What Marriage Means to Dick Powell
Gable and Taylor Rivals?
Read the Real Truth!
Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What is the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in America you may know! For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this single thread of fragrance — one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials — that the world may know as your
Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

- ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her dull, dingy smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she could have—can have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush—knows it and does something about it!

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

“Pink tooth brush” is a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of “pink,” schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—and safer!

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

I P A N A

Tooth Paste

SCREENLAND
How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...

Who should Jean's honor guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress?

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, item No. 1.

Jean Harlow • Robert Taylor

"Personal Property"

with Reginald Owen

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

The Hit Director of "After the Rain" "San Francisco" and others

Preview of their first picture together!
May, 1937

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Dick Powell by Marland Stone.

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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Jules Verne's thrilling fiction about the young Russian officer who braves death to defeat enemies of his Czar, retold in exciting and spectacular style. Anton Walbrook, Continental star, makes his Hollywood debut, proving an actor of skill and personal magnetism. Elizabeth Allan, Fay Bainter, Margot Grahame, Eric Blore, and particularly Akim Tamiroff as the villain, are noteworthy. See it if you like action

Edward Arnold as a ruthless lumber magnate gives a truly sincere interpretation. Francine Larrimore is brilliant in her film debut, proves a definite screen bet; George Bancroft as Arnold's son has his best part in a long while. But, alas, the story is not up to the measure of this fine acting, and while the film is fairly satisfactory from an audience-interest standpoint, it should have been far, far better.

There seems to be a cycle of films attacking superstition and bigotry. In this entry to the field it's a doctor who suffers because of ignorance and erroneous viewpoint. Warren William, as the doctor, is good, as is Karen Morley in the role of an astrophysicist. But Lewis Stone's is the outstanding acting contribution here. John Wray, Esther Dale, Jackie Moran and others supply good support. Fair.

Maybe we remember too vividly the previous telling of this story of the lady cook who sacrifices all for love of a rich nobleman. Or maybe we like Joan Crawford when she's not being so elegant. At any rate, this lacks conviction and insite. The three-star combination of Joan, William Powell and Robert Montgomery is bound to interest, though as things go Frank Morgan and Jessie Ralph take the honors.

Cut to the pattern of "Cockeyed World" and such previous McLaglen films, with Preston Foster as Victor's sparring partner. There's a swell comedy start, an overstrained and subdued dramatic middle, and a very exciting finish—spectacular in showing rescues by the Coast Guard. McLaglen is the non-com in the Guard; Foster the girl-in-every-port sailor type. Ida Lupino is McLaglen's daughter. The acting is fine.

Lynne Overman is finally given a break by Paramount, and he more than lives up to his opportunity. As the flatfoot who promotes himself a job solving a mystery surrounding the death of a college professor, Overman displays fine acting talents in what shapes up as a rather good part. Larry Crabbe, Astrid Allwyn, Marshall Hunt, and Roscoe Karns round out a nicely balanced cast. You'll find it pleasing.

This has its moments—dramatically that is—while Gloria Stuart as an innocent suspect of murder plays tenderly and with charm. Nice, restrained, polished acting is offered by Walter Pigeon, district attorney who harbores Gloria, ignorant at first she is wanted for a crime, after she has helped save his son in a fire aboard ship. Billy Burrud is the boy, and he plays the part in his usual sure way. Routine movie fare.

If you like Joe E. Brown, you'll be thoroughly satisfied with this, his newest riot of fun—incidentally his first under the RKO banner. The story, running true to the star's type, is all about Joe's extravagant adventures while working his way through an astrological college—if you can imagine! You'll like Marian Marsh, Fred Kmetz, Maude Eburne, and Suzanne Karen in their parts too. Laughs here.

Droll fantasy written for the screen by H. G. Wells, and diverting in a way very different from the usual film entertainment, and worth seeing on that account. Roland Young, supported by an all-English cast, does a capital job of acting as the retail clerk who suddenly is endowed with the power to perform miracles, and finds the power far too great for his peace of mind. Not exciting, but clever and unusual.

Douglas MacLean achieves a life-long ambition—to produce the film that established him as a silent screen star—with this fairly amusing comedy of World War days among the dough-boys. It should please you if you have the average film-goer's taste for humor and romance. James Ellison sings a couple of good songs and gives a nice interpretation in the leading role. Terry Walker plays opposite him nicely.

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How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead—a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is—a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

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

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic, or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

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

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
Greet Fernand Gravet, gay and gallant star of "The King and the Chorus Girl," who brings a grand new brand of romantic humor to the screen.

As dapper and debonair as the Duke of Windsor, to whom he bears a rather startling resemblance, Fernand Gravet is Europe's latest gift to Hollywood, accepted with thanks! Left, with his co-star, Joan Blondell.

SCREENLAND hails a new star! "The King and the Chorus Girl," Mervyn LeRoy's first production on his own, introduces to our American audiences the male cinema pet of Europe, Fernand Gravet, and we believe he will soon belong to that small select circle which includes Gable, Taylor, and Tyrone Power. Yes, Gravet is that good! He has disarming charm—enabling him to resist classification as a handsome hero because of his audacious sense of humor; and still to escape typing as a comedian because of his suave good looks! Gravet has been fortunate in his first American film, for LeRoy has directed with vitality as well as finesse; and Joan Blondell is surely Hollywood's supreme soubrette in the co-starring spot of this film introducing Fernand Gravet.
"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL,
'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"
says Martha Raye

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, ah . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleahao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . and how!"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with Bing Crosby • Bob Burns • Martha Raye
Shirley Ross • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle
**SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle by Alma Talley**

**ACROSS**

1. He's married to Frances Dee
5. These two brothers are famous for "heavy" roles
10. Leading man in "That Girl From Paris"
14. Co-star in "Love on the Run"
15. "Happy," comedian in "Champagne Waltz"
16. Conscious of
18. Indian tribe
20. Background for movie
21. Exist
22. Sun-good
25. Ever (contraction)
26. He sings line in "Maytime"
28. Neither
29. Heedless
31. Unured
32. To lounge about
33. Opposite of yes
34. Related
36. Her diary was a sensation
38. Part of to be
40. Inlet
41. Eighter's protective covering
42. Thick cords
43. True
45. You and me
47. Dupes
52. Sucking star of "When You're in Love"
53. Cid
55. Wier
56. Paid notice
57. True, flat
59. Ancient musical stringed instrument
61. Toward
65. Note
66. "You Only Live ____" (a movie)
67. Ginger's co-star
70. Conducted
71. Fischer
72. Norse God of Thunder
74. Card game
75. Mosel
76. First woman
77. Stir, trouble
79. Star of "Cain and Mabel"
81. School children use this to write on
83. The father, in "Don't Turn Em Loose"
85. Title
86. Oliver Hardy's team-mate
87. Belief
88. You can't throw these at ham movie actors

**DOWN**

1. Star of "A Star is Born"
2. Co-star in "Beloved Enemy"
3. Nickname for Yale
4. Shell-like projection on hillside
5. Slang greeting
6. Not hard
7. To piece out
8. Ceremonies
9. Biblical pronoun
10. Co-star of "The Plainman"
11. Female sheep
12. Conquest (abbreviation)
13. Star of "Green Light"
14. "Mr. Deeds -- To Town"
17. English title
19. Splendor of dress
21. Same up
25. To inquire
27. College officials
28. The screen's Juliet
30. Film that made Ginger
31. Comedian, in "Born to Dance"
32. Her new one is "Love in Navels"
34. Any popular screen heroine
35. Story
36. Part of the body
39. What a cow would do in a ticke
41. At sea
43. Orchestra leader and crooner ("The Vagabond Lover")
45. Eggs
46. Lip-stick color
48. Hat for photographers
49. One episode in a movie
54. Malt drink
55. Bloom of twigs
58. His new one is "Espionage"
60. College yell
62. Dressing
63. Charity
64. Divisions of film
66. Wooden case
68. Follow tracks left by someone
69. Underground parts of plants
70. Indefinite periods of time
72. Regulate
73. He's married to Joan Crawford
76. Greek letter
78. Romantic lead in "One In a Million"
80. Tatter
82. Nearby
83. Highway (abbrev.)
84. And, in a French version

**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

**Gary Anitta Being Canoe Side Organ Or Lac Norman Be Able Ape Ace The Wolf Pale Spy Gun Whendy Eat Ethel Lunch Oft Her Drown Wallace Exscream Or Veltel Erins One Season Knot Anchor Rudder Don He Lead Head Epaon**
IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT
YOU’LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you’ll long love and long remember!

Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN’S
Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

BILLY & BOBBY

Patric Knowles - Montague Love
Fritz Leiber - Donald Crisp
Alan Hale - Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Produced on a Massive Scale
1000’s in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios

BOBBY-THE PRINCE

SCREENLAND
It's one of the gayest, most hospitable and homey households in all Hollywood, that presided over by Joby and Arlen, hosted by Dick and bussed by Joby Arlen, Jr., shown above with his beaming parents. Below, right, Dick and Joby sample their tempting buffet luncheon just before their guests arrive.

EVEPY Sunday morning—and other mornings when he's in town and not working—Richard Arlen plays golf.

"Bing Crosby, Randy Scott, Humphrey Bogart, Ed Kennedy, Babe Hardy and Fred Morrison—he's a professional—play too, if they can," commented Dick, "so Joby is usually prepared to give us a golf luncheon after the game. Sometimes Joby plays, and once in a while the other wives—except Dixie Lee who doesn't know how—but the real golf luncheon is a man's meal."

The Arlen home is a rambling, red-roofed, hospitable place in Tohoca Lake with a garden, badminton court, swimming pool and playground. "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen" says the brass plate on the front door, and "Welcome" says the rug on the floor before the fireplace.

The long living-room is the sort of place that makes you feel immediately at home with its open fire, comfortable chairs, and piano. Dick showed me a carved brass chest next to the fireplace which holds his latest prized possession, a real leather saddle bought in Mexico.

"Now all we need is the horse!" giggled Joby, appearing from the ball clad in pale blue slacks with a scarlet tie. She looked like a little girl from grammar school, while Dick, in his white sweater with red and blue stripes, was most collegiate—and handsome.

Rickey, the three-year-old son and heir, came hobbling in to dispel the schooldays illusion.

"He's been to a birthday party," said Joby, "and he simply couldn't understand why he shouldn't open the presents. That's his favorite sport. You see, he's never had a birthday party of his own; his first anniversary we spent in France, where we knew no other babies; his second came while we were in New York, and the same thing was true; the last time we were in England, but we simply hope to be at home when he's four and give the poor child a chance. He disgraced me today, trying to insist on what he thought were his rights about opening packages. The other children were old hands at birthday parties, but Rickey had no precedents. Was I embarrassed?"

"Let me hang up the fire!" interrupted Rickey, urgently.

"Just a little Britisher," observed his father, "Bang up the fire" means poke it—that's all Rickey learned over there, so far as I know. Banging up fires is his chief delight."

(We turn to page 14)

Golf luncheon at the Rich-
All through the night

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together... Facing danger—sharing adventure—together... Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great Looking into each other's heart—to find each other... All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together... Tomorrow held their destiny... Tonight held their love

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists
Rickey, absorbed in the "Banging," mumbled cheerfully to himself. Dick jerked a thumb at him and grinned: "Just a chip off the old block, you notice; all he does is grunt—never a tap of work!"

"Speaking of England," put in Joby, "we loved it, of course, but I simply couldn’t get used to the heavy food. They eat so much meat, practically no vegetables, and what there are seem cooked to pieces!

"You really should have seen me trying to use a knife and fork on a grape! No kidding, they actually use knives and forks for fruit, instead of picking them up as we do. They hold their pears on a fork while they peel them, then cut them up and use the fork to convey them to their mouths. I managed the pears, but when they began on the grapes I gave up!

"One dish I was crazy about, though, was what we would call Mulligan stew—old-fashioned stew with meat, potatoes, vegetables, whatever you have left in the house all cooked together. It’s always good, but the English make it still more delicious by covering the whole thing with a delectable crust. Is that good?"

Which brought us to the golf luncheon. Joby served it buffet style.

"Today she had lobsters. Dick’s favorite dish, crusty rolls, Maybelline, corn pudding and scalloped spinach.

**BAKED MACARONI**

Break 1/2 lb. macaroni into pieces
Cook in boiling water with a little salt until tender.
Drain well and put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of well-buttered baking dish.
Sprinkle well with grated Kraft cheese and small pieces of butter, a bit of salt, then more macaroni and so on filling the dish.
Then sprinkle the top with cracker crumbs (Crax Butter Wafers are good).
Pour over all a cup of cream or milk and bake for half an hour.

**CORN PUDDING**

1 can of Heinz Corn
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
2 teaspoons flour or cornstarch
Beat egg white and yoke separately; add corn to the yolk of egg. Also flour or cornstarch and milk. Then fold in egg white. Bake in well-buttered baking dish about 20 minutes to half an hour.

**SCALLOPED SPINACH**

2 cups cooked spinach
2 tablespoons minced onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 egg (slightly beaten)
3/4 cup milk
3/4 cup buttered crumbs
If you can’t get fresh spinach, use Gerber’s.

"These are all hearty dishes—you wouldn’t dare offer them all to women," laughed Joby, "not Hollywood women, anyway! I suppose the cliché in England has an effect on appetite, for they seem to eat more heartily than we do without putting on pounds.

"Everything over there seemed so slow after being used to the way we live here. I don’t suppose it’s good for us to rush about as we do, but we like it. We decided to move one morning. I looked around and
found the place I wanted and told the man who showed it to me that I'd take it.

"When would you wish to take possession, madam?" he asked.

"This afternoon," I replied. Well, of course, it couldn't be done! I never had been done. He'd need at least a week's notice, I couldn't see why—the place was empty, we were ready to move in, why wait? He thought we were completely mad, but we moved in!

"Coming back to food," put in Richard, gently separating his small son from a half lobster, "one thing I'm really crazy about is Chinese stuff. I've found a swell Chinese café near the studio, where I eat when I can, and sometimes Joby puts on a Chinese luncheon for us. Tell her about that, Joby."

"That's a meal for a cool day," said Joby. "I serve a big dish of some grand Chinese mess—chop suey or Chow mein—a green salad—hot tea biscuits—a special dessert that men like, and hot tea. Our cook has a good recipe for chop suey."

Inside the Arlen home, Joby and Dick Arlen in one of the many very attractive rooms of the home we visit in this month's article.

CHOP SUEY

Trim the fat from 1 lb. boned pork chops, place the fat in a sauté pan and cut the pork in small cubes. Fry out the fat, add 2 medium-sized onions cut in thin slices and cook until soft and clear; add the pork dice and cook 10 minutes; add 1/2 lb. cooked diced chicken, 4 cups bean sprouts, 4 cups thinly sliced celery and 1/2 cup Japanese soy sauce. Cook until the celery and bean sprouts are tender, add a seasoning of salt and serve very hot in a border of seasoned steamed rice. Hormel's canned chicken is excellent.

"We haven't any family recipe for hot tea biscuits—we just let the cook go her own sweet way there. Oh, I do know a dessert I ought to serve some time! I haven't had it yet, because I never thought of it before, but it's an old-fashioned dish."

FLOATING ISLAND

Heat 1 qt. milk to scalding but not boiling point; beat the yolks of 4 eggs with 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, and pour gradually over them 1 cup hot milk; then turn all into a saucepan and boil until it begins to thicken. When cool turn over thinly sliced sponge cake spread with jam and arrange in a deep compote. Beat the egg whites very, very stiff, whipping with them a little soft currant jelly. Drop the whip by tablespoonfuls on top of the custard and place a little block of currant jelly on the top of each island. Serve very cold.

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This!

By Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder. It's still more amazing what it does to them. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

FREE

[Image of a coupon for Lady Esther Face Powder]

Screenland
LADIES IN LOVE

There is much said about movie-mad women. I can't believe these women, or even one in a million, are actually in love with any screen man. The screen is the world of imagination, the players an ideal. The love-lorn ladies supposed to be in love with Bob Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Robert Montgomery, or the bu-bu-bub crooning of Bing Crosby, are in love with the ideal they personalize. For all the girls know the stars are unattainable, but hope their counterpart might come along any day.

Mrs. Henry Odum,
620 Emory St,
Covington, Ga.

ROASTING RHYTHM

I'll never take to Burgess Meredith, Critics' Pet. "Gangsters in the Rain" is what I call "Winterset."

Elsbeth Trenchbral,
Mount Rainer, Md.

THIS LIST SUIT YOU?

In a recent issue Miss Virginia King offered her list of the ten prettiest Hollywood women. I agree with her on two. However, here's my list of the ten—my opinion—handsomest screen actors: Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Fredric March, John Howard, Henry Fonda, Randolph Scott, Fred MacMurray, Michael Whalen, Gene Raymond, Errol Flynn.

Lorraine Zvonar,
44 Brookdale Ave,
Newark, N. J.

AGREE ON ALICE

I heartily agree with Sally Hirsch- howitch's letter declaring the title "Too Beautiful" should now be given to Alice Faye. In my estimation Alice deserves it more than any actress now in Hollywood.

J. H. Boggs,
Cheyenne, Okla.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Selections for the cast for "Gone With the Wind."

Scarlett O'Hara, Katharine Hepburn; Rhett Butler, Fredric March; Gerald O'Hara, Lionel Barrymore; Ellen O'Hara, Irene Dunne; Ashley Wilkes, Madyen Douglas; Charles Hamilton, Franchot Tone or Ralph Forbes; Melanie Wilkes, Frances Dee; Aunt Pittypat, Edna May Oliver.

Josephine McCormack,
Calle Jovellar y N.,
Habana, Cuba.
SALUTE FOR LORETTA
I have read (not here), where some have protested that Loretta Young is given too much choice roles; that she is merely beautiful with no great acting ability. I heartily disagree with that. I think Loretta is a truly sincere and talented actress, and the embodiment of charm. She gave memorable performances in "Ramona" and "Ladies in Love," and I hope that she will go upward to greater acting heights in 1937.

Mildred R. Trammell, 
Mead, Okla.

HISTORY MADE IN HOLLYWOOD
My selections for highlights of the passing season:

Frances Chase, 120 W. Norman Ave., Dayton, O.

THE GREAT GRETA
For some inexplicable reason I always sneered at the mere mention of the "Great Garbo." But I don't now—after seeing her in "Camille." Even to usually scowling, cynical me, the Great Garbo has passed the greatest of all tests—which is that not the Great Garbo but the realistically personified Marguerite Gauthier went to her tragic doom before our eyes.

Louis E. Patify, 138 15th Ave., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

SIMONE AND TAYLOR?
I have been trying for some time to pick out some young, sweet actress that I thought would be the ideal match for Robert Taylor on the screen. Now I've found out who it is: the lovely Simone Simon. Are you with me fans?

Audrey Hogan, 11301 Florian Ave., Cleveland, O.

SNUB FOR A SNUBBER
Here's a Snub in spades for Carmelita Impietro, who stated in a recent issue that Gary Cooper was the worst actor, and Marlene Dietrich the worst actress. It seems the girl can't judge acting.

Betsy Perre, 1830 Lanakila Ave., Honolulu, H. I.

A SNUB AND A SALUTE
I read Screenland regularly, and you can be sure I like it. But why, oh why, do people rave so about Simone Simon? I can't see anything wonderful about her. Give us someone like Janet Gaynor and let us keep her.

Janey Crandlemire, 52 Front St., Ashland, Mass.

BOGART'S THE BEST?
Bob Taylor, Michael Whelan, and Don Ameche are all handsome stars, to be sure, but the actor who gets my Salute is Humphrey Bogart, who is handsome too, is a fine actor, and a he-man.

Jean Ewing, 724 Kinsmoor Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Tired of hot smokes, mate? Throat all fogged up? Keep your throat shipshape—switch to KOOLS. Their touch of mild menthol adds refreshing flavor—like mint in chewing gum, it makes 'em cool as ocean spray. Yet you enjoy all the full-bodied Turkish-Domestic blend. Try 'em. And stow away the coupons for handsome, useful premiums. Carton buyers find extra coupons. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.
**ASK ME!**

**By Miss Vee Dee**

**Hollywood Studios Use Endura, This Lofty Toby Wigg, Correctly Stated to “Sing While You’re Able”**

**AT LAST YOU CAN PERMANENT WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME. A COMPLETE ENDURA PERMANENT**

How simple and inexpensive it is to have a lovely, lasting permanent with Endura! So easy for you to use, so certain in its results. Endura permanent waves your hair at home, without machines, heat or electricity while you read or work or even sleep. Try it tonight. Tomorrow, thrill to the enjoyment of a stylishly flattering, yet inexpensive Endura permanent. Yes, too, will agree with the 100,000 smart women who have used and approved Endura. To permanent wave those straggly ends and side curls, use the 25c Endura Ten Curl.

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**HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING NEW HOME PERMANENT**

**ENDURA PERMANENT**

**Endura Hollywood CORP. Hollywood, Calif.**

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**Reduce!**

**by SAFE, QUICK, EASY SLIMMET METHOD**

If you do not reduce at least 10 pounds in 4 weeks by the Slimmet Method, it will cost you nothing! No doctor’s express examination or expensive management! Don’t resign yourself to ugly bags of canvas fat, lose weight this sensible way and regain your health.

**THE ABSOLUTELY SAFE WAY**

Do not accept any promises for this New York doctor’s harmless Slimmet Method. The simple prescription explains no thyroid, no diuretics or other harmful drugs. Overweight not only ruins your beauty but may be actually dangerous to insurance companies know, get rid of that unwanted fat NOW!

**ENDURO MEN AND WOMEN**

**Weight reduced from 230 to 185 pounds and feels fine today,” Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Agnes, P. A.**

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**In 4 weeks!**

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

For 7 days, for 10pence, slimmet tablets or capsules, with postage, for which please send:

1 bottle slimmet (60 tablets) $1.00

5 bottles slimmet (Special Offer) $3.00

**If not satisfied, you will return my money without question.**

Name... Address... 
City... State...

---

**Margaret Irving, Gloria Truebe, Preston Foster and Jean Muir on the set for "Outcasts of Poker Flat," Bret Hart’s story in which Foster and Jean play the leads.**

---

**Bess S. Walter Abel was born in St. Paul, Minn. He has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and has had a thorough training on the stage, playing leads with many noted stars. He has a contract with RKO. Yes, he’s married.**

---

**Lila K. S. Helen Gabahan was born in Boonton, N. J. She is the wife of Melvyn Douglas; they have one child, boy. Pauline Fredericks is appearing on the stage in a play called, “The Masque of Kings.”**

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**Teddy N. You want a picture of Patricia Ellis? That doesn’t surprise me, for she has lots of boy friends and they all want pictures of her—yes, she is very fond of swimming and horseback riding and just loves polo matches. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair and is under contract to Warner Bros. The studio address is Burbank, Calif.**

---

**49 B. C. That was a very charming letter and you have a grand sense of humor—which is always such a help! I’m sure your request never reached its destination. Now for the information about Nelson Eddy: he was born in Providence, R. I., the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy. Both of his parents were fine musicians. Young Nelson began his musical career as a boy soprano for All Saint’s and Grace Church in Providence. He was educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal; the remainder of his education was obtained in night school. For five years he was a reporter, copy reader, etc., for the leading Philadelphia newspapers. His first vocal teacher was David Biopham. His first stage appearance was in a society show, “The Marriage Tax.” Later, he sang the leading parts in “The Mikado” and “Pirates of Penzance.” And if you have any more supply, just send me an S.O.S.**

---

**John Barrett L. Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy. She was educated by private tutors in England, also made her debut on the English stage. Later she appeared in silent pictures in various cities in Europe. Her first appearance in the United States was in a Broadway stage play, after which she was given a film contract and went to Hollywood. She is the author of several novels, and at present works with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, so you’ll be seeing her regularly on the screen.**

---

**V. M. Robert Kent your favorite? Yes, he is a six-footer, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Hartford, Conn., on the 3rd of December. He has a contract with 21st Century-Fox. He has appeared in “The Country Beyond,” “The Crime of Dr. Forbes,” “The Bovary Princess.” Incidentally, it may interest you to know that he and Astrid Allwyn were recently married.**

---

**Joseph Fredric H. I take it you are a regular fan for Fredric March. Well, we agree on that subject. Wait and see! A Star is Born is his next picture. Robert Barrat was not in the cast of “The Ploughman.” George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Barton MacLane, Robert Barrat and Alain Hale in “God’s Country and the Woman.”**

---

**Hugh Mac. Frank McHugh was born on May 23, 1889, in Homestead, Pa. He began his theatrical career when he was nine and a half years old. Managed to go through grammar and high school in Pittsburgh between scenes. With various theatrical organizations, he has played every state in the Union. To say nothing of appearing on the London stage. His first picture role was in “Bright Lights.” He is married to a non-professional, has three children, plays tennis and golf—also ping-pong and poker!**

---

**Anita B. I wouldn’t have space to tell you all about Nat Pendleton, for his career is rather varied and unusual; however, to begin with, his name is Nat Pendleton, really. And he was born in Davenport, Iowa, August 9, 1903. He attended Columbia University, and was captain of a wrestling team there. He aspired to be the world’s champion wrestler—but that ambition was frustrated when he appeared in several Broadway shows and finally became a film player. His fluent knowledge of many languages, love of adventure, plus his 6 feet and 200 pounds, landed him in...**
Mexico as a member of the Mexican Secret Police hunting bandits! Incongruous as it sounds, his favorite food is pineapple and cream cheese salad; his pet occupation, being a film comedian; and his diversions, chess and crap-shooting.

George K. Nov. 20, 1921, is the date of the birth of George Ernest, in Pittsfield, Mass. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles. His education was begun in kindergarten, and followed by private tutoring. He has light brown hair and gray eyes.

Dorothy I. L. No, Bruce Cabot is not his real name. It is Jacques de Bujac. He was born in New Mexico, attended the University of New Mexico, and continued his studies at the University of Tours, France. He appeared in both "The Great Jasper" and "Ann Vickers."

Hilda F. Why don't you write to Warner Bros studio, Burbank, California, for a picture of Dick Powell? Dick's next will be "The Singing Marine."

A Rabid Rag Russell Rooter. Thanks for the congratulations! Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Conn. Her father is a lawyer. Rosalind attracted attention through her stage work, and made her début in pictures in "Evelyn Prentice," under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner. She has recently been assigned to play opposite Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall."

Margaret C. The composer-arranger of the musical score of "Charge of the Light Brigade" is Max Steiner.

E.M.B. So you like Ray Milland? Will you like him just as well when you tell me he is married? He is a little over 6 feet, weighs 170, has gray eyes and dark hair. He appeared in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," a Paramount picture and that company has big plans for him.

