loves Wallie but can’t forget an incident of his youth.

Then there is Spring Byington, as the lovely and proud mother, with a mother’s worries. Mickey Rooney, Bonita Granville and Frank Albertson complete the Family. Helen Elliott is excellent in her few scenes as a Bad Woman. Praise must go to Clara Brown, who directed the picture with great care and sentiment, never once allowing it to become maudlin or ordinary, and to Clyde De Vinna’s photography, which is as homey as the picture itself. The graduation sequence, with its delightful humor, will stand out in your memory for years to come. Wholesome entertainment for the entire family.

**THE BRIDE COMES HOME**

**Rating:** 94—GAY, IMPOLITE COMEDY—Paramount

Here’s the best run-up to “It Happened One Night” that we have had, and who should star in it better than Claudette Colbert. Claudette has such a delightful flair for amusing, inconsequentia1l comedy, and always looks so beautiful, that watching her on the screen is one of the easiest things we do.

In her newest picture Claudette plays a rich, spoiled society girl of Chicago’s fashionable Gold Coast who wakes up one afternoon to find herself absolutely penniless; even the roof over her head is mortgaged. While poor Daddy goes back to bed Claudette puts up her prettiest hat and goes to look for a job so she and her old man can eat.

It seems that Bob Young has been in love with Claudette ever since they were kids together, but she just can’t take him seriously even if he has got a whole shoe of millions; however, she doesn’t mind asking him for a job on the magazine he is financing for his ex-bodyguard, the brutally frank Mr. Fred MacMurray.

Fred thinks that Claudette is a rich girl working as a flax and tries to break her down with insults, and Claudette is determined to hold out for her forty bucks a week even if she has to count all the Smiths in the phone directory. She comes of a long line of hot tempers, and Fred is no cultured gentleman himself, so when the two start flogging each other the comedy goes from sargings to hearty laughs. Of course they fall in love, and are in each other’s arms one day when Bob goes out for a bottle of safer water.

But there’s many a pepercy scene before they reach the altar—and what a wedding it is, the maddest you’ve ever seen. It’s a gay, romantic comedy that you won’t want to miss. Also in the cast are William Collier, Sr., as Daddy, Donald Meek as a busy Court House official, and Edgar Kennedy as the erratic marrying parson.

**THE LITTLEST REBEL**

**Rating:** 89—SUNDAY’S BEST—Twentieth Century-Fox

This is one of the most delightful pictures that has been previewed in Hollywood all winter and Shirley Temple is so natural and sweet and childish that she is bound to win more fans for herself than ever before, if that is possible. It is by far Shirley’s best picture, with not a bit of the sentimentality that a lot of folks objected to in her last picture—though, I suppose, a number of old die-hards will hold out for “Little Miss Marker.”

Shirley plays a little Southern girl whose play world is completely upset by the firing on Fort Sumner. Her father, a wealthy slave owner, leaves with the Confederate Army, but comes back one day through the Federal lines to bury his lovely wife. He is captured by a Yankee officer, who is completely enchanted by Shirley, who reminds him of his little girl at home. So the Yankee outfits Shirley’s father in a federal uniform and gives him a pass, but he is captured again and condemned to die as a spy, and so is his benefactor.

Shirley calls on Abraham Lincoln at the White House, sits on his desk, divides an apple with him and pleads in her own childish way for the life of her father. Mr. Lincoln gravely agrees with Shirley that her father is not guilty of spying. This is one of the best scenes in the picture, indeed it is one of the best scenes ever to be screened.

John Boles and Karen Morley play Shirley’s parents, and Jack Holt plays the Yankee colonel who befriends Shirley’s father. Bill Robinson is excellent as the faithful slave and he and Shirley do tap routines that are perfectly marvelous. Frank McGlynn, Sr., is a perfect Lincoln.

Young or old, rich or poor, you will enjoy Shirley’s new picture better than anything you’ve seen in a long time.

**DANGEROUS**

**Rating:** 79—BETTE AT HER BEST—Warner

Not since “Of Human Bondage” has Bette Davis been given such a grand role as this to sink her teeth in. Bette is one of the few really sincere dramatic actresses in Hollywood—when there is real acting to be done Bette can do it.
Silver Screen for February 1936

Reviews (Continued from page 57)

She plays the part of a fallen star (and because of certain references you can't help but believe the author had Jeanne Eagels in mind) who has brought ruin and disaster to all men who have loved her and tried to help her.

Franchot Tone, a rising young architect, finds her drunk in a speakeasy one night and, being an idealistic sort of fellow, he feels he owes her a debt of gratitude for the inspiration she has given him in the theatre. He takes her to his country estate, looks after her, and finally advances the money for her come-back on the stage. Ruin follows.

But his love and devotion have stirred something that was dead in the actress, she takes charge of things once more, makes a magnificent comeback, patches up Franchot's love affair with Margaret Lindsay, a society girl—and probably to her own surprise returns to her husband whom she has always kept in the background.

It is not Bette Davis' fault that this is not another "Of Human Bondage." It's the story's fault. But if you don't mind a little melodrama here and there, and who are we to scoff at melodrama, you'll enjoy this immensely. Women, I believe, will go slightly mad about it.

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK
Rating: 88%—Delightful Comedy—Columbia

One of the most pleasing and delightful little comedies you have found in a month of Sundays, or even longer, is unpretentious as oatmeal for breakfast but so pleasingly pleasant that you leave the theatre feeling genial towards everyone.

Herbert Marshall plays a young and rich autogastronome who is about to marry a dull society girl for no good reason at all. He craves romance with all his heart and soul, and sits down on a park bench one day to ponder, when the girl sitting next to him, thinking that he too is one of the great unemployed, hands him the "Help Wanted—Males" section of her paper. She finds an ad calling for a cook and a butler, and in one of the most engaging scenes imaginable she tells him the idea of helping her get the job by pretending they're a "couple."

They get the job and millionaire Marshall finds romance in the kitchen of their racketeer employer, who is studying to be an epicure. But his conscience finally gets the better of him, he can't jilt the society girl, so he runs out on the "cook" and very deceitfully appears at his wedding. But in the meantime Leo Carrillo, the very amiable racketeer, has discovered that his "cook" isn't married to his "butler," but would like to be, so he just has the boys kidnap Marshall right from under the minister's nose.

It's very gay comedy, with one amusing situation after another. Jean Arthur plays the girl down on her luck who becomes a cook, and Jean is one swell little actress, and mighty pretty too. She and Marshall make a grand team. Lionel Stander, as Carrillo's stooge, is excellent.

SYLVIA SCARLETT
Rating: 69%—Discovering Cary Grant—RKO

Of course we've had Cary Grant, that tall and handsome Englishman, around for some time now supporting all the best leading ladies but it takes "Sylvia Scarlett" to put Cary right up there on top and make a sensation of him. And in this picture that's exactly what Cary is—a sensation. Cary has excelled him play the English toll with the authentic cockney accent. It really is a Hepburn picture but poor Katie has to see her own picture stolen right from under her pretty nose by Cary.

Hepburn plays a French gal who has to disguise as a boy to get her father, a criminal of sorts, out of France to England. On the Channel boat they pick up Cary, and the three of them decide upon a casual life of crime, but do very little about it. Then they form a traveling troupe, augmented by a maid that Papa has married, and tour England with a very poor act. On the tour Sylvia, still the boy, meets an eccentric young artist, played by Brian Aherne, and falls in love with him and decides to become a girl again.

Before the love runs smoothly there is a suicide and an attempted suicide and a Russian girl and Cary Grant doing the right thing. Katie looks very cute in her boy's clothes, but personally we like her lots better in period costumes, don't we? There's nothing like male attire to destroy glamour. Edmund Gwenn is splendid as Jeanne Dionnet and Dennie Moore is quite robust as the maid he marries. Princess Natalie Paley, of the Old Russia regime, plays the Russian girl and is quite good.

MISTER HOB
Rating: 76%—Mr. Arlin's Adventures—GB

We have to expect very little less than a Prime Minister when we see a George Arliss picture, so it is something of a shock to meet up with the former Disraeli in the guise of a happy-go-lucky vagabond—who travels south with the birds in the winter and north again with them at the first touch of Spring—always with a knapsack on his shoulder, rags on his back and a song on his lips.

Even when, because he bears the name of the famous banking house of Rothschild, he is mistaken for a prominent banker and temporarily occupies the seats of the mighty, he does not step out of character. After causing a terrific furor in the stock exchange in Paris in order to befriend a girl who was kind to him and who is being gyped by unscrupulous bankers, he steps gallantly out of his striped trousers and morning coat, once again dons his rags and treks off to the sunny southland no richer than he was before they discovered that his name was Rothschild.

This is a pleasant enough comedy, pleasantly acted by Mervyn LeRoy, Jeanne Crain, Viola Keats, Frank Cellier and Mary Clare.

I DREAM TOO MUCH
Rating: 94%—Presenting Lily Pons—RKO

The latest of the opera singers to make a screen debut is Lily Pons. And here we really have something. Not just a Voice, though it is the greatest coloratura soprano voice ever heard on the screen, but a Personality no less. Dainty little Lily Pons, with her intriguing accent and her definite flair for comedy, proves that she could be a screen star even if she couldn't reach a high C. But thank heavens she can, and she treats us to the Bell Song from " Lakme," not to mention several lovely Jerome Kern numbers, including "The Jockey on the Carousel," "I'm the Echo" and "Dream Too Much."

The picture has great charm. Henry Fonda plays the young American and is terrifically attractive. Eric Blore and the Duchess (a trained secret agent) both laugh and we would like the Duchess for our birthday. Ogden Perkins is excellent as the impresario and Mischa Auer has a grand outstanding scene as a very bored pianist. Come, come, now, let's all clap hands for Lily Pons.
Edna had too many pimples but not for long

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Betw een 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---
**TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS**

[continued from page 15]

**BE SURE THE LAXATIVE YOU TAKE IS MILD ENOUGH FOR EVEN A LITTLE CHILD**

**FRED ASTAIRE** has made the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Fancy that. There's just no keeping Hollywood out of anything but the Boston Social Register. The fourteenth edition of the Brittanica, printing of 1936, will contain information on Astaire and will be illustrated with photographs of him taken from "Top Hat.

**WHILE** in Detroit recently Wally Ford, like any other tourist, just couldn't miss a chance to look over the Ford plant there. Some one tipped off Henry Ford that a movie actor by the name of Wally Ford was roaming around, so Mr. Ford appointed himself host to show Wally the local sights. During the conversation the motor magnate, with that genial "one Ford to another manner," inquired: "Young man, where did you get your name?"

"The same place a lot of actors get theirs," said Wally, "I just picked it up." "Ford and pick-up have always been synonymous," said Ford with a smile.

**PITY** poor Ginger Rogers. She had to dance all day Thanksgiving when you were out having fun, and Christmas Day was nothing more than eight hours of dance routine for her and Fred Astaire.

**SILK** corduroy gloves, gauntlet length, are the latest thing for evening wear, according to Jean Harlow who recently purchased a series of these accessories in colors to match her evening gowns. The material is almost velvet in appearance, slightly corded. Some of the gloves feature jeweled trimming.

**DO YOU** feel lower than a snake's belly and so depressed? Well read this and be cheered. Fred Keating once conducted an "Advice to the Lover" column for the New York World. Claudette Colbert once gave French lessons to the daughters of the rich and was appropriately snubbed by their maids. Jean Blondell once stamped "date of return" in books at the Lexington Branch of the New York library. Dick Arlen once lived on thirty-five cents a week earned from selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. Nelson Eddy used to write obituaries for a Philadelphia newspaper. Hugh Herbert used to "walk tracks" for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Clark Gable used to be time-keeper in a rubber factory. Do you feel better? We don't!

**LITTLE** Freddie Bartholomew gets up an hour earlier so he can carry his horse before going to work.

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**SUCCESS COMES SUDDENLY—BUT FAILURE CREEPS**

[continued from page 53]

the studio, addressed to "The Young Man Who Made the Speech in the Hospital." Goldwyn immediately signed him on a long term contract and plans to build him for stardom. And yesterday no one had ever heard of him.

Still more exciting is the story of Walter Brennan—not a young man at all—who had played bits and atmosphere parts in Hollywood for twelve heartbreaking years before he was cast in the unimportant role of Old Acquaintance. It sounds unimportant, didn't it? Well, that role wasn't unimportant when Brennan had finished with it ... and neither was Brennan! He had won a seven-year contract for himself, and at this writing he bids fair to be another Edward Arnold or something.

Jean Arthur, whose career has been a succession of apparent flops, this time success followed almost inevitably by dishheartening setbacks, had a pretty thrilling surprise a day or two ago. Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, arranged that a local paper should carry the news, on Jean's birthday, that she was to be given co-star billing with Herbert Marshall in "If You Could Only Cook!"—and what little actress could ask for a better birthday present than that?

Oh, yes! Success comes suddenly. Sometimes you wait a long, long while for it but its actual advent is nearly always so abrupt as to be incredible. Yesterday no one knew where you were today you are besieged by producers, offering you jobs, real estate salesmen offering you pink stucco palaces, and autograph seekers offering you adulation. It's all very exciting and bewildering.

But failure creeps on velvet sheat feet. Your successful star of the month before last who is so sure of himself, so certain

---

**HARSH** cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25¢ boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled EX-LAX.

**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

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**THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

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Please send me free sample of Ex-Lax.

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 95 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as It Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

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Clark Gable and Jean Parker back-stage during a performance to raise money for the Will Rogers Memorial.
of his indespensibility to the industry, almost never seeks that writing on the wall. He fails to secure a coveted role and is told, suavely and kindly that it isn't really worthy of his talents. This is inconvenient, of course, since there is a payment due on the new swimming pool. But he believes that the role really wasn't worthy of his oh, most undoubted talents. These disappointments continue. The offered roles become less and less important. He has no plans, no interests outside of his little world of make-believe. When he fails as an actor, he is through.

So few of them ever make any provision for that possible day when the screen may no longer have need of them. Joel McCrea has never considered himself any great shakes as an actor and he has felt (wrongly, we think) that when he began to mature, to lose the boyish quality which is part of his charm, that pictures would be finished with him. He has invested in and is developing an extra, where he raises fine stock. It is his hobby and his plaything now, but it is also a safeguard in more ways than one. If some fluke of fate should find him tumbling from the enviable pinnacle of cinema prominence which he occupies at the moment, he would have not only a business which would provide him with an evenless income but also an occupation which he loves and in which he could be enthusiastically absorbed. Wise Joel!

Billy Haines' thriving interior decorating business started while he was still a highly paid picture star. Billy enjoyed planning interesting interiors, and amused himself with set designs and novel effects in houses. What started as a sort of game turned out to be a lucrative business. Friends of Billy used to "let him" design playrooms and sunrooms for them because he enjoyed it so. By the time that he saw his picture career slipping, Billy had proved his talents so thoroughly that people were begging him to design the interior of their homes and offering him pleasant amounts of money for that service. Billy also designed the sets for Ina Claire's stage production of "Ode to Liberty" in Los Angeles a few months ago.

On the opening night he stood, almost unnoticed, in the theater lobby, watching the current crop of screen celebrities fighting their way through the swarms of photographers and autograph seekers. "It's rather restful, not being one of them" mused Billy. And when the curtain rose and there was a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience for the setting he had designed, Billy was more touched, more thrilled than ever he was over an ovation for himself upon the screen. "I watch this," he said. "Before, the credit belonged as much, if not more, to the producer, the director, the writer than it did to me. I wasn't responsible for any screen success...really. But this is mine!"

Lucky Billy...to have a job, a vocation which is so absorbing, so interesting, so profitable!

I remember Billy Dove a few years ago when her motion picture star was waning. She was safe financially. But she was favorably studied music, studying art, reading, trying to write, trying to occupy herself. "I'll have to have something to do!" she said. "When you have been as successful as I have, you can't just sit down and relax while you are still young!" Billie's happy marriage to Bob Kenaston and the advent of her child solved her problem. Life is happily occupied. But she recognized her potential problem long before it really presented itself.

So few—or pitifully few of them do. They think that they will go on forever. Success comes swiftly. Defeat creeps on velvet-shod feet.  

**Silver Screen for February 1936**

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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! ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO.

RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATES 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 COLGATES!

---

**COLGATE'S SUIT IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!**

NEVER HAD ANY TOOTHPASTE THAT MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN, EITHER!

---

**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¢**

**20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much! 35¢**

**COlGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**
Confessions of a Columnist

[Continued from page 17]

March 12, 1934, I find this line: "The Herbert Marshall-Edna Best crash is defi-
nite, with Gloria Swanson completing the triangle."

On Jan. 19, 1934 was the forecast of the Evelyn Laye-Frank Lawton marriage. On May 1, 1934, there is this prophetic news item from "Is Leland Hayward the romantic reason for Katharine Hepburn's reported divorce action?" On May 7, 1934, I wrote that the Jack Warner marital crash was paying off.

On August 6, 1934, I reported the blossoming romance of Doris Duke, world's wealthiest girl, and Jimmy Crompton. On Jan. 19, 1935, I predicted Connie Talmadge and Townsend Nether were Reno-bound.

Invariably a columnist gets a deluge of denials from the parties he has written about. I've never been able to reason this out. Why, if the facts are correct do men and women so keenly resent a truthful re-
port of what they plan to do? Yet every columnist will bear me out in this experience. Ordinarily truthful people will lie up and down to you, deny a plannedelope-
ment, deny a secret marriage, deny an ex-
pected visit of Sir Stork, deny a forthcoming divorce, threaten libel suits—and then, a few days later, they'll do exactly what they denied they would do.

Occasionally, a denial takes a humorous turn. On December 2, 1934, I wrote that the Billy Wilkersons, owners of a Coast trade paper, were planning a divorce. Wilkerson did not make the usual denials, although his friends and those on the ground asserted that I was inaccurate and presumptuous. But, a day later, he got back at me shrewdly. He ran a line in his Hollywood Reporter that the "Ed Sullivans are splitting up." However, my facts were more accurate than his. Within a few months, the Wilkersons were divorced and he later married Billie Seward. I snooped him on his divorce and re-marriage because I had the Seward item, too.

From day to day, the columnist keeps close track on the Hollywood situation. The Clark Gable wedding crash-up was no surprise when it finally occurred in Novem-
ber, 1935. First reference to what was in-
evitable appeared in my column of June 28, 1934. It read: "The Clark Gables tell Coast pals the wedding will be amicable." Now to show you how a columnist keeps his finger on such a gradual breakdown, let me quote from the column of Jan. 9, 1935, six months later: "The Clark Gables have Built Up To A Terrible Leddown and the cash settlement will be arranged shortly."

Finally, on October 7, 1935: "Clark Gable's South American trip revives the divorce rumors." That is the chronology of a cel-
luloid crash-up and it is the best practical example of how a columnist starts a story and builds it up. The readers get a con-
tinuity of thought and action that gives them the complete background and pre-
parates them for the conclusion. I pick this one because it is the timeliest illustration at hand. I don't like to boast about di-
voce predictions. I'd rather point to the Bruce Cabot-Adrienne Ames occurrence. When they split up, I notified them in

the column that they were acting childishly, because they are nice people. I got a tre-
mendous kick out of their reunion, when they tore up the divorce papers, kissed and made up.

It is an old newspaper saying that good news is good news, bad news is bad news. The theory that bad news makes the most interesting stories. Conceding this to be true, I do feel that the Broadway column-
ists, and I'm one of them, are writing a
craft, is rarely malicious. I don't know one of whom would permit a personal grudge to discolor a story or deliberately harm a moving picture actor or actress or producer. The best stories, so help me, are the stories we DO NOT print. There is no columnist who prints a story that he

knows to be untrue, and most of us check our news sources conscientiously. Anony-
mous letters, telegrams and phone calls are never used as tips or facts by me.

Our own vanity is a powerful influence in discriminate reporting. The threat of libel suits is still another. Friendships with the performers is one thing, and it is

I had a long discussion with Kay Francis about this the last time she was in New
York. She was irritated because I had read: "The actress has undergone a new
settlement of the Separation.

She claimed that the movie fans would be on the lookout for a scar near her left eye, because she made her next picture, having read it in the col-
umn. "All newspaper-
men are alike," she said, "They print the things that shouldn't be printed." So I got a

chuckle from her first picture. It was "I found Stella Parrish" and in it, Kay tells off the newspaperman who apparently be-

trays her confidence. In that scene, she takes off some one else. What she said to that chap came straight from the

heart.

A columnist is wary, he will avoid one

subject that is always fraught with danger and emotional dynamite. That is the topic of ages, and you won't catch me on it.

So much for my confessions. As a final word, may I say this to all of Hollywood: there is no actor or actress of the talkies who needs fear a columnist unless he is

hiding something. If you're hiding something that will make a good story, then you're on your own. Sooner or later, you'll read it in the Broadway columnist's next column. You can fool some of the columnists all of the time, and all of the columnists some of the time, but by careful, you can't fool all of the columnists all of the time. And we'll get you sure, if you don't watch out.
A Thousand Teachers

[Continued from page 24]

She smiled broadly. And when Jean (She’s-the-Louvre!) Arthur is merry you automatically pep up a hundred volts worth. "I had been trying to suit a single man, the particular director I had for each assignment. I was afraid to assert my opinions. There's no rehearsing here, in the sense that you rehearse in the theatre, so it was hit-or-miss on movie roles for me. Mostly miss!"

"I finally decided I couldn't stand mediocrity forever. I had to have expert criticism and plenty of it if I were to amount to anything. So I went back to New York and on the stage. It was Broadway success—or bust! There were a thousand seats in a theatre and each one was occupied by a critic every evening. It was up to me to learn how to make every one respond to the emotions I was supposed to portray."

This self-imposed training was all the harder because Jean had had no stage experience. She insists she'll never forget her first opening night. The fashionable crowd, anxious to pass sentence, quieted. The curtain majestically rose. The tension in the wings was terrific. She heard the players speaking and then her cue came. "I was—well, numb! My character was that of a housemaid, in love with Henry Hull, a nonchalant sophisticate. I had no stunning costume to help, being attired in a commonplace, merely comfortable-looking outfit. When I walked on I wasn't sure any noise would emerge from my lips."

But the four weeks' grind of rehearsals hadn't been in vain. After a few minutes Jean felt a wave of favorable reaction.

For two and a half years Jean (She's-a-melody-by-Straus!) Arthur served a voluntary apprenticeship. She wasn't a Hollywood name making personal appearances, but an eager young flame bent on mastering her art. There followed unquestionably earned stage stardom, and acclaim of the professional reviewers. Jean cherished their comments, yet more valuable were the rigorous lessons from the steady succession of audiences. She painstakingly experimented with every gesture and intonation until she had the right effects.

Simultaneously, an accompanying metamorphosis was going on in her private life. Jean discovered romance in Frank Ross, attractive New York realtor. He introduced her to his charming circle, and the armor she'd unhappily acquired vanished as she joined in their fun. She found that genuine sociability and a wise, exultant way of living. The bold pursuit ceased to fascinate her. As she ventured to assert herself, she gradually evolved into her present self.

Eventually Jean (She's-a-Shakespearean-sonnet!) Arthur had absorbed a generous measure of what those metropolitan disciplinarians could give her. She was a polished pupil of a thousand teachers. Mature ability was so plainly manifested that screen executives wooed her West again, this time with assurances of worth-while parts.

So she's returned and more and more her punchy personality is being captured by the cameras. She's no longer limited to routine roles, because obviously she's now not just a prosaic pretty.

She resides in a white mansion in Beverly Hills, where, if she isn't installing a new fireplace the living-room beams are being painted a different shade. When she arrives at the studio the air turns tense with anticipation. Will she beHugh or select to make hash of another cut-and-dried convention? Whatever happens, there'll be no dull memorials. Jean (She's-Mickey-Mouse!) Arthur will have the situation well in hand and she'll drive the drabness away.

WARM HEARTS NEED KOOLS—Mounting sales tell us we hit the mark by offering a smoke that cools your throat while pleasing your palate. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save lips and added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome articles (offer good in U.S.A., only). Get a pack of KOOLS today. Cross our hearts, you'll love 'em! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.
**Studio News**

[Continued from page 35]

**Columbia**

The picture going over here is "No More Yesterdays," which brings back Ruth Chatterton to those who have been clamoring for her.

She, it seems, is an invalid, and her kid sister (Marian Marsh, I think, it is) is about to marry an older man (Otto Kruger) with a lot of money. Then, I believe, Chat's pa fires her old nurse and Ruthie is quite upset about it and she's even more upset at the thought of her sister marrying such an oldie as Mr. Kruger. Kruger locates her nurse and there is more whim in his ten minute recital of how he located her than there is in all of James Barrie's works put together.

At the end, Ruthie smiles.

"It was nice of you to give aid and comfort to the enemy," she acknowledges.

"Are we still enemies?" he wonders ruefully.

"Well, I've done what I warned you I would," says Ruth frankly. "I had to do it, David. You see, I'm more than Joan's sister. I'm—"

"I know," he replies gently. "I guessed that. I saw Joan slipping out of the house a minute ago with a very determined look. I wonder whether she was going to—that someone else you told me about."

"You don't seem very unhappy about it," Ruth challenges in a bantering tone.

"I'd be very happy," he admits, "if—"

"Anything you say will be used against you," she warns him.

"It's too late for that," he blurts out. "I've been careless already. Careless enough to fall in love with the maid of honor."

"David!" she exclaims.

"You probably think I'm altogether a cad," he rushes on. "But don't blame me too much. If I had no right to fall in love with you, then you had no right to be so lovely."

There are a few lines more but they only lead to the end of the picture and you can guess what that is. He's right about one thing, though—Miss Chatterton has never looked as lovely as she does this morning in a flame colored velvet cape.

Pondering on Mr. Harry Cohn's ability to bring back stars from the thespian grave yard, I wonder why the deuce he doesn't go after Constance Talmadge and Corinne Griffith and a few others who'll have fans as long as a person who ever saw them in a picture lives. I can't find the answer to my self-prophesied riddle but I can find—

**R-K-O**

I DON'T know whether it's the Christmas spirit getting into me or whether I'm getting soft in my dotage but practically everything today seems just ducky. I don't even mind—much—when there's more than one picture shooting at a studio. To add to my glee, the first thing I bump into at R-K-O is "The Chatterbox," starring Anne Shirley and Phillips Holmes. Anne isn't

---

**Lips must wear a lustre**

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. Dashing 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
Paris
London

© 1936, H. R., Inc.
Jane Withers is now a star in "Gentle Julia," supported by Jackie Searle—and how!

working today but Phil is and so is Margaret Hamilton, who is a pretty swell actress herself. She's the dame who was always eating grapes in "Another Language" and who spotted Rochelle Hudson for what she was in "Way Down East.

Apparently Anne has an idea Phil is in love with her and Phil has asked Margaret to tell Anne that he isn't. And now he's trying to find out what Anne's reaction to his message was, but Margaret keeps stalling and talking about the maple trees in Vermont. Although what maple trees have to do with Anne, I don't know—unless it's that they're both full of sugar.

Anyhow—"Hang the maple trees" Phil ejaculates. What did she say?

"Oh," says Margaret as if her mind was quite somewhere else. "Oh, yes. What did she say? What did she do?"

"Yes," Phil prompts her furiously, "what happened?"

"Well," Margaret breaks down, "as long as you're inviting it, I'll tell you. Only remember, I tried to make it easier for you."

"Easier for me?" Phil repeats incredulously.

"Yes," Miss Hamilton responds positively.

"You see, I started to tell her and before I knew it, she turned the whole thing her way. I couldn't help it. I told her you've been wanting to tell her something for a long time—but couldn't. She said she understood. Said you were like someone she read about in a book once—a man who liked a girl. She said he was a very good friend of this girl—and he couldn't tell her until he was in a better position—until he made something of himself—until he could offer her something."

"What are you raving about?" Phil cuts in.

"She misunderstood me completely," Margaret admits. "She's the hardest thing in the world to talk to—when you get a chance to talk."

"That's a fine howdoyoudo," Phil explains angrily, jumping up and pacing about the room. "I asked you to tell her they're making a fool of her at the theatre and you end by having this girl think I love her. Isn't that what you did?"

But the director yells "Cut" before I can find out whether that's what she did and Phil is shaking hands and telling me all about his European trip and it's just as hard to get in a word with him in real life as it is with Anne when she's in character.

But aside from his European trip, Phil is one of the best actors the screen has produced and if they'll let him play comedy instead of those neurotic "American Tragedy" parts all the time he'll be all right. I sure hope so, too, because we haven't too many of Phil's accomplishments on the screen.

I haven't a squawk to register on the
Silver easy.

French with M remember played I-tell crime.

1 de-were were shake tastily If Anyhow, wouldn't I've decided I-am

Silver clean.

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French with M remember played I-tell crime.
The clear-toned bloom of Beauty

Woodbury's Beauty Creams possess within themselves the power to stay germ-free — help protect skin against blemish, dryness

How gloriously refreshing... a beauty session with Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream! So smooth and cool against your cheek! And then a moment later, in your mirror—a new you! Your skin immaculate, radiantly fresh, protected against dryness and blemish—ready to face your own admiring world!

Gives active aid against blemish
Dip your finger tips into the jar with confidence! No germs defile this luscious beauty cream. A new scientific element keeps it germ-free to the last dab. With Woodbury's, the danger that germs will invade some tiny break in your skin to cause a blemish is greatly reduced!

Woodbury's Cold Cream is perfect for dry skin. For it contains Element 570 which helps combat skin dryness.

Before you don your make-up, protect your skin against wind and dust with Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream. It is a delightful foundation for rouge and powder, and guards against blemish, too.

The prices of these fine beauty creams are well within your budget. Only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes. Free! Two Germ-free Beauty Creams


Please send me, free, generous sample tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each sample for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Please coupon on poxy postcard or mail in envelope—NOW!)

Name:__________________________

Address:________________________

Look for the hand and signature, John H. Woodbury Inc., on all Woodbury products. © 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an internal infection! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold Is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment!"

circling over Newark in the fog. His radio is out. Discontinue all routine broadcasts. Report any contact with nine to Newark at once.

"Keep all beams open," Pat shouts. "If his radio should click, he might work any of them!"

Jimmy grabs the special telephone and dials a number, "Radio Newark!" Tex Clark in nine is in the fog with a sick radio set. Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you? Thanks."


"Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you?" Jimmy mutters. "What the--" I begin.

"Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you?" Jimmy repeats over and over again.

After fifteen minutes I can say it as well as he. "What the devil is the matter with you?" I growl. "There's nothing tough about that line?"

"Oh, isn't there?" Jimmy sners. "Let's hear you say it, wise guy."

So I say it.

"Faster," Jimmy yaps. "It's got no punch if you take a minute on each word."

I say it again as fast as I can.

"Faster," Jimmy bellows.

"I can't talk any faster than that. Can I help it if I don't run out of the mouth at the same rate of speed you do?"

"Nuts," says Jimmy. "Keep the Bellefonte, Albany--"

When I leave Jimmy is still whispering.

"Keep the Bellefonte, etc., etc."

And so we come to "Petrified Forest," which Leslie Howard played last year in New York and which was one of the outstanding hits of the season.

Like "Zero" the entire action takes place in one set. It is a service station and restaurant on the Arizona desert and the set is just as breath-taking as the other one. The desert waste has been so faithfully reproduced and the painted back-drops just as realistic. There are telephone poles with wires and I cannot tell where the real wires stop and the painted ones on the drop start.

Mervyn LeRoy is to direct "Anthony Adverse." Irv Cobb, appreciating his difficulties, said to Mervyn the other night, "If you can get 'Anthony Adverse' into ten reels you've got the man who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, looking like a piker."

Howard is a disillusioned writer, who, seeking reason for his existence, finds drama, excitement and justification in this spot. Here he finds Jason Maple (Porter Hall), his father, Gramps (Charles Grapewin), who has thousands of dollars in liberty bonds but won't give the money to his family, Gabby (Bette Davis), and Boze Herdlinger (Dick Foran), an American college boy with a deep passion for Gabby.

On the day Howard arrives, Duke Mantee (Humphrey Bogart) and his gang have massacred six persons in Oklahoma and are

"The Petrified Forest" reaches the screen after a successful New York run. Leslie Howard starring.
Fleeing from gangsters and shooting, what do you suppose I run into on the next set? Just a strike in some coal mines being operated by convicts. That's all. The picture is called "Road Gang" and Donald Woods and Kay Linaker have the leads.

Woods gets into trouble at the prison farm and is sent to the coal mines. He foments a strike and all the prisoners escape. Then he persuades them to return to the prison yard. This scene I see is just before the strike starts. The men are pushing a coal cart along the tracks, far underground. On it is the inert figure of a convict who has died from abuse and the foul air down there. There is no dialogue. And this set, too, is so realistic, with water trickling down the rocks, that it gives me the creeps and I'm glad enough to get on to the next set.

"Man Hunt," featuring William Gargan, Ricardo Cortez and Marguerite Churchill is next. The script on this one isn't completed yet but Gargan is a small-town newspaper man with ambitions to get to the big city. And Marguerite is his fiancé, a small-town girl who also wants to go to town in a big way. Just as they are about to leave on their GREAT ADVENTURE, a crook (Cortez, of course) comes to town. I think he's an escaped criminal and Gargan has gone back to his small-town paper, torn down the whole first sheet and got a scoop on the city reporters who are there to cover the case.

Mr. Gargan, whose part in this picture is the first decent one he's had in a year he's been under contract to Warner Brothers, and I swap a few jokes. But it's getting late and there is still one more picture.

There is quite a different atmosphere on this next set from all the killing, crashing and man-hunting we've been through. This one is called "Freshman Love." We find a college dance in progress, with palms, bowls of punch, orchestras playing and the diminutive George E. Stone whirling Mary Treen (a comely, red-haired lass who towers above him) about the floor.

"You just slay me, Biddy Boy," she simmers, Biddy being her pet name for Biddle, which is his right name.

"You influence me strangely, too," George informs her solemnly.

In "Freshman Love" George E. Stone goes comical with Mary Treen, a brand new girl.

And then I hear the most horrible sound. It's a cross between a hiss and a Bronx cheer. I look around apprehensively. It's directed at me, all right. Patricia Ellis is lecturing at me from the background. Sensitive soul that I am, I am utterly crushed to go on. So I'll leave you to Pat, George and Mary while I try to pull myself together so as to see you next month when, maybe, Miss Ellis won't be working—I hope.

GOOD-BYE CHAPPING - HELLO DIAMOND!

This cold weather has chapped my hands so I'm ashamed to have Jack see them.

Keep your gloves on, woman, and meet me in five minutes in the dressing-room.

What's the hurry, lady? Where's the fire?

Here — use some Hinds. It works in two shakes and you don't have to take your rings off. It isn't a bit sticky.

Why — my hands are soft already.

That's because of Hinds creamy emollients — the kind of skin softeners you get in expensive dry-skin and wrinkle creams.

How do you think an engagement ring would look on that little hand, Nell?

Wonderful now!

FREE — Handy dispenser cap with each 50c size fits on the bottle — not on the wall.

In "Freshman Love" George E. Stone goes comical with Mary Treen, a brand new girl.

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

HINDS CREAM

Honey • Almond
THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That’s why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should feel better as well as look better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

11790 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, III.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.
S. C. 2-36

Name...
Address...
City...

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unprofitable letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Notary Public

“All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad.”

Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them.”

“Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change.”

The Man the Stars Fear

May Robson and George Arliss if he had a mind to.

Hal Mohr was the cameraman on “David Harum,” starring Will Rogers, when Evelyn Venable was borrowed from Paramount and signed for the leading role opposite Mr. Rogers. Evelyn never met, barely knew of each other’s existence, until the first morning of the picture when they met on the set. Hal took one look at her and snapped, “Your make-up is all wrong. Take it off. I’ll show you how to make-up.” The Venable pride came to the front. “The nerve of the guy. I wore this same make-up all the time I was at Paramount,” she sneered. Their cameramen are pretty good, I guess.” Anyway, she made up.

Will Rogers sat nearby listening to their wrangle and after the fireworks were over he called them both over to him and introduced them, and gave them a little lecture on temperamant. Their pride possession now is a large picture of Rogers autographed to them with “From the original match-maker—Will.” The company had to go on location at Riverside and Hal, quite by accident to be sure, had to drive Evelyn home one night not long before they announced their engagement, with Will Rogers, of course, getting the credit. They married a year later and are now one of the happiest couples in Hollywood, with Evelyn taking time out from the studios to have a baby. It was Hal Mohr who photographed the important “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” and Warner’s latest sensation “Captain Blood,” so you can see how he rates.

Claudette Colbert prefers to have her pictures photographed by Karl Struss or Victor Milnor and will always put up a big fight to get one of her favorites. Milnor photographed her in DeMille pictures and made her the most tasty Cleopatra of all times. Karl was a portrait painter in New York City when the movies were in their infancy. He came to the West and eventually got himself a job as DeMille’s still man, and from there worked his way up to first cameraman. Every few years he wins a scholarship from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and every few months wins a cup in a golf tournament.

Karl is much in demand by the stars on the Paramount lot and has recently been the bone of contention in a Bing Crosby-Mae West spat. Karl was shooting Crosby in “Men of Harum” and made ready to start “Goin’ to Town.” Mae wanted Struss, and Mae usually gets what she wants. But so did Bing want Struss. However, Mae won out because Bing was given Charley Lang, who also is a swell cameraman and award winner. All was sweetness and light on the Paramount lot until then bell broke loose. Mae was ready to start “Klondike Lou” and demanded Karl Struss. Karl was in the midst of shooting Bing in “Anything Goes,” and this time Bing wouldn’t give him up. The studio offered Mae every other cameraman on the lot but Mae was adamant. Finally the producer gave in due, she said, “I’ll take George Clemens.”

“Who is George Clemens?” the studio shouted.

“He’s Karl’s first assistant,” snapped Mae. “But he’s never shot first camera before,” the studio gasped, “and this is one of the colossal pictures of the year.”

“All the better if that’s the case,” just by associating with Karl Struss he probably knows more about the camera than any other photographer. And that’s how cameraman’s way when age got ready to start “Goin’ to Town.”

Kay Francis prefers Sid Hickox for her pictures. Connie Bennett always has Charles Rosher. Sylvia Sidney insists upon having Leon Shamroy. Carole Lombard won’t play until she can have Tetzlaff—and wasn’t she beautifully photographed in “Hands Across the Table”? Comes Christmas and comes a very handsome present for Mr. Tetzlaff. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins like Gregg Toland, and they like him so well that Sam Goldwyn, who has them under contract, recently signed a contract with Gregg at a salary, a tremendous salary no less, for four years without a break—two hundred and eight thousand. That’s what Mr. Goldwyn thinks of Gregg Toland’s ability to make his stars the most glamorous in pictures. In “The Dark Angel” Gregg transformed Merle Oberon from a rare exotic to a simple little English girl. Her eyebrows were permitted to grow naturally and only street lipstick was used. Mr. Goldwyn was very pleased.

George Felsey is Joan Crawford’s favorite cameraman and on the set George and Joan are as thick as thieves. George started out as an accountant and was engaged to take an inventory of the studio camera department. He became so engrossed in the machinery that he forgot all about his inventory and a few years later became an important guy in the American Society of Cinematographers. Joan believes that George catches her personality on the screen better than any other photographer, and judging from Joan’s glamorous pictures she is right. George watches over her like a mother with a baby, and he never shoots until everything is just right. I heard a stand-in on the “I Live My Life” set told me that one morning after Joan had been up all the night before, trying to catch up on back schedule, she came to the stage with shadows under her eyes. George took one look and ordered her to get rested before he would turn a camera.

The handsomest cameraman, girls, is Charley Lang. And he really ought to be in pictures. Charley won the Academy award for photography on “Farewell to Arms” in 1932, and the talk of the town is that he will very likely win it this year for his “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.” Charley was working his way through U. S. C. by spending afternoons in a film laboratory, but he got a chance to be an assistant cameraman so he quit college and went to Hollywood instead. Marlene Dietrich prefers Charley Lang. He has just finished shooting her in “Desire” and Marlene looks lovelier than ever, if possible.

Well, all I’ve got to say is it’s nice work if you can get it.
One Buck—Not Inflated
[Continued from page 99]

whose exploits with snakes, lizards and other crawling things were the despair of his parents. His advent into the animal business came naturally enough. It all started because he made his first money catching coyotes in his native Texas. Coyotes were a considerable pest and the state offered a bounty of $2.50 a head for them. This was easy money for the lad who had been catching insects, birds, animals, and the poisonous rattler since he was nine years old for his own private zoo in the back yard of his home. Later he moved to Chicago and went to work in a bank. With the money he saved from his job he financed a small expedition to South America for rare birds. He made two such trips and then decided that since work he must, he might as well do something he liked. There wasn’t any thrill comparable to pitting one’s energies against nature in the raw and making oneself the master. So Frank Buck set sail for the untracked jungles twenty-five years ago, when they were really untracked.

The story of his exploits would read like all the Horatio Alger books rolled into one. It thrills with the beat of native drums, and thrills with the clear beauty of the call of the Argus pheasant.

The experience which perhaps affected Buck most, personally, most of all was the one with Lal Bahula. He first saw Lal squatting before a cage of birds in Atol Accoli’s bird market in Calcutta. Alert, he had sprung to open the door of Buck’s garry and then returned to his place before the cages. Accoli told him the boy had brought in some birds and was waiting until they were sold. Buck liked Lal and offered him work. This was the beginning of fifteen years of close association. Lal wasn’t really a servant, he was a friend. He feared nothing, was modest and loyal with an affection for his Sahib second only to his devotion to his babies.

Lal made many trips to America with Buck, returning after a week or two to wait in India for the cable from Buck which would always find the faithful brown boy standing on the docks for his Sahib when he arrived.

On one of his expeditions Buck had two female elephants to deliver to Golden State Park in San Francisco. Since no one there knew how to take care of them Lal stayed on for a while to train a man for the job. He was put on the city pay roll at $1000 a month, more money than he had ever dreamed of. In India he had received about $12 a day. Buck went on to Chicago and New York.

Then Lal was taken ill. Buck returned to San Francisco and a very sick Lal, a Lal fighting to prevent his chutias from being cut off by the doctors and nurses, who did not understand that this three inch pencil-like tuft of hair on the crown of his head was the handle Vishnu, the Hindu god, would use to lift his soul into heaven.

Lal begged to go home to die where Vishnu could find him and he could see his babies once more. He had been eating cow meat in this strange land and sad indeed would be his lot unless he returned to India to get his castor mark.

Buck started back to India with him. Lal got steadily worse. In Hong Kong they refused to admit a native to the hospital. Buck was laughed at for his concern—the country was swarming with natives, why all this excitement about one.

In Manila a friend of Frank Buck’s, thoroughly familiar with tropical diseases, operated on Lal for ulcers of the liver.

Soon Lal was well again but Buck left him behind on the next trip fearing he was...
Science Discovers New Way to Increase Weight

Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a few weeks. First package must add weight or the trial is free

An amazing new "T-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny" run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don’t get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with the kind of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast Tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny", run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "T-power" Ironized Tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch fat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Inagination and conquest from the start of your effort quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you’re an eating new person.

Results guaranteed
No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "T-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. You’ve not deluded with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!
To start you building up your health right way, we make this astounding FREE offer! Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the return box and mail it to us with a clipping of the paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health—"New Facts About Your Body." Remem вер results guaranteed with the very first package of money-back guarantee, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 202, Atlanta, Ga.

"SKINNY? SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS"

Delmar Daves, the scenario writer, and Kay Francis, who are reported to have applied for a marriage license.
Break Winter's Grip!

Banish CHAPPED SKIN

Take the right steps to banish the discomfort and ugliness of chapped hands or chapped lips right now. Simply apply a little Mentholatum to the soreness and irritation. The cooling, soothing ingredients of Mentholatum are medicinal and therefore not only give relief and comfort but also leave the skin smooth and healthy. Mentholatum will quickly break Winter's grip on your comfort and appearance.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Reduced 70Lb.

Without strenuous exercise or dieting—Without dangerous drugs or chemicals—A physician's safe, reliable prescription. Many women report the loss of as much as 6 pounds in one week—with Snyder's Anti-Fat Tablets.—Absolutely safe, harmless and effective.


Send it Ten Days
Send name before it is too late for liberal 10 day test offer. Try these proven tablets at our risk. Get rid of that unwanted fat. Yes, you can have a charming, graceful figure.

SEND NO MONEY
You need not send one cent—Just your name to be the Quickest, Simplest, safest, reducing method in the world. We have, and will send you absolutely free, Has Ever Known! Don't delay any longer—get rid of that extra fat. Tablets produce results of directions attractive. Send your name and address. Follow this amazing evidence today. Now!

Snyder Products Co., 1434 W. Wells Street, Dept. 303-4, Chicago, Ill.
Speed Crazy

(Continued from page 21)

is a speed fanatic. BUT, she adds, any person who realizes that he or she has no sense of control will never drive a car under ANY circumstances.

“To curb this insensibility to motion, I have a set of rules for my chauffeur which he dares not to flout. And I am looking for a man who will step into his job. He may not go beyond a certain speed no matter what I say about being late and can’t we go a trifle faster. And most vital of all, anyone who would say an emphatic NEVER DRIVE WHEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL”

She says many traffic accidents are caused by plain bad manners. “Too many drivers seem to shed every bit of common politeness and consideration the moment they step into a car. They are always in the right line of traffic, always have the right of way—in their own opinion. I’ve seen women who were the epitome of good breeding at other times, get out in a car and ‘hog’ the road and make turns without signaling. They seem to think it’s always ladies first when they are driving. And they seem to think the drivers dash through an intersection without looking to the right or left. In traffic fatalities, death is no respecter of right or wrong. Drivers run right into victims as surely as you could as the guilty, and this right-of-way business is not much more than a figure of speech.”

Glenda could hardly have a greater banner for the woman driver and sees red when the man with her remarks, in disgust at a breach of traffic manners, “You might know it was a woman who brought this thing, I say this is as many bad drivers among men as among women. Glenda herself drives excellently, which means she is considerate. She handles a car with a steady easy hand—but she doesn’t take any more curves at forty miles an hour. The reason is this: ‘We were driving through Laurel Canyon one night on the way to a preview—a little late, as usual. Just as we rounded a blind curve at a good clip, we struck a wide wet patch in the narrow road and skidded off into the desert. Instinct made me brake and swerve clear to the opposite side, and if another car had been passing at that moment, Tommy Farrell would have been an orphan, and this by-link was a very near miss.”

You have had close shaves like that yourself. But the important thing is, have you learned anything from them?

“Just about everyone I know who is a car driver is around in a small car of popular make, and he is a fine driver. He believes many accidents could be averted if car-owners would be certain enough mechanical care is in perfect working order, especially lights and brakes. ‘At night, the number of cars on the road with one light is positively alarming. The man in such a car may be driving carefully, but the odds are against him,” John says.

“A dangerous habit I see in frequent practise is getting out of the driver’s seat into the street, especially a narrow street with cars parked closely on both sides, and just room to get through the center. There are many such streets in Hollywood and other towns. I will have to admit women are the worst offenders in this respect. They do such things in spite of the law, in order to get at the other side and disarray their clothes. Often they open the car-door into the street and get out backward, since to turn facing the Davis was speaking, and others), and, in length and limb. Well, legs are no particular treat nowadays, anyway, and they might better show the leg than lose it. It is a fact that many drivers cut up side streets so many times, and do not drive as cautiously in them as on the open boulevards.”

“This is not intended as a criticism of women drivers. The woman who is a good driver is apt to be more cautious than a man. Often she has her children in the car, and she is taking no chances. “It is my opinion that the overly cautious driver who pauses at the wrong time is as dangerous as the too-confident driver.”

Adrienne Ames has never driven a car since she was killed in a shocking automobile accident—she was on her way to a Stanford football game in a carefree happy group.

But Ed Barrie’s was that one of the first novels she ever read was “Woman With a Fan”—the story of a woman who was hideously scarred in a motor accident, that went through the rest of her life wearing a fan before her face. Binnie has never been able to bring herself to drive a car, this early impression is so vivid in her mind, and employs a very cautious chauffeur.

Otto Kruger says the most thoughtful parents have a way of allowing small children to stand on the car-seat. His own Ottilee, when she was four, rode with him one day standing alongside on the front seat. Reaching out her little foot, she playfully kicked the door-handle. By some miracle, Kruger caught the back of her dress before she fell all the way out. It taught him a desire that wrong time is as dangerous as the too-confident driver.”

A remarkable change of attitude toward law-infringement is more and more apparent in Hollywood. Everyone seems to have gotten so Risky that many drivers are killing off any tickets they might have. One hopes. Traffic and motor officers in and around Hollywood no longer make exceptions of stars when they break laws.

Since we know tragedy has to be near in order to be new, the latest law evidence that those, in their midst can be just as pitifully maimed (Gertrude Michael, Mary Blackford, Ruth Jones, of whom Bette Davis was speaking, and others), and, in length and limb. Well, legs are no particular treat nowadays, anyway, and they might better show the leg than lose it. It is a fact that many drivers cut up side streets so many times, and do not drive as cautiously in them as on the open boulevards.”

“This is not intended as a criticism of women drivers. The woman who is a good driver is apt to be more cautious than a
Off to the Desert

[Continued from page 93]

around and they assure me that there's nothing like the desert when you yearn to burn off those miles, and there are even mountains which loom on the horizon is bound to stir you indescribably. As you look out on those magnificent distances all you think of is the poor insignificance of your own mind.

It's the rage now to build your own desert home. That splendid character and prominent California resident, asked one of the nicest houses at the Springs. He had the adobe bricks made right there and the timber was felled from the adjacent hills. The Ralph Bellamy bungalow is nearly done. Meanwhile, Ralph and Mrs. B. have been bunking with the Charlie Farrells in the spare bedroom. The Paul Lukases and the Charlie Butterworths own fashionably designed homes near the center of the village. The Marx Brothers and Louise Fazenda are "capers." Can you fancy all of the Marx boys in one establishment? They can afford to spread out, but they want to relax in unseen seclusion. In case one conceals a neat gag they can try it out on the wives. Louise, who's my favorite movie personality because she's so astute and amusing, believes Palm Springs air is just the correct thing for a growing boy. So she keeps her three-year-old son there as much as she can.

There's a question of the positively flopped in the desert. Freddie Bartholomew told me so, and that's why I can be arbitrary about it. Freddie's a diamond finds that Jeannette Macdonell possesses the finest saddle technique. Freddie's aunt doesn't take him to the Springs, but to the equally exclusive Desert Inn. She knows miles away he may help the cowboys ready the horses for the morning races if he's exceptionally good. While proudly participating in the annual rodeo, and Freddie's also keen to lasso in true Western manner. He may be a starved Little Lord Fauntlero in his newest flicker, but in private life he's sipping, nipping, and reveling a toe with startling abandon.

This same secluded dude ranch appeals to actor, and his wife, and her brother, there on all of his rare days off. He sheds his Hollywood wardrobe for old cords and a gray sweatshirt and he's out on his horse with any cowboy he can find. He's an attractive brunette he's goody over manages to visit the desert occasionally. But the Taylor-Irene Hervey marriage is destined to be an event of years hence, if it ever materializes. His studio won't let him go handfuly until just when they're building into a second Gable. You've heard of the club of the moment, haven't you? It's the Racquet Club, personally run by Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell, and it's a couple of miles off a dusty road from the Springs proper. Last winter these two stars had a lunch. They'd pioneered in the desert, so far as Hollywood is concerned, and they realized that the courts would be a sound to the glamour gang on the loose. So they built two and soon found themselves with a money-making setup. This past fall they added two more excellent courts, and then a small clubhouse and a pool and locker-rooms.

The Racquet Club is a season's membership and those who belong can extend guest courtesies at the rate of $10 a week. Not precisely cheap, but then I told you that they didn't have anything to do with the desert. This month every movie name with a flair for congenial, healthy capering has plunked the seasonal fee into the hands of one or the other of the handsome managers. The unique feature of the building is a bamboo cocktail bar. Did I proclaim we were too tired to sip tall cool ones? Well, I meant—practically.

I should try not to credit Mrs. B. and Mrs. F. (who was famous herself as Virginia Valli, remember?) for they've proved very competent assistants. After all, Ralph and Charlie have careers to handle, too. So some of the details of their astute development are carried out by their willing wives. For instance, the two women shopped for all the interior furnishings and personally made all the nifty drapes, couch covers, and cushions. There's more fun being canny when the housekeepers at home are keeping the wheels rolling!

The whole desert shuts up in the summer when the heat's too intense, but nevertheless Palm Springs has a regular mayor. And Clara Bow and Rex Bell are his pets. The Bow-Bells and infant son are to be discovered as Mayor Charlie Morrison's mansion whenever you drop over to register an official request. By the by, Clara's curious now. She hasn't abandoned her acting, but is trying to work. She's off the stringent diet which bughears nine out of ten screen lovelies. Clara's accepting two healing healings of everything and is happily rot-poly. Rex declares there's no need for them going to the Springs when they have hundreds of acres of their own desert in Nevada. Clara wants to see her old Hollywood pals and they're glad to have her frollicking with them again.

Ronald Colman is another who is a house-guest when he drives over the mountai-ners to the warm, unperturbed valleys. He stays with an architect friend who has a ranch far from the general scene. Konnie invited Brian Aherne along on his latest trip and the solitude appealed to the elusive new rate, too. Isn't it strange that such Palm Springs eligible bachelors like to be so aloof? For that matter, Myrna Loy's the same way when she goes to the desert. She's been known to fizzle out from the town movie with a thoroughness that's provoking—if you want to be certain that everybody's doing.

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FOLLOW the exciting lives of the sporty cliques of Holly-wood. The second story in this series by Ben Maddox will describe the "Racing Set" and their gay doings during race meet time—Next month in Silver Screen.
OWN

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WATCH FOR

World Screen News in SCREENLAND, the first and only screen magazine to cover not only Hollywood, but the world of Motion Pictures and Stars. Find out what film favorites are doing in New York, Paris, London, as well as in Hollywood.

Silver Screen for February 1936

“Follow the Fleet”

[Continued from page 27]

laughs. “We’ve been in the dance contest,” she explained to Bat, “and didn’t even know it.”

“This isn’t the right kind of place for Miss Martin,” Bat told Weber with an air of importance, “she’s used to working in nicer atmosphere. You see, I’m her new manager.”

“Oh yeah?” Weber said furiously, “then go manage her elsewhere. Get your check in the morning, Miss Martin.”

Speechless with anger, Sherry turned blazing eyes on Bat.

“Sherry, I did that purposely,” Bat said, meek as a henpecked husband. “I don’t want you working here. I’m going to take you to my old pal Jim Nolan and get him to put you into one of his shows. Leave everything to Tessa.” And Sherry was forced to smile back into Bat’s tender eyes.

Back in the apartment which the two girls shared, Bilge Smith was enjoying a midnight supper which a deliciously happy Connie had prepared for him.

“Bilge,” she said almost pleadingly, “I’ve got to tell you the truth. You remember that homely girl who dragged you into the dance hall tonight? Well, that was me.”

“You’d asked me in amazement, “what was the getup for?”

“That was no getup. That was the way I used to dress. Bilge,” a wistful note crept into her voice, “how long will you be here?”

“Don’t know. Maybe a day. Maybe a week.” He took a big bite of his sandwich, waited until he had swallowed it and continued, “Boy I’d like to leave the gob business and become an officer. Maybe some day I’ll have a ship of my own.”

A radiant smile creased Connie’s face as a thought struck her. “Bilge,” she said, “I’ve got a ship. It was my Dad’s which ran aground. I’ve a model of it—seer. She pointed to the mantelpiece.

Bilge looked at it eagerly. “Gee, that’s a swell boat. I wouldn’t mind sailing a ship like that.”

“I’ve always wanted to float her again,” Connie said thoughtfully, “and sail her with my husband at the helm.”

At the word “husband,” Bilge became a tripe scasick.

“It’s late, Connie,” he said abruptly. “I’ve got to take up his hat but couldn’t resist the temptation to take the sweet girl in his arms again. Once more, he thought. Then the bell rang sharply. Connie embraced reluctantly and went to admit Iris Manning, a rich and attractive divorcée, and a friend of Sherry’s.

Connie introduced them and added, “Mr. Smith is just leaving.”

“So am I,” Iris said, looking Bilge over. “I thought Sherry was home. Maybe I can drop you off somewhere.”

“Maybe you can,” Bilge’s voice was almost too eager. “Goodbye Connie.” He took Connie in his arms in one last crushing embrace, then abruptly left her, stary-eyed and happy. She did not realize, then, that Iris Manning, too, liked this fellow Bilge Smith.

When they had left, she sat down on a couch thinking of a glorious future with Bilge by her side. So rapt in ecstatic thought was she that the one thing she did not hear Sherry’s key in the lock. It was only after Sherry had barged into the room with a cherub-like “Hi, there,” that she realized her sister was home.

“I’m so tickled,” Sherry crowed. “Bat and I have made up and he’s getting me a job with Nolan. Isn’t it wonderful, sis?”

“It is,” smiled Connie. Her own hap-
When you want a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Close all harness from the water. Bathasweet scents it to a caress—affords it so that the water cleanses your pores as if they were otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable powder to hazel importance and to keep them dis-

ed is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness.

Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50¢ and $1 at drug and department stores.

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"I'm happy to see you again," she said graciously, "thank you for asking me to join your show. It's quite a short order to learn my part by tomorrow night but I think I'll know it quite well by then.

"I want to get out of it with you," said Bat, "since we haven't much time."

"But Mr. Smith, who plays the third role, isn't here yet."

"He'll be here," Bat said dryly, "I'm supposed to be in negligence, aren't I?"

"Yes," Bat said, "that's very important to the scene."

As she left the room to slip into a neglige, Bat looked angrier than at the cloakroom. Then there was a discreet knock on the door and the door admiral Bilge.

"What's this?" he asked angrily when he saw Bat.

"Mrs. Manning and I have developed a close friendship," Bat answered airily, and most significantly, "I don't believe it."

"Okay, Bilge," you wait out there and I'll prove it to you."

From his vantage point on the patio, Bilge watched the proceedings within in shocked surprise. He saw Iris come out of her room in a negligee. He heard them whispering together in the darkness. He saw Bat take Iris in his arms. Then Bat gave him the high sign and he stalked in angry.

Iris looked at Bat. This wasn't in the script but Bat nodded and suggested her cue.

"How dare you enter like this," Iris stoned at Bilge. "I was only playing with you and you felt for it. Do I have to ring or will you call the police?"

"I'll leave," Bilge said taking up his hat. He strode to the door and slammed it behind him.

"I was a little confused because Bilge fumbled his lines," Iris said.

With Iris out of the way, Bilge could turn his attention to the show. The gala night found everyone in readiness. Behind the scenes, hectic preparations were going on. Everything was ready, except that Bat had not yet come.

"If he doesn't come we'll have to return the admission," Connie said frantically, "and we've got enough to pay for the ship."

At the very moment, Bat was pleading with Bilge to let him go on land.

"Orders for your liberty have been cancelled," said Bilge.

"You did this to get even with me for last night," Bat groaned. He made for the gangplank.

"Hey, come back here!" Bilge grabbed hold of Bat. Together they wrestled and it looked bad for Bat. But he managed to get one hand free and with all his might, struck a mean right to Bilge's jaw. Bilge, taken by surprise, was literally floored. Looking around first, Bat rose, got hold of a rope and swung himself into the water. Swimming fast, he reached the pier and hailed a taxi.

Back on Connie's boat, everyone was enjoying a nervous breakdown. When Bat finally arrived and made for his dressing room, the show could go on!

In the meantime, Bilge had recovered and had come to arrest Bat.

"What's the matter?" Connie asked fearfully.

"I came for Bat. He skipped ship," Bilge looked at Connie tenderly. A sweet kid, he thought. "Gee, can't we just start again like we did at the beginning?" he asked another officer, whose reply was a burst of tears as she ran out of the room.

"You here? I guess I didn't hit you hard enough," Bat said coming out of his dressing room.

"Yeah, I'm here. Come along, little boy."

"Listen, stupid. Do you know why this..."
She Has Everything

(Continued from page 51)

A DELIGHTFUL feature of Silver Screen for March (on sale February 7) will be a fictionisation of one of the most important pictures of the month.

IT'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, drive or efficiency, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and regulate your bowels. Keep them without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, everywhere else, in fact. Dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines.

Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—$1.50, 24c, 6c. At all druggists.


Retractable style. Hand-engraved by our expert engineers. The Band is a beauty. Finished in solid 18K red gold. The face is white, black hands. The band is solid 18K: solid gold. The dial is white on black hands. The band is solid 18K: solid gold.

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Wearing a Magnetic Wrist Watch is like having a magic spell on you. It takes care of business while you do business. It serves as a reminder of the time, a timekeeping and self-medicating device. A real time-saver and time-gainer. A beauty, too.

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proves that Joan has great confidence in human nature.

She has a perfect phobia on catching cold and for moths. If she is sitting in the second booth at the Vendome (which has come to be called “Joan Bennett’s booth,” and account sits through some three boozes away sneezes Joan immediately begins to worry—she just knows that she is going to catch cold. Moths also bothers Joan; the little moth has just about as much chance in the Markey home as I have in Windsor Castle. Joan hates people who are inefficient and she hates reporters who quote her. She is so methodical that she could walk into any of her clothes closets or reach into any of her dresser drawers and put her hand on what she wanted at a second’s notice.

She keeps the “Joan Markey Scribbler” in her bag. This is a booklet in which she makes notes all during the day. “Take Ditty to the dentist” “Buy new oil cloth for the kitchen” “Call butcher about crane in the attic” “Nothing goes on in the Markey household without Joan knowing all about it.” At night she reads through the Joan Markey Scribbler and rips out everything that was jotted down in it. Joan also keeps a scrap book. She cuts all the clippings about herself that she likes and pastes them in a big, gaudy, “Hannah, bamboo,” she tells you, “but just think what a big kick Ditty and Melinda will get some day reading about me.” Melinda will probably say, “Woopse.”

that your “decorating reporter” (that’s me) has yet discovered. Get yourself a room like this and you can entertain your friends whenever you wish. Here is a bit from father at his evening paper or mother at her round of solicite.

The walls are papered in a soft grey-blue paper with a round pattern. There is a rich looking but washable white rug on the floor. Curtains which hang at windows, through which the California sun pours, are of sunburned tan organy. The bed has been used as a day bed, put flat against the wall and upholstered in a light beige color of a Turkish towel material, which some people call rating.

As in the Carole Lombard room, there is no choice lounging, the bed serving as a lounge. There is a small night stand by the bed, a radio and a dressing table with mirrored top and, around its bottom, a skirt of sunburned tan organy. “Virginia wanted a rocking chair in the room, and although I don’t know when I have used a rocking chair in a girl’s bedroom, I told her I would try,” Druggist told me. “It is white, upholstered in blue Chinese cloth. This, with the little rose- bower bed, and trays that Virginia likes around, gives it an old fashioned air. You can see that although the room is quite modern, it has this old-fashioned touch which to me is Virginia Brice’s tall, lonely, modern and yet possessing quaint old-fashioned qualities which shine out at the most unexpected moments.”

I could go on and on with descriptions of the bedrooms of the stars into which personality has been injected in large doses, but—event though I think they’re the most interesting rooms of all, maybe you’d like to know about some rooms in stars’ homes into which personality and comfort has been injected.

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Say goodbye to many of the aches, wrinkles, and ailments, that have to be smeared on every few hours to be effective. The new treatment for sore, aching muscles is ALCOCK’s Porous Plaster, the days are gone when it was gold. One ALCOCK’s Plaster lasts days and days without failure. The blood is gently drawn to the painful rheumatic areas and the muscles are massaged as you move. No rubbing. Nothing smelly or sticky, Alcock’s is pleasant. Easy on easy off when pain is gone. 5 million users testify that Alcock’s is a marvel for basal colds, 25¢ at drugstore, or write “Alcock’s Ointment, N.Y.”

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MAKE $18.00 WEEKLY AT HOME!

FREE}
The new Bing Crosby ranch house at Rancho Santa Fe on the desert, which Harold Grieve just finished, is terribly interesting. Here's a small house, only large enough for Bing and Dixie and the three boys, built for comfort and relaxation and yet perfectly tailored and designed. As Bing and Dixie go here to relax and be away from Hollywood, they can have no guests actually in the house because there are no extra rooms. Guests have to stay at a guest house or hotel.

Way out on the desert and shut up half the year, they had the problem of making it practical and yet enjoyable. Decorator Harold Grieve worked out the scheme of decoration along with Bing and Dixie. First thing, they decided to use sand colored fabrics—blending in with the desert—as their principal color. They decided to use no wooden fabrics on the exterior, because they didn't want to worry about moths. (Yes, my readers, common ordinary moths attack and eat up the upholstery of even such charmed people as movie stars!)

But let Dixie tell you about it: "In the first place," she told me, "we combined the living and dining rooms. We placed them side by side. We added a garage and a big coffee table with drop leaves for Sunday night supper in front of the fireplace. The glass curtains, which are all we use at the windows, are of crinkled organza. It can be laundered and ironed right at home. The electric fixtures are in the form of old lamps to carry out the ranch house idea. The dining room and the breakfast room, which as the boys get older, their side rails may be taken off and the boys will have regular adult sized beds. Yellow and white and a kind of an old red are used in this room, with curtains of yellow gingham with small red lines in them. There are little roller shades decorated with pictures of animals. The wood in the room is of maple; the carpet is sand colored and the ceiling soft maple. I love it and the boys, I think, do too.