Genevieve E. Yes, Jimmie Ellison did play in "The Plainsman," and he also had a featured role in "Hopalong Cassidy," and "Hitch-Hike Lady." His name is James Ellison Smith, and he was born at Vallet, Montana, on May 4th. He isn't married, is 6 feet, 3 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes; he lives in Hollywood, and will soon be seen in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave."

It's the 10-second Germ Killer, even diluted with ½ water

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Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

- How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack...to infect sensitive throat membranes!

Kill the germs

The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. For it's the 10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

Get over colds twice as fast

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Results were so clear cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic"—one of the most economical you can buy. For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with ½ water. Thus Pepsodent lasts 3 times as long as other leading mouth antiseptics, and makes your dollar go 3 times as far.

Guard this INHALING ZONE with PEPSODENT
the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

Screenland 19
When You Suffer with Headaches. Colds or Acid Indigestion?

You SHOULD Take Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant tasting solution. Drink it and it does TWO very important things for you. First, it relieves the pain and discomfort in just a few minutes. Second, it helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. Be wise—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

At All Drug Stores... 30¢ and 60¢ Pkgs.

Slightly Higher in Canada

Listen to the Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance every Saturday Night, NBC Network.

Unretouched Close-ups

Realist—or do we mean surrealist?—impressions of reel people. Read 'em and smile!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Merle Oberon
Baby Thais; champagne cup on the Sahara.

James Stewart
Tom Sawyer at college; stout fella.

Francis Lederer
Faun in cutaway; cupid's advocate.

Eleanor Powell
Wallflower who learned to dance.

Hepburn
Race horse left at post; election promise.

Charles Boyer
Continental beau; virtuoso of sex.

Mae West
Overstuffed idol with feet of clay.

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse — — 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant liveness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 3 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen which comes from the hair's innermost layers. Developed by hair experts, New Blondex costs just a few pennies to use and it's absolutely safe. Contains no harsh ingredients or roughing agents. Get Blondex TODAY. No permanent, permanent images. Get Blondex TODAY. New BLONDEX, THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE, now also in a new 10c size—at all stores.
STOP GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY, BOB—A RUN'S NO JOKE TO ME!

The Lux Way to Cut Down Runs

1. Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration.
2. Turn stockings inside out—squeezing lukewarm Lux suds through them.
3. Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring. Then shape and dry—but not near heat.
4. Don’t risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start.
5. Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.

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Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration. Turn stockings inside out—squeezing lukewarm Lux suds through them. Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring. Then shape and dry—but not near heat. Don’t risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start. Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.
LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...in the tenderest romance of our time!

This was heaven— to make one man her life... her love... her world!

SIMONE SIMON...
emerging as the screen’s greatest star... in the role she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART
in
'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with

JEAN HERSHOLT • GREGORY RATOFF • Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg • John Qualen
Victor Kilian • Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann • Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" • produced and directed by John Golden • written by Austin Strong

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production
DEAR Fred MacMurray:

Friendly warning!

Your road in Hollywood has so far been smooth, bump-free, straight, and fast. But now there are detours ahead; and because they're keeping you so busy out there turning out picture after picture, you may have missed them; therefore I'm pointing them out to you herewith. Oh, don't mention it.

First of all, though it may sound funny to you, your best friend, Paramount Pictures, is also one of your little menaces. Here's the company that discovered you, coached you, gave you your first break, and has kept right on boosting you ever since, until now you are one of the potentially most important men in pictures. You've shown your gratitude by your serious attitude toward your job, your unceasing efforts to improve, your willingness to take on more hard work all the time. Far from biting the hand that feeds you, Fred, you're letting it smack you down—in a nice way of course.

Here's the story as I see it. You're the best example of the clean-cut young upstanding American type to come to Hollywood in a long, long time. That's why the world likes you. You're regular; down-to-earth; every-day—only better-looking. So when you married the girl of your choice, everybody cheered. I don't think it retarded your progress at all—your girl and women fans admired your taste, kept on crowding to see your pictures. A good story there, on all your marriage has meant to you, now that the flurry of the first news and views has died down, and you've had a chance to work out a recipe for how to be happy though married in Hollywood. A beautiful, intelligent wife to furnish extra-special pictorial art to go with the story. It had pizazz. So you gave us the interview, and a good one. It was all set—when your company, Paramount, suddenly went all adither in the best Zasu Pitts manner and decided, but definitely, that its precious MacMurray must NOT talk about his marriage; that as far as publicity was concerned he might just as well not be married at all; and any other kind of interview would do, but the subject of marriage for Mr. MacMurray was out. Well, no; they couldn't exactly deny that Fred was married; there was a little item and a news picture that leaked out here and there in about one million magazines and newspapers; but suddenly impersonating an ostrich dear old Paramount Pictures, of which I've always been very fond, hid its head in the sands of time and brooded upon Valentino, Bing Crosby's twins, and only Aunt Betsy knows what else. The upshot of the whole thing, Fred, is an edict that you are not to give out any interviews about your marriage. And you, being one of the better-mannered, more tractable stars, obeyed.

And now we come to the hard part. Usually, I'm taking stars to task for ingratitude, snootiness, and general hell-raising. This time, I'm counseling you to be bad for your own good, defy Papa Paramount, and don't soft-pedal your marriage. The public, of which I am one and proud of it, is smart enough to know that the Fred MacMurrays of this world, not being footloose and Latin, are snapped up by the charming Mrs. MacMurrays; and polygamous publicity hopes are unworthy of a decent, hard-working star like you. You were swell enough not to let Hollywood change you in the first place. Don't let it get you now.

Delight Evans
Of course, it's an unusual situation. For that matter, there has never been one like it. For here are not only the two most popular actors in the world, Clark Gable, long-reigning favorite, and Robert Taylor, new idol of the screen, but they are stars of the same motion picture company and both working on the same lot.

Ticklish is no word for it! With this delicate state of affairs people are thinking, even saying, they must be deadly rivals. Everything considered, this is natural enough to suppose. In fact, it isn't hard to believe. Small wonder, then, that Hollywood wiseacres go about shaking their heads and muttering darkly. They fondly hope for the worst. Nothing, in their cherished opinion, could possibly be worse unless it were two actresses put on the same spot. Then, oh joy! hair would be pulled and eyes scratched out. But if ladies are never gentlemen, as some sage has shrewdly observed, actors always are—anyway, appear to be.

As for appearances, it would be difficult—does someone protest impossible?—to improve upon Mr. Gable and Bill Powell has been here for only the last year and a half. Then Spencer Tracy joined the gang. Now, with Taylor, there are five of us. And as for Bob all I can say, and say it from the heart, is welcome to our Culver City.
Read the real truth! Clark and Bob want you to get it straight, so they speak up

By

Charles Darnton

lunch together, and I get a big kick out of it. My being a leading man hasn't made any difference. I couldn't be a rival of his even if I were chump enough to have any such foolish idea.'

Mr. Gable: "I never look on anyone playing with me, or for the same producing company, as a rival. No good actor is a rival, he's an asset. Everyone has his own individual way of doing things, and I never felt I had something that no one else had."

Mr. Taylor: "No one, least of all myself, could be a rival of Gable, any more than anyone might have been of Valentino. Clark is in a class by himself. He can't be likened to any other actor, no more than two fingerprints can be alike."

So that's cleared up! But you are now befogged by something else—two high-powered stars speaking of themselves as leading men. What is this, undue modesty?

"That's the way I figure myself," explains Mr. Gable. "When I came into pictures I hadn't the faintest notion of ever becoming a star. Such a possibility never entered my head. Far from it, I didn't think I could even be a leading man, for at that time leading men were different from those of today. I wasn't a pretty boy. And, anyway, they didn't think much of stage actors then. They'd rather have a good-looking doorman or a truck-driver. My looks, romantically, weren't worth a nickel. I'd never have got my foot in at all if it hadn't been for gangster pictures. All that saved me was that I could look tough."

"I certainly don't consider myself a star," declares Mr. Taylor, "I'm more than satisfied with the way things are going. That's all right with me, good enough and a whole lot better than I ever expected. I suppose it's only natural for some guys to dream of being another Gable, but I'm not funny that way. And, when you stop to figure 'em out, the odds are all against this starring thing. All you have to do is consider the fact that there aren't many stars compared with all the people who try to get to the top, I'm content to be right where I am. Anyway, I literally can't be a star unless I'm billed as 'Robert Taylor in Something-or-Other.' Not that I want to be. It's a mystery to me how I ever got this far. I put it all down to luck."

You may put it down to something more. But with Robert Taylor it's all in the lap of the gods—and maybe a few goddesses.

"I was lucky to get anywhere," Mr. Gable is grateful to say. "It's all in the luck of the game. But popularity in pictures is very temporary. It may be for this year, then it's gone forever. You're up today and down tomorrow. There's no use trying to keep it up. You just have to struggle along and make the best of it. But the trouble today is that the average beginner wants to start as a star and work down. He needn't worry about the working-down part—there's sure to be plenty of people to help him. What has helped me most of all is experience. I've had seventeen years of it. Best of all was that I got in theatrical stock companies. It's unfortunate we haven't them today, for there's no other place where an actor gets such valuable training. It's like an intern in learning to be a doctor. Bob Taylor is fortunate for having studied in the studio dramatic class. He came out of it knowing something about the work he was going to do. I only hope there'll be more like him. We haven't enough young actors to fill the bill. It is because of the lack of them that there are so many foreign actors in American pictures. Not that I object to them generally. But I don't think it a good idea to have foreigners play American characters, for no matter how good they are they can't be convincing. It takes actors like Taylor to play those parts. When I (Please turn to page 92)
Hollywood's Riddle Woman

Luise Rainer, in this startling, yet sensitive life portrait, reveals her conflict of ideas and emotions

By Charles Lancaster

Has marriage solved her life problem for Luise Rainer? Has it brought her the happiness she dearly yearned for? Has it saved her from the loneliness she felt as a stranger in a strange land?

These are the questions Hollywood is asking, perplexed as it is by the disturbing reports following the surprise wedding of the Viennese film star and the New York playwright, Clifford Odets.

For scarcely had news of it got into print than Hollywood was amazed to hear the bride was living at her home while the bridegroom remained at his hotel. No sooner did close friends explain this to be only partly true, because of work on a scenario which had to be rushed out by the writer, than further astonishment was caused by the fact that the actress had taken train to New York. Again those supposedly in the know were ready to account for this flight by declaring business had necessitated the trip. Yet none other than the benefit himself then was credited with the statement that his bride was so delighted with the reception given her performance in "The Good Earth" that she had gone to the metropolis to celebrate her triumph by seeing Broadway plays.

Naturally, these confus-

(Please turn to page 82)
What Marriage Means to Dick Powell

It is quite clear from reading Kathleen Norris and looking at my friends’ lives that marriage means something. (I don’t know what because I am one of those who live alone, though it doesn’t necessarily follow that I like it.) Funny, isn’t it, how it changes people. Sort of brings out an inward glow of happiness and contentment. There’s Dick Powell, for example. Gay, debonair Dick, who used to be the most romantic young bachelor in Hollywood, with dozens of beautiful blondes, brunettes, and henna-rinses calling him on the phone morning, noon, and night. I remember talking to him at a Valentine party over a year ago. There were six dames there stark mad for Dick Powell, until one passed out and then there were five.

“Lucky Dick,” I said. “Healthy, wealthy, and wise. Foot-loose and fancy free. You ought to be the happiest man in this little old world.”

“I’m the unhappiest,” said Dick. “I want a home, a real home, not a show case, a wife, and children.”

“Salami at sunrise,” I said, not believing a single word. But Dick married Joan Blondell, the girl of his choice, the very first moment he could, and now he has a home that is a real home, a wife, and Normie. And honey, he simply radiates happiness. I’ve never seen anything like it. Simply bursting with curiosity I dashed over to the Powell homestead in Beverly Hills to ask Dick what marriage means to him.

“What marriage means to me?” said Dick deftly applying his make-up in his dressing-room. “You don’t mind if I go ahead with this, do you? I’m awfully late. Joan forgot to tell me I had a studio call until a few minutes ago. She’s a clever little woman, my wife, but

By Elizabeth Wilson
she just can’t remember phone messages. Where were we—what the heck is this in my make-up?” It turned out to be a rather sad replica of Donald Duck and some slightly used chewing gum. I called bow—tidy Dick was in his bachelor days, and prepared for an explosion. But none was forthcoming. “Normie,” said Dick, and beamed benignly on the slightly used chewing gum.

“What marriage means to me? Oh yes, what marriage means to me. Well, I’ll tell you—” But he didn’t. For young Normie toddled in just that moment to wake up Donald Duck who had spent the night so comfortably in Dick’s make-up box. Upon seeing Dick, Normie immediately demanded with the seriousness of three going on four, “Daddy Dick, sing Sanks a Million for Normie.” “No, No, Normie,” said Daddy Dick, “not now. Daddy Dick has to rush to the studio and make pictures. Tonight I’ll sing.” Normie’s little lips began to form perfect Simone Simon. “Thanks a million,” sang Dick. Normie joined in the chorus, rescued Donald Duck, and went on his way with Daddy Dick’s favorite brush, Brandy, (the Asta of the Powell menage), was evidently due for another brushing. And then I think how fussy Dick used to be about his toilet articles in Tohua Lake!

“Cute little fellow, isn’t he?” said Dick with fatherly pride. “And smart as he can be. Did Joan tell you what he did in Sunday School the other day? All the other little children were singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, when suddenly above all those voices could be heard Normie singing away, Sanks a Million. I believe he thinks that song was written especially for him. I have to sing it to him every night before he goes to sleep.”

“What marriage means to Dick Powell,” I said.

“Oh, yes,” said Dick, “What marriage means to me, Well, let’s see now. What shall I say? Marriage is—”

“Why, Dick, haven’t you left for the studio yet?” It was Mrs. Powell, née Joan Blondell, making an entrance and looking simply devastating in something costly from Schiaparelli.

“No, my bride,” said Dick, with the love light in his eyes. “Remember—you told me ten minutes ago.”

“Yes, dear. And the man at Twentieth said that you were to rush.”

“Twentieth?” exclaimed Dick. “Darling, you told me that it was Warner Brothers who called. Think now, darling, think hard. Was it Twentieth Century who wants your husband today, or was it Warner Brothers? It does make a difference, you know.”

“Well,” said Joan thinking hard, “it may have been Warner Brothers at that. No, it must have been Twentieth Century, because I recall thinking to myself at the time, re-takes on the love scenes, no doubt. Now, don’t get the wrong idea,” she said turning to me, “I’m not jealous. I wouldn’t be a snoopy, jealous movie wife for anything in the world, but do you know that they have re-taken Dick’s love scenes in ‘On the Avenue’ three times already? Really, now!” Not jealous, but just observing, that’s Joan.

Dick was very busy extracting a garnet bracelet and several keys from his handkerchief drawer. Dick, who used to be so orderly it was painful. “My wife,” he said, “is a charming creature, and she has a very lovely jewel case. But for some strange reason which I have not been able to fathom she much prefers to hide her trinkets in my dresser drawers. Your garnet bracelet, my love, and would you mind telling the nice lady here the little story about the mysterious disappearance of the garnet bracelet while I slip into some clothes?”

“Oh, that,” said Mrs. Powell with a delicious gurgle. “Well, you see Dick gave me the garnet bracelet for Christmas, and a mink coat—”

“What marriage means to Dick Powell,” I said to myself.

“And I didn’t think the catch was very strong so I had it sent back to the jeweler’s. Then I had the flu and while I was in bed one day, trying to decide whether I would live or die and what of it, the maid brought me a box from the jeweler’s—which I opened, tried the catch, it seemed all right, so I put the bracelet down on the table beside the bed. Two days later I remembered it, went to look for it where I had left it on the table, and it wasn’t there. I was frantic. I looked through all of Dick’s dresser drawers and still I couldn’t find it. I began to suspect my maid—but no, I couldn’t do that—not the servants—but I would have to call the police at once. In the midst of my hysterics the maid came (Please turn to page 76).
How Has He Done It?

Warner Baxter is the prize exception to Hollywood’s fickleness in bestowing honors. Here’s the real answer to a question you’ve often asked

By William H. McKegg

How has he done it? You ask this question as you regard the Hollywood career of Warner Baxter, for more changes occur in the movie capital in ten years than anywhere else in a century.

The Hollywood stage is constantly changed. Each change clears the stage. Players come and go. Shakespeare is right. They strut their hour or two and then are heard no more.

Warner Baxter is the prize exception. He disregards the few hours of fame allotted to actors by the Bard. Changes come and other stars go, but Baxter goes on.

The people like him. He’s a fine actor and interesting to see.

“I like him because he always seems like a human being,” a delightful lady informed me not so long ago. I asked her what she meant. “Well,” she added, “the majority are actors. You are conscious of this while you watch them. Warner Baxter convinces you by what he does because he never suggests the actor.”

There might be something to this. In fact, it might be the secret of Warner’s long popularity. Other players should try it some time if they believe their last strut is imminent.

However, I’ve known Warner long enough to form a very definite conclusion of my own. And you know me—with secret knowledge in my possession, I yearn to let the uninformed get in on the ground floor.

I’ve seen Warner face the Latin peril and come through unscathed. I’ve watched him surrounded by the juvenile jubilee and keep right on going. I’ve noted his position with the coming of talkies and regarded his rising to full stardom.

Yes, how has he done it? I ask it. The fans ask it. And many other players crave to know, biting their nails, hoping to remain on the screen as long as Warner.

“I could never have done a thing unless I first had visualized it, then planned it,” Warner remarked to me one afternoon. “After a particular goal had been attained, I started out for something new. For I’ve always understood one truth: that everything keeps moving. Everything in life is constant change.”

Leaning against the low wall on one of the terraces of his place, we looked down on a rustic waterfall, as it surged forth over furred rocks in its seemingly eternal play of water.

I was with Warner at his Bel Air home. It is of English architecture, set firm and square on a hill top, its grounds declining in rock levels. The well-fixed bricks of the house give the whole place a look of solidarity, a place impregnable against all storms—if (Please turn to page 70)
Hollywood Holiday

By Thyra Samter Winslow

II

"IT ALWAYS seems like a holiday in Hollywood," Marsha Drew said, and knew she was repeating something she had said to Eleanor Morton, her roommate, not so many days before. But this time she was saying it to Keith Knowles, as she was driving out Sunset Boulevard with him.

This was a holiday! Though even as she tried to explain what she meant about the holiday atmosphere, the never-quite-real, just-on-the-edge-of-fantasy atmosphere of Hollywood, she had to try to convince herself that what was happening was real.

Just on the face of it it wasn't real. Couldn't be real! How could she, Marsha Drew, script girl on the Super Films lot, be going to dinner with Keith Knowles, one of the biggest stars in the world? That was too fantastic even for the dream-like quality of Hollywood!

Keith drove his own car. And drove it very well, too. Marsha liked the way his hands grasped the wheel. The boys she went with, in their rather disreputable cars, seemed to hold on to the wheel firmly, with both hands. Keith sort of held his left hand high at the top of the wheel and only half held the wheel, toward the bottom with his right hand. His hands were firm and brown, his fingers long, his nails a little too well cared for. The kind of hand Marsha loved. She did so hate men with fat, pulpy white hands or little brown hands with too much hair on them. She watched Keith's face as he drove. But she didn't have to convince herself about his face. You don't get famous all over the world because of your good looks unless you've got something. Marsha, watching Keith now, was convinced that he had everything. His skin was a little too pale from too much work indoors, day times, and too many long hours indoors, at night, but that was the only complaint you could possibly make about him. His nose was aquiline, but not the least bit hawk-like. His eyes were dark. His mouth almost too well curved for a man. His lean cheek, as Marsha looked at it, made her want to take one finger and touch the line of it. She couldn't help but compare him with Lou Page—who was pretty nearly her boy friend. Lou's face was a little too fat, his light hair a little too thin, his eyes light and expressionless. Well, tonight, anyhow, she was with Keith Knowles—didn't have to think of anyone else.

They were at the Trocadero, that amazingly innocent looking one-story white house, around which centers so much of Hollywood's night life. Keith drove up with a sort of casual flourish and half a dozen waiting boys came up to seize the car. One drove it to the parking space. The others scraped and bowed. They all knew Keith Knowles. Marsha hoped she looked well enough so that he wasn't ashamed of her.

They went into the glittering lobby, while Keith checked his hat. Then into the amazing room which made Marsha hold her breath just a little. She'd never been to "the Troc" before. The entire back of the room was of panelled glass and the city stretched out below, a Christmas tree of glittering lights. An orchestra was playing, and, although all of the tables seemed occupied, the dance floor was already crowded.

The head waiter bowed to Keith, found him an excellent ring-side table. It didn't occur to
The most romantic serial of the year! Don’t miss the exciting adventures-in-love of a girl who kept her head, though not her heart, in Hollywood

Please Turn to Page 93 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

She liked the way he danced. Of course, he was much taller than she was and he held her firmly. She was so glad she was a pretty good dancer for he did a lot of difficult steps, though he danced so easily that you didn’t realize they were tricky.

It seemed to Marsha that everyone was watching them. A lot of people spoke to Keith. Some casually. Some, with apparently great affection. Others waiting eagerly for a word or a look of recognition. She heard whispers, “That is Keith Knowles, the star,” “Isn’t he grand looking?” “No, I don’t know the girl he’s dancing with.”

It was all perfect. Just then, anyhow. Through dinner. Through half an hour more of dancing, Keith had a lot of drinks—but then Marsha rather expected men to drink. The men she went with drank—when they had money to buy drinks. And men in stories were always drinking.

Then Keith wandered away. Marsha didn’t mind sitting by herself for a minute or two—but when the minutes lengthened into a quarter of an hour Marsha began to feel vastly uncomfortable. At first she thought of Keith—and with a lovely warmth of feeling. All the little things he had said. They had laughed together over nothing at all. He had told her gay little jokes. They had found a dozen things in common—books they both liked, pictures they had seen, even similar emotions.

But you can’t sit and moon over a man you’ve just met when the busy life of “the Troc” is going on about you. So Marsha looked at the crowd. Motion picture people were no longer a mysterious delight to her. She had seen most of these very people around the studio—knew little things about them. There was the lovely Joan Bennett, looking eighteen, with her writer husband, Gene Markey; Eddie Robinson, who looked a bit like a racketeer, even off the screen, and who was really a gentle and thoughtful philosopher—and who collected rare paintings instead of shot guns; Bette Davis, who scarcely ever went to night clubs, looking lovelier than on the screen, with her musician husband, Harmon Nelson; the brilliant young Englishman, Roland Leigh, with the Cole Porters, Lawrence Riley, making a “Personal Appearance” with someone Marsha felt must be a visiting celebrity, a hundred others.

But even watching famous people wasn’t enough. Young girls in brilliant (Please turn to page 93)

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

Just as Marsha was feeling completely miserable alone at a table at the “Troc,” Keith came back, gaily, nonchalantly, without even a murmur of apology. And he brought back some curious people.

Marsha to wonder—she was so busy wondering about other things—why the table was much larger than two people could possibly need.

Keith ordered drinks. And then they danced. And Marsha found out one thing about Keith—just as he hadn’t asked her if she wanted to go to the Trocadero, now he really didn’t ask her to dance. His “shall we dance?” was far more of a command. For Keith was spoiled. He did what he wanted to do at exactly the minute he wanted to do it. And so far, that pleased Marsha a great deal. For she wanted to do exactly what he wanted.
In Defense of Snooty Stars

AND now I have some awful facts for you to face. I always say that there is nothing so depressing as a real honest-to-goodness fact. But in every life some facts must fall, some days must be cold and dark and dreary. Pass the aspirin, ducky.

As you well know Hollywood is the center of the movie industry, it's the cinema capital of the world. It's only twenty-five square miles in area and doesn't stack up with any other capitals by a long shot—why, you could easily lose it in the sewers of Paris, the Vatican in Rome, and under the Supreme Court's bench in Washington. But in this twenty-five square miles, bounded on the North by the Hollywood Hills, on the South by a couple of oil wells, on the East by the Hays office, and on the West by the Trocadero and Connie Bennett's part of the Strip, (no connection with Gypsy Rose Lee), in this petite twenty-five miles, what do we find? Termites. Of course, but that's beside the point. We find five hundred members of the Press. Five hundred people who can read and write and spell, simple words, of course, and who know what a shift-lock is. In summer there are about a hundred and fifty more, known as the Visiting Press. These members of the Press have to send pages and pages of copy every day to newspapers and magazines all over the world. No copy, no eat. So what? So we send copy, you bet.

Also in this enchanted area of twenty-five miles are six thousand actors—which juicy figure includes stars, featured players, and bit players. Not to mention sixteen thousand extras. Now you would think, wouldn't you, that with six thousand actors and sixteen thousand extras, we five hundred members of the Press who can spell would find plenty of copy to send to those slave-driving Simon Legrees whom we laughingly refer to as our editors. Oh, no. Oh, no! It isn't as easy as all that. Of the six thousand actors, (and I'm awfully sorry but I am going to have to drop the sixteen thousand 'extras,' not that I am a snob, but simply because all these figures are making me dizzy)—I repeat, of the six thousand actors there are only twenty-eight of them who are considered "copy." Isn't it perfectly appalling! But it's the gospel truth. I just didn't pick the number twenty-eight out of thin air. People in studios who go in for figures seriously have been drawing graphs and charts and things lately, and they presented me with this distressing fact, which
I have now passed on to you. Briefly, and right to the
point, it amounts to this: Ninety percent of the copy that
goes out of Hollywood every day is written about twenty-
eight players.

Now twenty-eight players, no matter how versatile,
can't do enough things every day to provide copy for five
hundred hungry writers, and all the air gossips be-
sides. It just isn't possible. So what happens? So writers
go mad, imaginations run riot—and snooty stars are
thrown to the lions. Sylvia Sidney says "Scram" to a
photographer, and suddenly it becomes the most im-
portant thing in the world, and hundreds of stories and
gossip items are written about it before the sun sets. No
one of course thought to ask Sylvia Sidney why she said
"Scram" to the photographer. She might have a very
legitimate reason—but it would spoil the story, and
heaven only knows it's hard enough to get stories without
having them spoiled. Just let a temperamental, neurotic
star happen along who refuses to bow and scrape and
show her molars graciously when she comes in contact
with her public and the five hundred members of the
Press simply go to town. She's snooty, she doesn't co-
operate, she spurns her fans. Airs, eh? We'll show her!
Rat-a-tat-tat across the keyboard. It's only human nature,
I suppose, but it's so much more fun writing things
about the snooty stars than it is about the "give" girls.
Hepburn continues to get ten times more space than Fay
Wray. Which gives you an idea how the system works.

Now I'm not blaming the Five Hundred, (who, me?
I'm one of the best little offenders in the business); for
after all we've got to keep our jobs—it's not our fault
that there are only twenty-eight actors in Hollywood who
are good copy; it's not our fault there's not enough news
to go around, we didn't start the star system; we just
work here, don't mind us.