There and there Sibyl Babcock again on the subject of bedrooms. Well, they do seem to be the most interesting rooms. Aside from Carole's blue-blue living room— any house. Which brings me to Norma Shearer's bedroom in the lovely Talbott house at Santa Monica.

Norma is a tailored woman—how many times have you heard it? Well, I'll reiterate it. She is very interested in her clothes. There are no ruffles, frills or fringe about her house, no— as my buddy by this time, Harold Grieve, who also did this one, would express it, "no Victorian, no knick-knacks." The house itself is a combination of modern and antique, for Norma likes the first named and Irving the latter, so the only one who gets the full import of Norma's tailored personality is her bedroom.

The color scheme is sophisticated. What are "sophisticated colors," you ask? Listen, and Mama (Expert Decorator) Babcock will tell you, as she describes Miss Shearer's bedroom in the Talbott house. The walls are a soft yellowish-green, almost a palo citron, and the carpet is an off-white. As an accent, there is an indelible blue and charcoal. And here is the perfect phrase for change: Norma's is a double chaise longue, so that Husband Irving Thalberg may share it with her. The room is divided into twin beds in the room with one big headboard made out of light magnolia wood, which Mr. Grieve tells me is a very interesting, lovely, wooden wood. A desk of magnolia wood is also in the room.

Venetian blinds hang at an enormous window which goes right down to the floor and looks out over the Pacific. The window is almost a picture in itself and thus the walls are bare except for a large mirror over the fireplace. The lighting fixtures and floor lamps are of a monochromatic scheme which withstands rust. There is no dressing table in the room because Miss Shearer has a large dressing room just off the bedroom.

The curtains? You'd love 'em if you have a flare for the modern. They are of hand-blocked linoleum and a soft yellow color with the design blocked on in white, the design being an indelible blue and green leaf pattern. Oh yes, m'am, the room is about as modern as it is possible to get ever seen and it is Norma Shearer to a T.

I could go on and on and tell you about the house. The house has been finished, which is all white with touches of pink and gray and designed to show off her red hair and light complexion; I could tell you about the blue bedroom that is Joan Crawford's and how Joa, who loves all colors but won't let Bill Haines use anything but blue and white and more until he's been put to it to invent new shades of blue for her. He only recently achieved a lovely greenish-blue which he calls "the new color." I could tell you how Joan Bennett builds her living room almost about a huge painting of her father, Richard Bennett, arranging the room to emphasize this picture; I could tell you about the very gay red, white and blue playroom which Keogh Gleason just finished for the boys; which is in such a success that Ann may have to do the rest of her house over to keep step; I could tell you about Dick Powell's house which is right perfect of itself, with all its closets for shoes and boots and riding and fishing equipment. In fact, I could just go on and on, for George doesn't care ending fascinating subject, but I'll stop right here, with one final word!

Take Bill Haines' advice if you want to repair or remodel your home, keep things as they are, and see what becomes of you. Then you'll have something which expresses you, just as the stars have homes which express them.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

### Across:
1. The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
2. The Queen of "Three Kids and a Queen"
3. The originator of "Come up and see me some time"
4. "If Only You Could Cook"
5. The queen of "Hands Across the Table"
6. The husky voiced in the song "Make Believe"
7. The poor matronist in "Hands Across the Table"
8. "The Misfit"
9. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
10. "The Magnificent Obsession"
11. "East of Java"
12. "Peter Ibbetson"
13. "Thanks a Million"
14. "Shadows of the Dead"
15. "Atlantic Adventure"
16. "Dishonored Captain"
17. "China Seas"
18. "Show Boat"
20. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
21. "The Magnificent Obsession"
22. "East of Java"
23. "Peter Ibbetson"
24. "Thanks a Million"
25. "Shadows of the Dead"
26. "Atlantic Adventure"
27. "Dishonored Captain"
28. "China Seas"
29. "Show Boat"
30. "Nine Lives of a Lady"
31. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"

### Down:
1. Beeld
2. Acts again
3. "Stormy"
4. Hal Mohr
5. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
6. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
7. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
8. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
9. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
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28. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
29. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"
30. "The Voice of Ann Boleyn"

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle:
1. Reinhart
2. Turner
3. Chaplin
4. Else
5. Terence
6. Hock
7. Alan
8. Irene
9. Bryan
10. Flynn
11. Mervyn
12. Morley
13. Al
14. Art
15. Shakespeare
16. N
17. A
18. Shakespeare
19. Dante
20. Cary
21. Carle
22. Grand
dean
23. Thomas
24. Grey
25. Ted
26. Shakespeare
27. Karl
28. Vander
29. Middle
30. Mendlessohn

---

Can a person act a part unless that part has an echo inside his own soul? Is Bette Davis no relation to that mean girl in "Of Human Bondage" and is Charles Laughton without a drop of the acid of Captain Bligh?

We have met Bette and she was a very pleasant person from our own Massachusetts. Laughton, during the making of "Mutiny on the Bounty," was the life of the party at the camp at Catalina and well liked by everyone.

One is quite ready to see the true soul of a player when the part he is playing is lovable or goes heroic, so naturally we are likewise apt to imagine the villainy is not make-believe.

After Peter Lorre made "M" people would get up and leave a restaurant if he entered. All of which makes us eager to see Charles Laughton as Cyrano de Bergerac, a favorite well-loved character of ours.

The picture theatre has a certain function, which is to entertain you by stimulating your imagination so skillfully that you are lured out of yourself.

To go to see Lily Pons just to hear her voice, is to have missed the point. In other words, you could have enjoyed her voice by hearing her sing (if you person) or on a radio. You went to the theatre for something real and not for make-believe.

But the picture theatre is great when it does more than reflect the real person. Claudette Colbert in every day life is just a nice girl. But when in—say "Imitation Of Life," she stakes Ned Sparks to a stack of wheats, she breathes life into a character and creates, by the magic of the theatre, a new time and place to enchant you. That is the appeal of the movies at their best.

Lily Pons is real without our imagination. Captain Bligh is real too, but our imagination, tortured, twisted and goaded by a great actor, made him so.
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.
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.
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 Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat
A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

(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.

Silver Screen for March 1936
Star Bright hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR LIKE HERS

- These jewelled lights which gleam in the screen star's hair... how did they get there? Hollywood knows the answer. The hairdresser knows it. And now it is flashed to the millions of women who pack the movies and wonder what priceless lotion the stars use on their hair!

The Soapless Oil Treatment! For your hair as well as theirs. Use Admiration Soapless Shampoo Treatment—right in your own home. It brings beauty by conditioning the hair and scalp. Capture that glorious sheen and lasting youth. Unmask the hidden beauty of your hair.

Admiration Soapless Shampoo Treatment does things the finest soaps cannot do. Because it is a treatment, not just a wash. Softens and loosens film and dry skin-cells so magically that warm water alone washes them completely away, leaving your hair aglow with new luster and life. Try Admiration—leading toilettry counters U. S. and Canada—and watch the stars come out in your hair.

Admiration
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

Admiration Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.
Enclosed find 10c for generous trial bottle of Admiration: ( ) Olive Oil, or ( ) Fine Tar. (25c for both.) Offer expires March 31st.

Name
Address

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEE
Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

HOW HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR GIRLS ENTERTAIN... Mark Dowlng
Being Social Though Single

"WHO'S HERE"... Ed Sullivan
Checking Up on the Stars in Play in New York City
THE BUSIEST GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD... Ruth Rankin
The Reason Time Flies Is It's Keep Up With Claudette Colbert
"THEY OUGHT TO SHOOT ACTORS WHO MUG!"... Lenore Samuels
Henry Fonda Explains
"S. A. HOPE"... Liza
Miriam Hopkins Entertains
"24 AND VERY FICKLE!"... L. A. Ryder
Myrtle Stedman
BEATING ABOUT SHEPHERD'S HUSH... Elizabeth Wilson
Insects Abroad
THEY'RE OFF TO THE RACES... Ben Maddox
Great Days for the Stars at the Santa Anita Track

A STIRRING TALE OF THE SEA... Jack Bechdolt
Fratricided from the Columbia Picture "Hellship Morgan"

STARS IN THE ASCENDANT... Maude Chatham
Roy Del Ruth Starts the Hollywood Horizon

GRATEFUL... Gordon R. Silver
The Four Women in the Life of John Bull

HITCHING THE STARS TO THEIR WAGONS... Myrtle Gehart
Hitching Stars to Mules in Astorshipities

"IT COMES OUT HERE"... Patsy Kelly, Conundrums

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS

REVIEWS IN BRIEF: TIPS ON PICTURES

"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"... Ruth Corbin
Letter That's a Real Photo, Autograph, Frame and All

APPETIZING!

Mrs. Joe Penner Tells Her Duckette Recipes

STUDIO NEWS

A Survey of the Busy Sets and Sound Stagers

TOPICS FOR GOSSPS

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

A MOVIE FAIR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

THE FINAL FLING

ELIOT KEE

ART SECTION

THEIR LOVABLE MOODS

Three at Their Best

PROVOCATIVE!

The Essential Quality of Beauty

WITH THE HELP OF THE PROPERTY MAN

The Task of an Actor is to Make Every Scene Look Real

HOLD TIGHT—THE PICTURE IS COMING TO THE PLOT

Lovers in Trouble—That's Drama

THAT INDEFINABLE CHARM!

The Most Elusive Characteristic of the Players

AND TAKEN ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D-

Nature Smiles Upon the City-in-the-Spotlight

"WORKING UP THE AGONY"

Suppose is the Salt of Pictures

"LOOKOUT, MR. GABLE!"

Introducing Some Gentlemen to Clark Gable, the No. 1 Box Office Man

COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

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!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call".

Jeanette MCDONALD
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

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!
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—or 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.

Just 20 CENTS

GLAZO... The Smart Manicure
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.

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 pre-
sided 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 usu-
ally 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 Ali-
coate'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 de-
serves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's Motion Picture
Silver Screen
Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live.

**Herald** simultaneously informed the industry that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula...There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality...Expertly acted and directed, its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

At the same moment **Motion Picture Daily** under the editorship of peppy, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of The Story of Louis Pasteur is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous Variety chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. It stands among the significant works of the screen...Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, The Story of Louis Pasteur is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings...Muni is superb. Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the Showmen's Trade Review informed his followers that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal."

**These** are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.

---

**PICTURE OF THE MONTH**

for March 1936
Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore the ordinary lipstick—one, no lipstick—the third, Tangee. "Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because Tangee isn't paint. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Tips on Pictures

Pictures of the glamorous he-men and the lust for gold, have been unfailingly grouped with horse operas.

Chester Morris, Walter Brennan and Lewis Stone in "Three God-fathers."

AH, WILDERNESS—Excellent. You'll be surprised to learn that Eugene O'Neill authored this gentle, homely yarn concerned with life and love back early nineteen hundreds. (Eric Linden, Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Wallace Beery.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—Most amusing. With those mad, dizzy Marx Brothers taking charge of the proceedings, what would you expect? A riot of fun! And you get it, plus some stonewall singing by Kitty Carlisle and Walter King.

ANNIE OAKLEY—Fine. Barbara Stanwyck as the vivacious Annie Oakley, erode rifle shot in Buffalo, Bill Cody's famous circus several decades ago. This film should please all types—it has color, action, romance and some historical interest. (Melyn Douglas.)

ANOTHER FACE—Fair. A gangster has his face lifted and then tries to make good in Hollywood. The studio gives several amusing and several melodramatic moments and ought to hold your interest for an hour or so. (Brian Donlevy, Alan Hale, Wallace Ford, Phyllis Brooks.)

BRIDE COMES HOME, THE—Good. A gay little fifer, sparkling with sophistication cracks and with such clever performers as Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray holding your complete attention.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Splendid. A swagging tale of adventure in the West Indies during the 17th Century. A coral! Robert Donat giving a remarkable performance. (Tangee.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Fine. Josef Von Sternberg turns in an interesting production of this famous Dostoevsky study of a man tortured by his conscience after deliberately committing murder, even though the characterization barrettly generates the possibilities of the original. (Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, Marian Marsh.)

DANGEROUS—Good. Women, in particular, will love this superb drama concerning a facinating actress (Betty Davis) who has allowed herself to run to seed and is regenerated by the patient Franchot Tone.

THE DRIFT FENCE—Fair. An intelligently produced Western, with Buster Crabbe, Katharine DeMille, Henny Baker & Tom Keene in the cast.

FIRST A GIRL—Amusing. An English comedy with lovely Jessie Matthews as a clever impersonator and Sonkie Hale as her lighthearted manager. It is really quite entertaining.

FORCED LANDING—Good. A murder takes place on an airplane and by the time it is landed every passenger is considered a suspicious character. If you like mysteries of this kind, this won't let you down. About the end—and by that time you will have had your fun. (Toby Wing, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer.)

FRISCO WATERFRONT—Good. Ben Lyon as a candidate for governor of his state meets with an accident, and during his time under an anesthetic relives his entire past life. A story told backwards, as it were, but interesting nevertheless. (Helen Twelvetrees.)

GHOST GOES WEST, THE—Fine Rene Clair directs this dashy French farce about a Hollywood stuntman who finds himself suddenly in South Africa for a chance at stardom. It's a comical yarn and has been well done. (Robert Donan, Jean Parker, Edna May Oliver.)

GREAT IMPERNATION, THE—Fair. E. Phillips Oppenheim authored this thriller which takes us back to East Africa in 1914, where a man and an Englishman resembling each other so closely that it gives one of them—the villain—an astounding idea! Edmund Lowe plays the dual role.

GUN PLAY—Fair. A Western that will offer thrills to all lovers of horse play as well as gun play. Big Boy Williams has the lead and Marion Selding is the heart interest.

I DREAM TOO MUCH—Fine. Fans, meet Lily Pons, a famous Metropolitan diva who surprises us by becoming an actually charming fall of comdenроме in a cream-puff of a story all dished up quite delectably. (Henry Fonda.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Fine. Everybody should enjoy this droll comedy concerning a charming couple who live out as servants in the home of a wealthy racketeer. (Jean Arthur, Herb, Marshall, Leo Carrillo.)

KIND LADY—Good. All soft-hearted women may profit from the experience of Ahine MacMahon, a highbrow English lady, whose extremely good manners are the cause of her being taken advantage of by an insipid band of crooks. (Tangee.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—Good. If your appetite hasn't been jaded with a repetition of this type, this may prove colorful entertainment for you. The film relies for its plot on H. G. Wells' "The Time Machine," and the stars are Malo and Lottus Long (of "Elsmo" fame).

LADY CONSENTS, THE—Fine. Marriage and easy divorce is the theme of this story of the social Westchester set, which combines a modicum of tender romance with its brittle sophistication. Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall are charming in the principal roles.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Fair. Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell teamed up as stranded chicks with the entire Pacific Fleet at their service. (Allen Jenkins, Hugh Herbert.)

MISTER HOB—Good. If you expect this to be just another stultifying gadget picture, you'll be mistaken, for the dudified Artist, cunningly employed to con the entire Pacific Fleet at their service, is—what is the word which comes from the Bible?—I'm sorry.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Fine. You who go in for sentiment in a big way will enjoy this Roman Holiday when seeing this drama of broken hearts, with the entire Pacific Fleet at their service.

MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL—Fair. With three murders committed even those wiscrackes who know "whodunit" from the very start will be properly baffled. John Miljan is the clever detective, and Irene Hervey & Barry Norton the young lovers.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—Excellent. Here's a film you can't afford to miss. Based on an actual sea voyage, during the 18th Century, this is the story of a Nord's mutiny, its cause and action, with just a soupcon of romance on the side. (Chas. Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone.)

Silver Screen
PACE THAT KILLS, THE—Pretty girl. The plot has to do with the dope traffic and how it menaces innocent children. It might be a good idea to keep your young hopefuls at home with a good book when this plays your town. (Noel Madison, Loth January.)

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—Amusing. Ah, here we have a mythical kingdom once again, with little Freddie Bartholomew as the King who is kidnapped by Professional Soldier Victor McLaglen. Played lightly against a colorful background, it is sure to capture your interest & merriment.

PAYOFF, THE—Fair. Here we have Jimmie Dunn cast as an honest sports writer who is forced by a wealthy racketeer (Alan Dinehart) to go crooked in order to save his wife's (Claire Dodd) reputation. In the end the wife and the racketeer get their just deserts.

PERFECT GENTLEMEN, THE—Good. Frank Morgan gives an amusing character study of an elderly Briton whose son, a vicar, and his sister, a shrew, disapprove of him heartily when he learns about life from Cecily Courtenay, a music hall favorite. (Henry Stephenson, Lina O'Connor.)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—Fair. A romance of California when it was settled by the Spanish way back in the 1830's, with lovely Gladys Swarthout out of the Metropolitan warbling delightfully and looking so pretty poor John Boles, of the Vigilante, can't get her out of his mind.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—Fine. Another exciting G-men picture which will keep you tense in your seats until every kidnapper and gangster is either dead or behind bars. (Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot, Cesar Romero.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Excellent. An extraordinarily moving tale of the old South just before and during the Civil War, and the war's effect upon an aristocratic old family. The cast is headed by Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher.

SONG OF THE SADDLE—Good. There are some westerns that the grown-ups, just children at heart after all, enjoy, and this is one of them. The story has plenty of romance, heart-tugging cowboy songs and drama. In the cast you'll find Dick Foran, Kenneth Hartlan, Alma Lloyd.

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE—Splendid. Paul Muni is superb as the famous French doctor whose scientific research work was such a benefit to mankind. A gripping story that will hold you in your seats.

STRIKE ME PINK—Excellent. This newest Edith Hartman film is simply teeming with grand comedy situations, side-splitting farces, catchy music, a beautiful girl—beautiful Sally Eilers and Ethel Merman. An amusement park is the setting, and with Eddie at the helm, bursting with desire to please the audience, the next you can just imagine how funny it all is. We'd say it! Instant success.

SWEET SURRENDER—Fine. A sumptuous musical pot pourri that presents for your entertainment sumptuous songs settings as the Railroad, with a lavish stage show and masquerade aboard ship, and such personalities as Frank Parker of the radio, Tamara the dancer, and Abe Lyman's band.

SYLVIA SCARLETT—Interesting. Katharine Hepburn disguises herself as a boy during the greater part of this amusing tale about a group of traveling players which seems to excite the adventurer wherever it turns. (Cary Grant, Brian Aherne.)

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A—Excellent. A truly magnificent adaptation of Charles Dickens' story laid in Paris and London during the French Revolution. (Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Isabel Jewell.)

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—Good. A British made picture featuring our own Bertrice Claire as an ex-cabaret singer who turns governess in the home of George Curzon, a peer of the realm. There's plenty of tuneful melodies and some good comedy situations.

WERE ONLY HUMAN—Fair. Remember the game of cops & robbers? Here it's played by grown-ups in more melodramatic fashion and with a sprinkling of love's young dream. (Preston Foster, Mischa Auer, Jake Wyatt.)

WESTERN FRONTIER—Good. Aousing western action plot which should please the children. Ken Maynard, ably supported by his magnificent horse, Tarzan, has the lead, and the women in the case are Lucille Brown and Nora Lane.

WHIPSAW—Fine. Myrna Loy's first picture since her vacation, and an exciting event not alone because of its plot—concerned with expert jewel thieves—but because Myrna and Spencer Tracy, a G-man, are a most effective team.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—Amusing. Edward Everett Horton is cast in the title role of this comedy about a poor sap who finally turns the tables most successfully on all those who laughed too soon. Cast includes Lois Wilson, Marjorie Gateson and John McGuire.

The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty—and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are immediate, and it is amazingly economical.

Just imagine stopping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and sauntly smooth as a rose petal.

Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and after, drying, feel your skin. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the immediate result obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the same thing for the entire body.

And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the clamorous or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Linit

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LIMIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

for March 1936
CLARK GABLE has certainly reached his goal in acting. He is one of Hollywood's most famous players," writes Margaret K. Corona of Eastman Ave., Oakland, Calif. "The play 'Mutiny on the Bounty' has certainly broken records for the theatre in Oakland, Calif. When Clark Gable took over the ship in the picture, he received marvelous applause. The picture was wonderful. How could I get some pictures of Clark Gable?"

You'll receive one in about three weeks.

ANNA GORMLEY of Texas Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., writes: "My dream for an ideal motion picture would include: Katharine Hepburn for a good emotional scene, Dick Powell to sing, Ruby Keeler for some super-tap dancing, Eleanor Powell with her swell impersonations, Jean Harlow for some beauty, and plenty of laughs supplied by ZaSu Pitts, Edna May Oliver, Stan Laurel and Ted Healy."

"I WAS instantly attracted by that indescribable 'something' in Bing Crosby's voice when I first heard him about four years ago," writes Lala Bergins of High St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. "Needless to say, I have been his loyal fan since then. He came through with flying colors in all his pictures and proved to be a swell comedian as well. The name of Bing Crosby to me will always mean a swell singer and actor and I imagine he is a grand person to

Write A Letter. Win A Real Photo, Autograph, Frame And All.

"You're Telling Me?"

The framed photograph inscribed to Alfred Diller and signed by Merle Oberon. His letter was selected as one of the fifty best received this month.

Merle Oberon signing photo for a Silver Screen reader who won a prize for his movie letter.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after March 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address

City State

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in December have been notified by mail.

Perfolastic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches," states Miss Healy. "Massages like magic," says Miss Collins. "Reduced from 43 to 35 1/2 inches," writes Miss Emily. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at no cost and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLimmer AT ONCE

You do not risk one penny...simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results—as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches slimmer at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing—and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

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know. With me he'll always be tops.'

We'll ask him for a photo for you.

"AH, ME! what must a person write about their favorite star to win a coveted photograph? I've written so many times about my favorite, but haven't won that photo—and no one could possibly admire Jean Parker more than I. But one thing is wrong—she needs a really good part—don't you think so?" asks Madelyne Denisco of N. Main St., Pocatello, Idaho.

He thought "Sequoia" was wonderful.

"I THINK Nelson Eddy should have a large bouquet of red roses and some of the sweet red roses should go to Jeanette MacDonald. What a charming couple they make," writes Mrs. E. Schaulenberger of W. Center St., Fostoria, Ohio. "I can imagine the thrill I will get when I see 'Rose Marie' with all that beautiful mountain scenery and those grand voices to sing 'The Indian Love Call.'" Anticipation of pictures is the joy that only fan magazine readers know.

STEPHANIE KECK of Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Give me Bob Taylor any day and you can have Clark Gable, Bing Crosby and even Dick Powell. Reason: He's all these rolled into one and if you don't believe me ask any girl who knows who he is. The trouble is he doesn't get enough publicity. Every time I buy a magazine I either see that one and this one but never Taylor. How about it Silver Siren? Give Taylor a break!"

In this issue.

"WAKE UP, folks, this is little me speaking. straight from my heart, about a certain male star in Hollywood. This glamorous, superb, lovable actor is none other than Fred MacMurray, 'the world's favorite.' His great performances in 'Call of the Wild,' 'Alice Adams,' and 'Hands Across The Table' make the fans want to see more of him," writes Mary Janet Poloway of Edward St., Detroit, Mich. "The one who discovered Fred MacMurray sure found a treasure. Keep up the good work, Mrs. MacMurray."

Thank you, Mary. The photograph is on its way.

GUESS AGAIN!

Titles Of Pictures Are At Changeable At The Weather

"The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot" (Ann Harding) has been changed to "The Lady Consents"

"Black Gang" (Paul Kelly) has been changed to . . . .

"Here Comes Trouble"

"Red Apples" (Ross Alexander) has been changed to . . . .

"Brides Are Like That"

"Backfire" (Patricia Ellis) has been changed to "Boulder Dam"

"Pavements Are Airy" (Ann Sothern) has been changed to . . . .

"You May Be Next!"

"Invitation to Happiness" (Charles Boyer) has been changed to . . . .

"I Loved a Soldier"

"Klondike Lou" (Mae West) has been changed to . . . .

"Klondike Annie"

"Don't Bet On Love" (Gene Raymond) has been changed to . . . .

"Lives on a Bet"

"No More Yesterdays" (Ruth Chatterton) has been changed to . . . .

"Lady of Secrets"

"Rolling Along" (Harry Richman) has been changed to . . . .

"The Music Goes Round and Around"

Doctor's Report proves
Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to
KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Remarkable results obtained in two
winter's 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 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.

for March 1936
A Recipe That Comes From A Famous Actor Has A Sauce Of Glamour And A Fascinating Taste.

Most girls, these days, with beauty and personality would give an occasional thought to acting in the movies. Not Mrs. Joe Penner, however. She has beauty and charm and all kinds of "it" but she prefers helping Joe with his career to having one of her own. Eleanor and Joe tell in love, while she was a member of the Greenwich Follies and he was headlining with the same troupe.

I had dinner with them the other evening at their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills and heard all about their romance from the beginning.

Fortune smiled on young Mr. and Mrs. Penner from the first, and Joe always had a good job. For nearly two years, radio sponsors were after him to appear on the air, but Joe didn't think he would be any good. Finally, Eleanor, who privately believes that Joe can do anything any other man can do, arranged for an audition and practically dragged him down to the studio for it. Joe had not prepared anything and he used one of his oldest routines for the test and it went over big. That is how Joe and his duck came to fame.

In the beginning, Joe's duck was an elephant. It became a duck down in Birmingham. Before this, Joe would slip out and ask the master of ceremonies "Do you wanna buy an elephant?" but down in Birmingham he said duck, just to vary the line. That evening, after the show, while they were sitting back-stage in Joe's dressing room, young Mr. and Mrs. Penner heard any number of people pass by and ask each other "Do you wanna buy a duck?" so they decided it was a "hit" line and kept it from then on.

Eleanor insists that Joe is the best husband in the world, and never complains or finds fault with anything. Not even with her cooking, when anything goes wrong with it. At her first home-cooked meal, she attempted to serve Joe breaded veal cutlets. She flourished them, rolled them in bread crumbs and cooked them until they were brown. She served them on her best dinner plates and Joe started eating them without a murmur. When she cut into her own portion, the awful truth came out. She had merely cooked the flour and bread crumbs. The veal was as fresh and rare as when it was brought home. Joe's willingness to be a domestic martyr brought real dividends, for she says she will never forget how sweet he was about it. She made him go out to dinner with her that night and she learned how to cook cutlets properly before she served them to him again. Joe's appetite is a nice one to have around the house for he has few likes and dislikes and will eat practically anything that is put before him. He has only one real favorite dish and that is chicken paprikash. Here is Eleanor's method of preparing it:

First, she boils the chicken until it is tender. Then she strips the leg and thigh bones of meat, breaks them and returns them to the pot and lets them simmer in the broth, as this makes its flavor richer and more appetizing. Now, for the dish itself. She puts enough fat in a frying pan to make a depth of about half an inch. Then puts in two medium-sized green peppers, two medium-sized Bermuda onions, a small bit of garlic, and two white stalks of celery, all of which has been finely chopped and mixed together. She lets these ingredients simmer in the fat until the onion is a golden-brown color. Then, she puts in the meat of the chicken and, for seasoning, adds one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of black pepper...
and four teaspoons of paprika and lets the entire mixture cook for three quarters of an hour. The paprika will color the dish red, of course. After it is thoroughly cooked together, she beats the broth again, thickens it with flour and adds to the chicken and onion mixture. That is all there is to it and it is really delicious. Joe's favorite dessert is gold cake with caramel chocolate frosting. Eleanor makes the ordinary two-egg plain cake and fixes what she labels a fool-proof frosting. She says that any young bride can make a good cake frosting with it. Her recipe follows:

**Caramel Chocolate Frosting**

1 square unsweetened chocolate
1 can sweetened condensed milk (caramelized)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add caramelized sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Cool, spread on cake. This makes enough frosting to cover tops of two 9-inch layers, or about 24 cup cakes.

To caramelize sweetened condensed milk, place unopened cans in kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point 3 hours. Be sure to keep the cans covered with water during the process.

Joe is fond of cheese in every form, especially nippy and limburger cheeses. So his wife often serves macaroni and cheese en casserole. She boils the macaroni first, of course, then drains off the water, puts a layer of it in the casserole then a layer of New York snappy Eastern cheese, then another layer of macaroni and a top layer of cheese. Then, she takes a cup of milk and beats into it a teaspoon of Colman's dry mustard and a teaspoon of salt and pours the mixture over the macaroni and cheese. She bakes it in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Some of her other favorite recipes follow.

**Scalloped Potatoes**

1 cup white sauce 1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 cup chopped celery
Salt and pepper 1/2 cup cracker crumbs

Place layers of potatoes in bottom of buttered baking dish, sprinkle with pepper, salt and onion juice, dot lightly with butter and cover with layer of white sauce. Continue in alternate layers, sprinkling white sauce with parsley and celery. Cover last layer thickly with crumbs and grated cheese and bake in moderate oven until brown—about 45 minutes. If cooked potatoes are used, baking time is reduced to about 15 minutes.

**Baked Salmon**

Clean and wipe, and lay in baking pan with enough hot water to prevent scorching. Bake slowly, basting often with butter and water. When done, serve with following sauce on a hot dish:

1 cup hot melted butter in which the juice of 1 lemon and 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley have been mixed. Garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs.

I was not surprised to learn that Joe is more than fond of dumplings served with roast chicken. Mrs. Penner is proficient in the art of making them. And dumpling-making is an art. Here is her recipe:

**Dumplings**

2 cups flour 3/4 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
Pinch of salt

Mix together until smooth, not too stiff, and toss on floured board, pat out slightly more than 1/2 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter. Place in buttered steamer, cover and steam 12 minutes. Or drop into liquid of stew and cook on top of meat and vegetables until done. Do not let the dumplings settle down into the liquid. Keep kettle covered while they cook.
A Survey Of The Busy Sets And Sound Stages
By Our Special Surveyor

S. R. Mook

At the United Artists Studio

THIS month, good people, I have the pleasure of introducing to you the new film company known as Selznick International Pictures, which is headed by David Selznick who produced "Dinner at Eight", "David Copperfield," and scores of other spectacularly successful pictures. The publicity brigade is headed by Joe Shea, who, for years, was the guiding hand in the Fox publicity department.

The first production to get under way is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Freddie Bartholomew in the title role. C. Aubrey Smith in the part of the old Earl and Dolores Costello as Doreen.

They have erected some of the most massive sets imaginable for this picture. The library, instead of being built of the usual cardboard and plaster has real wood paneling and boasts the largest collection of books ever assembled for a library in a picture—over 5,000 volumes!

But the scene they're shooting today is in the dining room where the old Lord and Freddie are at dinner. Freddie comes in, glances apprehensively at the footman, who pulls his chair back for him, and sits down. He almost immediately pulls out a black and white checked silk handkerchief that is almost large enough for a tablecloth, and starts mopping his brow with it.

"Bless my soul," ejaculates Mr. Smith.

"Where'd you get that?"

"It's a present from Dick," Freddie replies. "Isn't it beautiful?" And then he starts quoting the card that evidently came with it: "When this I see,—he pauses, unable to remember and finally1 finishes in desperation, "I shall always remember Dick."

"Yes," says Mr. Smith, "I should think you would. Who's Dick?"

"He's a professional bootblack," Freddie informs his grandfather. "You'd like him. He's so square."

"Square?" Smith asks in puzzlement.

"Yes," Freddie explains. "He wouldn't cheat anyone or hit a boy under his size."

There's a lot more to the scene. In fact, it's almost as long as those Spencer Tracy plays but it's all in the same vein. And, I might add, that vein is enough to send the blood coursing through my own veins and take me back to the days when my own mother used to dress me up in those cursed Little Lord Fauntleroy blouses and take me to see him on the stage.

Also shooting on the United Artists lot this month is a picture called "These Three" which was freely—oh, very freely—adapted from a successful stage play called "The Children's Hour." I can remember reading once when Marguerite Clarke was on the stage, under Winthrop Ames' direction, "Mr. Ames presents Miss Clarke as 'Snow White' in the afternoon, and as something quite different in 'The Affairs of Anatole' at night."

And so it is with "The Children's Hour." It was one thing on the stage and something quite different in the movies. The movies are getting the "Snow White" version.

Anyhow, Merle Oberon and Miriam Hop-
kiss have been chums all through school and college (but I can't help wondering if they're going to be chums all through this picture) and when college is over they decide to take a place in the country and start a school of their own.

So they do and they're just moving in, with Joel Moreau (who is la Oberon's fiancé) help. Right in the midst of things that old Catharine Doucet (Miriwan's aunt) arrived uninvited. She's an antiquated Shakespearean actress.

"Martha!" she beams to Merle, "I'm so glad to see you."

"Hello, Aunt Lily," says Merle restraining her enthusiasm admirably.

"How well you look," Doucet goes on.

"Almost pretty. And Karen! (speaking of Mirian) prettier than ever!"

Well, all the airily persiflage on this set is all very distressing to me because I saw the play in New York last year and I know just what all these tried and true people are in for. Their lives are to be wrecked, I tell you—absolutely wrecked.