But for some reason or other, perhaps it's softening
of the brain or hardening of the arteries, I should like
to defend for a change those poor little victims of Supply
and Demand, the Snooty Stars of Hollywood. And ex-
plain to you, if possible, how they got that way. Snooty
stars vary from year to year. Janet Gaynor, who
used to be a Snooty Star, is now a Give Girl.
Carole Lombard, who used to give all for press, for public, and for
dear old Paramount, is now a Snooty Star. The
Snooty Stars of today, according to the Five
Hundred more or less,
are Katharine Hepburn,
Luise Rainer, Greta
Garbo, Miriam Hopkins,
Sylvia Sidney, Carole
Lombard and, you
guessed it, Simone
Simon.

Luise Rainer does
(Please turn to page 96)
Bravest Bride

Ann Sothern is the lovely heroine of Hollywood’s most gallant real-life romance

By Ben Maddox

If you’re inclined to believe that actresses are deliberate about romance, read the inspiring story of Ann’s marriage and change your mind! Top right, the blonde beauty, close-up. Next, with her husband, Roger Pryor, at their wedding. Above, a screen love scene with Don Ameche. Right, Hollywood’s bravest bride at home.

Sould a smart girl forget all the modern warnings and be outrageously, recklessly romantic? Can she afford this?

The one person I know who can answer, who can talk because she herself has dared to experiment, is Ann Sothern. Today she still is in the midst of her courageous personal try.

“They say you are a fool to be romantic and I say I am not being silly!” she vows, gray eyes flashing, “Yes, and I’m sentimental besides, and I think it’s grand to be this way!”

She has no qualms even though things have turned out as they have. Six months ago Ann impetuously married Roger Pryor. They climaxed the gala commotion caused by their sudden wedding by boarding a fancily decorated airplane and flying from Hollywood to Chicago. Then she had to return to California and he has had to stay there!

You haven’t heard what’s happened since, of how their bridal plane had a forced landing and how Ann, with her orchids and mink and maid, and Roger were stuck in a one-horse town. You haven’t heard of their spectacular arrival in Chicago and of their strange, hectic honeymoon. Nor of the lonely sequel. They were full of bright ideas about flying back and forth on alternate week-ends; so far their respective jobs have allowed but two visits.

Screenland presents the entire fascinating story because it is the tale of a remarkable girl, remarkable because she has made herself famous the hard way—although she has reached for the moon the most of it!

When you first meet Ann Sothern you presume she is all bubbling glamor; her hair is a gorgeous blonde, her make-up is exotic, and her voice trills. But that is the surface personality. That is Ann, the movie star.

The girl I discovered behind this theatrical front isn’t exotic or frivolous. She is, instead, a college girl who has deliberately made the most of herself. Like Frances Farmer, she hails from the University of Washington. But the gods of Hollywood didn’t shower luck on Ann; she’s had to climb slowly. She had to find the most flattering sort of make-up herself, diet so her figure would be enviable. When she was told she wasn’t star material she had to buck that discouraging verdict.

“There is nothing definite as to when Roger and I can be together again,” Ann admits today. “I’ve been attempting to get away on a (Please turn to page 72)
Irene goes gaily wild again in "High, Wide, and Handsome"
Menace or Romance?
ROMANCE! And now, on this page, consider the gentlemen who apparently have everything their own way in their gelatine roles. They never fail to Get The Girl. They invariably recover the jewels, worst the villain, win the battle, and end in the time-honored clinch. But sometimes we wonder—do they get as much fun as the Menace Men? Well, Robert Donat, at left, always seems a little pained by it all, but perhaps he cheers up in "Knight without Armour," opposite Dietrich. Ian Hunter, below, is the lucky man who’s always marrying Kay Francis, for the films. Lower left, Bing Crosby, who can always croon. And Ray Milland, who gets a good grin out of it, anyway!

SCREENLAND’s showcase of important lads of the cinema, to satisfy you whether you prefer to hiss the he-men or applaud the heroes, or even vice versa!
Knee Action!

Knee action that serves the ends of glamour, appealingly evident in the picture of Carole Lombard, right, in "Swing High, Swing Low." Upper left, Evelyn Terry, 18-year-old beauty, and Wayne Morris, above, screen newcomers, use knee action in the athletic sense.

Allan Jones, whose latest film is "A Day at the Races," spends a day at the beach. Above, Tyrone Power likes the knee action of the gray he's riding for the exercise and fun of it.
Notice how it steps up the power of eye-appeal, and adds sparkle and tempo to Hollywood's outdoor life.

Just the right knee action gives a flair of chic to the stylish gown Eleanore Whitney is wearing in this pose above. Next right, a gal must watch her step for grace of motion when wearing a hula skirt like this. Far right, Olivia de Havilland, in a tricky demonstration of knees at their best as she sways from left to right. Below, perfect knee control enables Jean Harlow to put her best foot forward for Robert Taylor in "Personal Property." Lower right, Anita Louise does a graceful twirl in a merry moment.
False Faces
Artful pretending to make you believe they’re somebody else, is a game the screen stars know how to play to perfection. Here are some of your favorites doing their tricks of incognito.

Exposing a bit of magical masquerade, The Indian who hops like a frog, across page at upper left, is William Frawley. Below him, you’ll recognize Paul Muni in his newest false face for “The Woman I Love.” And from left to right across bottom are Cesar Romero, bewhiskered and turbanned for “Wee Willie Winkie;” Claude Rains summons up a portrait of the past, the Earl of Hertford, in “The Prince and the Pauper;” Vivienne Osborne, believe it or not, as a “mysterious stranger” in “Danger, Men Working;” and, the most celebrated false face of 'em all, Warner Oland as Charlie Chan. Center, left, Reginald Owen gets a false face to play in “Dangerous Number,” and the “beard sculptor” who does the trick looks enough like Bob Taylor to rate a screen test himself. Next, Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat don’t use much make-up on their faces in “Knight Without Armour,” but have a look at those hats! Above, the false face familiar to every household—Robert Kent all a-lather.
Behold the newcomers! How many will shoot to fame and flourish in the sometimes kind, often cruel Hollywood climate?

Ben Bernie, top, the Old Maestro himself, shown with all the lasses rather than the lads in "Wake Up and Live," may rival his own radio fame in films. Della Lind, above, is M-G-M's transplanted flower from Europe. And speaking of Continental cuties, consider Luli Deste from Vienna, top right; and Tilly Losch, at right, the "Good Earth" gal. As for home-grown products, we offer Robert Dalton, left, who has that Taylorish look; William Hall, lower left; Orie Heyward, ex-model, below; and Kenny Baker from radio.
An ex-flyer now taking a flyer in films is John Trent, in circle at left. He's soaring. Lynne Carver, below, blossoms in "May-time." Marla Shelton, right, is the brunette menace to Jean Harlow in "Personal Property," with Robert Taylor. Joan Fontaine, left below, has a flower-like face and grace and Olivia de Havilland for a sister. Dean Jagger, lower left, has a wholesome, manly grin. Sophie Tucker, below, center, the streamline "red-hot mama" of stage and night-clubs, has a second blooming in the next "Broadway Melody," with Powell and Taylor. In circle below, Gloria Dickson, who debuts in "The Deep South." Lower right, the statuesque Marcia Ralston in "Call It A Day." What say!
Pleasant Homes—
Practically Without Chi-Chi!

Grandeur marks many, but not all of the homes of Hollywood. See these

You've looked at countless pictures of cinemaland costly show-places. Now turn your attention to the unpretentious houses, where life is cheerful in the beauty of simple surroundings, and swank is a stranger who may never enter. Below, Brian Donlevy relaxing in his comfortable rumpus room. Left, Misel Auer and his wife in the very livable living-room of their home. Lower left, Reginald Owen, by his own homey hearth. Lower center, Jane Darwell in her hospitable dining-room. Upper left, Mrs. Asta likes a simple house—nothing doggy, you know. And Mr. "After The Thin Man" Asta, across to upper right, is equally contented in canine comfort.
One of the pleasantest homes in the screen colony is that of the Ray Millands, pictured in the three views above. At top left, the exterior, with Ray to greet guests at the door. Left center, the living-room, with its tiled fireplace and tasteful furnishings. Above, the bedroom, with its good mahogany furniture with simple lines, its candlewick bedspread, and window hangings designed to permit the maximum of California sunshine. At left, a charming home for a charming lady: Mary Boland is shown arranging flowers in her dainty, yet comfortable living-room. Miss Boland prefers pastel shades, so her carpet is a soft green, and the sofa and chairs covered in pastel brocade. Note the profusion of flowers--Mary's chief extravagance.
Famous Funny Fellows

The world’s their oyster—with pearls in it—because they know how to make us laugh.

Save your sighs for the handsome heroes; the Marx Brothers will take your guffaws. Above, the boys are at it again in “A Day At The Races.” Right, Jack Benny gets ready to give us more of his smooth, suave comedy in “Artists and Models.” Below, Bob Burns takes his fun tricks, and Martha Raye, with him on his trip in “Waikiki Wedding.” Lower center, Wallace Beery making his funny face to gag up “Slave Ship.”

Hugh Herbert, Hollywood’s Zany Number One, does a cane trick which you can follow from top to bottom at right, with a laugh at every stop. No sound track needed.
Rough, Tough, and "Regular"

The candid camera catches up with a good "gang" including Eddie Robinson and Bette Davis, in "Kid Galahad".

Hollywood gives Eddie a great send-off in his first picture since his return from abroad. "Kid Galahad" is a typical Robinson story, gusto, guns, gangs, and a superlative cast. At left below, Eddie rehearses with Humphrey Bogart. Below, Robinson ad-libs to Bogart: "I just dropped in for a crime, do you mind?"
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Tom Brown and Mary Maguire in "That Man's Here Again"
Since Marlene Dietrich returned to Hollywood, Merle Oberon has become London’s Glamor Girl No. 1. She is to be seen lunching and dining in all the most exclusive restaurants, laughing and chatting at the smartest parties, and gracing every important premiere of screen or theatrical show, invariably beautifully gowned and attended by an admiring masculine escort—sometimes two or three! Merle certainly looks adorable in the dark shades she is favoring these days, deep wine-red and chocolate brown and unrelieved black, shiny satins and velvets that set off her fresh warm skin and gold-flecked chestnut hair so effectively. She had figure-fitting black lacquered satin and an upstanding halo hat when she went to a gay cocktail party. Having supper at the Ritz one night with Earl and Countess Poulett, Merle scintillated in low-backed cloak crepe exactly the same rich ruby as the old burgundy she was drinking.

And the tensest moment of the month occurred at a Park Lane hotel reception when Merle and Sally O’Neil arrived almost simultaneously wearing silver fox furs of identical style and design. Sally gave a horrified look at the other actress and hastily dropped her cape off into the hands of a flustered flunkey. Merle went rather pink but pretended nothing was wrong and made her usual spectacular entrance into the party room bestowing affectionate kisses upon her numerous friends.

Undoubtedly Merle has a remarkable gift for friendship. She makes friends easily and keeps them staunchly and loyally. I’d hate to have to pay her transatlantic telephone bill—she calls up somebody in Hollywood at least once a day. She told me that in three days alone, she had chatted across the ocean with Constance Bennett, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers, and Norma Shearer (twice). “There were things I wanted to tell them,” she laughed.

Merle has a definite formula for friendship. “I just like everybody I meet and I go on liking them until they give me a serious reason for disliking them. Not so many do.”

One thing is rather troubling her just now. After playing nice natural girls in her films for Goldwyn, Merle returns to her old exotic type in “I, Claudius” as the malicious Messalina for whom no evil was too appalling if it furthered her ends at the Court of Ancient Rome. Merle thinks that the wider public her new screen personality has won may resent seeing her portraying such a “soulless daughter of sin” as another character describes her. So she had a talk with Korda and a fresh opening for the film is being written so that Messalina is first shown as a radiant young girl, one of the vestal virgins at Diana’s Temple, whose trust is betrayed and humiliated so that she grows to hate the men who have made her the city’s laughing. (Please turn to page 80)
Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

UNQUESTIONABLY the "big" picture of the season is Frank Capra's long awaited, lavish picturization of James Hilton's novel. "Lost Horizon" on the screen is not the "Lost Horizon" you knew and loved between book covers. Where the difference occurs, whether in screen-translation or in direction, is the current question before all confirmed picture-goers right now. Ironically, it seems to me that the question of conflict presented in Hilton's book is precisely the complication that occurred in filming 'it. The old, old question, word it as you will: art or box-office? Write your own answer. Certainly Colman has never given a finer, more sensitive and sustained performance than as Robert Conway, chief victim of the most picturesque airplane "kidnapping" in current literature. Off to a thrilling start, "Lost Horizon" cracks up at Shangri-La, the fabulous lanasyery where, due to the stay enforced upon Conway and his companions by the High Lama, and due also, apparently, to uninspired scissorsing in the studio cutting-room, our epic becomes episodic, interest lags, excitement wanes, and the beautiful spiritual message of "Lost Horizon" somehow gets lost. Best in cast: H. B. Warner, Sam Jaffe, Edward Everett Horton, excellent.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—Warners

THIS is the picture I've been waiting for! Oh, I haven't been exactly brooding about it, but leaving previews with a baffled feeling I'd find myself remembering Ernst Lubitsch's marvelous old celluloid satires, and wondering why some smart director—such as Lubitsch—didn't make more. Mr. Lubitsch, apparently, has forgotten his formula; but smart young Mervyn LeRoy has thought up a new one of his own, complete with dialogue and a new Continental charmer; and the result, before you here, is more than satisfactory. It's delicious. You'll be enchanted and you'll be amused, and you'll welcome the new star, Fernand Gravet, with open arms—well, wide-open eyes, anyway. You see, the story is by Groucho Marx (and Norma Krasna, of course); and some of the situations are so funny I don't see why Mr. Marx hasn't saved them for his own pictures. The dialogue is gorgeously funny; and all the time there is that usually unattainable blend of humor and romance, but beautiful—particularly as enacted in just the right spirit by M. Gravet and Joan Blondell. The title tells the plot, but it won't be the plot you'll go to see; or stay to watch. It's the gayly and good will in this love story of an ex-King and an American chorus girl.

MARKED WOMAN—Warners

HIGH-POWERED shocker, notable as Bette Davis' return vehicle and as the latest in the Warner Bros. series of exposés of current front-page problems. Grim, that's what it is, without the slightest leaven of humanity or humor; but praiseworthy in its refusal to sugar-coat or charm. You'll be glad, I hope, as I am, that Bette Davis celebrates her comeback with a role as uncompromising in its reality as her memorable Mildred of "In Human Bondage." She's a "night-club hostess" by courtesy of Mr. Hays, who's the most intelligent of her group and who finally dares to fight the ruthless leader of this particular racket, because of her martyred younger sister. Miss Davis gives an unusually colorful performance, but I wish she'd curb her tendency to stylize her highly individual technique to its extreme. Most daring of all our actresses, Bette is more forceful than ever in "Marked Woman," and is still the star despite the competition in the cast of Mayo Methot and Isabel Jewell, who are splendid. Eduardo Cianelli, whom you'll recall from "Winterset," makes the most of the gruesome racketeer. Humphrey Bogart is the forceful attorney, while Jane Bryan, newcomer, registers appealingly as Bette's younger sister. Not for juniors.
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columbia

WELL, YOU'LL want to hear Grace Moore singing Minnie the Moocher— with gestures—if you don't see another exhibit of galloping gelatine this month! It's well worth more than the admission price, I assure you, to see this pet babie of the Met, and the mike swing it without losing even a little of her prima donna poise. Miss Moore is indeed the unconquerable diva, no matter how valiantly her scenarioist and director work to make her just-folks. However, I really enjoyed this latest Moore picture quite as much as One Night of Love, with the added inducement of Cary Grant, at his most picturesque since 'Sylvia Scarlett,' though very different. Cary plays the struggling young artist who marries the singer for convenience, and—oh, you bright children, you! Why aren't you all writing Grace Moore movies? Of course Love comes, and Grace and Cary welcome it; and there are more songs and smart sayings, and before you know it you're pleasantly hypnotized into a Grace Moore Fan, and waiting for her next picture, not exactly with bated breath, but pleasurable anticipation. I, for one, would be glad if Miss Moore would get really low-down and toss off a couple more arias, leaving the Minnies to the Mermans.

LOYE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox

FROTHIEST and most engaging comedy of the month, presenting a new screen love team in Tyrone Power and Loretta Young—who met, you’ll remember, in 'Ladies in Love,' but got off to a bad start, and I hope this isn't the finish. Mr. Zanuck, you've got something there. Because this team is not manufactured; it's a natural for youth, sex menace, and spontaneity. Why, even this gaggled-up newspaper yarn is made almost credible, and certainly absolutely charming, by Tyrone and Loretta—smart young reporter pursued by 'prettiest heiress' idea, with man-eating managing editor panting for scoop—oh, you know. But it's the way it's done—the way Tay Garnett has directed with such bouncing zest and unashamed gusto; the way Tyrone swaggers in his first really important modern part, but you don't mind the swagger; it's insouciant; it'll amuse you. The way Loretta ceases, once and for all, I hope, to be a wishful wisher and becomes a vivid, vital huntress with a mean sense of humor. A high spot for the audience, if a new low for lovely Loretta, is when Tyrone plops her into a mud-puddle, and not by mistake, either. Yes, it's that kind of a picture, you'll love it. Don Ameche is no longer courtly, but caustic, and a knockout.

QUALITY STREET—RKO-Radio

KATHARINE HEPBURN is the most contradictory star in films! Oh, so you know that. Well, you'll agree, then, I suppose, that she can be most brittle and annoying, of all the moderns in a twentieth-century role; and that she can, contrary-wise, completely submerge her startling, sharp personality in a 'quaint' Barrie characterization—and make you believe in her, or rather in her rôle. There's only one answer, as I see it: like her or not, the gal's an actress and a show-woman. She has never proved it so pointedly as in this perfectly delightful picturization of a beloved Barrie play, set in the 1800's in England, and telling the bitter-sweet story of a spirited girl whose disappointment in young love turns her into a sedate schoolteacher until—but Barrie, and Hepburn, can tell you the rest of it. Never has a period piece been more lovingly and carefully staged and directed, and the cast is one of the finest of this or any other month. Franchot Tone is quite in his element in the romantic trappings of his Victorian rôle; he is surely at his best in costume pictures. Eric Blore is present for authentic comedy; and Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood, distinguished stage veterans, add their very definite distinction. But it's Hepburn's picture.
HE was so very young and so very tight and so very beguiling. Even as he made his absurd but none the less persistent demands on the Metropole staff of waiters his wide grin came, boyish and ingratiating as if he had no idea of the nuisance he was making of himself. Or maybe he did. You really couldn't tell about these young Americans!

"I want a roasted eagle!" He was going on and on, and the waiter found his eyes searching desperately for Victor. There wasn't another café manager like Victor in the whole of Paris. He could handle even a tight young American and make him like it.

"A fine, strong eagle with a level head and a sense of responsibility—but roasted!" the young American was insisting, "And some stewed buttercups au gratin, and—"

"But the kitchen is closed, sir," the waiter said wearily. "It's very late, practically morning, if you will allow me to remind you. Every one else has left."

"I shan't move from this spot until—" The boy looked up and stopped. For Victor stood there, smiling and imperturbable, and the situation he couldn't handle had not been invented yet.

"Ah, my dear sir," Victor's voice came as smoothly as always. "Is something wrong?"

"Why can't I have a roast eagle?" the young man asked, and some of his belligerence went with Victor not showing by as much as a flicker of eyelash.

"But you can, sir." Victor as usual managed just the right degree of nonchalance. He turned sternly to the waiter. "One roast eagle for the gentleman, instantly!"

As the bewildered waiter looked on, Victor helped the American to his feet and somehow managed to do it as though the young man was helping him. It was things like this that made Victor's reputation.

"And now your car is ready, sir," he said smoothly, and the young man saw that he was standing in front of the check-room, and that Victor was helping him on with his coat.

"But my eagle—" he began.

"Naturally, I haven't forgotten it." Victor bowed as he produced his hat, with a flair that suggested possible rabbits being pulled out of it any minute. "But surely, sir, you haven't forgotten that an eagle must be hung for twenty-four hours before cooking? But how I envy you, tomorrow night at this time! I suggest, sir, that in addition to roast eagle we have, perhaps, a purée of thistle-
down and possibly, yes certainly, a salad of field flowers."

The young man wafted an ecstatic but unsteady kiss towards the morrow's dinner and extracted a bank note from his wallet. Even as he seemingly failed to give it the recognition of the merest glance Victor saw that it was a thousand franc note that he was putting in his pocket. A huge tip, but only a drop in the bucket as far as his needs were concerned. It would take many thousands of requests for eagles and unruly young millionaires who gave lavish tips like this to fill Victor's need of money.

The imperturbable mask that was assumed only for the patrons of the Café Metropole dropped as soon as the boy was ushered through the door. Instead came the scowl that must never be seen by cash customers, and all the suavity in Victor's voice gave way to a swift, almost querulous staccato.

"Waiter number four has a faint beard." He swung on the maître d'hôtel, "Shave him! The uniform of number five stinks of benzine. Clean it! And let us change the head of the income tax department from table four to thirty-four. We have trouble enough now with the income tax without putting him where he can watch our cash register. And oh yes, where can we get strawberries?"

"Nowhere!" The maître d'hôtel flung out his hands.

"They're out of season."

"We must find wild strawberries!" Victor said crisply.

"Joseph Ridgeway, the millionaire automobile man from Detroit, is partial to them, and his radiogram from the Normandie says his sister wants some of that special caviar and his daughter wants celebrities. We must have them all by Monday night when he has reserved a table here."

Victor's usually spry shoulders sagged a bit as he went into his office, and then involuntarily they straightened again as he found himself looking into a revolver held by the wizened little cashier of the Café Metropole.

"Stop, don't move an inch!" For a minute Maxl had thought he could put menace into his voice, but it came with his old-time quiver. So he didn't even try to be forceful as he went on: "I can't wait any longer. I'm going insane!"

"This sort of insanity usually leads to the guillotine."

Victor actually found himself speaking to one of the employees as he did to the Metropole guests, ingratiatingly and with that hypnotic purr that usually made things come out as he wanted. (Please turn to page 86)

The romance of an American chap who poses as a prince, and a girl from home who thinks more of love than titles. A novelized version of "Café Metropole," starring Tyrone Power and Loretta Young

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please see Page 86 for Cast and Credits.
Fashion point I: Suedel Ginger wears it, swears by it. She says it has what the Harvard men are calling "Pizzazz."

Right, Ina Rogers poses for us in her sports outfit of fine sand-colored suede. The culotte skirt is cut high in front, rising to two points and fastened with two suede buttons. Ginger's blouse is cut from an imported sheer wool in dark brown, cross-crossed with a beige thread. See her hand-sewn gloves of suede, her sand-colored, low-heeled monk's shoes made with cut-out toe. Below, Ginger's dinner gown of black ribbed crepe, made with short, softly pulled sleeves and the very new, very low V-decolletage.
Below, the black silk jersey negligée worn by Ginger in her forthcoming film with Fred Astaire, "Shall We Dance?" will cause comment everywhere. Zippers are but definitely part of the decorative scheme in clothes today, and a white one runs up the front of Ginger's breath-taking negligée, ending in a cluster of white beads at the throat, corresponding to those made into the bracelet on her wrist. Right, something rather different in lounging pajamas: ice-blue satin blouse and trous, with a trailing skirt of aquamarine chiffon, gathered, frilled, beribboned with deliberate coquetry. Gold satin ribbon holds the horizontal gathering, with a soft bow at the Empire waistline.

Ginger's latest clothes create fashion news! For her new film with Fred Astaire, the screen's dancing darling has chosen costumes combining chic with grace and charm—to be studied for important style points.
The gayest girls in the world, the beauties of Hollywood, greet the gayest of the seasons with pert and pleasant new gowns, hats, and accessories.

Spring-Inspired Star Fashions

Binnie Barnes, right, is boasting about a very welcome gift sent her from “home”—England, of course. She's wearing it proudly here, this lovely yellow twin-sweater set designed especially for her. Wide brims are back for Spring, carols Pat Paterson, at left, and proves it by posing in this big, pale yellow felt with shallow peaked crown made of padded bands of ribbon in tones of yellow and light brown. Pat’s husband, Charles Boyer, highly approves of this chapeau, and no wonder!

She walks in beauty—and the rustle of taffeta! Meaning Madeleine Carroll, left, in her flame-colored evening coat with voluminous skirt. Madeleine, above, suggests for spectator-sports this ensemble—all-white dress and gay pastel print for the jacket.
Two more of Pat's Spring hat collection, at left and right. "Forget-Me-Not" is the title of the hat at right, of black straw with shallow crown of black challis appliqued with blue and pink flowers. Left, a hat for romance: flower-topped, and set off with a tiny lace veil. Below, Miriam Hopkins in her favorite Spring dinner dress, with squared-off decolletage and a crisp white bow smack in front. Maureen O'Sullivan, lower left, selects a gay print of small flowers on a flame background. Her hat—enormous!—is a creation of matching red straw.
It was quite some time before I recovered from the shock. I mean, the shock of discovering that the great lovers of the screen didn’t love each other at all, that their kisses were as phoney as Hollywood snow, and that the wild look of passionate desire that crept into their eyes as they contemplated each other in breath-taking close-ups was a little trick they picked up in dramatic school. Being a deep-dyed sentimentalist at heart, I was utterly convinced that two people who made love with such exciting beauty on the screen just had to love each other, really and truly. But I wasn’t in Hollywood long before I discovered differently. Came the dawn the day I was sitting on a set and saw one of our dearly beloved heroes eat a huge hunk of garlic before doing a tender little love scene with one of the more ethereal glamor girls.

That was shock number one. Shock number two, and I am still recovering from that, came when I learned to my dismay that those thrillingly beautiful love scenes that have the audiences panting for breath and fairly swooning in the aisles of the theatres are usually taken at six or seven o’clock in the cold rays of a rising sun! Imagine being able to say, “I love you, darling, oh, how I love you,” with stirring conviction at six in the morn-

ing, and on an empty stomach. Me, who can’t say a civil word to anyone before eleven. And I bet your disposition is just as bad in the morning as mine is. Well, I must say actors certainly earn their money.

Just as it is one of those unwritten laws in cinemania that two people in a picture who have never met each other must immediately do their big love scene the first day of production, just so it is generally understood in Hollywood that location love scenes must be made before breakfast. You can be sure the actors don’t make the law. They don’t want to make love before breakfast any more than you and I do—they don’t want to get up, either. But it seems that the morning sun is usually clear and bright, and the location cameraman just must have his morning sun. Many a poor star has pulled her pretty coiffure and wailed, “Why must I get up at four in the morning? On the stage I never got up until four in the afternoon. I can’t get emotional at that hour! How can I be expected to do my best work?” But all she gets is a curt, “The light is right,” from the cameraman and the director, and that is that. Light is far more important in pictures than acting, and a star always finds that out the first time she goes on location.

Also, it might interest you to know, sunsets in the films are usually sunrises, a sunrise being far easier to photograph than a sunset for obvious reasons. Most of the big thrilling outdoor love scenes in a picture, as in life, occur
Here's how stars build up to the romantic mood before breakfast—because the cameras see better in the dawn's early light!

By Liz Williams

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, above, dancing with love in their eyes and yawns in their hearts, at 6 A. M. for "A'is of Salem." Left, sun-up often finds that grand team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, singing a love duet. Below, fresh, glamorous, and gay, Ida Lupino appears before the camera dressed for evening—before breakfast!

at sunset, so that's why the cameraman is so fussy about his sunrise. Afternoon sun is very tricky, shadows are likely to fall any place, and what a bawling out they'd get from the "front office" if a shadow clipped off Robert Taylor's widow's peak just as he was kissing his leading lady. And think how furious Marlene Dietrich would be if a nasty shadow fell across her profile just as she was renouncing love, or life, or the desert, or something. The camera is a most terrifically sensitive instrument. A petite furrow in madame's brow can easily look like a plowed field. Naturally the glamor girls want to look their youngest, prettiest, and freshest in their love scenes, so although they complain bitterly they are right there for the sunrise. Yes, "she walks in beauty"—at six A.M., thanks to the cameraman.

Miriam Hopkins, who is definitely "of the theatre" where prima donnas do their best emoting at ten of an evening before the second act curtain, wasn't at all pleased when the assistant director of "The Woman I Love," (Hopkins, Paul Muni, and Louis Hayward), came up to her on the nice comfortable RKO set one afternoon and said, "Aliss Hopkins, be at Point Mugu in make-up at five in the morning." Well, Miriam is a troupier if nothing else, though it is bristled about in the market places that she's a very tasty dish too; so she drove up to Ventura, a little town on the coast, took a room at the hotel, and before the dawn's early light was over on Point Mugu with the rest of the dreamy-eyed company. Point Mugu, an excellent fishing spot, had become for the nonce a French airplane base at the front during the war; and Madame Miriam of Paris was there to visit her husband, Monsieur Muni, and her boy friend. Monsieur Hayward (you know how those triangles are). Miriam and Louis were to have one of those you-are-my-best-friend's-wife-but-oh-hon-I-love-you scenes in an old ruin with the planes in the background just as the first six rays of the sun crept over the bay. But it seems that everybody on the "The Woman I Love" company had gotten an early call except the sun—the sun didn't get up at all. And while Miriam and Louis, frozen to the marrow by a chill wind from the sea, waited in an awful yawning silence to fall into each other's arms for their scene d'amour, large raindrops began to fall. There are some years in California, and this is one of the years, when Sadie Thompson and the Reverend Davidsou might easily mistake the place for Pago-Pago; but assistant (Please turn to page 78)
"LIKE risks," said James Stewart, squinting through the finder of his Leica camera at an airplane flying high above the studio. "Perhaps that's why I'm crazy about airplanes. I have a pilot's license and I fly whenever I can, but the studio doesn't like my taking chances. "I can't take chances in the air, but nobody cares if I take chances with my Leica!"

He smiled, and his face, which looks somewhat bored and sullen in repose, magically changed.

"When you take a picture, you challenge yourself to get something on the film that expresses your idea. I never use an exposure meter—an instrument that tells you exactly what light you need for your subject—because I think it's cheating for an amateur to use one. With a meter you know the light is right and so there's no risk. I like risks!"

It was Henry Fonda who first showed Jimmy the possibilities of excitement in amateur photography. "Hank was always wandering around with his camera or shutting himself up in his dark-room and then yelling for us to come and see something. First thing we knew, all the rest of us—Joshua Logan and John Swope and myself, who shared the house with Hank at the time—got Leicas, too, and began shooting.

"Hank is an artist. He paints and sculptures and turns out some real stuff. His pictures are pictures. Mine aren't in the same class.

"Being keen about airplanes, I enjoy shooting them. Once I got some good shots at the air races, and the other day I got a couple of pretty decent things of propellers at the airport.

"Being plane-crazy started when I was a little kid.
One Christmas Dad got me a plane I could sit in and drive around the sidewalk. It had an alarm clock’s works for a motor and all sorts of gadgets. It didn’t occur to me that it wouldn’t really fly if I could once get it off the ground, so when the boy next door suggested that we haul the plane up on the roof of our house and start flying from there, I was all for it.

“Told half a day to get the thing up on the roof, and then I got into the cockpit and rolled off the edge.

“Well, it wouldn’t fly. I broke nothing but my heart and the toy plane, for a wonder. But it didn’t cure my yen for taking chances.”

Gene Kornman, portrait artist at 20th Century-Fox, called Jimmy in just then to continue an all-day session of poster-making for “Seventh Heaven.” Simone Simon, in a plain, scant black frock, joined him before the camera. As Diane and Chico, she sat on his lap; he knelt at her side; she stood before him; they looked up, they looked down, they frowned, they smiled, they ate, they did everything that could be suggested.

“But that sort of stuff is strictly professional,” Jimmy pointed out, in a breathing space. “Men trained for it, like Gene Kornman, are so far ahead of the amateur that there’s no use competing. The thing for us to do is to stick to candid stuff.

“I like to experiment. I took a shot of myself in the mirror the other day. It wasn’t very good, but it had possibilities. Next time I think I’ll get something.

“Children are good subjects. Hank’s little step-daughter is about five and very pretty. We go out there on Sundays a lot and I shoot her. She’s perfectly willing to pose. You know, the old-fashioned panels people used to make of kids? Well, that’s coming back with the Leica. You shoot the kid’s different expressions as he turns his head. One way to make him turn it is to have someone stand by with a bright or noisy toy and attract him, then shoot the expressions as they pass, and mount them in a strip.

“We do about the same thing with the dog. If someone shows him a ball, he stands quite still. He expects you to throw it, and then he’ll go after it, but while he waits, he’s perfectly still. That’s how we trap him.

“Our next-door neighbor has a monkey that has a baby, just so big,” he measured a few inches. “Maybe that monkey’s all right to his owner, but he sure is mean to me. I had to hide in the shrubbery for hours to get some pictures of the mother and baby monkey together.

“Ted Allen, candid camera expert at M-G-M, takes swell candid stuff. He’s given me lots of pointers. The good thing about him is that he never wears you out when he’s shooting you. He takes you from place to place, talks about cameras or something and says: ‘Let’s try this!’ or ‘Can we get something different here?’ and before you’re bored, it’s over.

“That’s the way to get real candid shots. Get co-operation, but you can’t always manage it. At home back East recently, I took a lot of stuff of the family and friends, but they all thought it was sort of silly and they were self-conscious, so none of it was much good.

“I often try to catch people off-guard, but unless you’re sure of the focus and light you don’t get what you want because they move just as you shoot or a shadow comes in and spoils the thing you thought you had.

“I got a good portrait of Eleanor Powell on the set of ‘Born to Dance,’ but there I didn’t have to worry about lights. At home I used ordinary bridge lamps and the results weren’t first-class. You can use flash lamps at home and get better results. (Please turn to page 81)
Here's Hollywood

Candid close-ups of private-life doings of the cinema celebrities

By Weston East

T he first thing Bob Taylor did when he arrived back from his recent trip was to buy Barbara Stanwyck a present—a beautiful platinum ring, fashioned like a strap and buckle. It's too, too lovely.

J ust to settle all those rumors about the Errol Flynas, the truth of the situation is that Lili Damita is taking advantage of the opportunity to visit her mother in Paris, which she had planned before Christmas last year, while Errol will visit England and his family in Ireland. His companion on the trip is a Dr. Erban, whom Errol has known since the old New Guinea days—a grand, middle-aged adventurous character and one of Errol's favorite people in the world. An interesting thing about this friendship is that Dr. Erban speaks very little English while Errol knows practically nothing of German—the doctor's native tongue. Most of their conversing is therefore done in the pigeon English they both learned in the South Seas. From Ireland, Errol and Dr. Erban are planning to visit Spain and, if time permits, South America. It's my guess, though, that there'll be a stop-over in Paris for Errol—long enough for him to spend at least a few days with Lili.

R uby Keeler once told me she'd rather play a golf game of golf than be a movie star. Guess it wasn't all talk, either, as I'm informed Ruby's score runs around eighty most days—which would give most of the men herculean a run for their money. Ruby spends every available hour on the golf course.

Ma ryna Loy has started a new fad in table service. For each guest she entertains at dinner in her new home, she has supplied a complete dinner service of an individual pattern, so that no guest has dished like that of any other. Cute, but costly!

J immy Stewart is still chuckling over that bet he won the other day. Seems Jimmy lost ten pounds while making "Seventh Heaven" and wanted to put them back on. His doctor volunteered to put on five pounds within the week. "Can't be done," says Jimmy. "Can so," says doc. "I'll bet you," says Jimmy. "Bet's on," says doc. "And what's more, if you don't gain the five pounds, you don't have to pay me!" So Jimmy was sent to the hospital, (feeling kinda silly), put to bed, and kept on a diet of eight quarts of milk a day, with plenty of sleep. At the end of the week, he'd gained one-half pound, exactly.

P.S. Jimmy doesn't like milk any more, even though it did help him win his bet.

You'd die laughing to see those big heavens, Director John Ford and Victor McLaglen, doing a take-off of a water buffalo for Shirley Temple out on the set of "Wee Willie Winkie." Seems Shirley had never seen a water buffalo and wanted to know how they'd act, on account of there's supposed to be one in the picture. By the way, Shirley's just been promoted to the fourth grade by her private teacher on the Fox lot. The only thing Shirley asked for, when being informed of her promotion, was that she might have a report card like her other friends who attend the public school!

One of the strangest luncheon groups we've seen in a long time we glimpsed in the M-G-M commissary the other noon when Gloria Swanson lunched with Harpo Marx, and Adrian, the studio's stylist. And they had fun, too!

One of the sweetest and most touching scenes we've witnessed in months took place at the Santa Fe station in Pasadena when George Raft entrained for Miami. George's big limousine drew up at the platform and who should emerge but George and Virginia Peirce's small daughter with her nurse, come to see him off. As the cry of "all aboard" was heard, George picked the youngster up for a last hug and kiss and hurriedly climbed on the train. The expression on the child's face was terribly pathetic, as she watched the train disappear, while she tried to keep back those tears. Incidentally, Virginia was conspicuous by her absence. There's no doubt but what those two have a ft.- ft., but we're laying a little bet right here and now that it'll probably be patched up, what with George vacationing in Miami and Virginia planning to join the Schenck party on that fishing trip off the coast of Florida.

Very social! Ginger Rogers, resplendent in silver fox, and squired by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, attends one of the film colony's brilliant parties.
Did you ever hear of a star who had not only one but five doubles? Well, I just discovered the other day that "Silver," Buck Jones' famous horse, has just that. And even people who have worked with Buck and "Silver" for years can't tell the doubles from Buck's favorite. Buck won't take any unnecessary chances with "Silver" and insists that all dangerous riding be done with one of the doubles—just in case.

No one can accuse Tyrone Power of not paying his just debts. Seems Tyrone walked into the Victor Hugo the other evening and was invited to join Loretta Young, sister Sally Blane and Norman Foster for a cocktail. Then Tyrone insisted on buying one for the party. When it came time for him to rejion his own party, he thoughtlessly neglected to settle his bill with Norman. The next day, on the set of "Café Metropole," he mentioned the oversight to Loretta. Loretta loves a gag as well as the next one and she saw one booming on the horizon. Without saying any more about the matter, she contacted everyone on the set and collected a penny from each one. These she put in a box and wrapped elaborately, sending them around the set a few days later with a note, explaining they were in payment of Tyrone's debt of the night before!

They tell me those red roses which are sent around from the florist daily to Clark Gable are from Carole Lombard's florist. We wouldn't want to say Carole actually sends them, but it is a coincidence.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were hosts the other evening to Phil Huston and Olivia de Havilland at dinner at the Troc. It appears Olivia was recently presented to Joan, who became so enthused about her girlish freshness, she wanted to know her better. Hence, the dinner party. Phil, by the way, met Olivia when he worked in a picture with her sister and has since become that intrigued! Also at the Troc, on the same evening, were Sylvia Sidney with Joe Mankwicz.

Since June Lang has broken her engagement to Victor Orsatti, she's been stepping out with Douglas Fowley. Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., Earl Carroll, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., alternately.

Olivia de Havilland is that upset at all the publicity she's been getting about the hermit-like life she leads. She wants it to be known she really isn't trying to be exclusive, but is just so serious about her career she hasn't time to devote to gadding about town to night-clubs, etc. When she's made her mark and meets the right man, Olivia insists she'll tell the world about it.

John Boles, Walter Pidgeon, and Doris Nolan got even with director Eddie Buzzell. Eddie had played a mean trick on them all the first day of shooting on "As Good as Married" by presenting them all with "breakaway" presents. The flowers he sent to Doris crumbled into ashes when she picked them up; the watch he presented to John broke into a thousand pieces when he attempted to fasten it on his wrist, and the make-up case he'd brought for Walter broke into splinters as he picked it up. So-o-o they were all laying for Eddie and one morning they had their revenge. Eddie came to work attired in a pair of very elegant plaid pants. Taking one look at the creation, they refused to go to work. Eddie was obliged to send over to the wardrobe department for another pair of trousers before they'd budge!

Harmon Nelson and Bette Davis are at present staging a reunion. Seems Harmon tied up matters long ago with a musical agency in New York. But he got so homesick for Bette, he's had himself transferred to the Hollywood office.

The Academy awarding event was brilliant, but no surprise party. Final outcome: Louis Rainer, best actress, for "Great Ziegfeld;" Paul Muni, best actor, for "Louis Pasteur;" Frank Capra, top director, for "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," drew "I told you so!" by the techs.

Anita Louise has just dispatched a cable to the Rod La Roques in England, asking permission to build a fence around their house, which she is renting. In the last six months, Anita has spent over $150 in rewards for the return of her pet Scotty, which insists on running away regularly. She's hoping the fence will help the situation. Garbo finds fences helpful.

And speaking of Garbo, despite the persistent rumors that it's more than just friendships between the Swedish star and George Brent, George insists it's just that. He also maintains there's nothing to the talk about Anita Louise as the second Mrs. Brent. They're also just friends. Further, George says if and when he marries again, he will not marry a professional woman but wishes to be the sole wage-earner in the family. So there you are!

Tony Martin, of the golden voice, received quite a blow to his vanity the other day when he entertained his former boss, Tom Gruener, manager of the Bal Tabarin Café in San Francisco, by taking him to the fights. They're awfully good friends and can take quite a lot of ribbing from one another. However, Tony was just a little put out at showing Tom around the town since he'd become somewhat of a success, but was trying not to show it. Just as they came out of the fights, three young boys rushed up. Tony puffed up a bit and got out his pencil to autograph the slips of paper the boys were carrying. But much to his surprise, they ignored him completely and asked Tom for his autograph! Tom is quite handsome and they thought he must be a movie star at least, but didn't give Tony a tumble.
Show Your Hand!

Hollywood beauties are adept at the art of making their hands flatter their famous faces.

By Elin Neil

When Wendy Barrie raises her hand to her face, its smooth whiteness is a compliment to her complexion. And the deep glow of her perfectly groomed fingernails is in complete harmony with the color of her lips.

Wendy knows how important hands are to the beauty ensemble, and she treats hers accordingly. She can be proud to show them anytime and any place, because she’s secure in the knowledge that they contribute their full share to her appearance of poise and loveliness. And right there is a beauty rule every one of you should follow to the letter—be proud to show your hands!

Hands have a three-fold duty to beauty. They should accentuate the attractiveness of your face, your clothes, and your figure in action. That sounds like a big bill to fill, but it can be done by any pair of hands, no matter what their size and shape.

Your first job is to keep your hands as soft, smooth, and light-toned as the skin on your face. If they're busy hands with housework or gardening to do, protect them. Use mild soap wherever you can. Wear rubber gloves when it's necessary to handle caustics or cotton gloves when you wield a trowel. You can give your hands a real beauty treatment while they're working in gloves.

Before you don the gloves, massage a softening cream into your hands, and put nail conditioning oil or a little vaseline under your fingernails and around the cuticle.

Whether they spend their working hours at home or in an office, all hands lead a strenuous life. They need lubrication to make up for the natural oils that are washed away. In my opinion, a softening hand cream or lotion is just as essential in your beauty equipment as your face creams. Hands respond so quickly to beauty treatment that they literally seem to lap up that cream or lotion that should be massaged into them at least once a day and preferably after each washing.

Even hands that are red and "sandpapery" from work or exposure can be made soft and smooth overnight! Here’s the bed-time treatment: massage them with a liberal amount of rich lubricating cream, from the fingertips toward the wrist. Rub the cream well into each knuckle by making little circles with the thumb of the opposite hand. (Knuckles are vulnerable to "crowsfeet" like the region around your eyes). Include your wrists in the massage, too. Then pull on a pair of light-weight cotton knit gloves and wear them all night. You'll find them quite comfortable, and they keep the cream in contact with the skin so the roughness and redness are smoothed away while you sleep.

There's a very special kind of costume glove that beautifies hands during the daytime hours. It comes in fashionable colors and different weights like any other kid glove. The unusual thing about it is that the inside is treated with almond meal and delicately perfumed so that whenever you take your gloves off, the hands emerge smooth, white, and with a soft fragrance.

And now for the fingernails that tip off those lovely-to-touch and lovely-to-look-at hands! With the vast array of new polish shades, it's fun to make your fingernails carry out the color scheme of your clothes, like costume jewelry. But, first of all, they must harmonize with your lipstick. They don't have to be an exact match. They may be lighter or darker, but the predominating color tone should be the same.

Very few lipsticks nowadays are clear red. The great majority have purple, orange, or brown (sun-tan) undertones. Unless you wear colorless or very light nail polish, (which goes with everything), choose a shade that falls into the same color class as your lipstick. Then when you raise your hand to your face, you won't be guilty of a violent clash between the color of your lips and that of your fingernails.

There's a trick new method of "trying on" your fingernail polish shades just as do your clothes. Little gadgets like thimbles, each (Please turn to page 69)
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

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Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel...3 rings of performers...
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You can taste the difference Quality makes.

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try
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Try Beech-Nut Candies in your fa-
vorite flavor: Fruit Drops, Julets, Mints, Spice or
Assorted.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity.
Chew with a purpose.

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating...doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

You can taste the difference Quality makes.
Tips on Beauty for Merry May!

A SUCCESS story you'll all be glad to hear is concerning Delv. The demand has been so great for this delightful all-purpose face cream that its makers found they could reduce the price radically without changing the quality one bit! In our opinion, Delv certainly deserves its popularity. Delv creams, lubricates, clarifies, and forms an excellent make-up base. And it does each one of these beauty jobs exceptionally well. It contains a remarkable beauty ingredient blended with vital oils that are whipped together into a fine, light cream. After you use Delv, your skin has a soft, dewy feeling absolutely minus greasiness. If you aren't already a devotee, we suggest you get acquainted with Delv. You'll find it at department and drug stores or you can get a small trial size at ten-cent stores.

WE'RE all agog over a new kind of tooth brush that makes it easy to brush teeth to the right way! It's been given the name of "Double Duty" because it's made to clean teeth and massage gums at the same time. It just naturally falls into its job of up-and-down or rotary brushing such as dentists recommend. You won't even be tempted to inefficient cross-wise brushing when you wield a Double Duty. The brush itself is the size, shape, and design specified by dentists all over the country. Then it's set on the handle at an angle to hold the bristles against your teeth in such a way that you instinctively brush up-and-down or around-and-around instead of across. The Rubberset Company makes this tooth brush that fills such an important and long-felt beauty need.

Delv Cream keeps your complexion as fresh as May flowers.
L'Oate combines Vitamin F and vegetable milk for skin beauty.
Complete protection provided by Non-spi insures underarm daintiness.

New beauty for teeth brushed with "Double Duty" tooth brush.

Femi-nifties

THERE'S beauty for your face and body in L'Oate, a new kind of oatmeal preparation that contains both Vitamin F and vegetable milks. The ability of oatmeal to keep skin soft, clear, and healthfully vibrant has long been known. But it was discovered only recently that this powerful link is in the close kinship between the oils in oatmeal and those in human skin. It's the Vitamin F in L'Oate that makes it so effective in clearing up blackheads and blemishes and in reducing enlarged pores to their normal size. It's the vegetable milk that benefits a complexion to be dry. Mixed with a little water, L'Oate may be used for a quick daily face pack, an occasional youthifying face-pack, or as a body rub to cleanse and soften your skin just before a bath. A little of this powdery substance thrown into a tub or washbowl will soften the water.

DO YOU believe in the "hoogle" that stopping under-arm perspiration is harmful? If you do, dispel that illusion! The right kind of anti-perspirant closes the pores in only that small under-arm area and the perspiration is diverted to other parts of your body where it can evaporate quickly. We have no hesitation in recommending Non-spi as a definite perspiration check that keeps its promises. It saves you the embarrassment of under-arm odor and it saves your clothes from stain or deterioration. A new siphon-top applicator takes the place of the usual brush and makes Non-spi ever so easy to apply in just the right amount to give you complete protection.

IF YOU'VE been searching for a cosmetic that makes your eyeshades look naturally long, dark, and luminous—you'll find it in Rejuvia Mascara. The mascara is applied in each lash separately, avoiding that "beaded" look, and imparts a glistening finish that's wonderfully flattering to any pair of eyes. What's more, it encourages your eyelashes to curl up and helps to keep them soft and silky. Rejuvia Mascara Cream comes in a convenient little tube with a brush. The same careless eye that might excise in a slimmer keratene case. Most five-and-ten-cent stores carry it.

Gorgeous perfume containers for glamorous girls, Ida Lupino keeps her charm accessories up to date.
How Has He Done It?
(Continued from page 29)

Many Hollywood players were to blame. They refused to face the facts. A new change had occurred. Warner accepted the change in a natural manner. "We are going to see something absolutely new," he said to me at the time. "This is going to combine the stage and the screen. For my part, nothing could be better. I mean that we of the silent pictures have to start anew."

This is exactly what Warner did. With his past stage experience, together with the art of pantomime, he made "The Cisco Kid" an outstanding event in early talkies. His was a new type of romantic characterization, while he could talk and act and hold your interest all at the one time. From then on his career is well known.

Of course, don't think for a moment that Warner merely walked into good jobs. His career in Hollywood has not been one of continual ease.

I recall spending an evening with War-
When Britain’s great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—“Pond’s.”

When Britain’s great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—“Pond’s.”

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins’ beauty with Pond’s. Pond’s is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond’s Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond’s Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond’s Beauty Aids

Ponds, Dept. 78-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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he loves ardent color... he hates lipstick chic!

week-end and I've had to work every Saturday!" She has a long-term acting contract with the "Longines-Radio" Network, she shortly begin "Serenade On the Seine." He has a night-club contract as master of ceremonies and orchestra leader at the College Inn in Chicago, he is expected to be out here soon, broadcasting on a national hook-up, she explains.

Meanwhile, they spend a lot of their money long-distance one another and every night Ann tunes in for a melody played especially for her benefit. But would a thousand love songs, sung two thousand miles away, satisfy you? They were deluged with handsome presents; now Ann has her beautiful silver and linen china and she has all sorts of notions about fixing up a perfect house. But she can't settle down when there's no husband on hand!

A nice pickle? What she gets for whirling into such a fine, gay romance? Yes. But there's more to all this than just that abrupt conclusion. While her marriage isn't exactly what she dreamed it could be, I'll bet the long run it'll be a model to shoot at or I don't know Ann at all.

"Certainly I'm not as happy as I might be," she confesses. "I'm lonely—of course. But I'm not feeling sorry for myself; I realized what Roger and I were letting ourselves in for, and believe me when you are in love as wholeheartedly as we are it's ten times ridible to have to be separated by half a continent. Of course I'm eager to begin real housekeeping, to begin using our lovely wedding gifts. But I learned—before this—that I can't have everything I want precisely as I want it; I've already learned that half a loaf is better than none, and that's why I am sure that eventually I shall be quite happy. If Roger and I strive we can have a home and family like other lovers.

"I was recklessly romantic all right, but I insist that I wasn't simply silly. What does a girl get by over-valuing her freedom? When you know you've found the one man you know he is worth any price. You no longer want to scheme selfishly. You'd rather have him than a flock of yachts with anyone else. Perhaps I'd climb faster in Hollywood if I married with wider eye for material gain, or if I remained unattached. But that never dawned on me.

"Maybe it is chubbily romantic to some people to want things built, because the building is with obstacles, up against odds; but I don't see it as immaturity. For me, love is the greatest of inspirations. I am more determined than ever to be a better person, a better actress. I want Roger to be proud of me!

"I go out occasionally with mutual friends. I haven't become a recluse. We're combining common sense with our romanticism, honestly! And this is another thought I've had lately: in looking around me here in Hollywood it occurs to me that we may be avoiding that business of two tired actors coming home and only being together when fatigued and cross. Many split-ups seem to come when temperatures are frayed."

By nature Ann becomes nervous within herself, but she is habitually calm on the surface. Roger is, on the contrary. But they share strong interests in acting and music, in plain fun. Both are sincere about dedication, about dream, about whispering about purchasing a few acres over the hills from Hollywood, for a small ranch with city conveniences, but they can't do more than plan towards this until he is located more permanently. He switched from acting to the musical field right after their marriage (he is the son of the late Lieutenant E. M. Babbott, master), and his success is bound to keep him on this new track.

Amazingly, Ann and Roger in Chicago in the RKO-Radio night club in Chicago where he is currently featured. Both were enacting leads in plays in adjoining theatres, and Ernest B. Field, who owns the hotel where the College Inn is, chanced to give a party and introduce them. Isn't life always more fantastic than fiction? Neither Ann nor Roger tell love at first sight, nor even anticipated picture prominence.

Two major studios had had Ann under contract, but she hadn't been awarded breaks and the stage was her metier. Roger had a wife from whom he was separated and if Ann's triumphant return to California when a third studio demanded her services was a jolt, so was his whisking into pictures! Universal signed him for a lead and rushed him to New York where the film was to be made: to his horror to go out of songs to croon. His protestations that he'd never sung a note were received as false modesty: so Roger just sang and so well that Hollywood granted him a hero Mae West to escape from musicals!

They didn't experience love at first sight, Ann and Roger, but when they met later the sparkle in Roger's eye was Ann's footlight record so inspired studio executives that she was set.