It is the worst sort of a hypocrite if I stayed here and exchanged idle banter with them when worse than the shadow of death is hanging over them. So I just smile bravely and say to them, "I'll see them next month—or the month after when things will be better (we hope) and saunter over to—"

Columbia

MORE fun on this lot today, Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson are making a picture called "The Music Goes Round and Around." Harry, it seems, is a musical comedy star who is sick of New York and all his valets so he goes down South to get away from it all. And the first thing you know he runs into a beauty contest on the Mississippi, and the sheriff is just about to take it over, and Harry falls in love with the captain's beautiful daughter—Rochelle, of course—and through some gullible-go-getters gets them out of their difficulties and gets himself a small job without divulging who he is.

Everyone is all assembled when in walks Mr. Richman, showing rather very decidedly the Hollywood influence on him in comparison to when he was out here five years ago making "Puttin' on the Ritz" (which I'm quite sure he has forgotten and wishes I had, too). He has on a camel's hair coat and a silk scarf (white for purity) knotted about his neck.

"How do you do, Mr. Richman?" inquires Director Victor Schertzinger politely.

"How do I know?" Mr. Richman parries.

"I want to know why you sold me this answer?"

"There you go again," wails Schertzinger in a despairing tone, to the tune of "Martha" (which he wrote). "No co-operation at all! Oh, well. Quiet. Everybody."

So the assistant blows the whistle for quiet and everybody settles down, except a prop boy who didn't hear the whistle and who drops a load of apples.

"Hey, you!" bellows the assistant. "What's matter with you? Can't you hear the whistle?"

"Yeah," Harry chimes in in mock seriousness, "Gee whiz, fellers."

So they finally get into the scene where Rochelle is charmed with him before the curtain goes up on the evening performance. "What sort of work did you do before you came here?"

"Oh, a little of everything and not much of anything," Harry explains. "Think there's a future for me here?" he goes on after a pause.

"Well," Rochelle considers, "if you're willing to settle down and work hard, why not? I want you to feel free to come to me with any ideas you may have."

Big-hearted. That's Rochelle for you every time, and don't think Harry's not

[Continued on page 76]
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 25c. 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 cleansing 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.

"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.
SILVER SCREEN

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has offered a thousand dollars to any horticulturist in Los Angeles who can develop an avocado tree that will stand a winter in New York state. Bob is planning to spend that "old age" on his farm in northern New York state and he just can't bear the idea of being three thousand miles away from his favorite food.

THE largest star sapphire in Hollywood now belongs to Mae West—it's 175 carats, just a mere bauble.

IF YOU'VE wanted your own projection machine all your life, so you could see movies right in your own playroom, and suddenly you got your own projection machine what movies would you first choose to see? Claudette Colbert officially opened her playroom a few Sunday nights back and christened the projection machine (a Christmas present) with "Betty Boop," "Dirt Road," and "Jealousy." "Betty Boop" was not by request, the operator brought that along himself, he's probably a dyed-in-the-wool Betty Boop fan. Claudette was very eager to hear Lily Pons as she is quite a fan of Miss Pons', and very, very eager to see Jeanne Eagels' last picture, having missed it in New York five (or was it six?) years ago. As you recall, Jeanne Eagels died before this picture was released. Like all young actresses just starting out at that time Claudette considered Jeanne Eagels, the pampered, darling of Broadway and the sensational star of "Rain," the Greatest Actress in the World, and was one of her staunchest admirers. And Claudette had another reason for adoring Jeanne Eagels, for it was Miss Eagels who really got her launched on her theatrical career. With Al Woods, the great actress dropped in to see a rehearsal of "A Kiss in the Taxi" one afternoon. Claudette was playing the ingrate lead and Mr. Woods said that she was terrible and that he would have to take her out of the cast immediately. "Don't be silly," Miss Eagels interrupted, "that girl has something. She's going to be famous, you mark my word." Whatever the great Eagels said went in those days—Claudette kept the part—was a success in the play—and was in demand by all the producers on Broadway.

We regret to say that "Jealousy" was a bad picture five years ago (or was it six?) and is still a bad picture.

JOAN CRAWFORD went on a shopping tour the other day and, looking up from some scarfs she was buying, saw a mob of little girls with their noses pressed against the plate glass window watching her in sacred awe. Joan, who never refuses an autograph, took off her gloves and prepared to sign for the girls when she left the shop, but, strange to say, not a child budged, they were simply too awed to speak. Joan was quite impressed by so much reverence and politeness (fans have a habit of tearing her to pieces) so she rose to the occasion and said, "I wonder if any of you little girls and boys would like an ice cream soda?" Well, it seems they all did.

JOAN BENNETT is one of those people who never write an address down. When she goes to a party she knows practically, but not accurately, where the person lives so she just drives in the general neighborhood and picks out a house that has a lot of cars around it. This method has always worked (Joan never being among the first to arrive) until several Saturday nights ago she and her writer husband, Gene Markey, were invited to the Franchot Tones for dinner. She and Gene stopped at the first house in Brentwood that had a line-up of cars in front of it, but were greatly dismayed when they were shown into the living room to find Mrs. Rhea Gable and not Joan and Franchot. "Why, Joan," gasped Mrs. Gable, a bit dismayed herself, "I didn't expect you until next Saturday night!" Joan and Gene got back into their coats and climbed back into their car and drove two blocks further, and arrived at the Tones, a little late— with Joan making a mental note never to trust a line-up of cars again.

MRS. RHEA GABLE has gone more social than ever since she and Clark officially separated and Rhea is now running up to Countess di Frasso as the biggest party thrower in Hollywood. And what does social-minded Hollywood do about the Gables? Well, the Countess di Frasso has solved the situation neatly by alternating parties, one party Rhea is invited to, the next party Clark is invited to. Other hostesses use the "Rhea dear, I must tell you that Clark has accepted" plan and vice versa, but it was Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer's wife, who really tried something original. At her last big party she invited Mrs. Gable for the first part of the evening, and Clark for the last. At twelve o'clock, like Cinderella, Mrs. Gable drew on her sables and disappeared into the night. Soon after her departure, Clark arrived—alone. It could only happen in Hollywood.

WHAT with Metro casually announcing that Jean Harlow's natural brown hair will replace her former platinum locks (and after telling us all these years that Jean was naturally tow-headed) there are quite a few of us old-timers who can't help but chuckle once more over the classic remark that Jean's mother, Mrs. Bello, once made to an interviewer. Said Mrs. Bello anecdotally the malicious rumors that were flying about: "The rumor that makes me maddest of all is that Baby's blonde hair isn't natural!"

GEORGE RAFT swears that he will never dance on the screen again. His decision was made for the simple reason that Fred Astaire is tops in this line of endeavor and that he doesn't want anybody to think that he is competing, even though their styles are much different. In his mind Fred Astaire is the finest dancer who ever worked on stage or screen, land or sea, and a dancer like himself just might as well give up. Fred, I do believe, gets more adulation from those he-men boys than he does from the ladies. No matter how hard he's working Jimmy Cagney wouldn't miss an Astaire preview for anything. Then as soon as the picture is released he goes to see it again—he saw "Top Hat" three times.
HOLLYWOOD bachelors, according to the girls of the town, are spoiled. And no wonder!

For every day in the week, the eligible young man of the movie colony can find a completely different type of feminine companion, each one the very tops in her own special brand of appeal!

Comparing notes with the handsome blades of the town, we discovered just how you would regard Jean Harlow, Mae West, Carole Lombard, and others if they were the bachelor girls of your own town.

Jean Harlow, for instance. Here's a blow for you! Jean is "athletic and informal—a sense of humor—nutty about sports, both indoor and outdoor."

Jean, you see, refuses to be a "wrong side of the tracks lady" in her private life, no matter what she plays on the screen. The gentleman calling on Jean is apt to be impressed by the fact that her hillside home is reached by a private driveway. This, and the colored butler who peers at you through a small aperture in the front door, leads you to expect a visit of the formidable, ritz-y type.

Then you're shown into an all-white living room, casually spotted with bowls of gay flowers, pictures of Jean and her mother, and open magazines and books.

The atmosphere of New York City and Broadway clings to Mae West even in Hollywood.

Beautiful Myrna Loy enjoys an atmosphere of refinement and music—where's that Five Foot Shelf?
Hollywood

When A Bachelor Calls On One Of These Bachelor Girls He'd Better Be Ready For Golf Or Chekhov, The Pool Or Proust

By Mark Dowling

Bachelor Girls Entertain

Great windows reach from floor to ceiling. There are etchings, soft lights, first editions. Nothing harum-scarum in the life of this popular actress!

"Formal dress. Small exclusive restaurants for dinner dates. Beware of Arthur Hornblow. Put these notes opposite Myrna's name in your address book!"

Subtly fascinating, a woman of the world, she sincerely enjoys rare books and fine paintings. She dislikes noisy restaurants, and as she seldom dines at home, it's up to the gentleman to discover those small exclusive hideaways so dear to the true cosmopolite.

Myrna, the bachelors frankly admits, is somewhat of a mystery woman. Some people will tell you that she's just a typical American girl off the screen. "Myrna Loy has freckles!" some chap is always muttering in a disillusioned manner.

Just the same, we'd advise you to investigate the doings of Los Angeles' musical group before asking la Loy for a date. She adores concert music. You'll find, too, that she's one of those girls who take a lot of knowing. She does everything in a quiet, well-ordered manner, and keeps her social engagements, her business affairs, and even her thoughts neatly pigeon-holed.

And you'll find yourself hunting under the bureau for a lost stud, putting the Philharmonic tickets in your waistcoat pocket, and making sure you can cover the check at that very exclusive restaurant—as you start off for an evening of "Loy and Larkin!"

Just for contrast, a bachelor might call next on Carole Lombard. "Very gay intelligentsia," he'll discover her to be, ready for anything from hamburgers to crepe suzette!

Carole, you see, frankly admits that she's just a little bit insane. But divinely so, her friends insist. Remember, originality is the keynote of this beautiful girl's personality. Adapt yourself to the circumstances, or you'll be the victim.

Probably you'll find Carole in her playroom, which itself expresses her craving for the unusual. The bar and piano are done in blue and pink plaid. If you wear a dinner jacket, don't be surprised to find yourself changing a tire half way to Palm Springs—just because the lady decided to drop in at the Dunes for a midnight sandwich and a spin at roulette.

You can't put your finger on this tantalizing star, and that's why [Continued on page 72]
ZEBRA-STRIPED cushions and backrests distinguish the famous El Morocco Club, one of the favorite haunts of the celluloid celebs when they come to Broadway, and perhaps you'd like to know more about this spot and others like it, where the cinema stars relax between flickers. Although the Third Avenue Elevated trains are within a stone's throw of El Morocco, on East 54th Street, this is one of the town's swankier spots. Unless you are a movie star, a millionaire's son or a Broadway columnist, it is doubtful that you will ever get past the argu-eyed doorman, and it is too to that the headwaiter will seat you in the kitchen, in the improbable event that the doorman lets you past him.

Dolores Del Rio, Clark Gable, Max Baer, Loretta Young, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Lawrence and every other celeb you can mention has ringside-taled at this spot. Sooner or later, every Page 1 figure in the country passes through the doorway, for El Morocco has a certain tone and air to it that commands the illustrious.

Perona, the owner, is a magnificent showman. He is the Ernst Lubitsch of supper club operators, as subtle in achieving his effect as the great German. Italian by birth, and temperament, he offers excellent liquor and a room that is atmospheric, a command to fabulous prices. It is the only supper club in New York that does not offer a floor show. There are two bands, an American band and a rhumba band, the strip of dance floor is often hotted out entirely by the encroachments of tables but the celeb beg and barter with the headwaiter to gain admission. So I say that this Italian-born operator of El Morocco is a genius.

In this long narrow room, lined with its zebra-striped cushions and fortresses, and Moroccon to the additional extent of the palm trees that line the walls, come Countess Barbara Hutton, Revell, the Woolworth Donahue crowd of youngsters, Mae Murray, Lill Damita, Harold Shattuck, of the Schrafl millions, Countess Dorothy di Fasso, Cary Grant, Jack Dempsey, Rude Vallee, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond and hundreds of others. It is the focal point of all the South American millionaires and Cuban millionaires, for Perona speaks their language. When Michael Farmer was laid up in the American Hospital at Paris, it was to El Morocco that he first cabled, for he knew that was the quickest way to broadcast his message to the world.

It is an exciting, exhilarating smart atmosphere that attracts all of us stay-up-at-laters to this Chateau Zebra. Here you will find the town's greatest beauties and the town's finest rhumba dancers, Young Mary Rogers, Betty Furness, Jayne Shadlock, Topping, Anita Cornihan and Mary Kirk Brown toss the rhumba here with a swiftness that beggars description. Here will be found the town's prettiest girls, and perhaps that's the answer to its success, for it is legend that if the women want to go to a certain club, their escorts will go along with them, willingly or not. Certain it is that the subdued, almost bluish light which Perona has perfected finds favor with the women. Movie stars love that soft lighting which colors their orchids a purplish hue, removes the lines from under their eyes, brings out the throbby color of their lips, and makes their jewels gleam as though they'd been bought by a thousand fives.

Not mind you, that El Morocco is always in soft, purplish mood. It was here one night, before Max Baer lost his champion-ship, that Eddie McCarthy, New York A. C. heavyweight boxer, dared Baer to step outside with him and trade right hand punches. It was here too that Herbert Marshall equaled Paddock's splitting record in chasing a cameraman who had sneaked in and grabbed a flash-light picture of Marshall and Gloria Swanson sitting with "Spot" Ward. It was here one night that a Cuban señorita, turned up at Mary Kirk Brown, deliberately danced into her and knocked her into the ringside tables. Like Grand Hotel, the Perona club offers excitement and adventure of an evening, for where you have wine, gorgeous women and youthful escorts, you also have jealousies and left hooks.

The club owes its astounding popularity to Perona, of course. But a society lad, Bill Plunkinton, who brought his millions and an enthusiasm for amateur photography to New York from Milwaukee, has been as much responsible as the Broadway columns and the society columns. Wealthy and social, he used to take pictures of his society pals in El Morocco for his own amusement and theirs. Some enterprising city editor, learning of this, commissioned him to make some pictures for him. As a result, the club got tremendous publicity, and because of Plunkinton's connections, he got pictures that no other cameraman could rival. He not only aided Perona tremendously; he also did more than any one person to break down the unwritten law against photographers in the smarter spots. Today there is no novelty to a photog exploding a flashlight in any of the night clubs, but when the Milwaukee youngster started it, it was an unheard-of thing. Famous "21," on West 52nd Street, is another favorite rendezvous of the movie colony when it migrates east. This spot takes its
Beneath the synthetic palms at El Morroco is Rudy Vallee, Marilyn Miller and Adrienne Ames.

At left, Lily Damita and her husband, Errol (Captain Blood) Flynn. Billy Riviace, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weismuller seeing and being seen.

Beneath the synthetic palms at El Morroco is Rudy Vallee, Marilyn Miller and Adrienne Ames.

At the Savoy Plaza Lounge, Mary Boland, Hassard Short and Dwight Fiske.

agents, developed a class speakeasy into an institution. Jack and Charlie are the guiding spirits, and by out-snobbing the snobs, and serving fine food and liquor, they built up an aura of exclusiveness that was just too, too devoun in its effect on the gate receipts. It was this place that outsmarted the prohibition agents by floating their liquor from floor to floor in secret elevators on the infrequent occasions of raids. By anchoring the elevators between floors, Jack and Charlie outwitted the Feds completely. The last night that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were in town, I had dinner with them here. Near us sat Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, across the room were Ben Hecht, Charlie MacArthur and Gene Fowler. Downstairs were Joe Schenck, Lewis Milestone and other cinema notables. This is the favorite meeting place of Jack Warner, Ann Alvarado Warner and other couples, for it is exclusive.

The Versailles, the House of Morgan, [Continued on page 75]
The **BUSIEST GIRL**

**IN**

**Hollywood**

It Turns Out That The Reason
Time Flies Is To Keep Up With
Claudette Colbert

By Ruth Rankin

Just because
Charlie Ruggles' white champion poodle matches her black one, Claudette poses for a publicity still.

She takes an interest in her new garden and selects the trees.

**You wouldn't think that she would need exercise, but she plays tennis any-how.**

"The more you have to do, the more you can do." That might be Claudette Colbert's motto—it she has ever stopped long enough to think up one. I have an idea she would rather live a motto than put it in words.

There is always a temptation to lapse into platitudes and mention "the pace that kills" in any story about persons who live at concert pitch—but it wouldn't work here. Claudette looks too healthy. She is a vital young woman who keeps all her minutes filled and would pine away with boredom at inactivity.

Take our recent holiday season, now happily over. The frenzy was rather intense in all quarters. Checking up on addresses for your Christmas cards (funny how you never know your best friend's street number, isn't it?) and shopping like a madwoman, not to mention all the family coming for dinner, probably had you in a pretty fancy dither... But these simple little trials were not enough for In Colbert. Oh no, too easy—she could go to the head of the class on these with one hand tied behind her, blindfolded.

She went out and got married, too. 'Topping Santa Claus, you might say. And that isn't all. She moved into a new house on Christmas eve with her new husband, all in one fell swoop.

And within the same twenty four hours that all this happened, she also had a story conference on her new picture, handled dozens of clamoring reporters with neatness and dispatch—and bought a new hat.

Picture yourself on the evening of the twenty-third of December, with hundreds of Christmas presents which you insist upon wrapping, personally. And Claudette does wrap a beautiful package. There, striding about the place with a look of grim determination, is the handsome doctor you have promised to marry any minute—and he takes it literally.

It occurs to you suddenly—the best things always occur suddenly—how charming it would be to enter your new house as a bride! And have Christmas dinner there! The fact that the new house has no furniture in it as yet scarcely slows you up at all. An enchanting picture—but all in two days? Can it be done? Certainly it can be—by Claudette.

To complicate matters a bit more, a local paper came out on the twenty-third with the news that Claudette and Dr. Pressman were going to be married that day, so she put in quite a lot of time denying it over the telephone to millions of reporters and people who were just interested. But it gave her an idea...

She decided the next day was a fine time to be married since everybody seemed to be in the mood anyway, and it would be Christmas, and she could be carried over the threshold of her new house, a bride.

At work, the waking scene in "The Bride Comes Home."

Everything was going to work out just dandy, only she had to have a new hat.

Immediately, no doubt sensing her plans, a delegation arrived from the studio for a story conference. These things never stop for a mere wedding. And Claudette is enormously concerned about the story because she doesn't want to play another frivolous role right away. She should be typed and is anxious to make a serious picture. The story under consideration was Booth Tarkington's "Turf," really a man's story. The idea was to change the action to center about a woman, and make her the principal character. After considerable discussion pro and con, they decided it wouldn't work.

The delegates returned to the studio to think up something else and there was Claudette, with two hours of her day gone and no hat... Meantime feverish activity was taking place at the new house. Claudette was being set on crossing the new steps as a bride. But a bride has to have something new, you know, or it isn't legal, or, anyway, that's how bribes seem to feel about it. Hence the hat. She was all set to break away down in the town car—when a frantic message arrived from Holmby Hills. The plumbing leaked!

What to do, what to do. Claudette did it. She sent out S.O.S.'s for plumbers, and all the tile had to be ripped up from her mother's beautiful bathroom—news which might have dampened the ardor of a lot of women, but not our heroine.

She was half a block away, millinery bent, when a frantic servant waved—her back screaming, "the boiler, madame, the boiler." Uh huh, it was the boiler.

It seems a very modest contractor had caused to be placed in the new house a hot-water boiler of the capacity to accommodate two baths. Two, count em. In going over the family census, it had at that moment been discovered that four family members and four servants were to live in the house, and all of them enjoyed bathing.

Claudette connected with the contractor and we now have a lapse of ten minutes during which she explained to him in simple elemental words just what she thought of a boiler built for two...

To resume the story again, after this interval, Claudette walked out and got into
Claudette and Fred MacMurray have a bite of lunch on the set.

A birthday, a cake and time out for a photograph.

her car and drove to town and bought a hat. She actually did. She also bought ten more Christmas presents with lightning decision, on her way to and from the millinery department—and arrived back in the Roxbury house within an hour.

There she wrapped presents, had her hair and nails done, and talked to fourteen more reporters. A major casualty came in from the new house—her pet oak tree, the beautiful one, had failed to take root and survive. She called several nurseries before she located one which had a similar tree, and made a note to go out and see it later in the week. Every tree and every bit of shrubbery for the new landscaping has been selected personally. And she has found the time,

A Travis Banton costume requires that she pose for a fashion still. The dress is light blue crepe, two-piece, kerchief at shoulder and a pert pancake hat.

somehow, to make a study of various kinds of trees and to visit dozens of nurseries, some distance outside of town.

By this time she had all the presents for the family and immediate friends wrapped and tagged. Things were going very smoothly, too smoothly. She wanted action.

No definite time to be married had been decided upon until now, and at midnight Claudette thought it would be a nice idea to be married on the following day. At one A.M. she notified the press to that effect. She had the hat, so why not?

Claudette makes instantaneous decisions—and to be married in California with the three-day law would hold up the ceremony until after Christmas. And after her recent flying experiences to San Francisco, when she was mobbed by reporters, flying was out. They would drive!

By this time she was a trifle edgy and beginning to stammer, that being what happens when she is excited. So she refused to talk with anyone else on the telephone since they couldn't understand her anyway. She packed a small bag to take on the trip—and went to bed at two A.M. She got up at four thirty, still A.M., and started at five on what turned out to be a fifteen-hour trip.

And so she became Mrs. Joel Pressman.

Christmas dinner took place in the Colbert-Pressman menage on Christmas evening just as scheduled, and everyone had a chair to sit on. Don't ask me how it was done. It was simply one of those major miracles that can be accomplished only by screen stars who have so much to do they get it all done.

On usual days, when Claudette is making a picture, she gets up at six-thirty or (Continued on page 59)
HErny Fonda is the young player who came out of the West like Lochinvar and became an actor of considerable importance. Not all young players from the West become great; only those who are handsome, talented and lucky. Fortunately for Fonda, he is all of these.

In his luxurious apartment at the Hotel Gotham in New York, he sat back comfortably, cigarette held between long slim fingers, and pondered upon the fate which shapes a man's destiny. "It didn't happen over night," he assured me, "this luck that I'm enjoying now. Oh, h, no! Not by a long shot. It took eight years in New York before I even got my name on a Broadway program. I understood or simply played walk-on parts so frequently that as time went on I began to feel like a ghost. I was nobody. Not even a name.

"Of course, in the summer, it was different. Then I played in summer stock, first at Dennis, Mass., and then at Falmouth. It was great fun, and great experience, too. A number of the boys from Yale and Harvard who were taking up play-writing and acting as a profession would come over to these summer stock companies to gain actual knowledge of the theatre and we all had a marvellous time. Three of the fellows I knew were out in Hollywood with me now. We share a house together. They're getting along fine, too."

The telephone interrupted him. It was Robert Milton calling. He wanted Fonda to have a cocktail with him at the Lotus Club and talk over a play about Abraham Lincoln in which he was interested. Fonda graciously accepted the invitation, but when he hung up he turned to me and said: "Who's Milton? And what's the Lotus Club?"

I felt like shouting: "You innocent!" but I caught myself just in time and explained that Robert Milton was one of the more important of our highbrow producers and that the Lotus Club was one of the most exclusive rendezvous of the cultured aristocrats of this our humble city.

"Whew!-" came from Mr. Fonda's awe-struck lips but I could see that he wasn't impressed at all.

After another telephone call concerning his radio broadcast for the following evening, he was free to reminisce once more.

"The first time I got my name on any program was in 'New Faces,' a musical revue.

"Do you sing?" I queried in surprise.

"No. And I don't dance either. I just played a stooge. You know . . ."

I assured him that I did. I hadn't been listening religiously to Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor programs for years without knowing what a stooge was. But it struck me a little queer just how Fonda fitted the role, and I said so.

Fonda smiled. "I must have made a pretty good stooge because they put my name on the program. I was no longer a ghost."

And the critics even mentioned me in their reviews. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, . . . I sent all the reviews home to my people in Omaha. You see, when I first came to New York I would wire them every time I thought I had a break. And every time I did something would happen and the thing would fall through. I got tired of disappointing them so stopped mailing any of my assignments until they actually existed. They were tickled pink to read the reviews that mentioned me. But they were swell about my bad breaks, too."

After "New Faces" Fonda apparently went into obscurity again, an obscurity that appeared darker than it had before because he had now tasted, for only a brief moment, to be sure, the fruits of a minor success. Back to stock he went, this time to Mt. Kisco where he played the handsome young tutor in Molnar's "The Swan." Geoffrey Kerr played the Prince in this charming royal comedy, and it so happened that Kerr's wife, June Walker, sat in the audience on opening night. And she was tremendously impressed with Fonda's interpretation of the gentle, repressed young tutor. By some curious mental trick she pictured this same young actor in a role almost directly opposite from the one he was now playing so smoothly—a role in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," a rough and ready play of the Eric P. Nelson during the eighteen-fifties, in which she had already been cast as the wife.

"It's odd, but it was in this very room—and mind you, I had not asked for this suite when I came here last week—that Marc Connolly first read me the script of 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.' He not only read it to me, he acted out all the parts himself. Really he should have been an actor, not a playwright or producer. I was so thrilled. . . . I still am whenever I think about it."

All of you who have followed the Broadway theatre remember that Fonda made an instantaneous hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and his name was not only in newspapers every day but was also on the lips of all those who love good acting.

Katharine Hepburn, who does a little something of her own out Hollywood way, was so impressed with Fonda as the farmer who took a wife that she completely sold him to her friend (some say he is her husband) Leland Heyward, who is a prominent theatrical agent. And Heyward lost no time in selling him in turn to Walter Vanger, one of Paramount's ace free lance producers.

"I really felt sorry for Wanger," Fonda confided. "He took me sight and sound unseen and unheard, just on the strength of Heyward's flattering recommendation. But I had already been tested by Paramount in New York, and had seen the results. They were terrible. I was so self-conscious, it was positively embarrassing.

"When I got out to Hollywood Wanger had something ready for me, so he loaned me to Fox when they decided to do 'The Farmer Takes a Wife.' Janet Gaynor was cast in the role of a stooge, but June came out to Hollywood just to show her how the part was done on the stage. June even played with me in the tests made before the actual picture [Continued on page 68]"
Miriam, remembering her success as Lysistrata, and believing that the Greeks had a style for it, too, draped herself gracefully into this evening trousseau of shirred chiffon, copied from an old Grecian pattern.

"LA HOP"

Miriam Hopkins Entertains The Intelligentsia, Our Interviewer And Plans For Escape, All At The Same Time.

A MIRIAM HOPKINS interview, dear ladies of the Wednesday afternoon club, is nothing more nor less than a social whirl. For those of you who have that craving for gay people who are here today and gone to the South of France tomorrow, for brilliant repartee about Elsa Maxwell and Gertrude Stein, for champagne and caviar, and for madness—oh utter delightful madness—I heartily recommend an interview with Miriam Hopkins.

Ah me, I can remember when there wasn't a Miriam Hopkins interview in my life—things were pretty dull then with nothing better than a chicken dinner as a piece de resistance. It all started one September morning (whatever became of September Morn?) of the late 1933 when I contemplated with dour sorrow a drab fall and winter of commonplace. little reckoning that Fate was about to take a hand and transform me, the Mouse, into a gay party girl, with vine leaves in my hair.

The hand that Fate took was in the form of an assignment from my New York editor, requesting a story on Miriam Hopkins wherein she should talk freely about men and marriage, and love and life, and glamour and go, with anecdotes. And just to show you how dumb I am about opportunity, when I read that assignment I said, "Oh, hell." In fact my entire outlook on Miriam Hopkins had been one of oh hell.

I had heard that La Hop was "difficult," that she was terrifically arty, that she wanted no truck with interviewers and their truck, and that she considered fan writers something considerably less than the dust beneath the feet of Wheeler and Woolsey. I was so scared at the very idea of interviewing Miriam Hopkins that I put it off for two weeks, thereby delaying my social whirl for a fortnight, and practically getting fired, which has nothing to do with my social whirl but was because a deadline passed.

Suffering with the worst case of star-fright I have ever had I finally found myself in the Hopkins living room at Santa Monica wiggling my finger in the cushions and wondering whether Miriam would hurl the Rodin statue or the Ming vase at me when I asked her, "Who are the men in your life?" But I never get a chance to ask that question—or any question—for suddenly Miriam popped into the room with Ben Wasson, writer, Jean Negulesco, artist, Jack Kirkland, playwright, and the fun began.

"You two girls ought to like each other," Ben began after the introductions, "you are both from Georgia, you are both southern girls. Liza owns a mountain in Georgia near Tallulah Falls." (It's only a hill of a mountain but far be it from me not to take credit for the entire mountain.)

"My grandmother's name was Tallulah," said Miriam giving me the most cordial handshake I have ever had. "It was formerly an Indian name, wasn't it, but more recently has been usurped by the Bankheads of Alabama. What are you doing for Thanksgiving? I'm having a few people in for dinner, would you like to come?"

The invitation was somewhat of a shock, coming as it did from the "difficult" La Hop who wanted no truck with interviewers, and I had barely recovered my sense of speech before merry people
just crammed with smart talk started popping in for tea and cocktails and I suddenly found myself in the midst of a gilt-silver cocktail hour. Merle Oberon drank tea and was sweet and gracious, while her fiancée and faithful followup, David Niven, took up with a young boy and told wonderful cockney stories. Ruben Mamoulian, the director and he who went to Arizona with Garbo, discussed "Porgy and Bess." Max Reie, designer, discussed costume design with Richard Day, art director, and Walter Wanger. There was a discussion of "Wuthering Heights" with Austin Parker, author, who used to be Miriam's husband. Countess di Frasso went into raves over her new maoeuse and Safari Vierlet was accorded enthusiastic approval over a new treatment of "Camille." And everywhere, the gayest of the gay, the maddest of the mad, showing her adopted son Michael's latest pictures one minute and imitating Major Bowes introducing Susan Sickenbik of Newark the next to Miriam.

"I'm so afraid you didn't get a story," said Miriam oh so impishly contrite as she showed me to the door. "I had no idea all these people would drop in. Though I must have invited them, oh I am sure I invited them. Let's see what's today? Tuesday? I tell you what you do, darling, you have breakfast with me Sunday morning. We'll eat scrambled eggs and drink coffee, oh cups and cups of black coffee, and we can talk and I'll answer all your questions.

Goodbye, it was so sweet of you to come.

Sunday morning I ate Miss Hopkins' scrambled eggs and drank cups and cups of black coffee along with dozens of other people. But along about four clock, with another mad cocktail hour staring in the face, my conscience began to hurt, and I managed to corner the volatile Miriam for just a fraction of a second. "What do you think of a star marrying—?"

I began.

"It's all right if she doesn't marry in Yuma," Miriam said. "Yuma marriages and Hollywood funerals are the things I loathe most. I've always wanted to be quoted as saying that."

"It's a cinch," I said. "Would you marry again if—?"


"We won't go in to Thanksgiving. We'll just skip it. Omigosh, why did I have to bring that up." With five backs of my money on his nose Skip It played a perfect game of follow the leader at the Santa Anita track last week. A tail might be the reason that the Goldwyn publicity office was getting a bit annoyed by it all. It was their business to "sell" Hopkins. Hopkins was "sold" as far as I was concerned, but how could I write a story when she had never actually given an interview in my story and I'm stuck with it. So, said the Goldwyn publicity department, we'll arrange for you to have lunch with Miriam in her dressing room next week. (At that time Miriam was playing Martha Dobie in "These Three" at the Goldwyn.)

I arrived at Miriam's dressing room—a beautiful apartment no less—on the appointed day and at the appointed hour, and wasn't a bit surprised when I found a young writer sitting on Miriam's couch, sipping Miriam's sherry and waiting to have lunch with Miriam.

No, I wasn't surprised at finding him, really surprised was the fact that there weren't six others.

"You think you don't mind Ben being here," Miriam said dashing in from the set, "I started to call you and ask you if you minded Ben and then I forgot it. What are you doing for Christmas, darling? I'm having a few friends in for dinner and I do wish you would drop in? Did Ben tell you what Michael said yesterday? He's too young to know about Santa Claus yet, he's still only a baby, but everyone has been asking him lately, 'Michael, what's Santa Claus going to bring you for Christmas?' So yesterday he grabbed me around the neck with his little arms, the darling, and said, 'Mummy, who is Sammy Krass? —See, that's what you get for bringing your child up in Hollywood. Michael thinks Santa Claus is the producer.'" I doubled with laughter. Little Michael confusing Santa Claus with Sam Goldwyn seemed just awfully funny to me.

Well, my dear, you have no idea how furious the publicity department was when they walked in on me and me simply convolused over something that would never rate space in a fan magazine. In felled sorrow I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, "No interview," I sighed.

"I thought they had you m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-
“24 AND VERY FICKLE!”