Then love did happen to these two—and in a rush! It wasn't long before Ann's picture went on display. Hollywood stars frequently announce an engagement before one fiancé is free. Ann steadfastly refused to discuss the future of her love until his divorce they might become engaged. She had dreamt of a long engagement and a big church wedding, and, anyway she just wasn't sophisticated enough to be engaged to a man who had a wife, no matter how finished the former marriage was.

For three years Ann was unhappy, ballad by late. She didn't care to mix out with anyone else but Roger, but she did. She was in a pickle; quite innocently she had fallen for a man she couldn't have. But when the situation in Roger's divorce could go ahead, but Roger had determined to change over into the musical field. He had gone away from Hollywood, while still married.

Their agents arranged for them to star in the radio broadcast of the play "There's Always Juliet." Roger, his deal for the College Inn on paper, flew West for three days of frantic rehearsals before going on the air with Ann. She met him at the airport. He kissed her enthusiastically and cried, "Honey, let's get married!" Ann had yearned for this moment so long that all she could reply was, "Let's have dinner!" The radio broadcast was Saturday evening and they vowed they'd be married right after it. Thursday morning the commotion started. There was a three-day wait in California between getting your marriage license and the ceremony — so they had to schedule the event for one minute after midnight Saturday night. Happy were they, as the legal matter, the two of them and a retinue of agents hastened to the NBC studio to pick up their scripts, and on to the Brown Studios where Ann, "I've got to have a gorgeous one."

Her business manager spoke up, "You just bought a new dress; wear that." To which Ann retorted romantically, I should think not! I'm going to have a

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COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

S C R E E N L A N D
She thought it was “Another Woman”

...till her Doctor told her the Truth about Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

“My husband is cruel,” she told the doctor. “He no longer loves me.”

How mistaken she was! It was just because he did love her, and couldn’t be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that she was the only “other woman” in the case... that she had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by “little” neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife’s neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes, or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about “Lysol” disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which “Lysol” disinfectant provides—

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. Non-caustic... “Lysol” in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... “Lysol” is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration... “Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy... “Lysol,” because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” vanishes promptly after use.
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New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

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wedding dress with a long white veil." Then Roger interrupted. He didn't think a white veil was quite proper as much as he had been married once. They compromised on the long veil. When the veil was finished, Ann whisked over to Irene's where she stumbled upon a moonlight blue lame gown that was the answer to her prayers. But before she could set foot out the door, her wedding supper was to be served at her house, and it was a knock-out with champagne trimmings.

That same evening (Thursday), Joan Bennett gave a shower for the bride-to-be, and Gene Markay threw a bachelor shower for Roger. In Hollywood practically a legal week-end ended. Of the three shows, the experiment between all the fun the honorees managed to put in hours of rehearsals at NBC.

On Saturday night Joan Bennett and her mother Rosamond drove over to Ann from her house to the church. It was the memorable ceremony Ann longed for. "Whenever you have a lovely church wedding, and a good minister, it's marvellous," she said. The gala crowd all went to Ann's house afterwards. Sunday night everyone was at the airport to see the two off on the plane. Joan Bennett slyly decorated it with festoons of white satin and orchids.

"At 2 A.M. we were forced to land. A sight we were by this time the pride of the little hotel in the next neighborhood! I had all the orchids and the first thing I asked for was the refrigerator, to park them in! My maid carried my fur coats I was taking to Chicago. The plane's kitchen was a funny little room in the funny hotel; it was so discouraging that Roger and I tramped down the street at 3 A.M. to a right good and real place that was open all night. We sat at the counter, drank coffee, and ate hamburgers.

"We resumed our flight and when we landed in Kansas City and Roger who'd stepped out for a smoke came back the high sign. I was a trifle airsick and very weary, and a mob of reporters and cameramen had jumped on him; I shot directly for the ladies' washroom and slammed the door and stood there until we left! But at Chicago the welcome was indeed something. Roger's orchestra played Here Comes the Bride and as the hundred people met us, We were covered with rice, there at the airport, and I recall an old shoe, too! I was exhausted, but everyone said we ought to go to the hotel and eventually we got to sleep."

But came the dawn and a madhouse of work for Roger. He opened the revamped Chicago theater in a very few days' he'd had put in rehearse the show floor and so Ann tried to relax. Of course she merely tried. She was vitally interested in his doings and after the opening of the show, Roger and I received terrific applause when she appeared. "Roger and I found the same table we'd had the night we met."

Theatre people of the Twin cities—Ann has two establishments—Ann has kept her house in Beverly, and they have a suite at a North Shore hotel in Chicago. Ann had six weeks' vacation which she devoted to natural attractions—Scientific recreation discovered that hosts of people are thin and rambunctious for the simple reason that they do not get enough vitamins B and H in their daily food. With our other vital elements you may lack appetite, and yet get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richly known sources of Vitamin B is cultured milk. The famed imported cultured milk is a tremendously rich source of B, and of course it is pure. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, whole egg yolk, whole fish liver oil, and whole liver of beef, and vitamins A and D to give the body-building foods that are so essential. Then watch that chock full development and chock full round out to a natural attraction. Constitution and indigestion from the same cause vanish, slimness turns to normal, gain feels like new.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how shrewy you may be—such as lack of enough Vitamin B and Iron, these new fortified Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we are offering in this superb offer. Purchase a package of fortified Yeast tablets and send your name and address on the form and we will send you a FREE pamphlet. "How to Build up Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package money—money refunded. Nashville Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.
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"Calox gives teeth the whiteness and brilliance the screen demands. It deserves its popularity with the stars."

Fred MacMurray

When Hollywood hints—it pays to listen! Try Calox today.

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, where a "starry" smile is worth more cold cash than anywhere on earth, they found out how Calox makes teeth sparkle! So it's Calox in the dressing rooms of many famous stars! Calox for the last important brushing before the picture is "shot."

Would a brighter smile improve your personality?... help you socially? Then use the dentifrice that has been tested in the greatest "Personality Laboratory" in the world...in Hollywood.

Use Calox Tooth Powder. Use it twice daily. Wake up the natural brilliance of your teeth!

COUNT THE REASONS FOR CALOX:
Calox is fine and soft... cleanses safely. And doubly assures cleansing by releasing live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps neutralize mouth acids... tends to strengthen gums. And it is as carefully made as a prescription by the famous drug house...

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"CAMERA!" Powerful Kleig lights... each 2000 watts... pour blinding light on the star's face...and teeth. Would your teeth register pure, flawless and brilliant in such a grueling test? It is countless experiences of this kind that have taught so many stars to use Calox.

FRED MACMURRAY in a scene from his new Paramount picture, "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW." See this picture at your local theatre—notice his smile... But don't wait to make YOUR teeth spick and sparkling! Start Calox-care today!
What Marriage Means to Dick Powell
Continued from page 28

upstairs with a package from the jeweler's—and it contained my garnet bracelet!"

"It seems," said Dick, adjusting his tie, "that the first package from the jeweler's had contained my wrist watch. After testing the catch Joan put it on the table, and when I came home that night I found it. Of course," added Dick with a genial smile, "all catches do look alike. More or less.

And now I must rush to Twentieth Century or Warner Brothers or the broadcasting station or somewhere. What marriage means to me?" he tossed from the doorway, "You certainly ought to know by now." I did have a rough idea.

From the front door Dick yelled back at me, "But I asked for it." And then from the driveway he yelled again, "And I love it!"

Dick's painstaking neatness not only applies to himself and his home, but also to his car. A scratch on a fender is like cat-scrap on a tit. How brilliantly the fenders of his car used to shine. I say 'used to' because all that was in his B. B. days (before Blondell). For little Missy Joanne can do more to a fender in a day than most people can in a lifetime. She has a perfect knack for knocking fenders. Marriage means constant garage bills for Dick Powell. And hang around while I tell you the sad story of the parked car. Husbands will love it.

Take one morning on a quiet street in Beverly Hills, Joan Blondell Powell, who learned to drive a car in the great open spaces of Texas and never learned to back or park, is about to swing into her driveway. Ah, she missed it again, and hit the curb with a bang and that's awfully good on the tires. She's going into reverse, and back a bit, and try it again. But Joan is one of those women who never looks back when she backs. Crash—bang—crash! She has backed right into the car parked on the opposite side of the street.

It's a quiet street and no one has seen her except her own butler who comes rushing out to help her.

Miss Blondell: Arthur, look what I have done! I wonder whose car that is? I certainly smashed the fender, all right, didn't I? It's quite a large car, isn't it, and looks terribly expensive. But I'm in a hurry, Arthur, I haven't time to investigate now. See, I'll just put my card in the seat of the car and write on it 'Please communicate with me regarding repairs—Joan Blondell.' Oh the owner is going to be awfully angry, but I couldn't help it, could I, Arthur? He had no business parking where I had to back. Look after things for me, Arthur, I must be at the studio in twenty minutes.

(The scene changes now to the breakfast table in the Powell home the next morning. Mr. Powell is worried. Mrs. Powell is trying to be worried too.)

Dick Powell: But I don't understand it, Joanie, Arthur never acted like that before. He has been a marvelous servant. And seems so devoted to all of us. Now just why did he do a thing like that? I told him the day I employed him that he was not to take any of the cars out at night. Ever, and he was gone until four this morning with our car. We can't permit that. I'll have to speak to him. If he does it again, I'll have to fire him.

(Arthur enters and serves the breakfast, giving Miss Blondell an encouraging smile.)

Dick Powell: Arthur, you had my car out until four this morning. You know I don't permit that. What were you doing..."
with the car? (Arthur gives Miss Blondell another look, this time more beseeching than encouraging.)

Arthur: Well, sir, Td—I'd like to tell you, sir. But I can't, sir.
Dick Powell: You can't tell me!
Joan Blondell: Arthur, why do you keep looking at me? What's wrong? Tell Mr. Powell what you were doing with the car?
Arthur (greatly relieved): Oh, Mrs. Powell. I didn't think you wanted me to tell Mr. Powell.
Dick Powell (exploding): What? Joan Blondell (announced): What? Arthur: You know, ma'am, the car you backed into yesterday. It was pretty badly smashed.
Joan Blondell: Yes, Arthur, I know. Dick darling, remind me to tell you about it. Whose car was it, Arthur? Arthur (bewildered by it all): Why, Mrs. Powell, ma'am, it was my own car, the town car. It was four o'clock this morning before they got it fixed.
Joan Blondell (muttering): My own car! Dick Powell: Arthur, bring Mrs. Powell a strong cup of coffee. (Several hours later):
Joanie: Dick, dear, are you mad about the car?
Dick: No, my pet. But I have decided that you should have a chauffeur. No, no, now, don't get excited. I don't mind—a little, not much—about the fenders, but I just wouldn't have anything happen to you for all the world.
Arthur: That's how Dick Powell managed the fender situation in his married life.

The problems of the little woman's utter disregard for phone messages, keys, and jewelry have not been solved yet. Joan rarely ever remembers to give a phone message, and when she does, she invariably forgets the name of the person who called. Keys, she has never been able to cope with keys. She can never find them when she wants them, and they have the weirdest way of turning up weeks later in Dick's dresser drawers, or Normie's paint box. But strange to say, Dick doesn't seem to mind.

Of course every actor must have a good night's sleep before he has to face the cameras the following morning. And actors are very fussy about this good night's sleep. Dick used to get it in the old days—but marriage with Joan Blondell changed all that. Joan is one of these very nervous sleepers who fancies she hears strange noises all during the night. She has a burglar phobia of the worst sort. Poor Dick, rarely a night passes but he is awakened from a sound sleep by his little bride who shoves a revolver at him and tells him to go hunt burglars downstairs. If the studio ever wishes to star him in Westerns, Dick will be in perfect training for there isn't a better gun-toter (thanks to Joanie), in all of Beverly Hills. However, I must say his nightly prowls have left no sad effects. Dick has never looked better. Well, that's what marriage does to you.

**to Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer!**

**GO PLACES!**

AL—DID YOU HEAR CANN'T BEAR IT G-OING HOME

AV—DON'T BE A NITWIT, PEG LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST? THEY SAY IT'S REALLY SWELL, HOW IT CHASES PIMPLES

NEXT DAY

HERE YARE, SIS—NOW GET BUSY—YOU'RE SPOSED TO EAT 3 OF THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY ONE OR TWO'S NOT ENOUGH

OK—I'LL DO IT—AL—WHAT'S THAT CARD IN YOUR HAND?

SEE, PEG—IT'S PRETTY NIFTY! IT'S A FLEISCHMANN DANCE BOOK BY ARTHUR MURRAY

NOW PERFECTLY GRAND—I'LL START WITH THOSE LABELS RIGHT NOW!

"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, 'and Fleischmann's Yeast will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES..."

- After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann’s Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or in a little water, a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal.

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Don't be a hollyhock!

SAYS

JANE HEATH

HOLLYHOCKS are always standing around by walls. Any girl would rather be a daisy...

with lots of bachelor-buttons clustering round. Molu love

glamourous eyes, with mysterious, appealing

lascars; and whatever you were born

with, you can have them. Strong spring

sunlight demands long dark lashes. Darken

your lashes with LASHTINT LIQUID. They

will look twice as long and alluring, but

completely soft and natural. Water-proof;

dries instantly. Try it today. Brown, black, green or blue. $1.

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Every day curl your

lashes like daisy-petals!

More light enters... and what flattering

shadows the lashes cast on you! Use

KURLASH, the little implement that curls

them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat,

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then this

The girl with

brittle, bleached-

looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use

KURLASH, a scientific formula for promoting

growth and luxurance in lashes. Rub a

little on your lashes each night and see

how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar $1.

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Please send me, free, your booklet on eye

beauty, and a personal coloring chart for my

complexion.

Eye__ Hair__ Completion__

Name__

Address__

City__ State__

(Please print plainly)

73

Location Love At Sunrise

Continued from page 61

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with wigs and eye-tilting, so Luise would have to get up between two-thirty and three, drive from her home in Brentwood to the M-G-M studios in Culver City, where Jack Dawn, make-up magician, painstakingly changed her from a glamorous personality into a simple little Chinese woman, and then dash like mad to Chatsworth, forty miles away, to be able to catch the first rays of the sun. Due to the extreme heat all "shooting" had to stop early in the afternoon, so it was work before breakfast and like it. Luise says that she didn't mind the make-up so much on that picture, it was the dirty clothes that got her down. Once away from Chatsworth she spent most of her time in the bath-tub. And I hear rumors to the effect that she didn't mind at all that there was only one love scene with Mr. Muni.

The Valley of the Blue Moon, which will simply knock you out of your seats by its sheer beauty when you see "Lost Horizon," happens to be Sherwood Forest, which is on the inland route to Santa Barbara. It is here that Jane Wyatt and Ronnie Colman, under the distinguished direction of Frank Capra, first meet and fall in love in the screen version of James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." Sondra, the part played by Jane Wyatt, is a new character, but don't let it upset you. Mr. Hilton didn't. Well, you know how trees are in films, always casting shadows, so you can readily understand why the cameraman would have to say, "The light is right," so early in the morning that not even the birds had gotten up. But I suppose if you do have to work at falling in love at six in the morning at least having Ronnie Colman as the object of your affection makes it easier. I don't believe I could take Wally Beery that early, even if I were a good actress.

There's a cab scene in "Maytime" which is really very amusing. Jeanette MacDonald as an American opera singer studying in Europe is rescued when her cab breaks down in the early morning outside of a French café by a young student, none other than our Mr. Nelson Eddy. While the cab is being repaired Jeanette and Nelson promptly fall in love, and as the cab juggles off down the street Nelson runs after it pleading with Jeanette to have a breakfast of ham and eggs with him—his pleas rapidly turn into a parody about ham and eggs to the tune of opera. "As we took that scene at sunrise," said Jeanette, "you can just imagine how I felt about ham and eggs. I was fairly drooling at the mouth before Nelson could finish his song. When the scene was finally shot I think I had more ham and eggs at the commissary than I have ever eaten before in all my life."

Those who went on the "Souls at Sea" (Cooper, Dee, and Raft) location on Catalina Island tell me that Gary, my pet romance, is no dream prince at four in the morning. The siren would ring at the location camp at three-thirty every morning and Gary and Frances and George and other members of the cast would have to be at the dock in make-up by four-thirty to take water taxis out to the Franklin steamer where most of the picture was made. Gary, they tell me, never had his eyes open once, just walked around like a man in a trance. But he's no man in a trance when he goes into those love scenes with Frances Dee. The most romantic love scene in the picture was made at five o'clock one morning on a rough sea with Gary half asleep and Frances worried about her little boy who was ill at the hotel on the Islhmus. Smart people, those actors.

Well, I guess even the most stubborn of you are willing to admit by now that locations aren't the picnic you always thought they were. In fact actors hate locations worse than they do supervisors. That is, all of them except Shirley Temple. (Who, thank goodness, is yet to do a love scene.) When Director John Ford said little Shirley that there would be twenty-five days of location at Chatsworth for "We Willie Winkie" Shirley smiled happily and exclaimed, "Oh, good! Twenty-five box lunches!"

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**IF SHE'S COMING OVER**

**I'M GOING OUT!**

**BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP, THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!**

**THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE AD!**

**WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, D'YOU SAY? I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!**

**SAW, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?**

**MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREEVES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY, I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE OOD-BREEDING DEPOSITS!**

**THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE!**

**I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!**

**...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

**MOS TBAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!**

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!
stock and determines to have her revenge.

Charles Laughton has achieved a masterpiece of make-up even for him as the limping stuttering Emperor Claudius with the Imperial laurel-wreath always crooked across his brow because he is seldom sober enough to wear it with appropriate regal dignity. "I'm perfectly revolting," he declared soberly. "You know, I said I'd never play another of these historical monsters but I don't seem able to resist a good part and they are so full of character opportunities." But my next film—the one I'm making for my own new company which I've formed with Erich Pommer—really will be a straightforward comedy. I've chosen this story myself and I've got an ordinary suburban business-man wearing my face natural," he grinned. "I expect all the fans will write acclaiming England's new handsome romantic!"

Charles the Producer will still continue his close relationship with Korda, making his future films in the latter's palatial studios at Doulton. The stages will be housing Korda's own new comedy film at the same time, called "Storm in a Teacup" and set in a quiet little Highland town—a kind of Scottish "Mr. Deeds" in fact—with a quarrel about a stray dog and the local upset that ensues.

Vivien Leigh is the heroine. She's Korda's latest starlet and he's industriously grooming her until she blossoms out as "a screen sister to my Merle" as he tactfully puts it. Vivien first played Lady Cynthia in "Fire Over England" and then she was promoted to be the mysterious spy girl with whom Conrad Veidt fell in love in "Dark Journey." Now Korda has put her under a long-term contract and is launching her spectacularly on a stellar career.

Nineteen-year-old Vivien is a little, exotic little lady, exquisitely poised and sophisticated because she belongs to an aristocratic family and is married to a London barrister. Sports have no appeal for her—she prefers the cultured aesthetic things of life, collecting Chinese porcelain and knowing as much about old books as many a professional connoisseur. She has a two-year-old daughter and a small modern house in Bohemian Chelsea where the cool, perfectly arranged rooms hold just a few pieces of antique furniture and masses of Vivien's favorite lilacs and lilac branches.

Another new star appealing for your attention this summer will be Lilli Palmer, the vivacious blonde you saw with Richard Arlen in "Silent Barriers." She is now at the Pinewood Studios making "Victoria Sunset," a romantic musical film set against a colorful background of Vienna, the Italian Lakes, and North Africa. Tullio Carminati plays opposite to her.

Lilli is just twenty-one and made her first public appearance upside down—the producer wanted a girl who could stand on her head for five minutes in a comic revue scene. With the money she earned, Lilli paid for a course of real acting lessons at the famous Austrian conservatoire where Marlene Dietrich, Elisabeth Bergner and her former admirer, Luise Rainer and many another not-famous star studied under Max Reinhardt's direction and went at her scarily searching early critics.

At Pinewood too, Herbert Wilcox is busy on the first of the coming cycle of Queen Victoria films. (Since the King raised the stage on screen and stage presentations about his Royal great-grandmother's life, all our leading producers have been enthusiastically ordering Victorian stories because it was such a richly historical period and those oval-nibbed crinolines so attractive!) Wilcox has decided to begin with the meeting of the Queen, played by Anna Neagle, with the handsome Prince Albert whom she later married. He is Anton Walbrook, the Viennesse star just returned from Hollywood, and perfectly resembles the Prince Consort in build, features, and accent, as well as being exactly the same age as the Prince was at the time.

Gaumont-British go into the competition next with Nova Pilbeam starring in their long-awaited production of "Queen Victoria," which shows the famous Victoria as the shy young Princess unexpectedly called to the Throne and before she achieved her life's romance. Meanwhile the G-B studios are proudly ensconcing the biggest set piece ever to be constructed in London.

It's a faithful scale replica of one of the colossal air-liners scientists calmly declare will be daily winging across the Atlantic in a few years' time. It carries eighty passengers and has a dining-saloon, a cocktail bar, and a dance lounge in which you'll see blonde Anna Lee partnering John Loder though Oskar Homolka and Frank Cellier plan crooked doings out on the promenade deck while ostensibly admiring the passingclouds. They're calling the film "Non-Stop New York" and it's a point of honor with the technicians to include even more sensational futuristic effects than they did in the celebrated "Transatlantic Tunnel" last year.

George Arliss looked in to admire the air-liner the other day. He seems much fitter after the winter rest his doctor advised and now he's assiduously reading all the available biographies again because he is due to start work on his next production early in May.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., comes back from Hollywood, his producing company here, Criterion Films, will set off for the Scottish border to shoot scenes for the historical piece in which Douglas plays Bonnie Prince Charlie, adventurously part of the seventeenth-century Royalty. Some of the
film was made on the moors last autumn
but in the middle of it the rainy season
began, bringing the mists that stay until
Spring; so the unit had to pack up and
come back to town, and only in June will
the days again be clear and sunny enough
for work to be resumed.
Douglas's director, Raoul Walsh, gave
a little party at his London apartment
the other evening and most of the visiting
Hollywoodians attended. Ruth Chatterton
and Mary Ellis were there, along with
Neil Hamilton and Otto Kruger and dark
saturnine-looking Victor Jory. Rene Ray
and June Knight looked in too.
A rumor that Garbo was in London
started the newspaper reporters last week.
When they rushed along to the address
at which the star was said to be staying
they found a tall slim blonde with a deep
voice so amazingly like the Swedish
Sphinx in every way that she had to show
them her personal papers to prove her
identity. She was Marta Labarr, American-
born French actress, come to play in a
dramatic film called "Second Bureau."
Her resemblance to Garbo does not par-
ticularly please her. People gasp and
exclaim wherever she goes, though she does
her hair as differently as possible and
tries to dress the opposite style too.
Marta started her career on the Paris
stage, acting a small part in a comedy in
which Simone Simon starred. When
Simone was ill, Marta deputized in the
leading role and Simone's rapid recovery
was said to be little short of a medical
miracle. Some months later, Simone was
appearing in another play and decided to
have an operation. The manager sent for
Marta—and Simone considered her opera-
tion could wait. Though it wasn't really
arranged so simply as that, because both
girls have the true Gallic temperament,
passionate and turbulent.
Marta goes to Hollywood later in the
summer, having attracted the attention of
Twentieth Century-Fox. I wonder what
Simone will say to her if they happen to
meet at the studio.

Take-a-Chance Stewart
Continued from page 63
Ted Allen has invented a gadget that will
set off the flash at the same time you move
your shutter.
"The place to get unusual effects is in
the dark room. We print all our own stuff.
Did you know you can mottle a print with
your hands? You get a paper negative first.
That is, you have the film up against
your enlarger. Then throws the print on
the paper down here. Then as you print
it, you do your stuff with your fingers
between the two and make the shadows
you need in the right places.
You can get trick stuff in the dark
room, too. Print an upright figure just
as it appears, then shift the film and get
him bending to the side, both on the same
print. It's very spectacular if you get just
the right angle.
"You can blur a print just enough to
give it a spooky effect, too. Soft-focus stuff
is fun. If you have the right sort of pic-
ture."
Jimmy sometimes uses a home movie
camera, but he says it doesn't give him
the necessary thrill.
"There's been stuff printed about my
discovering a girl for the 'Born to Dance'
picture," he recalled. "It was an accident.
I was down at the beach one day with my
movie camera. I saw a bunch of girls run-
ing in and out of the water and dancing
WELL-DRESSED WOMEN NOW WEAR
* BRA-FORMS

Leading American designers recommend the use of dress shields to protect their creations not only from perspiration but also from strong under-arm cosmetics.

At a recent Fashion Show in New York, every dress was worn over a carefully selected Kleinert's Bra-form.

* Bra-forms are smart uplift brass made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

They can be laundered as easily as your other lingerie, and solve your perspiration problem perfectly without the slightest bother.

You need bras and you need shields—Bra-forms combine them most conveniently! From a dollar up in good Notion Departments everywhere—a tiny fraction of the cost of the dresses they save.

* The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25

Hollywood's Riddle Woman

Continued from page 26

�Ask for Kleinert's Launderite Shields—25c a pair at Notion Counters.

Kleinert's

465 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA... LONDON, ENG.
self comfortably alongside cross-legged.

"Now we are comfortable," she gladly sighed. "This is the room I like best. I spend all my free time here."

"Don't you ever go out?"

"Why should I? Here I have everything I want—good books and the best music. I wonder, and her tone was significant, "have you read something I am reading."

Heeling over, she darted into the outer room, skimming back with an opened book, a new one about Duse. Never having seen the Italian actress who was the greatest of them all, she asked about her, of her face, her voice, even her hands, hungry for knowledge.

"Duse must have been wonderful," she reflected, studying a drawing of her cut from a newspaper. "And what a wonderful life! But so sad. She gave so much—everything—that her life was one long sacrifice.

What, I wondered, of the sacrifices of Louise? For into the sensitive face of the gifted Viennese actress had come a sudden emptiness.

"I am lonely," she replied, slowly, thoughtfully, "I will never get over my loneliness, not if I live to be seventy or eighty. This cannot be helped. Why should it? I believe it is the good in us, because we want to be better, that makes us lonely. I am not unhappy, but I always have a longing for something beyond me, something I will never reach. Yet for ever I am trying to reach it. Every day I start completely new. Before me are all the new things I want to conquer, behind me all the old things I have lost. My greatest loss, in coming to Hollywood, has been the people I love. It was hard for me to leave them, for love is as important as food. And when I left Vienna I was in love with a man."

But now the unpredictable Rainer was in love with quite another man. At the suggestion, she smiled mysteriously, placating herself down on the floor a curious mixture of child and woman, and gave my foot a playful poke, with: "I may tell you, but not the public."

She did not have to tell me: I knew the lucky man was Clifford Odets.

Then there was something more, seriously: "My biggest sacrifice is my private life. That is gone. Hollywood has robbed me of it. So that you may understand let me put it this way: There are two men. One I call my occupation. The other is the man I love. I want to give myself to both, but I can't. This may explain the present situation."

"What do I do for the man who is my occupation I take from the man I love. One pulls me away from the other, and my happiness is sacrificed between them. I cannot be steady with either, for I am always compelled to go back from one to the other. I am going, going somewhere, but I am blind, seeing nothing."

"Not even glamour?"

"I swear by God," she fiercely declared, rising to her feet and waving stark to her oath, "I am not glamorous and I never have wanted glamour! I have worked, and

---

**How would your laxative rate with the doctor?**

_Your doctor is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about little matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry you. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

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

The doctor says that a laxative should _not_: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves. No wonder it's a favorite with millions of mothers. No wonder it's the most widely used laxative in the whole world.

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

_FREE—If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S57, P. O., Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y._

When Nature forgets—remember

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The Original Chocolate Laxative

SCREENLAND 83
ON HOLLYWOOD dressing tables—where only the finest beauty aids are chosen—you'll find these dainty Screen Star Powder Puffs. They're soft as down, with extra-long silken velour fibres to hold your powder where it belongs—on top. That's why make-up goes on so easily, and so evenly. Look for the autograph of your favorite star on the ribbon. At leading chain stores 5c

FREE A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappers from Screen Stars Powder Puffs. Don't wait—act now!

SCREEN STARS Powder Puffs

When ladies are dressing is a good time to enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum! Helps beautify lips

When at the Grocery, Include ½ oz. pkgs.

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

When a little attention was turned my way I was surprised. Why not? What have I done?

What, indeed, hasn't she done, flashing from one brilliant success to another in "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld," and now reaping her richest harvest of fame in "The Good Earth"?

“Nothing,” was her witting estimate, sweeping it all away with a ruthless gesture. “It means absolutely nothing to me. Whatever it may be, it has come too easily, too quickly. We have to struggle to go through, to get to the right and the real things. Do you think that Duse and Bernhardt thought themselves glamorous? Well, perhaps you are right in believing that Bernhardt did. But neither could possibly have thought so at first, for then both had everything to struggle against, even poverty. It was only when they had accomplished great things that they deserved the glamour which surrounded them. Then they were famous. And fame is not of your own making, but something given you by many people in return for what they have got from you. Right fame, true fame, is something to be thankful for because it comes as a gift from the people. But sudden glamor, coming as it may with a single picture in Hollywood, is unhealthy, untrue. It is the last thing I should want, for I am afraid of it. It is dangerous.”

As Miss Rainer mems to be saying no less of Hollywood, I put the question point-blank to her.

“Hollywood is the most dangerous place in the world,” was her positive opinion. “It is sure to be for an actress, who has to work on herself as a human being more than anyone else because she is supposed to be a symbol of many others. This may mean the sacrifice of her own human values. For myself, I'm too much alive to see any sacrifices I may have made. Maybe someone later will see them for me. But it doesn't matter. Always before me is another sacrifice to be made. This is good for me because it means there is always something I am trying to find. But it doesn't mean peace, for there is no one who could come and give me rest. It is a weary light that Hollywood throws on you. And there's so much light here that you are blinded by it. There's the light before the camera, then the light at great openings which can easily make you blind, and so you lose your way. I envy women who are out of it, safe in their private lives, where they can be more content, much happier. They can build their whole life on love. This an actress, particularly a Hollywood actress, cannot do. Oh, well! After all, the love you get is not important. It is the love you give. And the measurement of what you give is the measurement of how big or how small love is to you. I'd like to be a woman with nothing else in life if I felt another interest made the man I love unhappy. But I don't think I'd ever really want to change places with a woman who had nothing but love. If I am what I want to be, nothing can affect me. Yet I want a man who will say yes to my work—and I think I have found him. Sometimes I want to throw everything else away, then I realize I can’t.”

In short, Luise Rainer is first and last an actress, how high a one you need not be told. But don't tell her.

“I have a deep inferiority complex,” she gravely assured me, “when I compare myself with other actresses. Please don't laugh, for I mean it. Every time I see another actress on the screen, no matter who she is, I think I'm terrible. For this reason, I seldom go to pictures—they discourage me.” (She even stayed away from the premiere of "The Good Earth.") “Anyway, I feel I’m not meant for them. For
that matter, I never expected to be on the screen, even when I came to Hollywood." Stretched on the floor, she suggested nothing so much as Hollywood's most baffling human puzzle.

"I'll tell you something I've been keeping to myself," she volunteered. "My only reason for coming here was curiosity to see the country and new people. I never thought I'd be in a film. There was a clause in my contract giving the studio the right to send me back after six months, so that's what I thought would happen, if it happened sooner so much the better, for I was in love and wanted to go back as soon as possible. This seemed more than likely, as I knew no English. I studied it as best I could, but always with my mind on seeing things. I thought I would see them, then go home. So I bought a camera and took it with me every time I could get away. On those trips, which I loved, I saw something of Mexico and Canada, as well as a good deal of California. Everywhere I marvelled at the richness of nature and the friendliness and comradeship of the people. Then, to my surprise, after two months they put me in a picture. I didn't want to go in it, and that I should make any success at all was the biggest surprise of my whole life. Now that I am still in pictures it is all so strange that I don't know what to make of it."

What to make of her, after that astounding revelation, was the problem. I recalled that in an earlier talk she had told me she would leave the screen for ever at the end of her contract and return to the stage. Was she still of the same mind? "Nothing can make me change it," was her decisive answer. "I must go back to the stage and stay there, only for my peace of mind. Here I can have no peace. It is impossible in pictures. You never know what is going to happen. I began The Good Earth in July, and here it is January. But what do I know about my part of it? Nothing. Since the picture was finished twenty hands have been on my work. How can I tell what it will be like when they are through with it? The last thing they told me was that a thousand feet still had to be cut out of the picture. Those doing it may think they are leaving in what is good. But will I think it is good? On the stage I can go straight ahead from eight to ten, and no one can stop me. If what I do is bad, the audience will tell me while I am doing it, but during that time the audience cannot interfere with my work. In Hollywood there is always interference. This demands the biggest sacrifice of all—peace. I am wishing for it always, but I will never find peace."

"A deep silence weighed upon her. Looking at this creature of moods brooding there on the rug, I was struck by the classic lines of her sculptural face. She might jilt a man. Only there was something more tender in that face, the beauty and the sorrow of life. A wistful smile played across it, her head half-turned, her eyes wide and unseeing. She rose silently. That same silence walked with her down the stairs, out the door, and along the winding path in the darkness, her eyes like stars beneath her midnight hair. It held her in a moment's pause. A hand lifted. The green gate closed.

Has another since opened to her—the gate to happiness? Who knows?

WATCH for the final article in our "Fiv Hollywood Wives" series. The concluding article of this popular series will tell the story of one of the most interesting women in Hollywood.

WAKE UP, MARY!

You're a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and that was that.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their loneliness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No better to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only Deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Interlude in Gay Paris

Continued from page 55

“Rather the guillotine as murderer than jail as a thief!” the little cashier said desperately. “Either you give me the money now or I’ll—I’ll—” His voice broke and he glanced wildly around the room. “I’ve got to know what you did with that four hundred and fifty thousand francs I loaned you! Only two more weeks and our books must be closed for the company’s auditors, and you have not returned one franc!”

“Oh, no, no!” Victor felt steadier now as he saw the man’s spirit of courage begin to waver. He turned his back on the cashier and calmly and opened a bottle of cognac and began pouring it into two glasses. “I should never dream of returning a single franc. My intention is to give you back the whole sum in one lump. So understand how happy it makes me to be able to tell you that tonight at six o’clock sharp I shall place in your hands the entire sum, four hundred and eighty thousand francs!”

“Oh, Victor, I know you wouldn’t let me down!” The weak eyes behind Max’s thick lenses watered and his hands shook from relief now as he lifted his glass to his lips. “But you only took four hundred and fifty francs from the cash. How like you to be so generous when I can’t accept it. A new hat, perhaps, but not thirty thousand francs!”

Victor’s smile came slowly, engagingly. “That is the sum which you are going to lend me now!”

“Never!” The little cashier’s glass came down with a crash, but even as he spoke he knew it would be like all the other times, that he would hand the money over and it would be almost as if Victor was doing him a favor in accepting it.

There wasn’t so much a quiver to betray Victor’s tenseness as he stood before the baccarat table again. He pushed the thirty thousand francs toward the croupier and the bank was his.

“Who says Banco?” the croupier’s voice urged. “All stakes admitted up to thirty thousand francs!”

“Banco!” shouted a voice, and the game was on. Luck was with Victor now. Again and again he doubled his winnings and then at thirty thousand francs last there were two hundred and forty thousand dollars in the bank. One more fortunate turn of the cards and he would be in the clear.

“Who says Banco?” came the croupier’s sing-song.

“Banco!” Even before he turned to look at him Victor recognized enough of the voice that had been so recently demanding roasted eagle of the Metropole Café. And the young man’s casual smile returned his as he stood at the table.

Easily, almost indifferently the young man turned up his cards but Victor could no longer control his emotion as he lifted his. Then he broached easily again. He had won. It would be as he had promised Max. Tonight he would return in full the money he had borrowed from the cash box.

“I’m simply ahead of my check book.”

The young man had sobered completely as he faced Victor.

But the reality didn’t matter, the croupier assured him blandly: there were blank checks in the office, and so the young man followed them and sat down at the desk and filled one out. Suddenly he straightened, and crumpled the paper and just signed threw it in the waste basket.

“I’m sorry, gentlemen.” He squared his shoulders unconsciously as he faced them. “I have no bank account. In fact, no money at all. I’m broke. When I shouted ‘Banco’ I’m afraid I overlooked the possibility of a miracle.”

There was talk of the police, but Victor shook his head and asked to speak to the young man alone. He studied the passport the young man gave him.

“You are Peter Lynch?” he asked at last, and the young man nodded. “Some people who give thousand franc tips generally have some resources. A family? Friends?”

“No me!” The boy’s mouth twisted. “A few eyes of the tables, nothing more. Peo-
ple who live in bad quarters are the only family I have in the world. I had just inherited a million dollars. Do you know anything about that great American institution, taxes? When I got through with them and the lawyers’ fees, my net inheritance came to six thou-
sand dollars and eighty-five cents, of which I gave you the last tonight! I’m afraid when I shouted ‘Banco’ your champagne brand had made me forget I was no longer a millionaire.”

Cafe Metro-Pole

20th Century-Fox Picture

THE CAST

Laura Ridgeway, . . . . Loretta Young
Peter Lynch (Prince Alexis) . . . . Tyrone Power
Victor ................................... Adolphe Menjou
Paul .................................... Gregory Ratoff
Margaret Ridgeway ........ Helen Westley
Joseph Ridgeway ........ Charles Winninger
Max .................................. Christian Rub

A Darryl F. Zanuck Production
Story by Gregory Ratoff. Screen Play by Jacques Deval.

Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

There was reluctant admiration in Vic-
tor’s eyes as he looked at him. A man who could say “Banco” with such nonchalance, as though the only expense in the right-hand pocket and the bank of France in his left, could be an invaluable asset.

“See me at my office tomorrow,” he said crisply, “In the meantime I’ll hold your passport to insure your coming.”

It was a different Victor who faced Peter across his desk the next afternoon. The Victor known only to those who worked for him.

“I know a gambling debt is no debt in the eyes of the law,” he said grimly, hold-
ing out the discarded check he had re-
ceived from the waste basket the night be-
fore. “But the law makes up for its indul-
gence in cases probably severe in the matter of bad checks.”

As the boy faced him he outlined the plan he had made, and now again Victor was overjoyed to have Peter as his
delighted. But it would not be difficult for one with Peter’s personality to impersonate a member of the old Russian nobility, he said Prince Pavlovich, who he happened to remember had sent to the salt mines in Siberia, and the task he had picked for his Russian would be such a delightful one. All he had to do was to entertain a charming young Ameri-
can heiress who happened to like celebri-
ties.

There was nothing for Peter to do but agree; to practise a charming Russian ac-

Screenland
cent under Victor's adroit tutelage; and to await the coming of the Ridgeways with a distaste that crowded out every other feeling—甚至 the feeling he had early in the evening when he went into the flower shop to select a boutonniere and saw a girl hesitating over the corsages spread before her.

Only an American girl could smile with that instant frankness as he held a cluster of orchids towards her. When she smiled like this it was like Spring just beginning, a lovelier Spring than any he had known. The kind that poets sang of and artists painted.

"Compliments of Victor," Peter bowed, and quite forgot the accent that was to have been born that night; and she laughed a little as she pinned it to her dress and he knew that Spring could be full of music, too, and of stars sparkling in a girl's eyes.

Victor was even more gracious than usual when he walked over to the Ridgeways' table.

"You remember my daughter?" Ridgeway tried to conceal his pride in her by the brusqueness in his voice, and as Victor nodded gravely: "She's looking for celebrities. You might begin with the kings and queens—"

Laura was gazing ecstatically into space, and even her aunt's short laugh could not wipe out the wonder in her eyes.

"He looks like a prince, at least," she half-whispered, staring at a man who sat alone in regal state.

"He's a paper clip manufacturer." Victor dismissed him with a shrug. "But the lady stronger who looks rather like a cook and not a very neat one is Her Grace, the Duchess of Marlton. And the young people at the next table looking so very humble and timid are the cousins of the empress of Austria, spending one week's in-

come for one hour at the Café Metropole. Disappointed?"

"I should hope so," her Aunt Margaret said truculently, and then she stopped and stared with all the rest as the band broke into the old Russian National Anthem and a young man paused for a moment at the top of the stairs.

With a murmured apology Victor left the table and hurried to Peter's side, and Laura flushed a little as she saw the deep

how he swept him. And this was the man she had mistaken for a clerk in the flower shop!

"He must be royalty!" she said in a hushed voice, and her father leaned over and patted her arm.

"I have but one rule about titles," he laughed. "If they're charming, they're fakes; and if they're genuine, they're stup."

Victor was all obsequience as he ushered

Randolph Scott, as a Pennsylvania farmer of 1859, has the two-fisted support of Ben Blue (note Ben's fighting spirit as evidenced above), in "High, Wide and Handsome.

Stars of "Brother Rat" say:

![Image: A newspaper clipping featuring an advertisement for Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup by Richard Hudnut.]

**CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES**

"HOLLYWOOD IS RIGHT," say these gay young stars of the Broadway collegiate comedy hit "Brother Rat." "Every girl should choose her makeup by the color of her eyes." For now you can buy...

**MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...**

- Flattering because your face
- Powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara are all in scientific color harmony.
- And makeup that matches you! Because Marvelous Eye-

**MATCHED MAKEUP** is keyed to your own personality color, the color of your eyes.

**IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, like Mary Mason's, ask for Parisian type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara. If they're hazel, like Wyn Caboon's, then Continental type is right for you.**

For blue eyes, Dresden type;
- Gray, Patrician type. Full size packages, each item 55 cents,

(Canada 65 cents).

MARY MASON says: "Choose your makeup by your true personality color, the color of your eyes. It's wonderfully flattery."

WYN CABOON says: "Superbly right. Choose your makeup by your eyes—so you'll realize how odd-fashion's other makeup directions are!"

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SCREENLAND

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Peter to his seat, and then he was back at the Ridgeway table.

"With your permission, Mr. Ridgeway, His Highness Prince Alexis Petrovitch Panaieff requests the pleasure of dancing with Miss Laura." And then quickly, as Ridgeway glared at him: "It's the royal prerogative, sir, quite without impermissiveness."

"Tell His Highness, yes, with pleasure," Laura said, as her father started to bluster.

"It sounds like the royal pick-up to me," Aunt Margaret sniffed, and she glared as Victor came back bringing Peter.

"I'm sorry," Peter shrilled the word in his most Russian fashion, and offered Laura his arm and they swept out on the dance floor.

"It's funny," Laura looked up at him guilelessly. "But in the flower shop I didn't even notice your accent. Even now it is so slight. Just enough to be pleasant."

In spite of himself Peter's arm tightened about Laura's waist.

Peter would have liked a Scotch and soda, but in true imperial fashion he ordered vodka instead, and he was almost glad of the interruption when a waiter said he was wanted on the private telephone. On the short walk to the office the waiter was all deference, but as soon as the door had closed upon them he turned on Peter, snarling.

"So you are His Highness Prince Alexis Panaieff! Answer these questions." And he spat out a torrent of Russian. "So you're not even Russian!" he shouted as Peter stood silent. "What Russian would dare steal such an exalted name? I— I am Panaieff!"

"It seems we have just one too many Panaieffs in the cast," the boy grinned as Victor came into the office.

It was going to be a more expensive gamble than Victor had thought, for after looking at the passport, the royal prince spread in front of him, he knew he would have to pay Panaieff off, and it took all the tact that even the great Victor could master to offer money to a member of the imperial family, even though working as one of his own waiters. Not to speak of the amount of money it took to buy off a genuine prince! Dash it all, they should have better guards at the salt mines. If the man hadn't escaped it would all have been so much simpler.

The days went on and always there was Peter's gift of flowers for Laura in the morning, and luncheons alone and dinners with the family; and sometimes when he almost forgot the part he was playing he was happy, but most of the time he remembered and was sad.

But Laura was never sad these days. It was always so easy to laugh when she was with "Alexis." Only when he was quiet as he was today was it almost as if his quietness were a part of her, too, pulling happiness away from her.

"You're hardly said anything," she said at last, "Are you sick?"

"No." It was so hard to dissemble with her wide eyes looking at him that way. "If only she weren't so lovable he might not be quite so miserable playing Victor's little game for him. "I am in what you call the mood. You can never tell about Russians."

"You've got something on you, Prince," she said gravely, and then her laugh tripped after her words. "Did you
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DEODORANT VANISHES COMPLETELY,
STOPS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY!

NOW at last there is a non-greasy cream deodorant that does everything you want a deodorant to do.

The new Odorono Ice never messes up your clothes because it is absolutely not greasy. It is made on an entirely new principle. Just put it on, and it disappears like a fine vanishing cream. No fuss or bother.

You will find its light, melting texture entirely different—delightfully cooling and refreshing on your skin. And it leaves no telltale odor to betray you. Its own fresh, clean odor of pure alcohol disappears at once. And Odorono Ice, instead of just covering up perspiration odor temporarily, gently stops it for 1 to 3 days. Your armpit is really clean—grease-free, perspiration-free.

Odorono Ice is so easy to use, so dainty and yet so completely effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Try it. You will be delighted! Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

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Dept. 347, 111 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name______________________
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into little pieces as she looked at Peter.

"You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course, I love you!" Peter turned on her furiously. "I love you too much! I love you so much that I won't marry you."

"Did you ever in your life hear of anything so ridiculous?" she demanded of the clerk.

"No, Madame," He put a hat on Peter's head, "this one's very smart, Your Highness."

"The brim's too narrow," Laura disapproved it airily. "Why can't you be frank with me?" she demanded.

"There is no hope for us, ever," he insisted. "It is the whole history of the France." For three centuries his family have been unhappy. The man's love is deep but short. It bursts like a skyrocket and dies again.

"Pull that one down a little on the left —there," Laura interrupted. "You mean your love is like your accent. It comes and goes, comes and goes."

She was laughing at him as he paid for the hat but afterwards when they walked back to the hotel the laugh had gone even from her eyes.

Victor was waiting for Peter when he walked into his suite.

"My boy, I want to congratulate you on a beautiful performance," he exclaimed.

"It can't go on, Victor," the boy turned on him suddenly. "I was coming to tell you tonight. I'll tell her the truth, the whole story from the beginning. Funny, I'm not afraid of jail any longer."

He stopped as the telephone rang and Victor gave him the receiver with a mocking bow.

"Tell her now," she suggested.

"Will you marry me?" Laura's voice came over the wire. turning his heart to butter. "I can't let you go away, and if you won't ask me I'll ask you. I know you love me."

It was more than Peter could endure.

"Yes I do," he cried. "I love you more than anything on earth. No, you mustn't come down here, I'll see you tonight."

He hung the telephone up and Victor's sardonic smile met him. "You see?" His voice was exultant. "You see how easy it was?"

"Get out!" Peter said dully. "Get out!"

But Victor was not to be dismissed so easily. There was the matter of the marriage settlement, say half a million before the ceremony and the other half afterwards, and so much for each child that might be born and so much — but Peter suddenly interrupted him.

"It's no use. I'm through!" he announced. "You can call in the police now!"

"That's the trouble with a flawless plan," Victor sighed. "There's always a flaw in it. There are two in this one — your conscience and my luck. You can go now. What satisfaction would I get out of jailing you?"

Peter stared unbelievably at the passport pressed into his hand and then he squared his shoulders and left. He was free again but what did it matter, since he knew that never again as long as he lived would he be free of love.

Victor managed to hold the sorrowing, gaunt smile on his face until the door had closed, then his triumphant laugh came as he went in search of Ridgeway. Funny how quickly the new idea had come to him; even as he despaired it had come, and now a new confidence was in his eyes as he knocked at the millionaire's suite.

It was all so simple; that drooping shrug of his shoulders, the long highs and lows to which he had told of the way Peter had fooled him with forged credentials and how agast he had been when he had discovered him a penniless American. But he had done what he could to right the wrong he had so un-
lice, talked she suddenly came back to life again, could feel the warm rush of blood to her cheeks, the pounding of her heart.

"Keep him there!" She was dashing out of bed as she spoke, her free hand unfastening her pajama jacket. "I'll be there right away. Don't let him get away."

But when she was ushered into the cell, she stared unbelievingly at the middle-aged man who glared back at her.

"But who are you?" she managed to whisper at last.

"Who am I?" The man drew himself up regally. "Is my whole life to be ruled by crazy Americans? I am Panaioff, twenty-five times related to the czars, five times legitimately! And my bargain called for silence, not fail. But you will pay for this outrage, you and Victor!"

Laura almost embraced the bars of the cell as she leaned closer.

"So Victor is in this?" she exulted. And then: "Tell me, how much do you want to talk about Victor and your bargain with him?"

Even as he protested that he was a prince and a man of royal honor, he was bargaining with her, and even Laura gasped at the high price of getting royalty to talk.

"Wait here!" she demanded. "I'll be back with the money."

She almost collided with the gendarmes who were bringing an arrest into the station. She was so excited that she probably wouldn't have looked at the man if he hadn't turned his head away so quickly.

"Darling!" She was rushing up to him then and Peter, after that first moment, didn't have the courage to be as he had planned to be, cold and remote as if a million worlds separated them.

Instead he held his hand out and touched hers, and somehow it wasn't so hard to tell her everything and with her eyes looking at him as if all those lost stars had come back again even his own part in the story no longer seemed despicable enough to separate them.

Victor's charm was turned on full blast that evening as he walked into the dining room. Easy to be charming now with the money he had stolen safe in the cash box again. There wasn't enough he could do for his guests that evening.

Then suddenly he straightened, for sitting at a table were Laura and Peter, and with them were her father and her aunt, and as if to see them all so happy and gay together hadn't been enough, there was Prince Panaioff, raising a glass of champagne to his lips and his eyes ogling the middle-aged Margaret.

Laura smiled disarmingly as Victor made his slow way towards them.

"Dad tells me he gave you a little money for Mr. Lynch," she said softly. "But Mr. Lynch doesn't remember your turning it over to him. I think he would like it now with his caviar."

"Of course he would," Ridgeway assented heartily. And his voice became almost confidential as he turned to Victor: "I'm giving it to them for a wedding present. So hurry it up."

"Very good, sir!" Even though the mask had dropped over his face again, the charm was still there in Victor's voice as he left them. Then in a moment he was back again bending low over Peter and laying a slip of paper before him.

There was just a ghost of a smile on Victor's lips as he moved away again, and Peter smiled a little too as he picked up the worthless check he had made out to Victor. But both Laura and Ridgeway had seen it and there was a glint in the millionaire's eyes as he took off his glasses.

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**SKIN'S FLAKY**

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**SKIN'S SMOOTH FOR POWDER**

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A distinguished dermatologist says:—

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. These harsh particles can be melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin immediately takes on a fresh, softened appearance."

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Overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

Protection—Before long hours out of doors, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!

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Pond's Creams and Face Powders. Send 25c to POND'S, Dept. 8-S, Clinton, Conn., for 8-piece package containing samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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Screenland

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and laid them ominously beside his plate.

But no one, not even a self-made man, strong and domineering, can fight a man with charm. Even as Ridgeway rose to go to Victor's office the waiter was there beside him with a basket.

"The wild strawberries, sir, from the Austrian Alps," he smashed his lips as he set them before him, "With Mr. Victor's compliments."

There was no resisting a gesture like that, so Ridgeway ate his own words and the strawberries too; and Laura and Peter smiled ecstatically as they moved on to the dance floor and rediscovered heaven in each other's arms; and Prince Panja's eyes glowed as he lifted another glass of champagne with a zarist gesture towards Margaret.

"Ah, but you are beautiful, to-night, Madameoiselle!" he sighed. "Beautiful enough to be a princess!"

The wild strawberry Ridgeway had just selected from the basket fell back into it with a soft little plop, and Margaret laughed at the look of consternation that came over him.

"Get out your check book, Joe," she giggled. "Here we go again!"

The End

Gable and Taylor Rivals?

Continued from page 25

...started I was at least what might be called a home-grown, or garden variety of actor. Sprouting in Akron, after coming down from the Ohio back-hills, I was just about as green as they come. With Taylor it was different. Even as Ridgeway rose to go to Victor's office the waiter was there beside him with a basket.

"The wild strawberries, sir, from the Austrian Alps," he smashed his lips as he set them before him, "With Mr. Victor's compliments."

There was no resisting a gesture like that, so Ridgeway ate his own words and the strawberries too; and Laura and Peter smiled ecstatically as they moved on to the dance floor and rediscovered heaven in each other's arms; and Prince Panja's eyes glowed as he lifted another glass of champagne with a zarist gesture towards Margaret.

"Ah, but you are beautiful, to-night, Madameoiselle!" he sighed. "Beautiful enough to be a princess!"

The wild strawberry Ridgeway had just selected from the basket fell back into it with a soft little plop, and Margaret laughed at the look of consternation that came over him.

"Get out your check book, Joe," she giggled. "Here we go again!"

The End
THE STORY SO FAR

Marsha Drexel didn't want to be an actress. She is so happy to be working in the movies that her job as script girl at one of the smaller studios is a complete satisfaction—perhaps a step toward being a writer. Marsha's studio borrows the very popular Robert Drake to act in a film, and she has the good luck to be assigned to hold script on the production. However, so far as Drake is concerned, Marsha is just another person on the set. But one day a question of action in a scene arises. Marsha settles the point by proving that Drake is in error. He accepts the correction with perfunctory politeness. And that is all—until, later, Marsha trips and falls. It is Drake who rushes to help her to her feet. A conversation that ensues culminates in the popular star eagerly inviting Marsha to dine with him at a prominent café, and Marsha eagerly accepting.

and shimmering evening clothes danced by, most of them flattering their partners by expressions of such happiness that it couldn't be entirely real. And still Keith didn't return. Marsha wanted to do something about it—didn't know what to do. She didn't know anyone else there, except most casually.