Bob Taylor Postpones The Day For The Ball And Chain.

By Leon Surmelian

"The Broadway Melody of 1926" and "The Magnificent Obsession" shot Robert Taylor to the front rank of the romantic brigade. His reputation is certain to increase with "Small Town Girl," in which he plays opposite Janet Gaynor. Bob is getting more fan mail than any other player at M-G-M—an astounding record. He is tops with an ever-increasing number of feminine fans, and his employers consider him their next Clark Gable.

This Pomona lad who made good in the fillums is perilously good looking—a superbly tailored regular guy. He carries himself with the same naturalness and dignity that characterize his screen roles. Long legged, vital and vibrant, he has the thoroughbred quality of a racehorse. He has the eternal appeal of youth, still fresh and blooming, his spreading wings untouched by the tempests of life. Bob was born under a lucky star, and has no story of starvation and the other traditional terrors of the theatrical profession behind him.

His father, Dr. S. A. Brugh, was a physician. He died three months before Bob entered pictures. The Brughs belonged to the plutocracy of the Nebraska hinterlands. They moved to California a few years ago, and Bob completed his college course at Pomona, an institution noted for its scholastic and other standards, and commonly referred to as the Oxford of the West. He distinguished himself in tennis and dramatics, and I suppose, in the art of breaking hearts. Music is one of his passions. He sings, plays the piano, and can hang the pizzico with a flourish. His hobby is collecting sweaters of various styles and colors, and he owns enough of them to open a sweater shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

Bob landed a studio contract while he was still in college. He was spotted by a movie scout in a student production, "Journey's End," to be exact, and rushed to Hollywood for a screen test. He returned to college to complete the remaining months of his course, after which Oliver Hinsell, M-G-M dramatic coach, took charge of him.

"My contract wasn't anything to rave about so far as the money side was concerned," he said, as we retired to a quiet office at M-G-M for this interview. "But it offered me every opportunity in the world if I made good. 'Handy Andy' was the first picture I played in. I had the juvenile lead opposite Mary Carlisle, 'Society Doctor' gave me my first real chance before the camera. It brought me favorable notices and boosted me from a salary of $55 a week to—well, several times that figure.

"Of course, when I first came to the studio I was greatly excited. It had an air of immense power, magic and mystery about it. Uniformed policemen stood at the gates, and in the front office quiet-voiced, athletic young men handled a battery of telephones. But today, this same studio is very much like a college campus to me, and I can't honestly say that I feel any different than I did at Pomona. A new picture is just like taking an examination in college.

"I feel as if I am taking a post graduate course in Hollywood. A post-graduate course not only in my own profession, but the greater school of life. The studio is a combination of school and factory to me. And in Hollywood I have been able to observe, if I may say so, life in the raw. I have seen what lies behind its coating of tinsel. I am just finding my way around and have a lot to learn yet, but I know a thing or two about Hollywood I didn't know when I first came here.

"There are many pitfalls in this profession: Overconfidence, dissipation, too many pictures in rapid succession, unnecessary extravagance, bad advice, bad publicity.

"Success came to me overnight. In any other business it would have taken me from ten to fifteen years to get anywhere. I have a feeling of financial security much earlier in life than I could have had otherwise. I have had my share of fame. The temptation of developing an exaggerated opinion of one's own merits, powers and endowments is too great. We actors are notoriously vain. But actor as I am, I like to view things objectively, and try to maintain that same objective attitude toward myself. I don't think I am very conceited. I feel quite confident about the present, but not about the future. There is always the possibility of somebody stepping into my shoes before I realize it.

"Picture work makes terrific demands on one's physical endurance and nervous stability. Any dissipation on top of that is sure to have disastrous results.

"The mistake of too many pictures in rapid succession is obvious. It takes time and preparation to play a part well. And no matter how good an actor is, people will get tired of him if they see him too often.

"I have a natural weakness for extravagance. I buy a lot of things I don't need. I have a huge wardrobe, and keep buying clothes I'll never wear. I'm afraid I have never learned the value of money. I haven't had many tough breaks in my life. In college, while my dad was alive, I had, for a student, plenty of money to spend, and drove my own car. [Continued on page 66]"
BEATING ABOUT

SHEPHERD'S BUSH

And A Spot Of Tea,
Old Fellow—Dash It All!

WELL, now that hi de ho Hollywood has gone heigh-ho for Merry England and every boat leaving New York takes a fresh batch of movie stars to King George's Shepherd's Bush (and Queen Mary's, too, I guess), I think it behooves us Yankee fans to get help to the quiet going-on in those British studios—why the first thing we know we'll be embarrassingly "dated." Just the other day I heard that the English fans are fairly dancing rings around us in the art of snaring star autographs. Our own racket, too.

Of course, even since the sensational success of "Henry the Eighth," "Catherine of Russia," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "30 Steps" and "Transatlantic Tunnel" we have been brightening English cinema-conscious, so much so in fact that we are practically on pins and needles to see the latest London Films production, "The Ghost Goes West." That picture starring Robert Donat (and please don't say Doughnut for I really couldn't stand it) and our own cute little Jean Parker is being anticipated in Hollywood with just as much eagerness and curiosity as a Garbo picture, and I, who have always considered a Garbo premiere as being synonymous with Christmas, never thought I would live to see that happen.

Yes, definitely now is the time to look into this situation. Do our stars like London better than Hollywood? What's the difference in working in studios there and here? How do the British fans react to our stars, or do they? Well, I always say when you've got questions to ask you might as well ask them and get them off your chest, so I left my cozy fireside one day recently and ambled through a low fog (rain to you, but not to California) over to the Columbia studios where Mr. Richard Dix was giving his all to the air mail in a little number called "Devil's Squadron." Dix was borrowed from R-K-O last summer by Gaumont-British to star in the highly successful "Transatlantic Tunnel" and Dix should know a thing or two about English film making and autograph seekers. Dix did. Jumping in and out of his scene, which he never really took off, and ducking propellers Richard Dix gave me his most winning smile (I love his smile, don't you?) between jumpings and duckings tossed me a gay but disjuncted account of his trip to Merry England.

"The studios in England work without hurry," Dix said, making a face at the director (who had just snapped at him, " Faster this time, Dix. Get the lead out of your pants."). "There's never any feeling of being high-pressed. They are after results and if it takes two hours instead of the scheduled five minutes, that's okay with them. All the time I was in England I never once heard an assistant director yelp, 'You're holding up production. Every minute you're late costs the company five thousand dollars.' Minutes aren't so expensive in England it seems.

"Hey, Dix," yelled the assistant director with a glare at me, "You're holding up production. Every minute counts."

"Yeah, I know," said Dix and began ducking the propeller again, and again, and again while the camera shot it from every angle. "See what I mean," said he to me as he flopped down beside me on a mail bag full of letters that would never get any place. "If this had been England that young man would have said very sweetly and very politely, 'Shall we start this scene, Mr. Dix?' Not only are they polite to the stars but they are just as careful of the feelings of the electricians. In England it's 'Would you mind moving that lamp, old boy?' And 'old boy' would say, 'Certainly, sir!' all very casual-like. I also noticed the class distinctions, even on the set. A man may be only an assistant to the assistant director, but if he is 'to the manor born' he is treated with great deference—his opinions are most important. He may be just a worker but he's a gentleman and consequently entitled to the utmost respect. Imagine that on our sets, Why over here no one gets any respect—certainly not the star!" Dix added as an imperturbable young prop man yanked the mail bag from under us and we went into a nose dive.

"I was also interested in the time taken off for tea and refreshments," Dix continued. "Every afternoon at four huge trays were wheeled in with tea, cakes and small English pastries, and everyone from the director down to the most insignificant workman would help themselves. Being an American I found it most amusing the way they'd call the big huskies on the crew from the catwalks and parallels: 'Tea, Hugh—Tea, Horace—Tea, Nelson' and the big bruisers who looked like they'd never go for anything less than a straight slug of gin would come scampering down and make a fuss over their tea and gracefully balance their cups just like a scene in a Noel Coward comedy."

Another thing that impressed Dix was the autograph seekers. He says that the American variety are just a bunch of amateurs compared with their English cousins. The fans would gather at the gates of the studio in huge mobs and he couldn't get in or out without wading through them by the hundreds. The first Sunday he was in England he left his hotel for a ride in the country and he hadn't gone more than two blocks when he noticed that his taxi was being followed by two hundred or more people. "Where's the fire?" he shouted to the driver. "My word, sir, it's no fire, sir. Hit's your sir," responded the driver. Dix is most enthusiastic about English films. He thinks the crew and the technical staff are not what they eventually will be, but they are working in the right direction, with steady improvement.

Madge Evans was recognized in the streets of London and pursued by girls on bicycles. Topping, what!
toward the making of increasingly fine pictures.

Madge Evans, who was borrowed from Metro for "Transatlantic Tunnel" also, was my second victim. I found her lunching in her dressing room on the Metro lot, where she was in the final throes of "Exclusive Story" with Franchot Tone and Stu Erwin and an awful cold in her head. As soon as Madge heard my shuffling—I have feet that shuffle—in the corridor, she picked up the phone and dialed the commissary. "Charlie," she said to her favorite waiter, "Miss Wilson's here." "What again?" I distinctly heard Charlie's voice echo over the phone. Well, all I've got to say is that if it had been England Charlie would have said, "Quite so. How charming;" and I must admit that there are times when I wish Culver City would take on a bit of the old world courtesy of Shepherd's Bush. With good American haste Charlie appeared with a chicken sandwich and a coke cola, and while I fell to Madge decided to be a hostess and make pretty talk.

"If you were in England," Madge began, "—and thank heavens you aren't because it would be very lonely in my dressing room without you dropping in for lunch every day" (Madge's gracelessness I fear me was tinged with a bit of sarcasm) "If you were in England and ordered a chicken sandwich, you'd starve. I ordered one the first day I had lunch at the Gaumont studio and when it arrived it was the size of a monocle. I managed to make it last for three bites, but I had to be awfully dainty. The second day, inasmuch as it was terrifically hot and the middle of summer, I ordered a salad and iced tea just as I always do at home. That threw the waiter into a perfect dither. He looked at me as if I were the most insane young woman he had ever seen and then began to mumble that it would take several hours to prepare a salad, but maybe they could manage the iced tea.

"It seems that the English simply do not go in for cold things at noon and they have no idea of letting American movie stars upset their sacred customs. The iced tea arrived—quite hot. Quite disdainfully he poured it from the little teapot into a glass and then proceeded to set the glass in a bowl of ice and twirl it around like champagne in a wine cooler. After a half hour of twirling it was still lukewarm. Later on, when I grew more courageous, I offered to show them in the studio restaurant how to make iced tea, so I had the waiter bring a pot of hot tea and a glass filled with ice and proceeded to pour the hot tea into the glass of ice with the most superior sneer on my face—when suddenly the glass cracked and hot tea and ice mingled clubbily in my lap. After that we just called the whole thing off.

"Well, the third day at the studio I decided to do as the English do and ordered one of their regular luncheons which consisted of harley broth, boiled mutton with caper sauce and boiled plum pudding. (Continued on page 68)
They're Off To

Great Days For The Stars
At The Santa Anita Track.

EACH month of the year in hotch-potchiest names-about-town go in a great big manner for some particular pet relaxation recipe. Suddenly a brand new craze is the current vogue for the sparse stellar hours. These February days you're simply declared if you aren't swanking it at the elegant Turf Club over Santa Anita way. Hollywood's buxom boys and girls have discovered horse-racing!

It's all so dreadfully exciting. And so darn classy. To say nothing of furnishing you a swell opportunity to be palsy with your pet players.

Before I plunge into real facts on our fun formula for the nonce, I might add that Bob-Bing Crosby also hangs out at this same ritzy clubhouse, and literally every hour between luncheon and dinner. He's on vacation all during the Santa Anita season, or until the first of March. What's more, in case you're a husky, Dixie isn't always with him. She's one of the hold-outs who think there are a couple of other avocations besides going nutty over the nags. George Raft is frequently present, with his steady, lovely Virginia Pine.

You may be nursing a suspicion that horse-racing is a wee bit wicked. But I dare you to bring Ann Emery to Santa Anita and not have her go haywire with the thrilling de luxe divestiture that's on there daily. There's betting and plenty of it, yes. But it's handled with perfect honesty. The adding machines are automatic. Twenty million dollars will have been wagered in the fifty-eight-day season this year, and of that the track itself retains only six percent. The state collects four percent as a tax, and the rest goes to the lucky ones who have figured the horses correctly.

There's no dirty work like in those Kentucky Derby melodramas you used to be bored with on the screen. No villainous jockeys crowd rivals while thundering in on the home stretch. And, while soap-boxing this spot at Santa Anita are judged the finest and most beautiful in the whole world, That's remembering even the famous foreign tracks, such as Ascot in England. Longchamps in France, and Palermo in the Argentine. A lot of the credit for this new super-setting for the sport of kings goes directly to Hollywood. Indeed, Hal Roach is president of the company which has built the million-and-a-half dollar plant. And surely the novel improvements have been induced by the stars' fondness for the latest in trappings.

For instance, at Santa Anita there's a movie camera installed permanently at the starting position. It photographs the actual break of the horses, and if there's the slightest doubt of an equal getaway you can have an unquestioned decision in short order. Instead of the old bag waving to begin the races, a webbed cord is stretched across the nags' noses and they dash when this barrier is sprung and three bells above clang. Electric timing is used, the huge betting board is electrically checked so that you can see at a glance what the odds are and how much money is being bet on each horse, and then there's another local addition. The "camera eye" records the finish. So a horse really can win by a nostril. Well, practically!

It's an hour's drive from the center of the film colony to Santa Anita. You skirt Pasadena and that puts you in a different sphere. The ballyhooey that's a familiar routine fades and you're getting into an atmosphere where wealth means delightful dignity, and not notorious splurging. A spin past millionaire San Marino and there, as you approach the village of Arcadia, you burst upon Hollywood's rendezvous.

The great grandstands, beyond the gardened lawns where the contending horses are paraded before each race becath giant olive and orange trees, are a pastel green. The white, wrought-iron decorative trim is a gleaming white in the brilliant sunlight. The adjoining Turf Club building is similarly finished. And the huge oval, around which is the most valuable of horses run, is a gorgeous carpet of lawn, dotted with gold and purple flowers. At each end a pair of sentinel palms majestically raise their heads far up into the smiling blue sky. Rolling, oak-studded foothills mark the far boundaries, magnificently topped by a range of high, snow-capped mountains.

This horse-racing hobby of Hollywood's...
The RACES
By Ben Maddox

is a decided departure from any other thrill the stars have known. To be sure, Fred Astaire had his own stables when he was stage-acting in London. But to most of our glitter celebrities it is a fresh, vastly exhilarating experience. Once you hear the strange jargon of the track you're tempted to do some fancy risk-ing. One major studio has had to forbid all telephone references to this subject, because the hired help chattered on so end-lessly.

Fifty thousand spectators are on hand for the gala occasions when the track offers big purses as prizes to the horse owners. The local papers headline each afternoon's prospects and results, and special trains tear out daily. The best horses and jockeys in the United States are quarter-mile from the stands. Furthermore, the best people, from the blue blood standpoint, are there—as well as the best stars. Here's the interesting thing that's happened for the first time in California: high society and the stars are mixing. Yes, there in the Turf Club. Incidentally, you can enjoy the extra comforts of this clubhouse by paying a dollar or so more. Then you can sit at the tables in the exclusive foyer, or lunch in the smart salon. You can sip cocktails in the superbly panelled bar, and you'll watch the races from softer chairs. If you wish, food and drinks will be served to you on tables placed outside in your box.

Naturally, the fashionables have reserved boxes for the entire season and it's amusing to see Hal Roach, self-made via slapstick, parked alongside J. H. Whitney, Park Avenue's proudest. The races are having a two-way effect. The rich men and women are finding how cultured and charming the stars truly are, away from the advertising to which they're usually bound. And some of our brasher Hollywoodites are acquiring training in gentility. There's no autographing, no bowing to the right and left, in the Turf Club. The gaudiest personalities are immediately on guard against nouveau riche crudities when they enter the portals. No casual dressing, either. Slacks and odd ensambles are as taboo as a Mae Westish wisecrack.

Marlene Dietrich has a box and you can be sure that she never appears in pants. Rather, she's discreetly resplendent in a navy blue tailored suit on most days. A fox fur-piece is her one flourish. For once the stars have competition, for the society women can afford to be outfitted by the most expensive New York and Paris shops. In his refined playhouse, every lady is strictly on her own, and the extremes so prevalent in Hollywood circles are obviously a faux pas. Joan Crawford was so bent on fitting in with those to the manor born that she dodged the newscameramen on the opening day. Paradoxically, more society than film folk had their pictures in the papers on the following day!

When Santa Anita inaugurated its second season, this past Christmas, most every Hollywood notable postponed the holiday feast until evening. You should reach the Turf Club by one p.m., for the first race is a half-hour afterwards. Carole Lombard did herself proud, as filmland's foremost stylist, when she showed up in a bottle green crepe frock that pecked out from beneath a luxurious mink coat. Her distinctive touch was quickly evident, for her fur had tuxedo-type lapels! Dolores Del Rio, who is ace high sartorially, preferred a lime-colored sports wool dress, and a muriel swagger coat. Her brown bonnet was fetchingly striped with a lime shade. Constance Bennett's knee-length beaver coat had a hat of matching brown beaver to go with it. The vital statis is that you couldn't see her dress. Connie again beat the rest of the gang to the punch by foreseeing the swing of the pendulum. Sports ensambles are henceforth almost knee-length!

Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Bennett, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Mae West—they're all dragging out their most stunning costumes to wear to Santa Anita.

But perhaps you want information on the men's attire? Well, the races have had a miraculous effect on Bing Crosby. He's abandoned his erstwhile sloppy mode for the very snappiest in gentleman's garb. Bing carefully prepared for this, spending hours at Watson's, Hollywood's highest-priced tailors. One of his numbers is a black sport coat, with three-inch squares of gay yellow! Yesir, when a movie man determines to be suave he certainly is that. George Raft, whose extraordinarily high-waisted trousers were a local gag, has become quite the conservative, bale. A sample Raft array calls for a quiet gray suit, worn with the jacket unbuttoned. A tan slipover replaces the conventional vest. The footwear is of brown suede, and his shirt's a pale pink. A pink bow tie, checked in white, a brown crush felt, and a loose brown and white checked overcoat complete George's special Santa Anita get-up.

[Continued on page 70]
Big were the fists of Captain Ira Morgan and hard as the ways of the sea. Big all over he was and his voice was like the tongue of the Pacific ground swells breaking on a granite reef. A hard man, Ira Morgan, a man to handle muzzy tuna fishermen, scum of the San Diego waterfront; a man to drive men and drive a ship and laugh in the teeth of a tropic hurricane while he roared his way home, the hatches brimming with a record catch. A hard man with a secret weakness.

Women divined Ira Morgan's weakness.
The woman who betrayed his love and lost him the command of a liner knew it. The painted girls of the Snug Harbor where Morgan, reduced to command a stinking tuna fisher, rioted when ashore, found him out.

Then came a man who learned the secret, discovering that under all that hard bluff and bluster Morgan hid a heart that was soft as any mother's.

They met one night at the Snug Harbor. Morgan, home from Mexican waters, had a girl on either arm and plenty of drinks under his belt.

"Everybody up! Step up. Folks. They're on me. Everybody up to the bat!"

They trooped about him, the painted girls, the sailors and swede-dores and hangers on, everybody but one man. Jim Allen sprawled, head on table, in a far corner. He glared up at the hard faced big man who roused him, and shook his head.

"I'm particular who I drink with.
And I don't like your face."

Morgan's voice went low with a deadly evenness. "What's the matter with my face?"

"Plenty! It ought to have a lump . . . right there!"

The young derelict swung wildly. His fist connected with the side of Morgan's jaw. A hard blow, but Morgan took it without a quiver. Then his own fist rose, hooked Jim Allen on the chin and stretched him on the planks, unconscious.

Morgan could not forget the man he had knocked out. A waiter, trying to revive him told the captain the fellow had not eaten for days. Hellship Morgan pushed away the painted girls and bottle companions. He strode to the unconscious man, heaved him to his broad shoulder and vanished from the Snug Harbor into the night.

In the captain's cabin of The Southern Cross the two men faced each other. Morgan middle aged, hard driving, powerful; Jim Allen still young but marked by the hard living of a human derelict.

"A woman is to blame?" Morgan rumbled.

Allen's eyes narrowed to conceal surprise. "Mind reader, aren't you?"

Morgan's smile was grim. "Not hard to figure that out. There's usually a woman behind a man when he hits the rocks." Morgan's dark thoughts dwelt upon the woman who had betrayed his love, who sapped his pride and courage and set him adrift for more years than he cared to remember.

"I was just thinking. I knew another guy once—headed the same way you are—only a fellow pulled him up short and showed him there wasn't any percentage in the way he was travelling. No woman's worth it. There's always another one around the corner."

Jim Allen, who once had been qualified for first mate's papers, signed on as a common hand with Hellship Morgan. "The sea's the place to blow out the cobwebs," said Morgan.

Jim lived in the cockpit, forty dollars a month and plenty of hard work, handling ship and handling a tuna pole. Morgan hazed him as he hazed every man aboard.
The young blood course through Mary's veins, and her pulse quickened whenever she found herself close to Jim Allen. Victor Jory, Ann Sothern and George Bancroft.

"The voyage reached an end; San Diego was looming over the bows. Morgan sent for Jim. "You can lay off the 'Captain' stuff for a while," he grinned. "You proved yourself a pretty good sailor." They made their pact, man to man. Women had wrecked them, but there was something in life still. There was always another woman around the corner and when they hit shore together—"Hit shore is right," Morgan roared. "We'll be a tidal wave."

They filled their glasses and drank.

"Prevailing winds, a full hatch and a quick run home," was Morgan's toast. Shoulder to shoulder, Helship Morgan and Jim Allen marched into the Snug Harbor that night and took command, after which there had been a great party, but duty stepped in. Cabot, the owner of the cannery that Morgan sailed for, was home ill and Captain Morgan must call upon him. Morgan had to slip anchor from the party and hail a taxi. Speeding toward Cabot's residence, Morgan's taxi skidded. Brakes screeched. There was a bump as the fender caught a young body and tossed it toward the gutter.

The victim was a young woman, slender, cheaply dressed but with an appearance of refinement. As he helped the chauffeur carry her into the cab Morgan stared at her face and was thrilled by her beauty. The cab started for a hospital, Morgan roaring for speed. Good looks and tacted charm. But thanks to Morgan, Mary had won back her self respect and independence. She treated Jim's love-making with understanding contempt. Jim departed astonished and at a loss. That same night Mary, who owed all that made life worth living to Helship Morgan, gave Morgan her promise to be his wife.

They were married in the captain's cabin, aboard the Southern Cross, married by a priest while the all guitar of tuna fishermen grinned and gaped.

Jim Allen watched it, his face a poker mask. Jim had taken his examinations and won first oats paper. He was sailing with Morgan again, but not in the foc'sle.

There was a dark tumult in his heart. He loved Mary Taylor. He knew now that she was different. He knew that she was the one woman in the world who could bring him happiness. And he had lost her. He had lost her to the man who was his boon companion, his best friend—the hardest hitting, straightest shooting big man Jim Allen would ever know.

Nothing of Jim's rebellious despair showed in his face. He stood with the others, bearing the words that took Mary from him forever and he meant to take it on the chin—take it like a man as big as Morgan could take it.

When the words were said that made them man and wife, Morgan dilatedly made a present to the woman he loved, a present an emperor might have been proud to possess. From his collection of precious stones, the passion of his life, Morgan selected a great pearl mounted on a delicate platinum chain. The hard eyed fishermen gasped at the sight of the gift and Covaldi, their ringleader in mutiny, remembered that pearl with hot longing in his heart.

[Continued on page 89]
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 BARTHOLOMIEW

IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

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!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett
Their LOVABLE Moods

Three At Their Best.

EVERY actor has his own natural atmosphere. He can play many parts but you will think of him in the one mood that seems most perfectly to fit. The poetic Leslie Howard may be screened with gangsters, but his image in gentler mood will find its place in your memory.

Fortunate, indeed, is the player who discovers that he shares one emotion, at least, with all the world.

Therefore art thou? Leslie Howard has merged from "The Petrified Forest" and soon will be beneath Norma Shearer's balcony. His very satisfactory photograph reveals the real English actor in poetic mood.

Eager, gay, "good-fellow" Jean Harlow. Her "tom-buoyant" personality radiates the very spirit of rollicking big-hearted friendliness. In this mood we love her best.

Clark Gable is just naturally more clarkgable when he is a grinning, outdoors person—as natural as a fox hound.
If you think that the stars are selected because they were good at calculus or because they are kind to dumb animals you are not a regular reader. In the old days the dancing girls in ancient Egypt were bought and sold and the dealers used to evaluate the body and beauty, the thiasa and thatha. These ancients would have a hard time believing that they were not selling even their loveliest in Hollywood. No longer is it the curve of the line or the swelling beauty of the ancient design that commands the attention of the clever casting directors. Today a girl can be short and fat, she can be as cute as a pocket edition or she can have her name in the social register, but if she isn’t provocative she will have to go back to Fort Wayne. How curious it is that the photograph of a lovely young woman can have the subtle illusive quality of the girl herself. Perhaps, is the screen’s greatest victory. You cannot tell, try as you will, what portion of the photograph presents the intangible aura of allure. In the photograph on the screen the hair has its color—it is a gradation of dark, the brilliant blue eyes become just more or less black spots, the lovely lips have their crimson, and yet in spite of all that, the marvelous fascinating quality of allure comes through and on thousand screens throughout the world the women of Hollywood so the call to arms.

To be provocative—it is the greatest gift.
HELP OF THE PROPERTY MAN

The greater the stage actor is the poorer the stage props can be. The damn clever Chinese have no props at all. But on the screen a false note in the accessories can absolutely kill the illusion. Perhaps that is because the sky and the sea are real on the screen (at least as real as the actor) and of course are only painted canvas in the temples of the legitimate. So a pastebord dory can freight you quite safely to the land of fancy if Alfred Lunt is at the oars.

But on the silver screen, if you detect a make-shift (like the wooden sabers in a recent pirate tale) you begin to snicker and all the histrionics achieve nothing. So the property man of the studio is a very important person. He has a tradition to live up to. Whatever the director calls for must be forthcoming, from pups to parachutes. It is the private opinion of the property man that the accessories create the atmosphere and that many an actor rides to fame on the props.

In "The Voice of Bugle Ann," Maureen O'Sullivan has a scene with the young hounds. The property man has to supply the pups—cute ones, too.

Katherine DeMille required a parachute in "The Sky Parade."

C. Aubrey Smith sits at one end of the dining table of Dorincourt Castle and Freddie Bartholomew at the other. The correct properties on the table give authentic atmosphere to "Little Lord Fauntleroy."
Hold Tight ~ The Picture

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in "Colleen." To millions of fans this is the favorite team on the screen.

Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell in "Colleen" supply the delicate touch of burlesque.

"Next Time We Love, a different kind of a picture for Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart."
Charm, What-ever It Is, Seems To Convey A Subtle Com-pliment.

Norma Shearer, back at last in pictures as Juliet.
AND TAKEN

A mid-winter flower market fascinates Mary Carlisle.

TOP—Edward Arnold takes his ease. It takes a road company actor to appreciate Hollywood.

MIDDLE—Mona Barrie and her typical patio. Salaries are so large and rents so low that all may enjoy luxurious living.

LEFT—The tropical beauty of Otto Kruger’s home lulls the gypsy blood of the player who once spent most of his life “on tour.”

Hollywood Attracts Retired Business Men As Well As The Great Writers, Actors And Artists.

A year ago Ann Lori was a college girl in Brooklyn, N. Y. Now she is a person in the Mayor City.
ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL
H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D

Nature Smiles Upon The
City-In-The-Spotlight.

The very name spells enchantment.
Here beautiful girls languish for fame and careers and here on any day some one may be touched for a moment with divine genius and give the world, hundreds of millions of people, an emotion, grave or gay, that will not be forgotten for years—such as Clark Gable's hitch-hiking thumb in "It Happened One Night," or Basil Rathbone's death in "Captain Blood," which is flashing across the screens right now, or Betsy Trot, or Beery hitting the brick wall in "The Champ." Hollywood, the fecund city of the arts.
Noel Madison is great for menace. Also Preston Foster and Maxie Rosenbloom in "The Green Shadow."

In "Soak the Rich," Lionel Stander, who is one of the best, threatens Mary Taylor with a lighted cigarette. Ugh!

There's drama in that glance of Cagney's, but June Travis and Pat O'Brien dance on to their doom.

"The Voice of Bugle Ann" is a dog story. Lionel Barrymore, Charley Grapewin and Henry Wadsworth watch the plot thicken.

Richard Dix in "Mother Lode," and Bob McKenzie. Of course, our hero is the one on the inside looking out.

In "Road Gang," the boys, Donald Woods and Carlyle Moore, Jr., are chained by dog collars, awaiting their fate!
Every Play Must Stimulate Your Imagination. Suspense Is The Salt Of Pictures.

"Show Them No Mercy," the brutal Bruce Cabot, one of the kidnappers (how he is improving), kicked down the door to kill the helpless little mother and baby. A tremendous scene because of the element of suspense. Another breath-taking scene was in "The Fall of the Wild" when the dog tried to all the load—would he or wouldn't he? A great sequence. During these building-up scenes it takes a good actor not to yag.

Rolling the eyes is O.K. and practically a film is complete without a lowering lance or two to the right and left, but the mouth gives the ham actor away. However they do it they must work up the agony—it is the suspense that packs the house.

Fiction editors know that ambitious writers are apt to get their hero in so deep that even their own wit cannot rescue him. Suspense is an avenging motion. If the climax does not justify the elaborate working up, condemnation swift and sure.

Anthony Adverse, in the African sequence, is swayed by the loveliness of the native girl. Fredric March and Stiffl Duna.

John Halliday awakens the beautiful Marlene Dietrich to learn of the missing necklace in "Desire."
"Desire"...yes, your heart's desire
MARLENE DIETRICH and GARY COOPER, who made Morocco a never-to-be-forgotten picture, in a dashing romance of a very alluring young lady, a very casual young man, a string of very expensive pearls (the Paris police insisted they'd been stolen), and the Spanish Riviera, which is no place for a couple of people like this to be unless they plan to fall in love.
Marlene and Gary talk over the script with Frank Borzage, who directs Desire. Frank, you remember, directed “Seventh Heaven” and “Farewell to Arms.”

Marlene still insists you can walk away with any fashion show in a smart tailleur like this. We agree if it’s Marlene who does the walking.

Marlene looks pretty foxy in this picture. You would too if your hostess gown had an acre of white fox for a border.

This ought to be in color, for those starlike spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

We just liked this picture so much we went ahead and printed it. How do you like it?

These must be those pearls the Paris police are looking for. Personally we don’t see how the police are going to keep their mind on their work, do you?
"Lookout Mr. Gable!"

Introducing Some Gentlemen To Clark Gable, The No. 1 Box-Office Man.

Errol Flynn made "Captain Blood" and no maidenly heart looked upon him unmoved.

Edward Norris made a fine impression in his first picture, "Show Them No Mercy."

Frank Shields, a famous tennis player, is now a screen actor in "Come And Get It."

From Shakespeare to Sabatini, Ross Alexander has given fine performances.

There will come a day, and may it be long delayed, when someone will take the place of Clark Gable as the top man in popularity. Many seeing Errol Flynn believe that he will be the one. As a matter of fact, the public will give its allegiance to the one who comes out in the best pictures. Let a good man have breaks like Gable had—"A Free Soul," and "It Happened One Night," and perhaps a new hero will be discovered. But Clark Gable will be hard to beat.
A Great Director Tells Which Players Will Shine Most Brilliantly This Year.

By Maude Cheatham

Standing in the shade, back of the cameras, I watched Roy Del Ruth direct an exciting out-door scene in his new picture, "It Had to Happen," at the 20th Century-Fox studio.

There was a dazzling noon-day sun, and the traffic of automobiles and pedestrians swept noisily around the street excavations where the immigrant boy, George Raft, was getting his first taste of power as he controlled the milling crowds by simply waving a red flag. It was very real; the heat, the noise, the dust, and, through it all, one could sense the immigrant's new-born egoism growing with each wave of the flag. From this one scene, I'm willing to wager, "It Had to Happen" checks up another smash hit for Del Ruth.

Counted one of Hollywood's most brilliant "ace" directors, Del Ruth is a quiet, unassuming, very good looking young man. He never uses a megaphone nor wears putties; he never raises his voice nor argues. And he seldom smiles.

This is rather an odd quirk, for Del Ruth's greatest pictures have been gay musicals or comedy dramas with much mirth. As, for instance, his recent successes, "Broadway Melody of 1936," and "Thanks a Million," both of which were imbued with such a refreshing vitality and effervescent merit that they broke records all over the country.

Eleanor Powell became an overnight sensation in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and was heralded as the greatest of all tap dancers.

Del Ruth wouldn't comment on his new production, "It Had to Happen," except to say it will be different. It is a comedy drama, based on Rupert Hughes' story, "'Round the Horse.'" It is another one that was made as a silent film with Tom Moore. There's a good cast, for besides George Raft, lovely Ruth Chatterton, Russell offers romantic highlights, and Leo Carrillo adds his colorful personality.

"Now, what next?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered, "I hope to leave soon after the New Year, go up as far as Nome, and remain until the middle of March. Of course, I'll get snowed in, that's what I like. I was there several years ago and have been wanting another try at it as it is a great experience."

Del Ruth insists there is much more talent today than ever before. He says the talkies spurred players on to develop their latent abilities. In the silent days a girl might become a star if she had a pretty face; a man won fame if he could sit a horse and handle a gun. Now, it is different, one must have many qualifications for the competition is keen. Each year he sees the players becoming more versatile, more pliant, more ambitious. Just as soon as an actor becomes overly confident, too sure of himself, he stops improving. Then he begins the downward slide.

"There is always opportunity for definite talent," said Del Ruth. "Before each new year rolls around I look for a complete new shuffle and a new line-up of film stars. With youth, ability, intelligence and, of course, a quality of looks that captures the camera and builds into a pleasing personality, experience isn't so necessary.

"The screen being a visual medium, it creates much of its illusion through types and I'd rather go out and get a truck driver who looked the part, than have a great actor who didn't. The result would be more convincing."

"I believe Robert Taylor stands one of the best chances to reach the top. He has definite talent, is a clean, wholesome fellow, wholly without conceit. He has never lost his balance. I once told him that if he continued to keep his head and remained unspoiled, he would undoubtedly become one of the foremost picture stars of his time. The next few years will tell. Loretta Young is destined to step forward, and so is Rochelle Hudson, who has made marvelous strides the past year. If Ann Dvorak is given a chance at good roles in good pictures, she will join the big names. She is very capable and has rare intelligence. She's never had a real dramatic break but when she does, she'll be a sensation. Bette Davis is another to keep your eyes on, she is a great star in the making.

"Katherine Hepburn has only started. She has the advantage of being a wholly distinctive personality, which is something the screen needs. Her Juliet scene in 'Morning Glory' was a delightful performance that has seldom been excelled. Clark Gable will go on because he is versatile, and Claudette Colbert is another who can carry comedy or emotional drama with equal ease. I should like to have Gable and Miss Colbert in a picture sometime for they represent our best American youth."

"Better keep your eyes on Dick Powell too, he's on his way to a very high spot. I consider Fred Allen the best of the recent acquisitions and his comedy fits the screen requirements so perfectly that he is soon to be starred. Benny Raker offers a boisterous humor that will make him popular. There are many others, and, again I say, the coming year will see more changes in the star line-up than we have had for a long time."

"I think the next big change to come to motion pictures," he continued, "will be the stereoscopic lens for the cameras, and this will be a tremendous stride in realism because the players and backgrounds will then be seen exactly as they appear to us in real life."

"Personally, I consider the screen is wholly for entertainment and I never try to get artsy. I prefer comedy dramas for..."

[Continued on page 6]
The World War was over and the boys were coming home—marching to the blare of trumpets and the ruffle of drums—tired, weary faces and bodies in khaki uniforms—steadily marching forward—hearing bursts of applause, ringing, lusty cheers...

Yes, the war was over and the boys were coming home—at last! And, among them, head held high, moving swiftly along, was a young man named John Love Boles. He had gone forth to his country's call—had been through all sorts of strange experiences in the Intelligence Service—had discovered that war was mostly a mad interlude of hell.

And now he was back home—to try to re-establish himself. He had one idea in mind now—he wanted to be a singer. Not just a passably good one but a really notable singer. With that ambition before him, he studied for two years in New York and elsewhere—and then it was that the four women who have done much for John Boles at crucial moments, entered his life—one by one.

The first was a pretty young girl named Helen. Boles had been going up and down Broadway for several weeks. He knew that he now had a pretty fair voice, but he was quite hopelessly inexperienced in the fantastic, complicated ways of the great Roaring Forties. He knew next to nothing about actor's agents and such.

So, naturally, it did not occur to him that he should engage one. Instead, he made the rounds of the producers' offices himself. And nobody gave him more than a passing flicker of interest. They were all very busy men and could not be bothered. Consequently, his really fine baritone voice went completely unnoticed.

But a day in and out day he showed up regularly at the casting offices and always was told—"nothing doing today. Sorry." Fate seemed to be unmercifully against him. He could not—to save his life—land a stage part.

And then, one evening at a little party—just off Times Square—he met this young lady named Helen Valentine—the little friend-of-a-friend of his. Helen was something of a singer herself—although it must be admitted she mostly sang short ditties in a chorus—and she knew her Broadway and Main Street as well as you and I know our Main Street. Also, she knew a good voice when she heard it—and exactly the procedure to apply next.

It was she who really started John Boles going towards the steps that led to fame and fortune. "John," she told him earnestly, "you have something that the public will pay well for—and, by jimminy, little Helen is going to see that you get going and doing!"

The next day she took him to meet Lawrence Weber, the producer who was just about to stage "Little Jessie James"—the whole thing was settled in apple pie order! John made an impression and was hastily put to work. A month later, as the leading man in the show, he was making "I Love You," the big song hit of Broadway and all points North, South, East and West.

The man who introduced Boles to Helen Valentine is now the owner of a Fifth Avenue jewelry store, but Helen herself has vanished with the years—into oblivion. No one seems to know whether she is dead or married or just "one of the mob" in some big city. But—she lives in John Boles' grateful memory as a "grand little pal"—symbol of the ready comradeship that girls of the stage give.

The second woman to have an important hand in Boles' career was none other than the great Geraldine Farrar. She saw him quite by chance—went out of her way to reach him—and offered him the lead in Franz Lehár's lavish operetta, "The Love Spell." He accepted it and the company rehearsed for five weeks together—and then opened and closed in Hartford, Connecticut! Closed almost as soon as it opened. The

John Boles started in silent pictures but he had a voice up his sleeve that counted when sound came along.
production never reached New York or anywhere else.

More than one young actor, sharing as he did the sorrows of Farrar's spectacular failure in "The Love Spell," would have given up the ghost. But she didn't and blazed with the tempestuous diva for definitely hinder- ing, or, at least delaying—his career. However, not until she had had a good deal of experience with the greatest actress of the operatic stage, he says he learned most of what he knows of the art of acting. He looked upon their association with Farrar as the opportunity of a lifetime.

"She was a great woman if ever there was one," he mused. "Strange compelling but alluring and timeless—dumb and well-loved by those who knew her best. Possibly, the grandest personality I shall ever encounter . . ."

After the dismal farewell, Boles went back to Broadway—a sadlier man but a better actor. He looked about and presently was looking to sing in a more or less conical offering called "Kitty's Kisses"—and just at this time a third woman came into his life.

Gloria Swanson, scouting for a new leading man, found him in New York. The rest, as you might recall, is screen history. Gloria came, saw and conquered—by one Mr. Boles! She was, in fact, so pleased with his singing, she immediately signed him up to return to Hollywood with her and play opposite her in "The Loves of Carmen." The following introduction pictures was a double debut, inasmuch as it also marked the debut of Gloria Swanson as a producer.

The record was well for a spell and then Boles was just "coasting along" again. For in the silent pictures he was—well, just "good enough" but not much else. He certainly would not record his early days as his finest period. It is hard to imagine what a man like Strother Martin—of "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" could mean to make with him in his first feature. Who knows what he might have become. He was very fortunate to have met Miss Swanson. For she was the guiding star of his life, and the reason is evident. He was here with a real voice—a remarkable voice, you might say—and no chance to use it. Then, out of a clear sky, burst forth the talkies—and just in the nick of time to save the screen life of Boles. Now, he was himself again with his inimitable voice to express him. The same romantic quality that caught the interest of Helen Valentine, of Geraldine Farrar and of Gloria Swanson, he proved to be Miss Swanson's eyes. He was like a radar beam sweeping away the fog and bringing into view the clearest vision. He was, in fact, the perfect leading man, and Boles was the most fortunate man. For Miss Swanson made him the star of her production, and what a production it was! Miss Swanson's directorial debut was a triumph. She was the first woman to direct a major feature film, and she did it with style and class. Miss Swanson directed "Desert Song," and "Klondike Annie." She was a true pioneer in the industry, and her films are still considered classics today.
HITCHING THE STARS TO THEIR WAGONS

If You Had A Car Like
Some Stars Have Would You Be Carried Away?

By Myrtle Gebhart

The odd automobile is Hollywood's latest eccentricity. To date attention, a star's motor must be unique. Besides conveying the stellar personality hitter and you, to the studio and to the fashionable night clubs, it must also protect the occupant from gangsters. And it must provide myriad comforts. Maimed by kidnapping threats, the stars ride in armored autos, the defense weapons cleverly camouflaged. For a couple of years their cars have had shatter-proof glass, installed mainly to protect their valuable faces from scars in case of accident.

New armament has been added which forms a sheath of safety. A new tear-gas device, which the players rely upon to discourage hold-ups, has been put into their luxurious limousines. From two cylinders gas can be discharged outward over a fifteen-foot radius, the driver setting it off by a foot pedal. A duplicate switch is hidden in the top, within reach if he is harshly ordered to "stick 'em up."

For a while many top-notchers had special wiring put along the running-board, turned on when they had entered, to give would-be kidnappers a jolt. Some even imported to their besieging fans a slight shock, when held up by a flamboyant crowd in front of a cafe. But the practice was so criticized that they have had the electrical weapon taken out.

Katharine Hepburn's roadster has bullet-proof glass. Likewise, Mae West's $15,000 limousine, a citadel which even machine guns could not storm, shields her blonde loveliness from the "public enemies" who prey upon the noted personages of our day. Special designed guards protect the tires.

Buck Jones is prepared with defense appropriate to his type. The dashboard of his car is covered with hand-tooled leather. The two leather gun holsters are never empty. One is fastened to the dashboard on the right of the wheel, the other on the left, making only one swift motion necessary to be a modern two-gunner.

What's current in cars? Ask Hollywood! Here modes in motors are inaugurated, just as fashions are flashed to the world.

The seasonal smartness decrees a long, low vehicle, with graceful air-flow lines. Figures of cars are just as important as their motors! Some are slung so low, and stretch such a distance, that they glide along like serpentine snakes, threading the traffic with a noiseless glide.

Leading the eccentric equipages is Marlene Dietrich's ed-like town car. Shaped like a dachshund, what it lacks in height it makes up for in length. At least, the politely modulated horn won't bother her, such a distance away!

The long snout is highly polished. The car is lined with black satin. Away back there, shrouded in darkness, she rides alone, with her thoughts. Are they gloomy?

Hollywood wonders if the ebony enclosure is a reply to Mae West's Duesenberg roadster, which is upholstered in white to match its exterior. As contrast, her dusky chauffeur, "Chalky" Wright, has seven uniforms, of different colors, one for each day of the week.

Another odd number is Gladys Swarthout's motor, which seats five passengers.

It is a Brewster town car, a custom-built body on a Ford V-8 chassis.

Hung low, and stretching long, it is further distinguished by its up-rolled fenders of Continental design and by the narrow, heart-shaped radiator grill that flares downward and forward. It cost over four thousand dollars.

Painted black, it never has been dusted or polished. Roberts, Miss Swarthout's chauffeur, lovingly washes it daily with a dampened sponge. His constant fear is that he will scratch its surface!

A souvenir of his European trip is Robert Montgomery's low, flowing Bentley racer that can do 110 miles per hour. It is a vivid green, its chromium-plated wheels are spinning disks, and its decorative gold radiator ornament shines like a sunburst of dazzle in the sun.

Receiving compliments on his big, new motor, W. C.
Fields remarked, "I've already found two stowaways and expect any minute to catch a smart guy riding the rods."

Carl Brisson's automobile, the most versatile vehicle in Hollywood, produces edibles and drinks. Quite a roadster restaurant! You push a button and out pops a sandwich; you manipulate a switch and your thirst is quenched. Compartments neatly built into the rear and the dashboard make this one a magic motor. It is virtually a perambulating delicatessen.

- Food is stored in a miniature ice-box. Cocktail! A bar, stocked with the "mixings" in small bottles, swings out. A radio brings entertainment and the latest news. There is heating equipment, Special lights and other gadgets guarantee his comfort, and his guests'. Carl also has an Isoatta-Fraschini, on which he must pay a British tax of twelve hundred dollars. He says that only an engineer can operate it.

Cut into the dashboard of Margaret Sullivan's white Pierce-Arrow coupe is a refrigerating compartment, where she carries cool drinks and salads, in case she craves refreshment while motoring.

Eleanor Whitney shivered through a few chilly California mornings and then ordered an air-conditioner system. The device washes the air as it enters the car, circulates it and dispels it. In warm weather the air is automatically cooled; on cold days it is heated.

Bert Wheeler's new custom-built car is air-conditioned, and has a couch, an ice-box and a bridge table. Oddly, its engine is in the rear.

"Top's" among town-cars is Claudette Colbert's, with radio and firmly anchored make-up case. There's even a shaded reading light for night-driving.

The motor of Gary Cooper's open Duesenberg has been given a tonic, until it can step up to a speed of 135 miles an hour. It has two trick horns, one providing a musical range from the front seat, the other functioning in the rear. The radio also has a double, for the entertainment of passengers in the back seat.

Feeling sorry for his guests in the rear—or maybe tiring of arguing with them over the speedometer's record—Johnny Downs has a duplicate instrument panel installed on the partition.

A cute number for Marlene Dietrich. It is upholstered in black satin. Perhaps Marlene steers the back wheels at corners, like a hook and ladder.

There are even indicators showing the oil supply, temperature and revolutions of the motor. He says that his friends appreciate it, feeling grateful for the advance warning that he is running out of gas away out on the desert roads.

In hot weather Herbert Mundin closes the windows, packs the back seat with dry ice in a specially made box, and drives across the desert, as cool as a cucumber.

Wallace Ford concentrated on one item: a glass beer mug radiator ornament. It has something foamy inside, held intact by a paraffin cap.

Besides her tiny town-car, Mary Carlisle has for informal gadding about a combination car which might be called a convertible coupe except that it is long like a limousine. It wears the smart slant, being low-slung, and is a dainty, creamy setting for her blonde, curly charm.

In the tonneau of her car Betty Burgess keeps packed and ready camp stools, a folding table, portable dishes, and all of the paraphernalia for a week-end camp in the country. The tiny electric stove is attached to the battery.

Joe Morrison lets the women compete with their artistic autos. His is a caravan of comfort—a talented trailer. He drove it to Sonora for "It's a Great Life" location scenes.

Its plaid cushions unfold and perform acrobatics that result in a bed. In fact, several. It will accommodate four persons. Among its fittings are a stove, an ice-box, a radio, and running hot and cold water drawn from tanks built into it.

The trailer is streamlined and painted silver and blue, to match his car. In it, Joe and his Eskimo dog go beach-camping and revel in nature de-luxe and de-loops. Served by cook and valet, he takes his luxurious ease at Malibu. He parks wherever he wishes (to the amusement or annoyance of stars who pay high rentals for those precious grains of sand) and moves on when the wanderlust whispers.

The red truck in which Katharine Hepburn rides to location tops them all in oddness, anyhow. [Continued on page 61]
A SENSE of humor is a life preserver in Hollywood. That, at least, is the opinion of its myth proroker, Patsy Kelly.

"A clown knows better than to take himself seriously," says Patsy. "The Pugl arcis of life may have their dark moments but the world only warns from them. You seldom see a funny man or woman going Hollywood. Take me, for example, I'm perfectly safe in pictures, for even the plainest movie star couldn't be jealous of a man like mine and I've got some enough to realize that I didn't get where I am because of my beauty."

Just how did Sarah Veronica Kelly, as she was christened in Brooklyn not so many years ago, get where she is? She was a wild kid who preferred boys and their sports to the namby-pamby amusements of other girls of her age and association. It was primarily to keep her off the streets of New York, where her family had moved when she was quite young, that she was sent to a dancing school. She was thirteen and she spent the next three years in this professional children's school, mostly teaching other youngsters to dance. Here she met Ruby Keeler, and this was the beginning of a friendship which the years have never broken. In Hollywood the Keeler-Kelly bond has never been exploited for gain to Patsy or otherwise but it is a very real thing nevertheless. It was to Patsy that Ruby turned for sympathy recently when her beloved sister died. The Kelly, as Patsy calls herself, could have cast in nicely on this friendship only she isn't built that way. She will probably never accommodate herself to the mad scramble for publicity at any price which goes on all around her in Hollywood. She is as plain as a white-washed fence, with some of its homely qualities.

Patsy broke into the theatre unexpectedly. Her brother, Willie, went for a tryout in Frank Fay's act and Patsy went along to help him with his routine. Fay took one look and knew that he had found something as unconsciously natural as the good natured charm which lighted up the girl's round face and rather plump figure.

So, Patsy Kelly, adopting the name with which she had been tagged because she was the Patsy of a family of six, went to work for Frank Fay. Brother Willie did, too, but as Fay's chauffeur instead of a dancer as he had hoped. At first Patsy only danced. She is one of the best eccentric dancers in New York, and started at the top in a theatre which was then "the tops" in vaudeville—the Palace. It was the goal toward which vaudevillians the world over worked and planned and hoped all their lives, and which most of them never reached. Patsy wasn't sure she was not dreaming. It had all happened so suddenly.

"I led with my chin," she explained later when asked how she made out with Fay, "because my knees were helpless."

On a very rainy morning early last month I hopped into Frank Fay on New York's Sixth Avenue.

"Hey," I shouted, "wait a minute. I want to talk with you." He probably thought I was a lunatic since he had never set eyes on me before.

"What do you think of Patsy Kelly?" I asked.

Whatever I did or said she never let me down—she was always right there with a comeback. But when it came to sleeping I never in all my life saw anyone like Patsy. When we were on the road getting her out of the Pullman became a problem. Besides Patsy I had two boys in my act. I remember once in St. Louis when we were ready to leave the station there was no Patsy. "Where is that girl?" I asked. It developed that she was still asleep. By this time the car had been taken out into the yards. Finally one of the boys had to go and get her out of the Pullman or she would perhaps have been there yet. After
that everyone had to call her, and they did this with such gusto, Patsy got up in self-defense.

There Fay stood, rain pouring down his turned up coat collar from the brim of his hat, talking enthusiastically about Hollywood's next laugh riot.

Patsy certainly learned a lot from Frank Fay. He has a habit of ad libbing and she had to be on her toes every minute to keep up with him. Today, in her pictures, many an uproarious scene is ad libbed after the fashion of her early training. Some directors like this and others insist that she stick to the script. Patsy does not argue about it ... she does as she is told. In the three years she was with Fay she was tired and rehired many times. Finally it took.

She went from him to the cast of Dillingham's "Three Cheers." This was the show in which the beloved Fred Rogers replaced the original star, Fred Stone, due to a serious accident which Fred had. Her training in ad libbing continued throughout this engagement, for Will was even more addicted to the habit than Fay.

When Patsy was first offered a picture contract she stormed and raved at her manager for urging it upon her. She insisted that she did not like movies, that she "didn't believe there was a place named Hollywood ... somebody made it up," and concluded with:

"I haven't got trouble enough already without going into pictures?" But the next day she signed on the dotted line and before the week was out she was hard at work before the cameras in Hollywood. The first day was like a nightmare ... people shouting, electricians, cameramen, assistant directors chugging about hectically until Patsy decided she must be in some kind of a mad house.

Even for a comedienne it was a little too much. She found herself trying to keep up a sense of humor she felt she was far from possessing at the moment, and in such surroundings it was a difficult job. Even today there is still an element of unreality about Hollywood for her. She uses to spend hours learning her lines, but when she found that more often than otherwise the script was changed and written on the set as it was filmed she decided there was no use. Hollywood was simply a strange, new, topsy turvy world, about which she had much to learn.

"As for being in the actual take," she says, "it's slam, bam, rush every minute and until I see the rushes I'm never sure whether I'm just a stand-in or an actress."

All sorts of amusing things have been happening to Patsy since that first fine, early afternoon of her life when she arrived in Brooklyn ahead of the doctor. Once a man she was working for asked her to marry him and then, two weeks later, fired her for calling him by his first name. Another time, just on the fringe of fame, she was mistaken for Zasu Pitts, whose place she had taken at the Hal Roach Studios. A shy little girl approached her and asked, "Please, Miss Pitts, may I have your autograph?" Rather than disappoint the girl Patsy went into her act and did an imitation of Zasu as she signed the requested autograph. Unless she reads it here the girl does not yet know the difference. But when Patsy signs her own autograph she does so with the two words "thank you," expressing a gratitude she really feels for being noticed at all.

Perhaps the most amusing of all her odd experiences is this. Before Patsy was born her parents, John and Delila Kelly, migrated to America. They left behind in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, Ireland, a daughter named Bridget, who is now the mother of seven children. Bridget had never seen her little sister until a week ago when a print of a Hal Roach comedy played the local theatre which, with characteristic Irish wit, advertised Patsy as a home town girl.

A young chap I know who is both deaf and dumb told me, when he learned I was doing a story on Patsy: "All the deaf people love Patsy Kelly. She brings us a kind of comedy we can understand without words ... she's like a female Charlie Chaplin." This true compliment made Patsy very happy.

Following the amazing hit she made with Dick Powell in "Thanks a Million," Patsy came to New York for her first vacation since going into movies two years ago. Hal Roach had just torn up her old contract and replaced it with a brand new one for seven years, making her a star in her own right. While waiting for the script to be written for "Kelly the Second," the studio allowed her to come back for a visit to the Broadway she loved, the Broadway which knew and loved her. This time she was fortunate enough to be more or less left to herself. It was the holiday season and Mr. and Mrs. New York were Christmas shopping and tree decorating for all the little New Yorkers. But next time Patsy will probably be met by bands and photographers and newspapermen; and by a curious public jesting and pushing to touch the garments of the mighty. And Patsy will no doubt grin good humoredly and talk right back as she did when Frank Fay used to put her on the spot with some unexpected quip. She's that kind of a girl.

Funny Patsy is destined to be beloved by millions even as that other great comic, Marie Dressler. The great star who would touch the human heart must first gain the comradeship of laughter. Take Charlie Chaplin. You know how he flopped—like Kelly did.

The Busiest Girl In Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)
THE PETRIFIED FOREST
Rating: 90°—HOWARD AND DAVIS AGAIN—Warner

This picture reunites the celebrated team of Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, who ascended to heights of glory in "Of Human Bondage." It's definitely Bette's best part since her last picture with the charming Mr. Howard, and all you have to do is give Bette a role worthy of her talents and she simply acts circles around all the other Hollywood stars.

"The Petrified Forest" is adapted from Robert E. Sherwood's play of the same name which was a great success on Broadway last year with Leslie Howard playing the same part he plays in the film. It has been done into a stirring, beautiful picture with a definite appeal for artistic and discriminating people. The story concerns a young intellectual who has failed to find himself in a world of chaos, an appealing, lovable young man who simply doesn't fit into the present day scheme of things.

The plot simply doesn't do justice to the picture—so we won't tell it to you here—see it and you will love it. Humphrey Bogart's portrayal of "Duke" is excellent. Also in the cast, and perfectly cast, are Genevieve Tobin, Charley Grapewin, Dick Foran and Paul Harvey.

KING OF BURLESQUE
Rating: 90°—A HIGH SPOT IN MUSICALS—Twentieth Century-Fox

Here's the best musical since heaven knows when and you're a sucker if you pass it up. Mrs. O'Keefe's little boy Jackie simply goes to town in this picture and, with the cleverest comedy lines you've heard in years, and his own peculiar grins, he proceeds to steal every scene in sight. The guys a panic. The plot you've heard before, but don't let it throw you because it has never been cooked up so enticingly before. Warner Baxter once more plays a theatrical producer (remember "Jand Street") who makes a mint of money with a burlesque show on Fourteenth Street, New York City, and my, my, you know what Fourteenth Street is. It ain't Park Avenue.

Alice Faye, who has the cutest snub-nose in Hollywood, plays the girl who sings while the girls go into their strip tease number—and, incidentally, Alice is crazy about Warner but he doesn't know it. Oakie is his press agent. Warner has ambitions and ideals so with his money he moves his show uptown to Broadway, except, of course, it then becomes a revue, and he has one hit after another with Alice starring.

But he has a yen for class, so he marries a bankruptcy society girl whom he met at an auction, and to please her gives up his revues and goes in for high-brow extravaganzas which come under the heading of Art, and which star his wife's young boy friend.

After a series of arty flops his wife leaves him, and he is beheaded for the gutter when sweet Alice suddenly returns from a successful season in London and goes into cabarets with Oakie to get a backer for a new revue to be produced by Warner.

ROSE-MARIE
Rating: 99°—MacDONALD and Eddy—M-G-M

PARDON me, Madame, but now is the time to bring out the raves et comment! The famous operetta, with the haunting Friml and Sottahrt music that was the rage of several years ago, has been made into a picture that is far, far better than the play could ever be.

Jeanette MacDonald as Rose-Marie has never looked more beautiful, acted more gloriously, or sung more exquisitely, and the preview audience went into such con- nivion fits over her that the poor gal was torn limb from limb when she tried to leave the theatre. Nelson Eddy, who used to belong to the ram-rod school of acting (though there were certainly no complaints from you), suddenly unbends and gives a

[Continued on page 65]
DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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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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Irresistible Beauty Aids are an irresistible invitation to Romance. The satinsmoothness 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.

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warm, easy performance, and, of course, there is nothing on earth as magnificant as his voice. If you went into cuta-

ceans over him and Jeannette in "Naughty Marietta" you will go into a whole batch of cuta-

ceans over them in this picture.

The love scenes, against the beautiful mountain scenery of Lake Tahoe, are

thrilling and glamorous, and you never have heard the "Indian Love Call" sung so beautifully.

ANYTHING GOES

Rating: 88—And So It Goes—Paramount

T's Bing Crosby, girls, and in a much, much better picture than he has had in yars and yars. And you'll be glad to know the track of his. He's a big

horsemanship now, you know, hasn't hurt your favorite crooner a bit; he sings more romantically than ever. In this picture he sings, "Moonburn," "My Heart and I," and "Sailor Beware," which are really something, and then with Ethel Merman he cuts capers through a new version of "Yankee Doodle," and "Shang-hai-dee-ho!"

What more can you ask? A plot? All right, here you have one of the gayest musicals ever to come out of Hollywood. Part of it is adapted from the stage success, "Anything Goes," and part of it is new, and all of it is delightful grocerie.

COLLEGIATE

Rating: 80—Riotous Comedy—Paramount

A gay and sparkling musical comedy with a touch of farce about it which some of you who weren't born yesterday will recognize as "The Charm School," once a Wallace Reid vehicle. Jack Oakie, a play-

boy, inherits from his aunt a private school for young ladies which has been running in-

to a number of scandals and adventures. He brings in one more scandal, namely an old foggy curriculum. Jack also inherits his aunt's secretary, Frances Langford, hmmm—some inheritance. But unfortu-

nately he inherits, in addition, his aunt's niece, Helene Howard, he and his anti press agent, Ned Sparks, pick up a funny girl who cannot remem-

ber her name (anomie, no less) but who has plenty of dough and with him as backer Jack proceeds to put the school on a paying basis. He tosses out the musty curriculum and faculty and hires Betty Jane Cooper to teach dancing, and Mack Gordon and Harry Ravel for a music course, and adds a taste course in cosmetics, another in charm, and still another in smart costume designing. You can just imagine what graduation day exercises are like.

MAN-HUNT

Rating: 68—Home-Town Stuff—Warner

This cheerful comedy brings back to the screen Marguerite Churchill (she is Mrs. George O'Brien) and this is the first time in twenty years she has been on screen. Marguerite plays a pretty young school teacher who's in love with the a

pple-cheeked editor of the local paper. The two young folks decide that nothing ever happens in the old home town, so they are about ready to throw up their jobs and jobs and fortune in the city, when suddenly a highly publicized criminal escapes and heads for their town.

The quiet little village over-night be-

comes a center of city newspaper re-

porters, federal agents, gangsters, affairs, and what not, and the kids find themselves right in the midst of the excitement.

Salesman Donald Ogden (played by Sale-

ner Gargan) is a little dandy and a

shrewd, wily affair who can still

widdle his guns but can't get away from the bossy Maude Earbone, does splendidly by the comedy and by the track of his. William Gargan is nice and clean and handsome as the country boy reporter, and Ricardo Cortez is sufficiently sinister for the crimi-

nal.

CEILING ZERO

Rating: 85—Air Mail Drama—Warner

HERE'S a bang up aviation picture that's a surefire hit. Most of the action takes place in the dispatching office of the Federal Air Lines at Newark, New Jersey, and it simply breathes authenticity which makes it all the more thrilling. Jimmy Cagney plays Dizzy Davis, an ace air mail pilot who is a regular daredevil in the sky, and on the ground a perfect pushover for a pretty face. His

irresponsibility gets him into one scrape after another but he is always defended by his loyal pal, Pat O'Brien, who is the superintendent of the dispatch-

ing office.

It is a thoroughly exciting and thrilling picture, excellently played by the entire cast. Jimmy and Pat have never been better. The preview audience broke into teetje applause after Isabel Jewell's dramatic scene with Jimmy. You musn't miss this.

RIFFRAFF

Rating: 75—Hearty Stuff—M-G-M

JEAN HARLOW and Spencer Tracy are teamed in a picture which runs the gamut of theatre from low comedy to high farce drama, and being a selfish so-and-so we will take it on second and leave you the drama. The background of this human interest story is the tuna fishing industry of the West Coast.

Jean, no longer a platinum blonde and looking like something out of heaven with her natural hair, plays a gal in the tuna canary who is nuts about Spencer, and you can't blame her for that. Spencer plays a big blab-mouthed, dim-witted lug who is obsessed with the idea that he is a second-rate Goon-Deer-Leaf-Wen-Wen an

innocent patsy of a lot of anti-union men who are promoting a strike in the tuna industry.

Taking charge of the comedy are Una

Merkel, who plays Jean's slatternly sister and is simply marvelous, and Mickey Rooney as Jean's loud-mouthed brat of a brother, and Roger Imhof as the bumbling father. Joseph Calleia is excellent as the goose-necked Greek owner of the tuna fac-

tory who is quite a chaser among the gals. Jean and Spencer are excellent too, and it certainly isn't their fault that every now and then they get bowled over by too much plot. And I'm all for a natural brown Harlow. How about your—

THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

Rating: 58—Much Abo Monte Carlo—Warner Brothers

DOLORES DEL RIO, looking very beau-

tiful in some clothes you wouldn't

think of Dolores wearing, provides a

dazzling glimpse of the English nobility which is persuaded to elude her entourage and family for a day and go down to Monte Carlo. Dolores is a little old boy, half the age of Mark Twain (the English equivalent of Coney Island, old boy). Warren William is the com-

moner who lures her away from her caste and shows her how the other half lives. The duchess writes a letter of thanks to

Warren which is interpreted by a black-

maier, so that brings on slight complications. The plot is weak but Dolores is lovely to look at and there's a lot of fun andenegro. Also in the picture are Colin Clive, E. E. Clive, Herbert Mundin and Ollin Howland.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS

Rating: 68—Your Old Favorite—M-G-M

AFTER R-K-O dug up "Seven Keys to Baldpate" you just knew it wouldn't be long before Metro remembered "Three Live Ghosts" and freshened it up again. It's still a very delightful comedy, well written, and beautifully played, especially by Beryl Mercer. As you may recall, the story is English and the action takes place just about the time of the Armistice.

The three live ghosts are three ex-

soldiers, two of whom are reported dead and the third so severely shell-shocked that he cannot remember his identity. The first "ghost" is a young American wanted at home in the matter of some disappearing bonds, the second is a London cockney, and the third a British aristocrat who is quite balmy and has become a kleptomaniac.

Dick Arlen plays the American, Charles McNaughton the cockney, and Claude Al-

lister the aristocrat. There's a surprise ending that's really a surprise—unless you've seen it before. Cecilia Parker is sweet and cute as the love interest, and Nyla Westman gives a grand performance as a flattery cockney lass.

EXCLUSIVE STORY

Rating: 55—Not So Exclusive—M-G-M

A GANGSTER picture told from the re-

porter's point of view this time, instead of the G-Man's. It concerns the racketeers in New York who prey upon the small merchants with emphasis on the "num-

bers" racket, which started in Harlem but quickly came downtown to Broadway. Stu Erwin plays an ambitious reporter who tries to expose the king of the racketeers only to have his paper back down on him. But encouraged by Madge Evans, the lovely daughter of one of the poor merchants, he takes up the fight again and urges Franchot Tone, a young society lawyer, to become the special prosecutor.