Just as she felt completely miserable, Keith came back. He came back gaily, nonchalantly, without even a murmur of apology. And he brought back a curious assortment of four people. A little man with a fatuous grin, a tall, lank man who looked vaguely disagreeable, and two rather good-looking blonde girls. They had all met at the bar, it seemed. Keith had bought drinks—and insisted that the group come to his table.

Marsha gathered, from what everyone said, that this was not an odd occurrence with Keith. He always wandered to the bar, it seemed, and gathered together a little crowd of his own, buying champagne—and paying the bills without a murmur.

Marsha thought the whole thing a bit odd—but then the whole evening was odd, anyhow. But she did really begin to object when she saw that Keith had been drinking far more than was good for him. And he kept on drinking!

He was determined to reprove him. It's hard to tell a famous motion picture star that he's on his way to getting drunk when you're no one but a script girl—and haven't even gone to college before. Marsha's rather timid advice was received with a bland smile.

"Don't you know that the more you tell a man not to drink the more he goes on drinking?" Keith smiled at her a bit unsteadily.

"What is the way to do?" Marsha asked.

"Just don't say anything," said Keith.

"That's the way I started to do," said Marsha. "And it didn't work."

"Nor is it working," said Keith, "if a man wants to drink."

Which got her exactly no place. And Keith took another glass of champagne.

"Come on, Griswold," one of the blondes volunteered. Marsha knew Maria Griswold by sight—a pert little motion picture star.

"What do you mean?" Marsha wanted to know.

"She threw him over." "Oh," said Marsha, and couldn't help adding, "Why did she do that?"

"Because he was drinking," said the girl.

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It didn't quite make sense. But then, nothing quite made sense all evening.
When Keith was so drunk that he could hardly hold up his beer, and the drunks that he was no longer ordering champagne, the others drifted away. Marsha was so ashamed! She didn't care about herself. No one knew her. A script girl is just as invisible socially as she is in the studio. But Keith Knowles was a star—important. People would look at him because that he was drunk, and out of the Trocadero thinned out and Keith said he was willing to go home that Marsha gathered that everyone took Keith's drinking for granted.
That meant that he was drunk all of the time—too much of the time, anyhow. It was too bad.
Keith took hold of himself, when he was ready to go out. His eyes were half closed but he managed to walk rather steadily. He got his hat from the girl with the lamp-shade skirt. They went outside. Keith ordered his car.
"Do you want me to drive?" Marsha asked.
Keith looked at her coldly.
"Of course not," he said.
Marsha didn't know what to do. She had driven with her friends when they'd had a few drinks, but she didn't like driving with them. But Keith actually was drunk. She couldn't force him to let her drive without making a scene. Of course she could take Keith to Marsha. She knew instinctively, that that was the thing to do. But she didn't do it.
"He'll be all right," said the boy who brought Keith back to the car around. "He drives like this all the time."
She hated the boy's tone. Condescending. A bit superior. To talk this way about Keith was not quite right.
Keith wasn't too drunk to tip the boy too lavishly or to climb in and take the wheel.
They started off. Down Sunset Boulevard, Marsha sat as far away from Keith as she could. She didn't say a word. Maybe, if she didn't disturb him, everything would be all right.
Keith drove in a fairly straight line. Most of the traffic lights had been turned off so Marsha didn't know how capable he was stopping the car. After the first few blocks he went faster—but he never got beyond forty-five miles an hour. That was fast enough, goodness knows, in the heart of Hollywood—but the streets were fairly clear. It was half past two in the morning.
And then Keith turned off Sunset to reach the street where Marsha lived. The street curved now and was not well lighted. Marsha was afraid. She couldn't say "Be careful!" She already knew Keith well enough to know that was exactly the thing not to say. She couldn't take the wheel. She couldn't even say, "Let me out." So she sat silently, watching as when Keith drove too fast around a curve—and hoped and hoped that nothing would happen.
They were only two blocks from her apartment house! Only one more curve! Marsha dared to breathe a little easier. Alter all, maybe Keith wasn't as drunk as he seemed. Didn't he say he drove that way all the time? She was just a silly girl, didn't know about life. Maybe stars weren't like other people.
She rolled down the window. A car traveled toward them. A big black car. The car swerved a little. Keith swerved a little, Marsha closed her eyes, put her hand on the door to keep from crying out. There was a crash, the horrible sound of breaking glass, of metal clumping.
Three men got out of the other car. Marsha knew she had to do something—and had to do it right away. She never knew, later, quite how she thought of
things so quickly—nor how she did anything.
She jumped out of the car, ran around to the back, opened the door on the left, gave Keith a mighty shove that landed him pretty well where she had been sitting a minute before. Luckily the street was very dark. Even more luckily, the men were busy examining the damage that had been done to their own car.

Marsha tried to act casual—and as if she were just getting out of the driver’s seat.

"Well, we certainly hit it," she said.

"It was your fault," said one of the men.

"You’ll have to pay for this." "It was not my fault," said Marsha.

"Look, both cars are on my side of the road.

"You’re to blame," said the man.

And suddenly Marsha thought of something else.

"Luckily no one was hurt," she said, quickly. They looked at her. Looked at each other. Yes, it was too late to claim any physical damage.

Then one of the men looked at her.

"You weren’t driving," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Marsha.

"A man—that man," he said—and pointed to Keith.

"Don’t be silly," said Marsha. "That’s my brother. He’s ill. He hasn’t been able to drive for weeks.

"Drunk!" one of the men said.

Marsha looked at the three of them. Decided to take a chance.

"You’re none too sober, yourself," she said. "Don’t you dare make such an accusation! You’ve all been drinking!"

The remark hit home. They sputtered.

"Perfectly sober," one said. And another, "Don’t say that to me."

"Then don’t say that about my brother being drunk!"

— and undoubtedly a jail sentence—accompanied by pages of the worst sort of publicity loomed ahead. Hollywood careers have been wrecked by less, as Marsha knew.

She leaped into the car.

"Don’t get out!" she said, with seeming calm, to Keith. "You know what the doctor said about your getting excited."

"I’m not excited. What’s it all about? What you doing?" He put his hand on the handle of the door.

"Stay where you are," said Marsha. She looked at the men. She was almost in the shadow, there in the car. She turned away from them as much as she could. Would she be able? It was the thing she had to do! She’d never done anything like this before. She half-closed her eyes, doubled up her fist. She remembered she had always heard, "Lead with your fist!" She couldn’t do that, now.

She put all of her strength into it. Gave a sort of wordless prayer. And, her movements hidden by her body, she gave Keith as strong a clip to the jaw—to that perfect jaw she had wanted to touch just a few hours ago—as she could.

He was still, then. She wondered if she had really knocked him out. Perhaps she had killed him.

She slipped out of the car again. The men hadn’t watched her. They were still muttering.

"Let me see your license," one said. Luckily, Marsha had put it into her evening bag. She had done that without thinking—because she so frequently drove her own car when she went out at night and liked to have her license with her.

She handed the license to the man. He read it without special interest. He’d never heard of Marsha Drew.

"Let me see your license," she said. He
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empty bowl on your head. Start with McNeil today
and win the slender lovely figure right, without yours.

not give interviews to the Press and she
hides out from her public. This makes
Luise different from the big smile
Give Girls. Luise, being one of the twenty-eight,
is immediately pronounced on by
Hundred who have just been bawled out by
their editors for sending in tepid copy
about Paula Stone, and a Roman Holiday
of Rainer is begun. I don’t have to tell you
what has been written about the lovely
Luise who made such an exquisite O-dan
that she still haunts me; you can read;
and how the few remaining days of
“neurotic” were tossed about like a volley
ball. Well, you might like to know that
when Luise first came to Biltmore, a
lonely girl, with a surly face, she was rather
taken back by the frenzied goings-on in
the film capital. She was a foreigner in
a strange land and a strange tongue, with
the most awful verbs in it, and she wanted
to do what was right, but what was right?

asked that a cab be sent immediately. She
tipped down stairs again.
The cab came in just a few minutes.
Marsha didn’t have to explain anything
to the driver. He was well used to
com-}Opponents of his car. He drove
Keith into the car. Keith was able to
give his address. The car drove away.
Marsha sat getListent and then
She undressed slowly, quietly. Eleanor
didn’t wake up. In her pajamas Marsha
went to the quiet Hollywood street. Funny! An
odd ending to a Hollywood evening. A
Holly-
wood holiday. The accident had been slight,
after all. She knew the man wouldn’t sue.
But she knew, too, what trouble he could
have made—and undoubtedly would have
made had he known that the man who hit
him was Keith Knowles, the movie star.
And Keith drank at the time!
She had started out just a few hours
ago so gay and carefree. And she’d been
dancing at the Trocadero with Keith
Knowles—and been in an accident with Keith
Knowles—and knocked out Keith
Knowles! Well, Keith wouldn’t be arrested
or his reputation damaged. Not tonight,
anyhow.
She was still shivering a little as she
crashed into her little white bed next to
Eleanor. She closed her eyes.

Well, that was finished. She had been
out with Keith Knowles. And so what?
He had pressed on her the idea that he
that he got drunk frequently. And Keith
was in love with another woman. And that
was finished. And Marsha knew that,
thought—knew it. She,
In spite of the fact that Keith was a star
and that he drank too much and that he
loved someone else, she was in love with
him. Hopelessly? Undoubtedly. But, for
the first time in her life she was really in love.
And that was just beginning.

And, although she didn’t give it a sec-
ond thought as she fell asleep, there was
another thing that wasn’t finished. For,
in front of her apartment house, for anyone
to see who happened to be passing by,
stood Keith Knowles’s automobile. And it
was to stand there all night and well into
the morning. And it was a well-known
automobile, distinctive as to both color and
number. The accident had happened on a
dark street and the men hadn’t even taken
the number of the car—or paid much at-
tention to it. But they’d definitely have
under a light, now. And soon it would be
daylight. Anyone who passed could notice it.

(Top Continued)

In Defense of Society Star

Continued from page 33

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A long deep sigh of relief. So did Louise.

If you are inclined to be very shy and sensitive, naturally you don't want people to burst out laughing right in your face, so Louise in self-defense kept away from Greta. This makes her definitely a Snoopy Star. She has been studying hard and her English is much better now, but a burnt child dreads the fire. There is a rumor to the effect that Louise, overjoyed by the grand reception given her pictures, is ready to meet the Press and her public once more, but that Metro says No. A little episode that occurred the day of Louise's wedding with Clifford Odetes just might happen to explain things. Some one asked Louise where she was going to spend her honeymoon. "Vienna," she said, "not quite certain of that word honeymoon, replied "Upstairs." Before nightfall every paper in the country, practically, had carried the story.

Because she couldn't articulate well and didn't know a good English vowel from a consonant, Greta Garbo became the great star she is today. When Greta first arrived in Hollywood she was all over the place, Shoppers along Hollywood Boulevard could see a tall, gawky, foreign-looking girl gazing in store windows without any purpose. She was about as elusive as a bill collector on the first of the month. If she got invited to a party, which wasn't very often, she went. If told to pose for couple of lions she did. If anyone wanted to talk to her, she talked. But they couldn't understand what she said, so it was embarrassing. Metro sort of suggested, in a nice way of course, that Greta should stay home and learn English and American ways before she talked any more to the Press and public, and Greta did; it was just that, and then like a forest fire the Garbo myth swept the country. The lonely little Swedish girl who did so want to "belong" suddenly found herself, through a woman of mystery. And once you become an exciting woman of mystery there's nothing to do about it but remain elusive and keep your mouth shut. Nothing can spoil mystery so effectively as a good thick Swedish accent. So Garbo was sort of forced into becoming a Snoopy Star, and then all of a sudden she was something I don't know; anyway it pays good dividends. Last year, returning from Europe, she decided that she could take the Press offices of several cities her town passed through, but it was rather an unfortunate venture. The Press remarked that her hair was the same, and her feet large. Nasty old Press. So Garbo went into hiding again as soon as she reached Hollywood, and wisely so. And she has a bona fide excuse now for dodging her public—her health. Somewhere in the transition of a Swedish barber's assistant into the most glamorous woman in the world Greta lost her natural robust health. As you could see readily in "Camille" she has become too thin for her own good.

Katharine Hepburn, being a gal from Connecticut, with more knowledge of verbal and past participles than most of the Five Hundred, cannot blame her thinness in Hollywood on a strange language and a strange people. Katie and the Press simply got off to a bad start in Hollywood, and I guess the fault should be split fifty-fifty. Just as there are movie stars and movie starlets there are movie writers. When Katharine made her hit in "A Bill of Divorcement" KKO invited the writers in to interview their new discovery. The line I was leaped out on to the press completely for KKO (who should have known better), Hepburn, and the Press in general, it so happened that the baddly writers were the ones who got first crack at Katie—and
when she read their stories in the newspapers and fan magazines she burned to a beautiful crisp. And so would you. Everything that she had done since coming to Hollywood that was a little different from the things Anita Louise does suddenly showed up in print as Something Awful. What would you do in a situation like this? That's just what Hepburn did. She called off further interviews. There's nothing that miffs a person so much as being snubbed, so the Press learned they were being given Little Alaska by la Hepburn they just sat up nights waiting for her to do something, so they could take advantage. Some of the many Hepburn stories are true, and some aren't. It is not true that she threw a bucket of water on Ginger Rogers' new mink coat. It is true, it is from eye-witnesses, that when the wailer of a certain restaurant asked her to autograph a picture she had of her for his little daughter she took up the picture. But it also happens to be true that she is adored by all the people who work with her on her pictures, from directors down to the lowest prop boy. Only last week I heard of an extra who had worked on "A Woman Rebels" tell of Hepburn's kindness to her. It seems the girl was badly in need of a new dress and Hepburn, among many others in Hollywood, didn't even have next month's rent, much less a doctor's fee. Hepburn, noticing how pale she was, said to her, "Why don't you come immediately to your own personal physician, and when he announced that an operation should be performed at once to save the girl's life Kate made all arrangements, booked the hospital and paid all expenses. The studio knew nothing about this; it was not publicized. And it happened to be one of many examples of the Hepburn generosity to those less fortunate than herself.

Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins share with Hepburn the photo-shy camera and the pop-up photographer. It's pride with the girls, and after all you can't blame movie stars for having a bit of pride. Sylvia and Miriam are usually very nice about going into the studio gallery and having their pictures taken by the studio photographer all day if necessary. They are in make-up, they are movies stars, and those are the pictures they wish their public to see of them. When they are not being movie stars they claim their private life is their own, and nothing makes them madder than to have a photographer suddenly snap them when they are putting food into their mouths, or some other unplanned moments. When Sylvia travels and she does constantly, she likes to travel in comfort; she usually wears baggy slacks and an old sports coat—but her public expects to see her in mink and tweeds, so naturally she dodges all photographers who meet the transcontinental trains. The photographers, extremely annoyed, tell the Press; and Sylvia, who doesn't feel she has a little pride, becomes a Snooty Star. Miriam Hopkins has very light eyelashes—naturally, being a decided blonde; so the candid camera that catches her without make-up simply makes her look like a prize albino. Miriam and the photographers in Hollywood used to wrangle something terrible, with Miss Hopkins saying things and the boys saying things, but lately they have called a truce. When she is in make-up she is willing to pose for the boys for hours; when she is being a private person they are to let her alone. But just the same Miriam is still considered a Snooty Star.

Claudette Colbert has been called a Snooty Star because she won't give interviews about her marriage or be photographed with Dr. Pressman. But Claudette is only trying to protect her husband who is a well-known nose and throat specialist, and like all medical men has a horror of seeing his picture in papers and magazines, and reading silly little things about himself.

Carole Lombard is called a Snooty Star because she would give interviews about her romance with Clark Gable. But after all, Mr. Gable, though separated from his former wife for a long time, is not divorced, so it would be very bad taste indeed for Carole to shoot off her mouth. She wouldn't do it, and rightly so.

With little Simone Simon, smoothness is a virtue. She would give interviews to a foreigner in a strange country. The story goes that when she first arrived in Holly-
wood she had a talk with Marlene Dietrich, and Marlene told her that if she wanted to be a success in America she would have to be as snotty and as temperamental as all get out, Otherwise the Press would pay no attention to her. I don't know how true the story is; but anyway Simone has done all right in grabbing space, if that's what she wanted. Everything she does is supposed to be temperamental, and is spread over as many pages as possible by the eager Five Hundred, who simply pray for more stars like Simone. At present she is the Most-Talked-About Star in Holly-
wood, both by the Press and by the stars themselves. Maybe she minds, and maybe she doesn't, but she does seem a rather sad and lonely little person. She has no close women friends, no great "romance." In fact, her only friends seem to be the Charles Boyers. You can hear Simone say-
ing to herself, "So they don't like me here. I'm French, I'm a foreigner, All right. So I don't like them either. I'll take every cent and get back to France." Maybe I'm being too magnanimous, maybe I'm sprouting wings; but I do think that if Simone were handled properly she would be a Snooty Star.

But on the other hand, why not a Snooty Star? You have lots more fun than the Give Girls, And get lots more copy.
Here’s Hollywood
Continued from page 65

YOu don’t hear much about it, and certainly not from Carole herself, but we’re known for a long time that Missy Lombard is one of the best-hearted gals in town and never misses an opportunity to do a good turn for someone. Carole recently sponsored young Margaret Tallichet and insisted that she be tested for screen work, but has also been instrumental in bringing her to the attention of David Selznick, where she was just placed under contract. Recently, although she won’t admit it, Alice Markle was tested at Paramount agreed to a contract through Carole’s insistence. Alice, as you probably know, is one of Carole’s best friends.

YOu’ll see no more publicity about those “amusing” hazards of Betty Furness’. That is, if Betty has anything to say about it. She’s so tired of picking up every paper and periodical to find some crack about her headgear, she’s taken to wearing no hats at all. At the present writing, she hasn’t had one on her head for two weeks!

GAIL PATRICK and Robert Cobb have started a real budget to systematize their newly-acquired housekeeping problem. They have a long conference, going into their saving campaign in detail, and deciding on several items of economy. One that Gail pointed out was the florist bill. For Bob had been sending her a large box of roses each and every day since their marriage. The next evening, Gail walked into her bedroom and there on the dressing table, instead of the usual large bowl, was a single rose! And Gail was that pleased!

WALLY BEERY is mourning the destruction of his favorite house—the little cabin at Silver Lake in the High Sierras where he’s spent vacations for the past fifteen years. The heavy floods during the first part of the year damaged the place almost irreparably—over $15,000 worth of treasures. The house was located on a hillside overlooking the lake and the heavy rains washed all sorts of debris down from the surrounding mountain sides, carrying away the tiny bridge which connected the house with the rest of the lake, and the heavy rains washed the lake under the house, killing every fish and waterfowl, etc.

LEAH RAY, that cute little singer who has to work to make the rent, has solved the problem of keeping her figure fit for picture work. She’s been making a walking tour of Los Angeles and Hollywood, sometimes covering as much as twenty miles a day. She lost ten pounds the first week and eight the second, which puts her just about where she wants to be—and she eats everything from soup to nuts!

RAY MILLAND is one young man who takes a most avid interest in his fan mail. And believe me there’s plenty of it since the release of “The Big Broadcast of 1937.” He gets just about two thousand letters a month now, in comparison to less than a thousand. And every day Ray picks up a big batch of letters at the mail room, reads each one carefully and thoroughly for constructional criticisms.

O VER on the RKO lot, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers worked eight solid hours to complete a single little scene in an elevator for “Shall We Dance?” And then had to rehearse a dance number for the next day? Some fun! (Please turn to next page)
CAROLE LOMBARD doesn't like tennis, especially since they've practically eaten up her studio dressing-room she's chung to for so many years; but at least they've done her a good turn, in a way. What with Gary Cooper moving out of his quarters next door and going over to Goldwyn's, the studio has consented to knock down the partition between the two rooms to enlarge Carole's quarters to real star proportions.

FRED KEATING's having the darnedest time with that huge Great Dane pup of his. The latest development is a $200 perfume bill he's just been obliged to pay. Fred stopped by a drug store the other evening to buy a pack of cigarettes, with the dog in tow. The dog was curious, and started sniffing around, succeeding in knocking over a whole counter of perfume bottles with his tail en route.

JOAN BENNETT, looking more like a little girl than ever in the new short dresses, dancing at the Clover Club, Nancy Carroll, all in pale blue chiffon, dining at the same spot.

DOUGLAS FOWLEY, 20th Century's newest heavy, is proving to be one of the town's most popular Romes. In a period of ten days, he'd been around Marsha Hunt, Rochelle Hudson, June Lang, Helen Wood, Mary Dillon (socialite) and Martha Raye. Incidentally, he thinks Martha Raye is too, too wonderful!

WHEN Marlene Dietrich returned from her recent trip to England, the first person to greet her was the step she stepped from the train was her make-up artist, Dot Ponedel. They've been great friends for years and Dot frantically arranged her work so she could get to the train to meet her favorite person. And Marlene was that pleased!

BILL GARGAN is building at Palm Springs, not only one but two houses. One will be a permanent vacation home for the family and the other will be reserved for guests. We'll come down and see you sometime, Bill!

IT'll be wedding bells, soon, I'm told for Shirley Ross and Eddie Anderson—active assistant director and former air pilot.

Why Hawaii is popular. Just look how Bing Crosby's doing in this flash from "Waikiki Wedding." Bing's charming pals are Martha Raye and Shirley Ross.

GENE RAYMOND was very much startled and no little embarrassed a couple of months ago when a most attractive young girl rushed up to him as he was lunching at the Brown Derby and planted a kiss on his cheek, mumbling, "That's for Mary." She then rushed away, leaving Gene in complete confusion. The other day, Gene was presented to Suzanne Kaaren, who plays with Joe E. Brown in "When's Your Birthday." Gene recognized her at once. "Who in the dickens is Mary?" Gene wanted to know immediately after the introduction. "Why," Suzanne blushed, "Mary's my sister and I promised her when I left home if I ever saw you I'd give you a kiss for her!" And that's what she did.

WORKERS on the Warner lot found some excuse during the first day of production of "Public Wedding" to drop by the set and see just how things were going with Marie Wilson and her fiancé, Nick Grinde. This romance has been hotter than hot for some time, but this is the first time Nick has ever had the opportunity to direct the light of his life. Workers were somewhat disappointed to find everything going along in a more than business-like manner.

WALTER BRENNAN, that grand actor, and Ray Jones, art supervisor at Universal, had a grand reunion while Ray posed Walter for still photographs for the first time since 1925. At that time, Walter was just a lad playing bits in pictures—and mostly tramps. There was one time when the entire company, on location in Nevada, camped in pullman cars on the railroad tracks for twenty-six days and nights, walking a mile every evening to take a bath at the local hot springs. It was the first time the boys had met since the old days.

ARTHUR TREACHER, who's played many a butler on the screen, found himself playing the role in real life last week. Seems Arthur's houseboy was hurt in an automobile accident and refused to be separated from his master, so Arthur had him moved back to the house and installed in his own room to recuperate. Arthur's mother, who is visiting him, was also confined to her bed with the flu. For two days and nights, Arthur cared for the sick, carrying trays of orange juice back and forth, and wearing himself completely out. Finally, he borrowed his old maid, Bessie, for a couple of hours a day to relieve the tension. "Anyway," allows Arthur, "it's good practical training for my next part." Which is one way of looking at it.

GLORIA STUART feels she was decidedly taken in the other day, when she paid for a lengthy "collect" telegram only to find it was from a fan in the East which went on and on to say how much he admired her work and ended by stating: "Am stranded here. Please send what you can." Paul Muni had a letter from a young Japanese boy recently, also praising him for his work and adding: "Please send me transportation to your country so I can meet you."
DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself — lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere — women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume, and Irresistible Lip Lure in the exciting new shades. You’ll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure laboratory tested and approved.

10c at leading 5 and 10c stores
After a man's heart...

...when smokers find out the good things Chesterfields give them

Nothing else will do

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
First True Story of Irene Dunne's Baby Stepping Out with Fred Astaire
What's Left for Janet Gaynor?
Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? ... Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!

Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch—sensational twin star discovery—a double-barreled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!

Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN'S
Novel of All-Time Fame
THE
PRINCE
and the
PAUPER
with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS
☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles • Montague Love
Fritz Leiber • Donald Crisp
Alan Hale • Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Produced on Massive Scale...1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

Warner Bros.
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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Gary Cooper by Marland Stone.
Girls which would you

by Claudette Colbert

No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)
No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)
No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you’d saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who’s just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she’s going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he’s gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don’t know what your answer is going to be. But I know you’re going to get a kick out of the way we’ve answered the question in Paramount’s
MAN MARRY?

"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night... Come on you two, get out the skis."

"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you... but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him In Paris" with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young
Produced and directed by Wesley Ruggles
A Paramount Picture
Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

Hips 12 inches smaller,” says Miss Richardson, “lost 10 pounds and 2 inches,” writes Mrs. Derr, “Why don’t you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?”

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS...it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually reducing hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm—the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY...QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out...no dangerous drugs to take...and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks...safely...and quickly! You risk nothing...why not mail coupon NOW?

SEND FOR TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 736 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 material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address
City........State
Use Coupon or Send News and Address on Postage Paid Envelope

MARCH MARCHES ON

As the screen’s most versatile, talented and likeable actor, I nominate Fredric March, who has managed to retain his high

FAVORITE PEOPLE

My favorites among the pretties of Hollywood, because I think them prettiest, are: Anita Louise, Ida Lupino, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers. The handsomest actors: Bing Crosby, Gene Raymond, and Clark Gable. And, to complete my favorite list, Gary Cooper is the best actor, and Luise Rainer and Bette Davis the best actresses.

Dot Mason, Atlantic, Ga.

FAVORITE PEOPLE

Of all the actors who deserve, for a welcome change, a really good role, I nominate Preston Foster. And now that the part of Kлект Butler in "Gone With the Wind" seems the current standard for prize male screen honors, I enter Preston’s name in the lists:

Faith Ferris, North Vassalboro, Me.

ONE MORE FOR MOORE

Praise be! Grace Moore has come to life! The "dead pan" look has vanished, the light opera stage presence is discarded. That gal can really act. She proved it in "When You’re in Love" to my utmost satisfaction and glee. Add me to her fans, please.

Lucille Carpenter, 1610 G Street, Lincoln, Nebr.

FAVORITE PEOPLE

A Salute for Preston Foster! Letter writers pay favor to a favorite actor, and in this romantic scene above, Jean Muir is with them in showing partiality for Preston. He and Jean, by the way, are a new romantic duo, in "Outcasts of Poker Flats."