Ned Sparks furnishes the contrast to the merry, merry chorus girls in "Collegiate."
they more nearly reflect life as it is and people as we know them. I like musical plays for, while they are more or less artificial, everybody loves music so much that they willingly accept this phase."

Still under forty, Roy Del Ruth is a veteran in motion pictures, having come to Hollywood away back in 1917, from Philadelphia, where he had been writer and illustrator on the Inquirer and The Saturday Evening Post.

He became comedy writer for Mack Sennett, then directed such stars as Wallace Beery, in his pie throwing cycle; Harold Lloyd, as a three-dollar-a-day cop; Charlie Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, Gloria Swanson, and a host of others. In 1925 he joined the Warner Brothers studio, remaining until 1934, when he went with Darryl Zanuck to the newly formed 20th Century Company, now 20th Century-Fox, where he is under a long-term contract.

This is a congenial association for he worked with Zanuck at Warners; they understand each other and are always in perfect harmony. He told me he considers Zanuck and Irving Thalberg the outstanding producers today because they both have unusually keen "story minds," and the screen's success of the immediate future depends greatly upon these two brilliant young men.

Del Ruth still loves to sketch, and the camera is his hobby. He always keeps a typewriter near at hand to write in new scenes or change the dialogue in an effort to increase the spontaneity of his pictures. He's known as a reliable director because he watches the expense sheet and frequently brings in his production under schedule.

Walking through the studio grounds over to the street scene of "It Had to Happen," Del Ruth said, "This is a funny game, a mad, hectic game. I'm always glad I can laugh with it and at it. When I look around and see others, mostly the stars, dramatizing themselves and taking everything with such frantic seriousness, it is only amusing to me."

"After all, everybody's day is short. Especially is this true of screen players; they fade out of the picture so rapidly. I've watched so many come and go that it seems foolish to pin everything on a few fleeting years."

"I think everyone of us who is in this business is lucky, for it is the most exciting in the world and, too, we make more money than we could in any other way. However, to me it is merely my profession, one I like immensely, but I have no false illusions about it. I see no halo of glamour surrounding it. In fact, through my eyes, it is terribly practical for I honestly believe it takes more heartaches, more hard work to win its laurels than is required in any other line of effort. But it is only our work, it isn't our life, so why get too serious about it?"

And that's typical of Roy Del Ruth!

[Hitching The Stars To Their Wagons (Continued from page 57)]

Sets of cushions for Ann Harding's gray roadster are upholstered in colors to match her frocks. Lilian Harvey's radiator cap design is woven into her bags.

Besides a radio, Adrienne Marden's car carries a small phonograph. Otto Kruger removed the oval clock from one end of his rear vision mirror and inserted a hand-painted miniature of his wife and daughter, Wendy Barrie, accustomed to driving in London, ordered an expensive engineering "operation" on her American left-drive car, converting it into its English cousin, with a right-side wheel.

One of the oddest quirkies of equipment is Mary Astor's built-in chessboard, its men pegged in holes! Madge Evans has a small electric hair-dryer, which fits into a case four inches long and three inches wide. After her swim at the beach, she attaches it to a plug in her car.

Joan Crawford's sedan of plebeian make is painted antique white and is upholstered in white satin. Binnie Barnes keeps cool in summer with an electric fan. Lester Matthews carries a cooking kit in his English racing car, and Chick Chandler invented a tricky mirror that slides out of sight. Margot Grahame's car boasts a small electric ice-cream freezer!

Eric Linden keeps the top of his roadster down during the stormiest weather. But he remains dry—and picturesque—under a sou'wester. To avoid argument, the Johnny Weissmuller motor has his initials on one door and Lupe's on the other.

William Powell had a convertible coupe, until one evening it rained suddenly and the top stuck. Angry because he couldn't put it up, the actor just ripped it off. His car is no longer convertible.

Solo-spots in the motor parade: Tom Mix's ornate white chariot, his sleek black trailer, almost as big as a railroad car, with all the comforts of civilization, Gary Cooper's canary phaeton with green fenders, Charlie Farrell's buttercup-yellow cabriolet, the cheerful flash of Simone Simon's robin's-egg blue Packard coupe, Glenda Farrell's creamy roadster that she has titled "Cupcake."

Bette Maynard's "horser car" conveys six equine passengers to location. Each has its own stall-compartment; the panels are lifted into place, joining to form the side of the truck.

Gene Austry's "Champ" has a parlor-on-wheels for their cross-country tours. It is a streamlined trailer heavily padded with rough leather. Well, mine's got something under its skin! The de luxe, one-compartment has shatter-proof glass windows.

Regarding Bebe Daniels' wee town car, a small replica of her real one, with the upholstery and appointments copied in detail. John Boles exclaimed, "You've left your Rolls out in the rain and it has shrunk! How do you get into it, with a shoe-horn?"

"I just stand and pull it on over my head!" Bebe retorted.

Dick Cromwell had a leaping tula that shamed him. It began to drift apart, annoyingly, with an embarrassing loss of tinnage. Disgusted, he let it hibernate for the winter and called a taxi.

"The only actor whose car can't even make the parade is Mickey Rooney. Due to its rickety condition, it can't travel one block. The boy spent six whole dollars for it, too."

The late Will Rogers, surveying Hollywood's motor cavalcade shortly before his tragic passing, remarked: "Look at all the gadgets—-Well, mine's got something none of the others has—a paid in full receipt!"

He swore to choose a new automobile on her ninth birthday. Jane Withers selected a green sedan that she saw at the Auto Show—principally because she thought that the chauffeur wearing a matching uniform came with the car!

However, she compromised, regretfully omitting the chauffeur when the auto company built in for her a special drawing-board attachment, which suspends from the blanket-rail on hooks. The board was cut to fit into her lap.

Edward Everett Horton's phobia is altitude. Desiring to know always when driving how high he is above sea level, he had an altimeter installed in his Cadillac. To make sure of keeping her appointments on time, Helen Wood had a dollar watch put on the gear shift as a knob.

At Jack Oakie's party, a guest seeing a beautiful foreign actress departing, asked her, rather thickly:

"Why're you leaving?" To which the actress replied:

"I am leaving at the Villa Carlotta."
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.

"Girls with soft smooth skin have appeal"...

says MARGARET SULLAVAN

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.
"24 And Very Fickle!"  [Continued from page 59]

Mary Carlisle, already sweeter than sweet, has purchased an interest in a sugar plantation.

"I don't expect to be more than ten years in this business. During that time I hope to save enough money to own a boat and a ranch of my own, with plenty of horses and cattle, to travel extensively, and visit New York twice a year. I'd like to have and do these things after my retirement from the screen if I have the money. If not, I'll have to do it the usual way, I guess, or raise wheat on my Colorado farm.

"How about marriage?" I asked.

"Yes, I am married to a Virginia farmer."

"You'll never have a divisor like me again.

"I am told that you've been spending a lot of time in Hollywood's parlance.

"I am not a bit of a nut, and I am not a nut."

"Will you describe your ideal? Your feminine fans will want to know that.

"The rosy color deepened in his cheeks. His clear blue eyes looked troubled. He ran his fingers through his brown hair. His extraordinarily mobile mouth twisted into a half-rougish smile of genuine boyish distress.

"Yes, I do know what kind of girl I want. I want a girl who's never been near a horse, and who has never ridden except in a car. I want a girl who knows nothing about the big world of horses and ponies. I want a girl who has never been interested in movies. I want a girl who has never been interested in anything else."

"And I am told that you've been spending a lot of time in Hollywood's parlance.

"I am not a bit of a nut, and I am not a nut."

"Will you describe your ideal? Your feminine fans will want to know that.

"The rosy color deepened in his cheeks. His clear blue eyes looked troubled. He ran his fingers through his brown hair. His extraordinarily mobile mouth twisted into a half-rougish smile of genuine boyish distress.

"Yes, I do know what kind of girl I want. I want a girl who's never been near a horse, and who has never ridden except in a car. I want a girl who knows nothing about the big world of horses and ponies. I want a girl who has never been interested in movies. I want a girl who has never been interested in anything else."

They Ought To Shoot Actors Who Mug!"  [Continued from page 26]

was started.

"Oh—those tests. They'll be the death of me yet. When we were looking at them in the projection room a member of the production staff said: 'Fonda, you've mugged all over the screen.' When I heard that I sort of crept off into a corner all by myself and sulked hard. I felt simply terrible. 'Mugged!' The worst word in theatrical parlance. Along with fifty million other actors I had always felt that they should shoot actors who mug. And now here was I, in Hollywood under contract, and accused of mugging.

"Then Victor Fleming—he was directing 'The Farmer,' took me aside and said: 'Easy, kid. Just take it easy and watch. You've got to 'play down' on the screen. You'll get the hang of it before you know it.'

"I saw what he meant, all right. On the stage I had always been taught that it was necessary to project yourself way out in front, so that the audience in the top row in the gallery could feel, without marked effort, the very essence of your stage character. But Fleming had never directed for the stage and saw things differently. However, I do think that the scenes I did best in the film of 'The Farmer' were the action ones in which Fleming let me act a bit. When I saw the other scenes on the screen I was tempted to get up and give myself a good shove.

"In 'I Dream Too Much' just the contrary took place. John Cromwell, who directed it, comes from the stage and he wanted us to play our scenes so big, that when I saw the daily rushes I was horrified. I felt that I was 'mugging' again. Oh, that horrible word. It's come to haunt me. Anyway, it was hard playing with Lily Pons. They were so nervous for days before she arrived at the studio. They were sure that a great Metropolitan prima donna would ritz them with the greatest of ease. But Lily was a lamb. She adored everything right from the start and clowned all over the place. We had great fun, together."

As Miss Pons had informed me, when I interviewed her a few months ago, that she wanted Fonda to be cast as her leading man again when she returned to Hollywood next year, I readily believed him.

Fonda is only twenty-four years old, but when I saw the picture he was shooting in the first picture which he had just completed for Walter Wanger before coming East for his vacation.

"It's a structural color film," he told me, "done under a special process of technicolor. I, myself, think it will create a sensation. It was filmed almost entirely out of doors. Of all mountain folk so we wear drab grays and dull greens most of the time. There will be few vivid colors. But as they've caught the actual colors of nature so perfectly that the effect will be startling.

A great many of you may remember 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' when it was done as a silent long, long ago. But Fonda assured me that the story had been re-written to fit modern times and in its present shape promised to be a dramatic sensation. In the cast are such reliable players as Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray (who gets Sylvia in the end), Fred Stone, and, of course, Fonda himself, who for the first time plays a role bordering on a heavy.

His next, he told me, was to be a smart comedy called "The Moon Is Our Home," taken from a story by the popular Faith Baldwin. But the interesting part of this assignment is that opposite Mr. Fonda will play Margaret Sullivan, and Margaret Sullivan, my friends, in the not so distant past was Mrs. Henry Fonda.

These modern days! Are they not wonderful? Asked if he found it slightly embarrassing, slightly awkward or slightly anything at all to be cast with his ex-wife, who is now whisking it merrily as Mrs. William Wyler (during working hours Mr. Wyler is a Hollywood censor), the tall, handsome and lucky Henry Fonda raised his dark bushy eyebrows in such a definite accent of negation that I wanted to squeal with delight.

"Don't you mug at me, Mr. Fonda."

For which faux pas, although written but largely unheard of, was picked up by the jealous director shot by Mr. Fonda with that gun which he learned to aim with such amazing accuracy in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME—yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—

I'D 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.

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.

WAY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY—BEFORE MEALS—UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP.

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 over-sensitive. 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!

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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, no medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is correctly sized. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets all 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 easy to take. 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 afterwards. It is 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 10¢. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDs!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat wholesome, 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

Unprintable ... but TRUE!

[They're unprintable! The things that happen to you when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description.]
“Change for Five”...
LAUNDERED WITH “LYSOL”

THE WORLD’S MOST FAMOUS BABIES
On May 23rd, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—the 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, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, 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, underclothes, with “Lysol” in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much cleaner—and may save you the heart-aches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with “Lysol”.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS
LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. SS3

Please send me the book called “LYSOL VS. GERMS”, with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of “Lysol”.

Name

Street

City ______ State ______

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with Jean around. "Ever since I was a child I have wanted to go to London and when I got off the boat there it was just like a dream coming true," she continued. "The air invigorated me—I felt as if I could do big things and I kept saying over and over to myself, 'Jean, this is your beginning. This is your big opportunity. Nothing before has mattered. This is your beginning.' And then I would wish on every haystack and every star that I would be worthy of Robert Donat and Rene Clair."

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing '"The Ghost Goes West' but judging from the raves it received from the press when it opened recently in England little Jean's wishes on the haystacks and the stars weren't wasted. "Two tickets sold for the equivalent of fifty dollars, and the Queen was at the premiere," Jean said ruefully. "Oh, I would have given anything to have been there, and imagine meeting Queen Mary."

Robert Donat, according to Jean (she claims he is her favorite actor), is a very shy young man with a delicious sense of humor, and a young man to whom, quite strangely, money means nothing at all. He has been offered thousands of dollars to make another picture in Hollywood (you remember him, of course, in "The Count of Monte Cristo") but he will not come until he finds a story he thinks suitable. He has great glamour, and at the same time great simplicity. Jean's first conversation with him left her spell-bound for days.

He had her hotel room filled with flowers when she arrived and her first night in London he called her over the phone. Being a very shy young man he could think of nothing to say, and Jean being equally as shy was of no help. Finally he managed to gasp, "Take care of yourself," and Jean found her voice just in time to say, "Take care of yourself too, and thus ended the most important telephone conversation of her life. But ah, this is no romance. Only the great admiration of a young idealist. There is a Mrs. Robert Donat and two little children and Jean went simply insane over the entire family."

"Rene Clair," Jean told me, "is the first director who has not treated me as a child. He is so sincere, and so sensitive to the moods of his players that I think any actress would consider it the greatest honor of her life to be directed by him. I never will forget my fourteenth birthday. Mr. Clair suddenly called off work and he and Mr. Donat wheeled in a tea wagon, with tea and a large English fruit cake."

After talking with Jean I felt so inspired and English that I sat down and read "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" all over again.

They're Off To The Races

[Continued from page 33]

Because Frances Dee has made Joel McCrea promise he won't buy any race horses, that very attractive head of a family is merely a watcher and a wisher these days. Some of the stars got so wound up when the track opened a year ago that they've invested in thoroughbreds of their own. And if you want something to occupy your idle moments, just invest in a race horse or two. Reading an entry for the races is a fine art. Ask B.B. Bing!

He's up at six every dawning and out to the Santa Anita stables by seven. He devotes the forenoon to inspecting, and debating what to do for his animals to encourage them. He has hired, as their trainer, Al Johnson, who twice was a winning jockey at Louisville. Altogether, Bing has purchased sixteen horses. He didn't rush out and buy world-renowned ones, because he insists it's more of a lark to make a champion. Nor has he employed a topnotch jockey, as Connie Bennett did. He chose a man he had apprenticed instead. The crooner declares he doesn't expect to make money, nor is he going to gamble. To him it's all just a whole of a grand sport. For that reason he'll be glad if his distant friends will stop betting on his horses, and also if they'll quit sending him telegraphic tips collect!

The Crosby ponies, according to their owner, haven't much chance to score yet. Bing's colors are blue and gold, and he got them from his radio theme song. In the stables he rents at Santa Anita are bulging scrapbooks of the deeds of various victorious horses, and he walks are covered with horsey photos. You can recognize his quarters by the roses planted around the doors and windows. What aristo' would have thought of that?

I invariably get a chuckle from the titles pinned on the horses by their devoted masters. Look at the daily line-up, and you'll wonder where on earth they uncovered such monickers. Bing admits that he's dubbed his yearlings after specific persons and places! Double Trouble, for example, is in honor of his twin sons. There's Friend Andy, because of his pal Andy Devine. To illustrate the etymology you discover Lady Lakeside. That's a puzzler until you remember that Bing golfs at the Lakeside Club!

You can't just display your thorough-
breds during a specific season, you know. There's all the rest of the year to be considered, and these temperamental nags must be pretty extravagantly pampered. The standard procedure is to make a tour of all the big tracks during the winter. Bing has already raced at several tracks. This spring he will house his horses on his ranch near San Diego, and attempt to do some worthy breeding.

Time, knowledge and patience are required to develop champion horses and that's what the stars are learning. Like Crosby, the other stellar owners feel that the pleasure comes from grooming your own fillies into winners. Nothing can be so appalling as having your best horse die on you shortly before the season starts. Joe E. Brown has had to endure this calamity. He plunked five thousand dollars down for a crack runner last summer, and had him shipped from the East, only to be robbed at Thanksgiving time by fatal illness. However, Joe E. now has four stallions, and all of them is doing well. Bing himself owns a cool six thousand, but Joe's not sorry.

Patriotic thought it would be nice to bet on Clark Gable's former nag Beverly Hills when they took to the track on Christmas Day, not knowing that Clark had given the horse to his wife for a gift some time ago. Beverly Hills should have won, but he slid in eighth. He was slow at the break, dallied en route. The funny thing is that Clark, himself, wasn't there to witness that defeat. He's dropped into the Donald Ogden Stevens and Don's wit was so compelling that Gable never got out to the track. But Rhea, his about-so-be-exed wife, did. She brought a distinguished titled lady from London. Adrienne Ames clung to Bruce Cabot, who later was her dinner guest. Thus Hollywood is carrying on its reputation for having the clumsiest divorced couples! Of course, who's with whom at the races is item one for the gossip columns this month. Whenever there's a surprising switch the town rocks with suppressed speculations. Cesar Romero, who'd been courting Virginia Bruce, brought Betty Furness, whom everyone presumed was languishing over Cary Grant's absence in London. And my, was that a moon!

I don't know what our career children are going to do when the races are over. They're being spoiled by all this elegant outing, and, gracious, will they ever stop talking this peculiar lingo? When they mean the horses, they say hang-tails. A bet on the poorest candidate is a long-shot, and if you want to risk your all on a certain nag to win you assert that you'll put your cash on-the-nose!

When the bugler in the trim red coat tolls your pulse begins pounding. You listen avidly to some stars betting on the jockeys, instead of on the horses. To be a spectator at this you must study the past performances of both, and then take into account their present condition and the weather. Before each race, and there are generally seven on a program, the track is swept smooth. Then the starting stalls are wheeled out and they inveigle the fire-eyed, high-tensioned horses into them. Jockeys are up and there's that breathless instant before the barrier is sprung. The crowd is on its feet and they're away. A loudspeaker blesses the progress, in case your eyesight's faulty. Finally it's neck and neck on the homestretch. Joan's jumping up and down on Franchot's toes ... Marlene's no longer tranquil ... La West's throaty voice is screaming ... Bing nearly chokes on his cigar. Bette hugs her husband in her frenzy ... and from every star throat comes a wowsow of ecstasy as the drumbeat of the flying hoofs drowns out the hammering of their pulses.

**HEART-BROKEN**

... until she took
her dentist's advice

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.

NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL... BUT HER BREATH!

**THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...**

**SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?**

**RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!**

**WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!**

**IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!**

**OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...**

**LATER**

**BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ... I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...**

**I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...**

**THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE!**

**AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!**

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.

**AND NO OTHER EYE-CLEAN PRODUCT CAN DO MORE!**

**20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much.**

**35¢ RIBBON RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

Not No Bad Breath behind her sparkling smile!
she's so extremely popular.

Has she promised to go with you to a sneak preview in some little town near Hollywood? Don't be surprised, after you arrive in the best car you could beg, borrow, or steal, to find one hundred or so of the film colony's elite gathering at her house, all acting crazy!

Adapt yourself, my friend. Remember Carole had THE Dietrich romping through a Fun House party she gave recently. Think what she did for the lowly red carnation, when she wore that flower exclusively in her coiffures.

To make a real hit, don't give Carole orchids or diamonds. She'll appreciate much more some inexpensive but wildly original gift, nobody has ever thought of before. A large order—but then you'll be sure of being included in this gay girl's successful battle against Old Man Boredom!

There is one girl who always makes one homesick for New York, and that is Mae West. Her apartment may be in the heart of Hollywood, but the atmosphere is strictly New York, with a little Brooklyn thrown in.

Don't be startled if you find yourself just one of a crowd of men. Mae likes to exercise her brilliant repartee on groups, and says she's never found one man yet who could occupy her attention for long.

Boris Petroff, Jim Timony, Marcel Ventura—these are just a few of the business associates and friends who are often present in Mae's apartment. Not to mention two guards from the D. A.'s office, a couple of writers, producers, and directors!

Mae, you see, believes in mixing business with pleasure. Her companions are all old friends, tried and true, and so many threats have been made against her that a newcomer would have to present the best credentials to join the group.

Even when she goes to the prize fights (and she goes often), two or three of her usual coterie are included in the group.

Just too popular for any one man to monopolize!

Sometimes, as we said in the beginning of this discussion, even a Hollywood bachelor treads of glamour and years for domesticity. Do you know what to do to a wood fire? Are you prepared for an old-fashioned home evening with one of the loveliest girls you ever met? Then it's time to call on Maureen O'Sullivan!

If you can find her apartment! It's at the top of three long flights of stairs on a Hollywood hillside. The view is breath-taking, and the rooms themselves exude a comfortable atmosphere that makes you feel like an old friend.

Maybe it's the ice-box—maybe it's the old-fashioned candy Maureen makes herself—maybe it's the fireplace, with its crackling logs and cherry flames—but many a bachelor has been put into a matrimonial frame of mind by a visit to Maureen, and several happy couples know her as Cupid. (Maureen herself will marry handsome Johnny Farrow, the writer, before many moons.)

As a girl who has travelled extensively, Maureen loves to talk about foreign countries. But if your trips have been limited, she can discuss your own home town with just as much enthusiasm. She's that kind of a girl!

If you go out, don't suggest night clubs. This star loves to discover quiet, hidden streets filled with curiosity shops, and you're apt to find yourself lugging away a dust-covered what-have-you or an antique whatnot which Maureen suddenly discovers she simply must possess!

These are just a few of the choices a young man faces when he decides to go calling in Hollywood. We'd like to find space for Patricia Ellis (dancing), Paula Stone (the gay young crowd), Jean Muir (high-brow, in a nice way), and others.

But you understand from the girls we've described why Hollywood is a bachelor's happy hunting ground!
"Who's Here?"
Asks Ed Sullivan

[Continued from page 23]

the Stork Club, Jack Rumsey's Sixty Club
that congregates weekly at the Hotel Pierre,
the Tropicale, and Eddie's, the establishment
of Central Park Casino vie with El
Morocco and "21" for the carriage trade.

Eddy Duchin and the De Marcos pack 'em
in at the sedate Plaza.

Leon and Eddie's. (Leon used to be
headwaiter for Clayton, Jackson and
Durante before Jimmy moved into pic-
tures), was the first spot that Pandro
Ber-

man rushed to when he came east with
Irv basketball. The Eddie of the combina-
tion is Eddie Davis, who recently appeared
in one picture. He sings ribald songs
lustily, does Davis, and in the course of
the year, every Hollywood big-wig is certain
to drop in and listen to this minstrel of
sex stories. Blonde-haired and with
a long nose that has an impressive curve
in it, Davis has spurred the annual busi-
ness to a point where it grosses $50,000.

Turn west on 46th Street, off Broadway,
and you come to one of the town's more
popular rendezvous. This is the famed
establishment of Dinty Moore's and the last
time I ever saw Will Rogers alive, he was
sitting at one of the rear tables with Sam
H. Harris and Max Gordon. The place is
painted green and white, and the windows
fronting on 46th Street are curtained.
The doorman is known as Happy Jack, his face
reddened by the winds that come whistling
up the street from the Hudson River, and
in all, he appears as though he might
have stepped out of the pages of a Dickens
book, for he is Dickensian in appearance.

Near his oven, far in the rear of the
immaculate place, sits the king of the estab-
ishment, Dinty Moore himself, the original
of the George McManus cartoon of that
name. Squat, powerfully built, and with
a thatch of iron gray hair, he is one of the
real characters of the town. His restaurant
is his feudal kingdom and he rules it with
a hand of iron.

Probably no restaurateur in the coun-
try knows so much about food as Dinty.
His fetish is the care and preparation of
food, and woe betide the unruly patron
who sends back a dish for more seasoning.

Eagle-eyed Mr. Moore, with his eye on
everything, will rush to the waiter and ask
the difficulty. On such occasions, when his
culinary skill is questioned, it seems to all
beholders that the iron gray hair stands on
end, and, shortly thereafter, the patron will
be dressed down by the owner for daring
to tell him how to prepare food. On some
occasions, Dinty will tell the customer to get
up and get out and the waiters will not
serve the culprit. Bill Grady, M-G-M scout
who discovered Eleanor Powell years before
the town knew she existed, has been exiled
from Moore's time and time again.

A great character Dinty, King of all he
surveys on West 46th Street and with a host
of staunch friends all over the world. His
particular delight are his oysters, which
he keeps in special barrels in the backyard
next to the Fulton Theatre. He feeds salt
water and other important ingredients to
these oysters and sure enough, when they
come to the table, they are the lushest of
all delicacies. If the King is Dinty, the
Crown Prince of the place is his son, Willie
Moore, a six-footer. Occasionally, Willie is
exiled and then the patrons of the place
choose up sides. In the heat of these
acrimonious debates, those who support
Willie too violently are barred from the
restaurant, and consequently when the son
is pardoned, he returns to find that six or
seven of his supporters have been sent to
Elba. Now ensues another retreat, and finally Dinty gives in, issues a general pardon and everybody returns happily.

W. C. Fields, Marty Feldman, George M. Cohan, Jimmy Walker and too many others, when they are in New York, seek out Leone's, best of the Italian restaurants. You find this the Eighth Avenue, on West 88th Street. Ten or twelve years ago, when Johnny Dunec first took me to Leone's and introduced me to the culinary delights of the place, you had to press a buzzer in an iron door. After some minutes, a slot in the door would open cautiously and a pair of eyes would survey you with the utmost caution, for that was during Prohibition and the Brothers Leone were fearful of raids.

Repeal however altered all that. Today a brick front, devoid of locks or iron doors, is the entrance. Gene, Joe or Celestine Leone now greet you happily at the front door but now they are stationed there to guide you into an atmosphere redolent with the appetizing smells of the savory spaghetti and succulent chicken which sheds a golden fragrance through the place. Harold Lloyd is an old patron of this spot, and his spaghetti-winding technique is high class. Ditto Edward G. Robinson.

Do not jump to the conclusion that when the movie moguls and the stars frequent the Broadway clubs that it is all play and no work. At the Hollywood, the Paradise, the Cotton Club and Connie's Inn, such assture pickers as Darryl Zanuck, Jack Warner and Harry Cohn have made more than one selection of talent. It was from the Cotton Club that the Coast secured Bill Robinson and the tiny Nicholas brothers. It was from the Hollywood, where Abe Lyman's band appears, that the west coast plucked Frances Langford. It was from the Paradise that the Coast got Grace Bradley and Peg-Leg Bates. At the old Casino de Paree, Mrs. L. B. Mayer selected Harry Stockwell. At the New Amsterdam Theatre, in "Roberta," they picked Fred MacMurray, who was then a member of the nutty Collegians band. The old Silver Slipper introduced Al Jolson to Ruby Keeler. Joe Pincus at Fox, just recently picked Ray and Grace MacDonald from Leon & Eddie's floor show. The Paradise produced Rita Rio.

When the feminine stars really want to be seen, however, they pick the Saturday night sessions of Jack Burns's "Sixty Club" at the Pierre. Here the tanners of the talkies can come in bib and tucker to dazzle the eye of the beholder. Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Ethel Merman, the Sisters Bennett, (Joan, Connie and Barbara), Adrienne Ames, Raquel Torres, Zasu Pitts, Ann Sothern, Merle Oberon and all the rest of them come sooner or later to one of these Saturday night soirées.

George O'Brien, Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney and other he-men stars can be found at Dempsey's, across from Madison Square Garden. The thrill that was once imparted by the flying fists of the Manassa Mauler still grips the imagination of the men, and Dempsey's, as a result, does a landoffice business. Loretta Young, the last time she was in town, visited Dempsey's at least twice with Countess di Frasso and Bert and Olive Taylor. Dempsey, famous for his remarkable memory, thifted Loretta's mother proudly when he was introduced to her: "I met you a long time ago," he said. "Joe Benjamin and myself dropped in at your house one afternoon."

The remarkable feature of the Dempsey restaurant is that the big fellow not only works hard at his duties, but really enjoys it. As a result, the steady stream of business has never slipped away, for thousands of people come there ostensibly to order a meal, but in reality to secure his autograph. And Dempsey is on hand all hours of the night to accommodate these autograph-seekers.

I suppose a Broadway columnist, poking about these brilliantly-lighted night spots, invited here and there by the celebrities, leads a glamorous life. Most of us, however, are bored with the staidness of it. We have to do it, night after night, year in and year out, and custom stays the variety of it. But I suppose it is asking too much for you to sympathize with us as we sit at a ringside table with a Claudette Colbert or a Joan Crawford, or a Carole Lombard. I'll bet if you saw me drinking a spot of brandy with Carole Lombard at the Waldorf that you wouldn't believe it was a business duty—and you'd be right, Toots.

STEPPING FOR CHARITY

Joe E. Brown and Bill Robinson entertain the crippled children in the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital.
like Frances, which is only fair as Joel Jr. is the exact image of his daddy. Then I was introduced to little Bonita Granville, who plays the gossipy child who causes all the trouble in the picture.

You probably saw Bonita in "Ah, Wilderness"—she played Eric Linden's young sister. Mrs. Granville, Bonita's mother, told me that Bonita's success in pictures has been because she did not ape Shirley Temple. Mrs. Granville said: "The casting directors all told me to make Bonita as different as possible from Shirley Temple. Studios do not want copies of what has been successful. They want to discover something new." I have always encouraged Bonita to be individual. Like all children she began by imitating others but I quietly explained that she must always originate, not copy.

That's sound advice for you aspiring mothers. And they do say that little Miss Bonita will probably steal "These Three" right from under the pretty noses of Misses Oleron and Hopkins.

"Let's take it," said Director William Wyler, who in private life is the sparring partner of Margaret Sullivan, Alma Kruger, famous stage actress making her debut in pictures, and the rest of the players took their places on the set. Like all up-starts who have lived in New York and who have seen Broadway plays I was all set to belittle "These Three" as being not so good as "The Children's Hour." But bless my soul, I have never been so intrigued by a scene in all my days of visiting studio sets. It was magnificent. If the scene I saw is a fair sample of "These Three" that picture is going to make history.

The story concerns Martha Dobie (Miriam) and Karen Wright (Morle), who, alone in the world and penniless after finishing college, establish a school for young girls in a small New England town. Dr. Caroline (Joel) the town's physician, is in love with Karen who promises to marry him in the spring, not knowing that her chum Martha is also hopelessly in love with the young doctor. Through the efforts of the wealthy and important Mrs. Tilford (Alma Kruger) grande dame of the town, the girls are successful in acquiring fifteen or twenty pupils, among them Mary Tilford (Bonita), the lady's granddaughter, a natty little brat if I ever saw one. The girls experience a lot of trouble trying to discipline Mary, who finally tells the lie—the horrible lie that changes everything, and makes of "These Three" the exciting, dramatic picture that it is. It was the "lie" scene that I saw them take over and over again and I still get breathless when I think of the drama in it.

But what with night coming on I decided to tear myself away and wait eagerly for the preview. The publicity department struggled in dismay. No interview yet. Maybe you'll get it Christmas, they said, but none too hopefully. Maybe, I said. But I'm not worrying. After all I haven't a thing to do for Easter.

P.S. And don't think I'm the only writer who has started on a mad social whirl while interviewing Miriam. There was the case of the guy from the "New Yorker" who wanted to do a profile of Miriam and it took six parties before he even found out where she was born. If I can get an understanding editor I might carry this thing on to Paris and Biarritz. As H. G. Wells said: "The only way to get to Hollywood is by the back door." And a letter from Charlie Chaplin, said to Miriam: "You are the maddest person I have met in Hollywood. But I think I like you best of all." Me and Wells.

"La Hop"

[Continued from page 28]
This Famous HOME DISPENSER and 60¢ size
Italian Balm

Both for 59¢

WESTERN UNION
Installs it for only 10¢

O Campana now offers, through Drug and Department stores, its famous HOME DISPENSER Package. But the supply is limited, so purchase your bargain package before it is too late.

Over 2½ Million Italian Balm Dispensers like the one illustrated in this advertisement—full nickel plated and 100% guaranteed—have been delivered to Italian Balm users. And no wonder it is popular! It holds the bottle for you—no capping, no risk of bottle breakage. A press on the plunger gives you one drop—making “America’s Most Economical Skin Protecto” still more economical and convenient to use.

Western Union (in 5,000 communities where messengers are available) will install your Dispenser anywhere in your house, on wood or tile. Buy your Dispenser at any drug or department store—then: (1) call WESTERN UNION, (2) ask to have your Dispenser installed, (3) pay the messenger 10¢ (Campana pays the balance). This special service good only while Dealers have this special 9¢c Package.

Studio News

[Continued from page 17]

taking her up on it. “I need help right now,” he admits. “You know that scene I play with you in the first act, when I say, ‘Caroline!’ It says in the play I’ve got to put my arms around you.”

“Yes,” Rochelle concedes.

“Well,” says Harry, “it’s always with an eye to the main chance. ‘Could we go through it a couple of times? Sort of rehearse?’ ‘Haven’t you ever put your arms around a girl before?’ she asks.”

“Yes,” he admits truthfully, “but I never said ‘Caroline’!

“All you have to do is be natural,” Rochelle decides. “Did you read the play through?”

“Yes. Who plays Claude Heartwell, the hero? Harry wants to know next.

“Mr. Stephen 0’Malley,” says Rochelle, but I don’t think it’s Stephen Gray at all. I think it’s Lionel Stander. He was the gent who, when a lady in the audience complimented him on his book, said, ‘Madam, your opinion is excessively unimportant.’ But all this is beside the point.

“If anything ever happened to him,” Harry suggests hopefully, “would you give me a chance at the part?”

“Don’t be silly,” Rochelle protests.

“That’s the last I want from you,” Harry says, “I know,” he admits, “but something tells me I could play it. I could be awfully natural in the part. Is it all right if I study it on my own time? And if you’d run through the love scenes with me sometime—”

“You’re certainly ambitious, aren’t you?” Rochelle comments.

Well! I’ll say he’s ambitious. Here I’ve known Rochelle for years and all that time I’ve been trying to wring up courage to ask her to play a few love scenes in private with me and Mr. Richman steps in and scoops me—just like that.

But there’s fun on the set.

And to add to the day’s enjoyment, “Hell-ship Morgan” featuring George Bancroft and Ann Southern is on location hanging a storm at sea.

On the way out, I run into Rose Joseph, fashion editor for Columbia and wife of David Horsley, the actor. She says, “I’m leaving the studio in January to become a mother,” she confides, because we’re old friends.

“Are you happy confinement?” I wish her and continue on my way to—

R-K-O

FIRST thing we have here is “The Green Shadow.” All I can tell you is this is a moider mystery, a detective yarn (but naturally) and there is a kidnapping and a murder to wrap it up in it. Preston Foster (who is making pictures with both hands these days) play the detective and at the moment he is in the office of Noel Madison. Noel is sitting behind a small desk with a half-empty highball glass in front of him. Preston is sitting on the edge of the desk and Madison’s bodyguard (none other than Maxie “Sloppy” Rosenbloom, now turned actor and engaged to a Beverly Hills socialite) sits behind him. Preston has been trying to get Madison to tell him about a conversation he (Madison) had with someone named Harding and Preston thinks he got a lead on Harding, either, because she isn’t even in this picture. But Madison won’t talk. He and Preston fence around for a while, and Preston snaps, “I’m getting fed up with this kind of guff. Supposing you talk.”

“Don’t get smart now, Big Shot,” Maxie puts in very nastily indeed.

“Stop your gorilla’s mouth,” Preston warns Madison, “or I’m liable to kick his teeth into his pockets.”

Maxie gets all primed for a battle but Madison says, “Not yet, Snake.” And then he turns to Maxie. “The guy’s got plenty of crust, hasn’t he?” And then he turns back to Foster, “Nix, O’Neil. You pay and then I talk. And I mean cash.

“I don’t carry five thousand dollars for pocket money,” Foster informs him coolly, “Isn’t my word good?”

“No!” Madison answers frankly.

Without a word Preston gets up off the desk and starts for the door with Madison following him. As he reaches it, he turns and lets Maxie have one on the chin. Maxie staggered back, falls over the arm of a divan on to the seat, rolls off the seat onto the floor, knocks over a little coffee table and lies there with his hand to his jaw, staring up at Preston. And, boy howdy! You should see the look Preston throws at Madison as he goes out.

The director is not at all satisfied with the way Maxie takes the fall so they do it over and over again. Once Madison playfully taps a paper knife against the glass and it makes a ringing sound like a gong.

“Nix!” Preston expevaluate. “He’s liable to think it’s a gong and get up and clout me.” Maxie used to be light-heavyweight champion.

“Listen,” the director says finally, “I know you’re not used to lying on the floor but you’ll have to imagine you are!”

“Hear you’re going to New York again,” Preston says to me when the scene is finally in the bag.

“Yeah, tomorrow,” I admit.

“If you’ll wait until next Thursday I’ll go with you,” he offers but much as I’d enjoy having Preston for a traveling companion, I can’t wait because Time waits for no one and next month is rapidly approaching with its inexorable demand (Gee, I’m using classy English!) for more studio anecdotes, plots, etc. So I press my regrets, politely, and go over to the next stage.

Here Ann Harding is working on her next to last picture for this studio. It is called “The Lady Consents.”

Edward Ellis and Ann Harding in “The Lady Consents.” This sequence was so beautifully played that even the cynical reporter withheld his jibes.
They do tell me that my friend Bernard Newman is really going to town in the costumes he has designed for both Ann and Margaret Lindsay, who also plays in this picture.

However, to get on with the plot which I know one and all are dying to hear: Ann has been happily married for seven years to Herbert Marshall (which, I think, is longer than anyone else has ever been married to him). Maggie is the maid for Herbie and once she gets him to kiss her. He tells Ann about it and Ann, knowing that Maggie instigated it, lets her go at that. But all is not so much on the up and up as appears on the surface. On the very day when Herbie's father (Edward Ellis) returns from abroad, Maggie is waiting outside Herbie's office and persuades him to take her to lunch. He 'phones Ann an emergency case has come up and he can't go with her to meet his old man, but Ann hears Maggie's voice and knows Herbie is lying.

With a heavy heart and a tear behind her eye, she walks away. She goes down to the pier and meets the old gent. We pick them up in the taxi cab on the way home.

"Well, Ann?" Mr. Ellis inquires.

"Well, Jim!" says Maggie giving him a look that should have made him forget how old he is.

"At a time like this!" he brags. "I didn't think I had it in me."

"So you've been untrue to us?" she comes back, knowing perfectly well he's lying like a devil.

"Right up to the neck," Ellis goes on, still lying like a trooper. "But don't tell Mike (that's Herbie). He thinks I've outgrown everything."

He speaks very casually of Marshall but you know he really cares.

"By the way," he goes on, "how is my son?"

"Broken-hearted not to meet you," Ann lies.

"Emergency case."

"Quite a boy we got, Ann," Ellis suggests, "I did a fine job on him. And he's a gentleman. Not a roughneck like his old man."

Ann reaches up and puts her arm around him, patting him on the shoulder. She reaches up and takes her hand in his as he talks.

"This display doesn't mean you're going to kiss me?" he inquires.

"Not me," says Ann firmly, as she leans over and gives him a smack on the cheek.

"For a moment I was afraid," Ellis confesses. He puts on her hand, drawing her closer. Ann just snuggles down beside him and smiles.

And I won't spoil this attractive scene with anything less well played, with anything too passionate.

I'll just meander over to the next set where there's a little number in the works called "Love on a Bet." This one stars Gene Raymond but it has its compensations, two of them—the greatest, in fact—is Helen Broderick. That rotten luck which I always feel dog my footsteps every time things don't go the way I want them to, is present today, and Miss B. isn't in this next shot.

I always say, though, that everything turns out for the best and so it proves. I got a call myself to introduce Helen and she invites me to sit down beside her and gives me a hunk of popcorn that has been dipped in molasses and fried—or something—and we get down to some good old-fashioned dishing. And after we've finished dishing, we know each other so well I can get personal and start asking questions about herself. And I learn that despite the casual and assured manner in which she drops her lines, Helen Broderick is a nervous gal—and she's just a very nervous woman. And she says that every time she opens in a new show in New York and the first night of an engagement in any city.

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does a thousand deaths and has no idea what she's doing. And I can't understand it at all because she always seems so sure of herself and seems to know exactly what she's doing.

"No," says Miss B. "You take soldiers in the trenches for the first time. When the bombardment starts they get scared out of their senses and everybody black front of them but they know what to do all right."

And I have to admit it sounds very reasonable. But Gene and Morgan don't do what they have to do as well as she does. And while I'm trying to get across to Miss B. that I'm in a fair way to have another heart attack, the director calls for quiet so there's nothing to do but watch Gene.

Gene and Wendy Barrie and Helen have been kicked out from Blondex and Morgan Wallace. I don't know where Morgan is and I don't see Wendy anywhere about. Miss Broderick is sitting beside me. So that only leaves us, Gene and Morgan.

Eddie is sitting on an up-ended barrel at a table with a revolver, in this dilapidated shack where they have taken their prisoners.

"How about a drink of water?" Gene asks.

"OK, go ahead and get it," Eddie tells him.

So Gene walks over to the door where the water is and Eddie covers him with his gun. Gene tips the pitcher up back into mouth and takes a swig and then he pauses, looks at Eddie, and walks back towards the table, still carrying the pitcher. "I've killed a lot of people before I made," he announces. "Suppose you boys let me turn you in, collect $1,000 reward and we'll split it three ways. How does that strike you?"

"I'll have to talk it over with Morgan," Eddie answers.

"Well, then, how does this strike you?" Gene asks as he throws the water all over Eddie and then throws the pitcher at him, so that it hits him on the head and knocks him off his barrel. Gene pushes the table over on top of him and dives through the window. There are several things that distinguish the various "takes." The window through which Gene dives is made of spun candy that looks like glass. Another thing is, the first time they take the scene, Gene hits his Eddie so hard with the pitcher, it cuts his head and draws blood. The next time they take it, when he throws the water, a drop hits a 2,000 watt light bulb and it explodes with a sound like a cannon going off.

If Gene just wouldn't always be cocking his head to one side as though he were the original cutie-pie who was in the know all the time and much too smart for anybody ever to put anything over on—Oh, well. I still retained a little of the peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men spirit so I

mustn't let myself grow bitter. Besides, "Mother Lode," or Richard Dix, is on location again so I'll just go around to—

Paramount

THERE are only two pictures working on the lot today. One is "Give Us This Night" which stars Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura. This is one of those pictures that goes on and on, as far as production is concerned.

This particular scene is a sort of patio. It is supposed to be at Naples but it has a Monte Carlo background. All the houses in this particular sector are built on the side of a hill, so this patio is just on a level with the roof of the house next door. Far off in the background, lights twinkle in the windows of other houses. Miss Swarthout looks quite ravishing in a tailored suit and a silver fox fur and Kiepura bends gallantly over her hand as he sings "Sweet Melody of Night."

Next we come to some rocks, or boulders, in a sort of vase and this is the setting for "Woman Trap," which marks Gertrude Michael's return to the screen after her accident.

She is clad in a pair of riding breeches and a shirt and she's been kidnapped by a bunch of bandits in Mexico.

Gert is sitting dejectedly on a rock with her empty canteen in her lap. Akim Tamiroff, as one of the bold, bad bandits, swagger's up. "You drink all your water, senorita?" he asks.

Gert just looks at him and says nothing. "No," says Tamiroff taking her empty canteen and shaking it. "You one ver' smart girl." This conversation is for the benefit of the other bandits. As he puts the canteen back in Gert's lap, he puts his own there instead of her empty one.

"But," Gert protests, not catching on, "it's full!"

"Well, anyhow, half full," says he dryly. I'll bet you Gertrude Michael is the most popular girl in Hollywood among the people she works with and Tamiroff is a swell actor, so what more do you want? Marie West and her "Klondike Annie" set are closed up tighter than Agua Caliente and "Timothy's Quest" with Eleanor Whitmore and "13 Hours by Air" with Fred MacMurray are both on location. So I guess there's nothing to stop us from going on out to—

Eddie Gribbon and Gene Raymond, making "Don't Bet on Love," grow very uncouth and stage a battle that is being talked about.

Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in "Give Us This Night." Both are visitors to Hollywood from exclusive opera circles.
ON THIS lot, m'friends, we have two pictures that are going to be a favorite of mine and it will be of yours too. When you've seen it. It's called "Three Live Ghosts" and is one of the most hilariously funny farces ever written. Bert Lahr, Coca Cola, and Spoofy (Claude Allister) who meet in a Germany prison camp during the war. Spoofy has been shell-shocked and doesn't remember anything about himself, but he has an uncanny faculty for stealing anything he can get his hands on. All three of them have been reported as dead by the War Department. I'm sure Jack Pine is playing the part of Miss Gubbins who was the favorite of mine and it will be of yours too. When you've seen it. It's called "Three Live Ghosts" and is one of the most hilariously funny farces ever written. Bert Lahr, Coca Cola, and Spoofy (Claude Allister) who meet in a Germany prison camp during the war. Spoofy has been shell-shocked and doesn't remember anything about himself, but he has an uncanny faculty for stealing anything he can get his hands on. All three of them have been reported as dead by the War Department.

It's the story of three men, Bill, Jimmy Gubbins (Charles McNaughton) and Spoofy (Claude Allister) who meet in a German prison camp during the war. Spoofy has been shell-shocked and doesn't remember anything about himself, but he has an uncanny faculty for stealing anything he can get his hands on. All three of them have been reported as dead by the War Department. I'm sure Jack Pine is playing the part of Miss Gubbins who was the favorite of mine and it will be of yours too. When you've seen it. It's called "Three Live Ghosts" and is one of the most hilariously funny farces ever written. Bert Lahr, Coca Cola, and Spoofy (Claude Allister) who meet in a Germany prison camp during the war. Spoofy has been shell-shocked and doesn't remember anything about himself, but he has an uncanny faculty for stealing anything he can get his hands on. All three of them have been reported as dead by the War Department.

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Jackie is standing, looking foolishly off in the distance with Galileo behind her, watching him closely. "Tired?" asks Galileo.

"Oh, no, to terribly," Jackie answers bravely.

"Hungry?" Joe persists.

"kind of—but I'm all right. It's just—"

He pauses and looks down at the dog. "T'm afraid he's all in. If he could just rest up for a little while he'd be fine."

"Come on, Jackie," she says, evidently steeling herself to hardnese.

The way that dog minds is a revelation. You can't tell me he hasn't human intelligence. His owner can even make him do tricks with his feet in any position he wants. All he has to do is say "Shame" and the dog positively wills it.

I'm beginning to wilt, too, so I leave them and wander on to—

Fox

NOW, at Fox, there are also three pictures working. One of them is "It Had to Happen" while stars George Raft and Leo Carrillo come over as immigrants on the same boat with Rosalind Russell, who is a multi-millionaire. She attempts to dodge reporters by sneaking out through the steerage. George and Leo annoy her by trying to help her. George annos her so much that a year later when he holds up her car while handling the red flag for some street excavations. At the same time he holds up the mayor's car and the mayor becomes impressed with him, he gives him a job as his behind-the-scenes assistant.

Three years later we find George a great power in city politics, which just goes to show you there's no limit to which an honest politician can't aspire—if he's in the movies!

He makes Rosalind's husband pay back four million dollars he'd swiped from the laboring classes, so Rosie loses all respect for her husband. She decides to dissolve with her husband and the mayor, and the mayor is so impressed with his good fortune, he gives him a job as his behind-the-scenes assistant.

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that before the night is over they discover they are madly in love with each other.

Sitting at one of the tables near Rosalind and George is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. Her name is Julie Cabanne and she is under contract to Fox. Now there is a dish!

My speculations about Miss Cabanne are interrupted by the voice of Miss Russell, who says like this: "Is that that horrible Mook person again? How dare you show up twice in the same place, especially when I’m there?"

So I tell her she’s got into my blood and I can’t stay away and then Raitt comes up and says "hello" which pleases me because I like George, and then Rosalind asks what am I doing with a summer tie on in the middle of winter. And I’m stumped because my tie is a simple little creation of brown egg and white stripes, pongee and it just seemed cheerful to me—but not unseasonable. So I tell her I had to wear summer clothes because after I leave her I’m going over to the swamps of Cuba where it’s quite warm.

"Well, don’t let us detain you," Rosalind laughs and I’ve always said no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint.

In a surprisingly few moments I find myself in the middle of a Cuban jungle with the undergrowth so thick and the water so scummy and stagnant you expect to step on an alligator any minute.

Barbara Stanwyck rides up on a horse and gingersly dismounts. She sinks down on the ground with many a groan and twinge. "What’s the matter?" John Boles inquires, rushing up and kneeling beside her.

"Come on," says Frances Deane, who is towing me around today, "you haven’t seen ‘The Prisoner of Shark Island’ yet and that’s our biggest picture of the year.

So over we go to the Shark Island set. This is the story of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was convicted right after the Civil War for treating John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln.

Warner Baxter plays Dr. Mudd, but he isn’t working today. He’s in prison. The set I see is a little furnished suite in a rooiming house in Washington where his wife (Gloria Stuart) and her father (Claude Gillingwater) have gone in a futile effort to intercede for him and make their plea for mercy.

There isn’t any dialogue in this scene so I take a good look at it and beat it hot foot out to—

**Warner Brothers**

OUT here, "Anatomy of a Murder" starring Fredric March is on location. So is "Applesauce" with Anita Louise and Ross Alexander, and so is "God’s Country" with Patricia Ellis and George Brent, and "Snowed Under" with George Brent and Genevieve Tobin, and "The Man with the Black Hat" with Warren William. In fact, if I had wanted to pick a day when there was absolutely nothing doing on the Warner Brothers lot I couldn’t have picked a better one because the only things showing out here today are "Colleen" and "The Singing Kid."

And even "Colleen" isn’t shooting. Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie are rehearsing a comedy dance they do and that’s about all there is to that. I sit around shooting the breeze with Joan for awhile and finally Oakie comes in. He let himself get so fat again after dieting for months I don’t know but he looks like a young whale. And, in contrast, Joan has a little skin off of her former self—the one right after she had the baby.

Eleanor Basye and Belle Richards, a couple of the chorus girls on the set, do a "Truckin’" number for us between rehearsals that is really stumpin’.

It’s getting late so I finally tear myself away from Joan and, inasmuch as there’s no way out, go over to the set of—

"The Singing Kid." What a room! Strictly modernistic. A blue upholstered divan with big white checks in it, lemon yellow upholstery on a chromium chair, and through the modernistic windows can be seen the terrace on the roof, with potted plants growing all over.

Then Frank Mitchell rushes in with a small steel file cabinet in his hands. "Boss," he exclaims to Al Jolson, "I’ve got it!"

"All right," Jolson says, "give it to me."

"Give me a sentence with formaldehyde," Mitchell orders.

"I can’t guess it," Jolson confesses. "Give me the answer."

"From all de hidding places cane de Indians!" Mitchell exclaims triumphantly. Jolson just looks at him disgustedly a minute and then repeats, "From all de hidding places cane de Indians."

Mitchell laughs uproariously. "Where did you get that gag?" Jolson demands.

"From the files," Mitchell admits, indicating the big black filing cabinet. "Why you —" Jolson bellowls, snatching the case out of Mitchell’s hands and preparing to belt him over the head with it.

Edward Everett Horton, Allen Jenkins and Jack Durant all run in and stop him, which is great play because anyone who pulls cheery, gay licks like that doesn’t deserve to live—even when it’s the scenario writer’s fault.

John Boles (what a lot of pictures he is in) and Barbara Stanwyck in a Cuban jungle all for the benefit of "A Message to Garcia."

"Nothing, I’m all right," she answers bravely. "Just a little cramped in my legs." She waves a hand. I can tell that by the way she dismounts.

John helps her over to a little cleared space and then the director says "Cut!" as though he didn’t like his horse player. John grins at me, because I’d been out at his house a few nights before playing bride with his wife. "Didn’t Marcellite tell you?" I inquire before committing myself.

"No," says John. "I don’t play so I ain’t got no right to be bride in our private affair and I never ask.

"Well, she didn’t even make enough to pay for the Scotch we drank," I answer, because if Marcellite didn’t tell him we lost $2 apiece there’s certainly no reason I should tell him.

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Street      
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An advertisement for Midol, offering free samples to readers.
“Still picture, please,” calls the still camera man but Jolson won’t pose for a still picture because he says the scene isn’t important. So let’s all and sundry goodbye and head for—

Universal

FANCY my feelings, public, when I tell you there are only two pictures in production here. One is ‘Next Time We Love,’ starring Margaret Sullivan (of which I have already told you) and the other is ‘Sutter’s Gold’ with Edward Arnold and Lee Tracy. What a story this is! It’s like a three-ring circus—something happening every minute. But, ah, my foes and oh, my friends (if any), as Edna St. Vincent Millay used to say, the plot is too complicated to go into. Suffice it to tell you that Arnold was a corporal in the Swiss guards and leaves home under a cloud of unwarranted suspicion, to make his fortune in the good old U. S. A. (strike up the band). He lands in Vancouver, finds there is no boat to California and there are he and his pal Lee Tracy in a saloon and plumbed disgusted. They don’t know what to do until the captain of a ship (William Gould) says: ‘He better go to the Sandwich Islands with me. That’s the only way he can get to California at this time of the year.’

“When do you leave?” Arnold asks.

“I’m leaving right now,” says Gould, which is plenty prompt for anyone who wants to get anywhere. ‘You can take a boat from the islands that’ll land you down the coast before spring.’

“We just got here,” Tracy protests to Sutter. ‘You don’t think I’m going to leave a good place like this, do you?’

“I’m going to California,” Arnold insists stubbornly.

“Well, I’m not,” Tracy snaps, ‘so I’ll just let you suffer it out alone.’ And with that he tips up his Tom and Jerry just like he was used to it.

‘Cut!’ shouts the director and all of a sudden the realization begins to filter into my consciousness that I’m through for 1935.

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TEACHER of the STARS
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Edward Arnold, Lee Tracy and William Gould conspiring to put over “Sutter’s Gold.”

An Interesting Interview With BETTE DAVIS While On Location With LESLIE HOWARD Will Appear In SILVER SCREEN for APRIL On Sale March 6th—10c
A Stirring Tale of the Sea [Continued from page 35]

Then began their honeymoon, at sea as a sailor would have it, the wind in their faces, the salt in their eyes.

The little Southern Cross forged south and ever south, over silky Pacific groundswells, a tubby, humble fishing vessel that cooped up in her small compass contrasting lives and clashing desires, desires that ran the hotter because they ran still and deep. From the masthead the lookout spied sardines and the nets were spread, the bait tanks were filled. They sighted tuna. Pitching and rolling endlessly they fished, double lines over-side because the fish ran large. Hatches were filled to brimming and the catch packed in ice. Fish and more fish, until there was no room aboard for one fish more.

A tiny world Mary Taylor found it. A world that centered its thoughts on fish. Day by day her unrest grew; for day by day she saw more clearly the tragic mistake she had made. It had seemed right to give Ira Morgan, in repayment for his kindness, all the happiness she had to give, but what had seemed right was not so powerful an appeal as the courting of young blood in her veins, a pulsing that quickened her very being. All the showers she found herself close to Jim Allen.

She no longer tried to hide from herself that it was Jim she loved. He was young and tubby, and Ira Morgan had lived his best years. Her heart longed for Jim while her conscience kept her at Morgan’s side, trying with all her strength to be a good wife to him.

In the captain’s cabin Morgan’s big frame crouched over his tiny business desk; Mary stood looking from a cabin port. Morgan wrote in his log book with the painful slowness of a hand used to rougher work.

A few more pounds and we head for San Pedro. Barometer falling.

He glanced up, threw a shrewd, small eyes intent on a glimpse of the sky. Dirty weather coming! He could smell it; taste it. Morgan grinned and tumbled softly in his throat. Let it come, all hell’s furies if it pleased fate, he’d face it!

His eyes dwelt on Mary’s slim gracefulness and the look softened. She made him happy. She delighted him. Never was a man luckier in love than Hellship Morgan. And yet she was strangely quiet of late, her mind seemed far away when she spoke to him. He ventured now, “Something wrong, Mary?”

She answered tonelessly, “It gives me the creeps when I think of a storm and the sharks, always following after us!”

“Don’t let that worry you. Sharks all

The social sets of Hollywood are determined by screen importance.
Paul Muni, Mrs. Muni, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

ways follow a fishing boat. They smell blood.

“Don’t!” she cried sharply.

Morgan pondered over her queerness, shaking his massive head. Jumpy, she was! Ah well, women were queer cattle, all of ‘em!

The hurricane broke in a rush of wind that flattened the rollers, then built them into greater swells until they ran towering above the masthead of the Southern Cross. Then came the driving rain, cutting like the lashes of a whip, and early darkness and the awful night when the waters boiled about the sturdy fishing ship in phosphorescent lather. In the fo’c’sle sullen, tired men were listening to the mischief Covanci preached. Hellship Morgan drove them beyond endurance; held his course with all disregard of safety. They must revolt!

In the wheelhouse Jim Allen stood his trick at the helm, holding her into the gale as Morgan ordered.

On deck, beside the wheelhouse door, Mary crouched, hesitating. Like the storm at sea, the storm in her heart had burst at last in full fury. She must go to Jim! His glance at her was all concern when she swayed into the wheelhouse. Quickly his eyes went again to the compass card. He knew even before she spoke that there was turmoil in her heart, but though he loved her better than his own life, he was determined not to betray the friendship and trust of his benefactor, Morgan.

While Jim held the kicking wheel, using all his strength, skill and courage to keep the ship on her course, fighting even harder to hold live two on their charmed way through the tempest, Covanci the trouble maker came on deck.

Covanci saw the captain’s wife slip into the wheelhouse. Stealthily he climbed the companion ladder and peeped in. He saw Mary in Jim’s arms, he heard their mutual confession of love. That Jim Allen put aside the temptation Mary offered him and made plain to her they must follow the path of duty, adored Covanci not at all. Covanci had something on them, a valuable secret.

The trouble maker waylaid Mary when she left the cabin. Grimly insinuatingly he explained that he knew all about their madness. The price of his silence he named as the pearl Morgan had given his wife. The terrified woman paid him the jewel to keep her secret.

Late that night while the Southern Cross held on in the teeth of the gale, Morgan clawed his way toward the fo’c’sle. Jim had given him word of trouble among

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Jim's look of horror brought a fresh gulif.

"They're sharks following us," Morgan taunted. "It won't take but one slip of your foot to satisfy them. What's the matter, Mister Allen? Lost your nerve?"

Jim's lips tightened. He made no answer in words. Instead he turned away to seize a life line. He made one end fast about his waist. He tossed the free end to the startled sailors. "Hang onto that and haul when I tell you to!" He went to the rail, swung his legs over and dropped into the tangle of wreckage. Mary, white faced, her eyes big with terror, clung to the rail above, a prayer in her heart. Morgan towered beside her, staring down at Jim, his teeth glistening in a diabolical grin.

"The woman will die," Morgan said, the log book.

He took the book from her hand and smiled into her tragic eyes. "You look after Mary, will you, Jim?"

The eyes of the two men met. Morgan's look was understanding, reassuring, filled with admiration and trust. A fine man, Jim! A man to make Mary happy. Jim's steady glance said to him, "I played square with you, Morgan. We're friends again, aren't we?"

They left him alone in his cabin. Morgan's big fist curled painfully about his pencil and he wrote with painstaking care.

Returning later, Mary and Jim found the cabin empty. A trail of blood along the deck led them to the stern where Morgan had thrown himself over. They found his log book. On the last page he had written:


Hellship Morgan had sailed his last hard driving voyage, leaving behind him two loyal friends. They would never forget the big man who had given them their share of the fair weather ahead.

daring eyes saw Jim Allen's desperate, set face. Malicious rage stirred him. He leaned in the vague laughter, "You're wrong, Mr. Allen. Maybe you'll go over the side, Mister Allen?"

Jim's look of horror brought a fresh gulif. He boomed big above his false friend as he shouted, "It takes more nerve than stealing a man's wife... and there's a chance you won't come back..."

Jim's eyes met Morgan's, now. There was a steady look in them Morgan could not fathom.

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The Final Flying

Bette Davis creates reality in a scene in "Dangerous," with Franchot Tone.

THERE are two audiences in every picture house as a film is shown—two audiences intermingled—one quite unconscious of the other. For each one of these audiences the picture is quite different.

The films are reviewed unfortunately by critics who belong always to one group. The other group has no critics—it is inarticulate, in fact the members of this group are really of no importance whatever except that no picture can be a success unless they approve of it. Which makes them pretty important after all. If we just list these two groups we could call one set of people The Critics, The Smarties, or perhaps The Educated. The other set are The Folks, The Dreamers or The Trusting Ones, whichever label you prefer.

The first—the brainy ones—see in place of a picture a result. They enjoy it or dislike it according to the achievements of the talented ones who made it. These Smarties tell you of the tempo, of the direction, of the writing, of the dialogue, of the lighting and the acting. They feel it is just a job of work, and a pretty poor one, too, as you'll soon find.

Then there is the other audience—the kind-hearted, gentle, blinded ones—who feel instead of think. The only tempo they know is the beating of their own pulses. For them the story is real. The characters are alive and the plot is lived out before them. This trusting, believing audience is made up of many solitary figures. Each is alone with the picture, never coming back to his own life so long as the picture lasts. Occasionally one calls out to the character in peril on the screen, and always their eyes are wet when sympathy is called for.

Most of us, because of the great number of films we have seen, are more or less included in the first group, yet now and then we find ourselves lost, if we may say that, in the other world on the screen. And here is our point.

When the tempo, the direction, the art, the acting are at their best, more and more of us forget our technical knowledge and join the simple, emotional group and for a breath or two we believe that it is all true. Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession," Bette Davis in "Dangerous" were convincingly real.

We pleaed for members. We want more Trusting Ones in the theatre and ask you to cut the cables that anchor you to cynical intelligence and soar away on the carpet of make-believe. Everyone seems to know so very much and so few of us are left to appreciate the joys of imagination.

You will be spared at for enjoying "moronic palubum," "bokum" and "brain oplates," but let 'em sneer. What critic ever originated anything? Here's to the fascinating spoofs in the beautiful darkness of ignorance!

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The killer in "Show Them No Mercy"
2. One of "The Three Musketeers"
3. To regard with respect
4. A feminine Indian name
5. He was the gangster in "His Night Out"
6. Because
7. Soon to be seen in a new Tarzan picture
8. Army officer (abbr.)
9. Golf mound
10. The nurse in "The Country Doctor" (initials)
11. The (Fr.)
12. Elongated fish
13. A prefix
14. A person
15. Period of time
16. The news reporter in "I Found Stella Parrish"
17. A degree (abbr.)
18. Prone lived for a long time
19. With Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie"
20. Avenue (abbr.)
21. To run away from
22. A statute
23. A constellation
24. Level
25. With Paulette Goddard in "I Dream Too Much"
26. Anything, very hard
27. She's under contract to M-G-M
28. In an entrance to a mine
29. Prepare for athletic contests
30. Was aware of
31. Denial
32. The son in "Ah, Wilderness"
33. Therefore
34. The director of "Anything Goes"
35. Jackie Cooper's father in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy"
36. The co-hostmaster in "Your Uncle Dudley"
37. The mother in "So Red the Rose"
38. A weary penguin
39. The director of "Sylvia Scarlett"
40. The telephone number of "American Tobacco"
41. In love with Carl Brisson in "Ship Cafe"

DOWN
1. She returns to see the screen as Darest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
2. Barren article
3. The originator of radio amateur programs
4. Natural metal
5. Type measures
6. The master mind in "Show Them No Mercy"
7. An African anima
8. Mexican tree
9. She appears with Ralph Bellamy in "The Healer"
10. Abraham (abbr.)
11. Star of "So Red the Rose"
12. An exclamation
13. A serpent
14. Someone
15. Electric Telegraph (abbr.)
16. That which is taken as a standard of excellence

17. She aids Roger Pryor in spending a "Thousand Dollars a Minute"
18. Takes off, as a hat
19. Type measure
20. Masculine first name (abbr.)
21. Collection of notable sayings
22. Paid publicity
23. Opposite Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest"
24. Light
25. Weight for precious stones
26. His latest picture is "The Calling of Dan Matthews"
27. Son of Mohammed
28. Makes merry in "Strike Me Pink"
29. Captain Blood"
30. Negotiate
31. The land of Abraham's birth
32. Indians in Indian Ocean (abbr.)
33. Roman copper and bronze money
34. Mrs. Leslie Fenton
35. Domesticate
36. A large vat for bleaching goods
37. First name of "Your Uncle Dudley"
38. Ferrari
39. Fifty-one (Rom.)
40. The reporter in "Atlantic Adventure" (initials)
41. Name of a very famous chain of movie theatres
42. Above
43. The sap of certain trees
44. Mrs. Joel McCrea
45. Feminine first name (abbr.)
46. Expression of denial
47. Each (abbr.)
48. Masculine pronoun
49. The third day of the week (abbr.)
50. For example (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle
The Happiest Girl in the World...

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