WANTS QUILLAN REWARDED

I wish the producers would wake up and give Eddie Quillan the breaks he deserves. He gave a very fine performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty." But was he rewarded? Hardly; for he hasn’t had a decent part since.

Katherine Theilen, Tomahawk, Wisc.

PUT YOUR IDEAS ON PAPER

If you’ve anything on your mind regarding Hollywood, its stars, and its cinema works—and who hasn’t?—it’s better to make them known far and wide than consign them to oblivion in the silence of your own counsel. Hollywood and your fellow readers would like to hear them. So why not come right out with your thoughts in a letter to this department of, and for the people Hollywood strives to please. Please restrict each comment to fifty words or less, but write as many letters as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 4S West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk...reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday...The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER

in

THE TOAST
OF NEW YORK

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee
An Edward Small Production
An RKO Radio Picture
Salute to James Stewart, who proves he is indeed "a very remarkable fellow" with his picturesque performance of Chico in "Seventh Heaven."

Antithesis of the Robert Taylor type is James Stewart—not handsome, not showy, but appealingly real, particularly as he appears as Chico in "Seventh Heaven," above. His love scenes can be colorful, as you see him with Simone Simon at right.

The tall, rangy, nonchalant lad whom you've liked in Metro musicals and dramas now comes into his own—in a motion picture made on another "lot!" It remained for Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox to give M-G-M's young hopeful his first real chance, the co-starring role with Simone Simon in the new version of "Seventh Heaven." And how James Stewart jumps at the chance! He carries the picture on his broad shoulders with careless charm and grace; he practically IS Chico, the Paris sewer boy—with all his brusque gallantry, his appealing bravado, his touching faith. Here is a new star; what's more, he is the unpretentious pioneer of a new school of screen acting—realistic rather than romantic. Stewart is no handsome hero, but a most ingratiating and natural young man with an authentic talent which "Seventh Heaven" affords its first genuine opportunity.
How to Become a Movie Star

Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? * Can you laugh when you feel like crying? Can you cry when you feel like laughing? * Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? * Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? * Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? * Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the truth about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

Selznick International Presents in Technicolor

Janet Gaynor Fredric March

“A STAR IS BORN”

With Adolphe Menjou • May Robson
Andy Devine • Lionel Stander

Produced by David O. Selznick

Released thru United Artists
Screenland

Directed by William A. Wellman
For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don’t trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan’s in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan’s on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan’s Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhan’s today!

Forhan’s
DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

CUT-RATE YARNS
New low prices! Silk Boucle (all colors) Worsted, Chelfland, Velveens, etc. Quality guaranteed. Sample cards, needle and knitting bug given FREE with order. Prompt service on mail orders—write direct to F & K YARN CO. (Est. 1916) $1.39
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Skin Beauty
WITH
Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep.

MERCOLIZED WAX BRINGS OUT YOUR HIDDEN BEAUTY.

USE: Sandolite Astrigent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates redness. Disolve Sandolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Formal dining the English way, with Margot Grahame your hostess

By Betty Boone

If you should be invited to a formal dinner at Margot Grahame’s, more than likely this would be the menu:

- Caviar
- Grapefruit Cup
- Grilled Sole
- Mutton with Onion Sauce
- Fresh Peas and Mushrooms
- Lemon Pie
- Celery
- Coffee

“Jive in a Spanish house, landscaped in typical California style with banana, cactus, and palms; but when my friends come to my house they expect English food,” smiled the blonde star, looking even more fair and slender in a close-fitting black dress.

“It doesn’t seem to matter whether my guests are English themselves, or whether they are Americans or any other nationality—Anton Walbrook is from Vienna, Elizabeth Allan is from London, Akim Tamiroff is Russian—they demand my special dishes.

“We begin with caviar. For grapefruit cup, my cook dices the fruit, dresses each cup with a cherry and pours curacao over it.

“When I’m lucky enough to get them, I serve grilled sole—English ones—with lemon and chopped parsley, just slightly crisped in the English way.

“Now and then the last course may be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but my personal preference is roast mutton with potatoes roasted under the meat, lusciously brown and rich. Traditionally, mint sauce is served with this, and I have it on hand, but I insist that my guests try the onion sauce first. Onion sauce!” She threw a kiss at the conjured vision of it.

“This is the way you make onion sauce:

Boil four large Spanish onions; drain and add butter, pepper and salt; then add two cups of milk in which you’ve stirred cornstarch to thicken; let this simmer for five or ten minutes.

“If you’ve never tried fresh peas and mushrooms together, try it now!

“I never serve salad. English people haven’t learned to eat salads, and I must admit I still do not care for it with my dinner. I like your American salads very much, and can cheerfully make a whole meal of one—at noon.

“Desserts served at my house are never

Equitite table appointments, above, are essential to formality: candle-light, glistening crystal, gleaming silver—and fair Margot herself personally arranging the flowers, below.
English, however. English desserts are too heavy, too stodgy. I am thoroughly sold on American desserts. My cook makes perfect lemon pie. She must tell you her recipe—but I am convinced that the successful pie maker is born with the gift; and light, flaky piecrust is the result of special talent. We also serve apple pie, or, during the holiday season, mince pie, and sometimes whatever fruits are in season.

**LEMON CREAM PIE**

Cream 21/2 tablespoons butter and 3 cups sugar. Beat into them the lightly beaten yolks of 3 eggs, grated rind and juice of 3 lemons, 1/2 cup of thin cream and lastly the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs.

Pour the mixture into pastry lined pie pans and bake in a medium oven until set. Do not let the mixture stand after mixing.

Sprinkle the baked pies with finely chopped toasted almonds and powdered sugar.

"Last of all comes a good dry cheese and crisp celery. I shall never forget my amazement when I attended my first American dinner and saw celery served first. She made a wry face. "Celery is a digestive and should, of course, top the meal."

"Coffee and brandy is served in the library. Which reminds me! A short time ago I served just such a dinner as this one to a group of American friends. When the lemon pie was placed before them, nobody touched it. I waited a few minutes, glancing lightly, and wondering wildly if all my guests disliked lemon pie, or what on earth was the matter? I forked mine around as a hint, but no one followed my lead. I was beginning to think I had to ring for the butler and ask him to bring up a different dessert, when one of the men, (I was better acquainted with him than with the others who were recent acquaintances), laughed and said: 'Darling, you must let him bring the coffee now. We are all stupid Americans and we simply must have our coffee with our pie!' I rang for the coffee, but how I worried about my fine old brandy which is always served in the coffee. What a mixture—lemon pie, brandy, and coffee!"

"I do not serve cigarettes at my table. If my guests want to smoke, they may do so. I'm not a chain smoker, though I'm afraid I do a lot of it, but not at meals. One of England's finest actors taught me that lesson. I was just seventeen when he took me to my first important dinner, and I smoked all through it, feeling tremendously sophisticated. When he was seeing me home that night, he said something I have never forgotten."

"Margot, my child, never, never smoke during a meal! It is the greatest disrespect you can show your host. A smoker cannot properly taste food. He was a connoisseur of food; you know the type. He'd be properly shocked if you neglected to serve white wine with turtle soup and so on!"

Margot says her house really should belong to the League of Nations, for the living room is Spanish, the library English, the bedroom French, and the hall typically Hollywood, what with the curving stair, the studio window and grand-

*(Please turn to page 94)*

**'ER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!**

Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned—

**DRESSES ABSORB PERSPIRATION ODOR... AVOID OFFENDING**

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses often. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor completely—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.
FEEL LIKE HER REAL SELF AGAIN

- I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."

A dazzling array of talent, with well known as well as new film performers offering various specialties. A trite yarn strings the numbers together. But the film brings you George Murphy's dancing, Doris Nolan's beauty, comedy by Ella Logan, Hugh Herbert, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer and Gregory Ratoff; and also lets you hear the singing of Gertrude Neisen. There are some very lavish dance numbers.

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

A generally amusing comedy concerning a boy and girl who, between nagging father and feisty troublesome warrant server, make their problems highly diverting most of the time. Ann Sothern proves a star light comedienne. Don Ameche adds to his record of good performances, while Slim Summerville, Jane Darwell, John Qualen, Douglas Fowley, Allan Lane and Alan Dinehart contribute to make it pleasing.

A riot of comedy, captivating tunes and beautiful photography, with Bing Crosby in the middle. A light story, but the proceedings are pleasant and hold on to the interest. Bob Burns as Bing's pal has never been better, nor has Martha Raye ever used her amusing talents to better effect. Shirley Ross, George Barbier, Lief Erickson, Grady Sutton and others help loads. Bing is terrific. You'll surely enjoy all of it.

If You Seek... a CLEARER Skin try this Simple Daily Care

C LEANSE the pores daily with warm water and Resinol Soap. Its rich, Resinol-filled lather gently removes clogging waste and surface grime, making your skin feel really clean—live-refreshed. Especially agreeable to sensitive skin. To relieve the itchy soreness and aid healing of surface pimples or like irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment.

Another achievement of camera work by Robert Flaherty, pioneer, in bringing the drama of primitive people to the screen. What there is of the Kipling story on which it is based holds no great dramatic attractions, but the spectacular realism of jungle hunting and elephant driving makes an impressive photographic record. Also an Indian boy actor, Sabu, is a screen "natural." A big game adventure by proxy.

The J. P. Marquand story turns into an involved tale in this film version. Peter Lorre does not quite live up to our conception of Mr. Moto, but possibly those not familiar with the original stories will not find this fault with the picture about a boy by son of a steamship magnate and a to-do about smuggling and a hostess in a Shanghai night club. Virginia Field, Thomas Beck make up a good cast.

A Story and the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

A riot of comedy, captivating tunes and beautiful photography, with Bing Crosby in the middle. A light story, but the proceedings are pleasant and hold on to the interest. Bob Burns as Bing's pal has never been better, nor has Martha Raye ever used her amusing talents to better effect. Shirley Ross, George Barbier, Lief Erickson, Grady Sutton and others help loads. Bing is terrific. You'll surely enjoy all of it.

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Refreshing comedy drama of a small town girl who makes good in the big city. Virginia Bruce, as the young rustic who later blossoms into a musical comedy star, has the best role of her career and plays it with fetching charm and the greatest skill. Kent Taylor, as the press agent, is also seen to advantage. Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub and the others are excellent. Here's fine clean entertainment.

It all adds up to marvelous entertainment, with superbly gay performances by Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray—really tops for both of them. It's the boy meets girl, boy leaves girl, girl follows boy, girl leaves boy idea with suspense built up to terrific pitch. There are fine supporting performances by Charles Butterworth, Jean Dixon, Dorothy Lamour and Cecil Cunningham, A picture you must not miss.

A triangle drama about an unhappy woman, wife of British officer in the Sudan, in love with a young captain. Each of the three are so gosh-all noble it hurts. Despite this, Errol Flynn manages to come through with a refreshing portrait of the young captain, and Kay Francis succeeds in looking exceedingly lovely, while Ian Hunter, as the husband, is excellent. Staged so brilliantly, it nevertheless lacks force.

A sensitive skin demands Nonspi, the non-irritating, safe anti-perspirant and deodorant. One application protects you for two to five days. No underarm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. In 35c and 60c sizes, Nonspi is on sale at drug and department stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Try it—today.

**Safe NONSPI**

Pronounced "Non-spy"... Means "The Safe Deodorant!"

New FOOT RELIEF!

Prevents New or Tight Shoes From Pinching, Pressing, Rubbing
Apply this velvety-soft, soothing, medicated, superior foot plaster on Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes or Tender Spots on the feet or toes, and you will have instant, safe, sure relief. Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX makes new or tight shoes easy on the feet prevents blisters. Can be cut to any size or shape desired. Flesh color. Goes further—wears longer.

GOLFERS! Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX is excellent for preventing blisters on the hands, fingers and any part of the feet. Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c Stores. Send for FREE booklet on THE FEET to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 231, Chicago.
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Hero in "When You're In Love"
2. Sponsor of artifice
3. The screen's "Holy Terror"
4. A light boat
5. A flower
6. Charlie Chan
7. What you breathe with
8. Star of "Swing High, Swing Low"
9. On top of
10. Like
11. She plays Pat Atlen in "Green Light"
12. To bear
13. Proctor's measure
14. Star of "The Devil's Playground"
15. Either
16. Mineral spring
17. Before
18. Part of to be
19. The direction a compass points
20. German star of silent days
21. The last laugh
22. Small lump
23. Louise Reiner's role in "The Great Ziegfield"
24. He's married to Ruby Keeler
25. More peculiar
26. One
27. Insecurity
28. "A Son Comes Home"
29. Kitty O'Shea in "Parfitt"
30. Boy violinist in "A Doctor's Diary"
31. Enchanted
32. Near (abbrev.)
33. Emaciated
34. She's Mrs. John Monk Saunders
35. Manuscript
36. An animal that bleats
37. Note of the scale
38. A color
39. A tree
40. Abe Lincoln's birthday (Biblical calendar)
41. Co-star of "Beloved Enemy"
42. European measure of area
43. Insertions
44. Expires
45. Ginger's co-star
46. Insecurity in "Drummond Escapes"
47. To bathe
48. Rings slowly
49. Convincing evidence
50. Officers' assistants
51. What a hen does with eggs
52. Goody
53. College official

DOWN
1. Reason
2. Star of "Love From A Stranger"
3. Astaire's team-mate
4. Biblical pronoun
5. English river
6. Edge
7. Co-star of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"
8. Featured: song in "The King And The Chorus Girl"
9. Measures of length
10. Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
11. Detergent
12. Walter Huston's wife
13. To come into a room
14. Dressed
15. Finished
16. Armand's father in "Camille"
17. To deceive
18. Japanese measure
19. A movie, with Loretta Young and Don Ameche
20. Cover
21. "Without ___" (A Sally Fields film)
22. Ancient days (poetic)
23. The lawyer in "Country Gentleman"
24. Receptacle for laundry
25. Insecurity in "Sea Devils"
26. Has been
27. Insect
28. Insecurity in "Woman Wise"
29. He played Crane in "Mind Your Own Business"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle: TELL BEER GENE GALILEE AWARE LINE DARE RAY RDY OR SORRY O'LEARY NO AIN'T N'T GRAY BAYD ARM OR SOUS LEAVE MORE CLAD BET AD STALEY YRE TO ARE ONE CLY STABLE RE LEAD EYROL ROE EVAH MARION COAT CANTS STAN TENN EGGS
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Marjorie W. Thanks for your appreciation! Now I'll tell you something about Don Ameche. Before his screen début, he had stage experience, and a successful radio career for six years. His first big picture was "Sins of Man," followed by "Ramona," "Ladies in Love," "One in a Million," "Love is News," and "Fifty Roads to Town." He is 28 years old, married, has two children, is 6 feet tall, hazel eyes and brown hair. Write to 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, California, for a photograph of him.

Alice D. Yes, please ask all the questions you wish. I'm glad to answer them. Kathleen Key played with Ramon Novarro in "Ben Hur"; she was Thirta, his sister in the picture.

Ruth Thomas. Thanks for all the nice things you say. Herbert Marshall? Born in London, May 23, 1890; educated in St. Mary's College, Harlow, England. His first stage appearance was in the role of the servant in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." He was wounded several times in the World War but served valiantly all through the struggle. He is married to Edna Best, and maintains a home in London, although, due to his popularity with American audiences, he spends a great deal of his time in this country.

Ellie S. Yes, Jean Parker is married to George MacDonald. While in England she appeared opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." Lily Pons is not married now although she has been married. Her most recent picture is "That Girl From Paris." She made her début in opera in "Lakme" and made a name for herself in the famous Bell Song. Lily is engaged to the musical conductor, André Kostelanetz.

Curious. James Cagney is now with Grand National Pictures. His first film for that company was "Great Guy." And Jimmy’s next is titled "Dynamite." So, you'll be seeing him again soon.

S. McF. Alan Baxter, as the gangster in "Big Brown Eyes" and "Mary Burns, Fugitive." Sorry, he doesn't give his age.

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- Now, millions more can switch to Pepsodent, the pleasant Antiseptic that keeps breath sweet and pure 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading brands!

The giant bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic formerly sold for $1.00. Now, this new giant size, containing 14 ounces, sells for only 75c.

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Pepsodent keeps breath sweet 1 to 2 hours longer, because it kills odor-causing germs in the mouth even when diluted with 2 parts of water.

Thus you get the equivalent of 3 bottles of Antiseptic for the price of 1! Pepsodent now comes in 3 generous sizes—25c, 50c, and the new bargain size for 75c, the lowest price in history.

Try, today, this remarkably quick way to relieve bad breath and help fight colds.

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LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG...YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!
THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

"Wake Up and Live!"

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY
GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER
CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS
FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Glamorous! Galorous! Howlarious!
Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burning... as they flipcrack face to face!

The studio that gave you
"Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

including
"It's Swell Of You"
"I'm Bubbling Over"
"Never In A Million Years"
"There's A Lull In My Life"
"Wake Up And Live"

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!
DEAR MISS MAYTIME:

You win!

Meet your new fan. You have so many hundreds of 'em that one more won't matter. Except to me, for I—am—it.

You see, I resisted for a long time. Oh, yes, I couldn't deny your gorgeous voice, your good looks, and your sweetness. But I attended your pictures, I'm frank to say, merely in the line of duty, and never as a particular pleasure. I liked you in the Lubitsch pictures because of Lubitsch and, for a while, because of Chevalier; but never because of Jeanette MacDonald. To put it frankly, you cloyed. There was so much sweetness and light about you that I was enveloped in gloom by it all. How I wished you would trip up, just once; go off-pitch, or forget to smile. But you never did. And I went more and more anti-MacDonald, as time marched on.

Of course, you got along without me all right. "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" took you to the top. The advent of Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout seemed only to enhance your lustre. Perhaps it was because you were so serene, so self-sufficient, what with all your calm and poise and fan-clubs, that I kept right on resisting. After all, being reminded of MacDonald perfections in every other mail, by a deluge of MacDonald fan-club raves, hardly made me like you any better. I'm sorry, but that's how I am.

Then—came Spring; came "Maytime." It happened that I missed seeing "Maytime" at a private screening and caught it, instead, one warm Spring evening, at the very crowded Capitol Theatre on Broadway. I had to stand. I had to see it, that's why; so I stood; and while I stood I became more anti-MacDonald every minute. Finally, pushed and shoved around by ardent MacDonaldites, I found a seat between two rabid devotees. I had to sit there listening to fervent praise of "our Jeanette" every lull in the music. During the superb sequence based upon Tschaikowsky's sublime "Fourth Symphony," I could scarcely hear the great music for the gasping sighs around me. But—some time or other as I sat there, before the final fadeout of "Maytime," I became a MacDonald fan of the first water—in spite of myself. Here, I was forced to admit, was a charming picture girl who was also, amazingly enough, a great artist. Here was a pictorial young woman who could have rested forever on her laurels as the screen's leading heroine of light opera, slaving and studying to become a really fine singer. Here was Jeanette MacDonald, in fast company—Tschaikowsky, no less, and a dash of Mozart, Stothart, and Barrymore—and leading them all. Sweet? Certainly. But now I could forgive that sweetness because it seemed sincere, in those lovely final scenes of the aging prima donna dreaming of lost youth and love.

So, Jeanette, I was wrong. I apologize. I hope to applaud you as the screen's first, full-length star of grand opera. If you want the Met., I hope you get it. Meanwhile, Miss MacDonald, may I join your fan-club?

Delight Evans
LOOK who's writing about babies! Aren't you surprised?

But of course. Babies and I haven't had anything in common in quite some time. (Though if you think I'm going to tell you how near the turn of the century it was you are crazy.) Now I have nothing against babies really. I think they are a good idea. And I think they are here to stay—but I never do if I see them first. Honestly, I don't go about pinching babies, though there have been times when I was sorely tempted; and I don't break their toys and steal their candy, but there just seems to be a general understanding among the little folk that I am not one of them. They have ganged up on me brutally, and I am completely baffled by it all. When introduced by their fond mamas they either burst into tears, (really, now, I can't be that frightening), or they look through me as if I were just so much cellophane, or worst of all they want to play games, and as we don't seem to play the same games we don't get very far. (Before you start quoting that old one about children and dogs I'd like to inform you that dogs adore me, they follow me in packs. So there. Ya-Ya.) Naturally when anything gives you a terrific inferiority complex you avoid it as much as possible, so quite naturally I avoided babies. Until I met Missy.

Missy is seventeen months old, rather tall for her age, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and a sense of humor. The only sense of humor I have ever found in a baby. When I met her she collapsed right in the middle of the floor and almost died laughing, just as if she and I were sharing the biggest joke in the world; then she put her hand in mine and said, "Walk." It got me. I have spent hours with Missy since. She never bores me. But what is more to the point, I never seem to bore her. Unfortunately, oh most unfortunately, because I think she and I could have hit it off very well—unfortunately, Irene Dunne saw her first.

Irene got her first glimpse of Missy last winter in New York City. Missy's name wasn't Missy then, and she was just a little blonde baby in a huge office of a doctor friend. But it was Missy who took one look at the glamorous and chic Irene Dunne of the cinema and threw back her little head and simply roared, "Ha-Ha-Ha!" (I regret to tell you, dear reader, that Missy, the little minx, uses the same technique on quite a few people.) Now Irene with all her beauty and success and silver fox doesn't take herself seriously. Being a motion picture star isn't the most important thing in the world to her. She is one of the few glamor girls who can laugh; so when Missy laughed Irene laughed back, and it wasn't long before she was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. Her name was changed to Mary Frances Griffin, and soon afterwards shortened to Missy, (which I suspect is the Louisville, Kentucky, coming out in Irene). With her nurse she arrived in Hollywood just in time to help her parents celebrate their first Christmas in their new home in Holmby Hills.

Strangely enough Santa Claus brought her a piano. (Irene would think of that.) "They laughed when she sat down to play"—Missy laughed too—but they didn't laugh when she started to sing. Missy, they discovered to their complete amazement, has a Voice. Un-huh, competition for Irene. Now of course Missy is much too young to know anything about music, composition, lyrics and all that. She's no child prodigy, thank heavens. But like most children who aren't dull, (the type who snub me), she has a decided gift for mimicry. If she doesn't...
True Story of Irene Dunne’s Baby!

Why did this famous, busy actress adopt a baby, and how has the adorable newcomer influenced her career and her household? Here, for SCREENLAND exclusively, Irene tells you

By Elizabeth Wilson

grew up to be a diva she’ll be a comedienne. Irene, she has decided, is about the most fascinating person in her life and she will sit entranced for hours, (imagine one of those squirmy babies doing that), on the floor near the piano in the living room listening to Irene sing. “She’s decidedly my best audience,” says Irene. But not only does she listen, she watches intently every movement Irene makes with her hands and lips. And then when Irene has finished, she mimics her. It’s quite the funniest thing you have ever seen. Missy thinks so too.

Irene and Dr. Griffin weren’t so sure about Missy’s voice at first; it couldn’t be that good, they thought; it must be parental pride on their part; but one afternoon a friend of theirs who had formerly sung at the Metropolitan and who has a clear lyric soprano, dropped in for tea, and simply to amuse Missy played and sang for her on her little piano. When she had finished Missy
Carole, ever candid, minces no words in telling what wins in the glamor game

By Virginia Wood

Luck—and Lombard

How many times have you looked at the luscious blonde beauty of Carole Lombard on the screen and thought to yourself: "Gosh, she's lucky!"

I admit I might have done just that myself, if I hadn't happened to be in on the very beginning of Carole's rise to fame. Because the first time I ever laid eyes on Missy Lombard, she was one of four girls in a picture starring Charles "Buddy" Rogers. Oddly enough, I can't seem to remember the names of the other girls. But the fact remains that each of those girls had an equal break with Carole to become a success, yet only Carole had the tenacity, or the will power, or the stick-to-it-iveness to take advantage of that opportunity. And luck had absolutely nothing to do with it!

You might even have called it a bad break when Carole, instead of being singled out from the four girls and signed to a contract, was overlooked in the shuffle. But Carole doesn't look at it that way. The fact that she wasn't singled out made her stop and wonder why, and she became more and more determined to be not merely one of four girls, but to do whatever was necessary to make herself an individual.

"Luck," like the word "love," is a word that is toyed with and made to sound like something terribly important," Carole told me the other day. "It's a word of chance that most people mis-use. If they will only stop and think, they must realize that very few people ever really win anything worth while except through labor and hard work.

"After my own twelve years' experience, I can truthfully say that luck hasn't anything to do with success. Determination and tenacity are the important things. Most youthful people—especially young actors—refuse to believe this because they think of motion pictures as a glamorous institution. That is true. But the thing they fail to take into consideration is that it has taken those same glamorous figures they see on the screen years and years of preparation to reach that point of perfection.

"Another much abused expression is 'a bad break' or 'a good break.' In the first place, there is no such thing as a bad break. That very disappointment, which you may have referred to as a bad break, may prove to be the best thing that ever happened to you. In the second place, it is only after a certain number of years that you recognize a good break when you see it. You must necessarily have a certain amount of technical experience behind you to sustain the breaks, good or bad. The good ones come only after you have learned your profession. How can you possibly play a leading (Please turn to page 83)
Milland is one of Hollywood's most charming younger actors. He took first failure, as he now takes his success, with a smile. Above, in his new film with Wendy Barrie. Right, with his lovely young wife. Upper right, pictorial explanation of the Milland charm. Lower right, Ray in the uniform of the Household Cavalry of George V, when he was just twenty-one.

Charm Chap!

Ray Milland's real-life adventures equipped him for the colorful roles he is now creating on the screen. Read about them here

By Kenneth March

RAYMOND MILLAND is a Britisher by birth, so according to tradition should be consumed with London reserve and all that sort of thing. To Hollywood he is. But you should get a load of him in his private life. The Millands are about the happiest, albeit the craziest couple in town. Their private life is just about as same as the Four Marx Brothers and the Three Ritz Brothers playing Post Office with Gracie Allen. They get such a kick out of everything, because they love each other so much. Yet there was a time they didn't appreciate each other at all. A year's separation taught them that it takes two to make one happy. And they've been just a bit hysterical about it ever since.

As far back as he can remember, Ray was always doing crazy things. Of course they didn't seem too crazy to him, because he knew he could be twice as crazy if given half a chance. But everyone else seemed to think he was doing a pretty good job of it, and Ray wasn't one to let people down. Before he ever became a Hollywood star, Ray had to leave the place three times, travel back and forth from England over 38,000 miles before his chance came. And then he almost lost it!

The first time he set foot on American soil, Ray was brought over by Robert Rubin, Vice-President of M-G-M. Dining with some friends at the Carlton Hotel, Ray was seen by Rubin, introduced, and asked if he would like to go to Hollywood. Ray, who at that time had only appeared in a British picture called "The Flying Scotsman," was delighted. In fact, he was extremely delighted. He signed a contract immediately, packed his bags, and was practically on the boat before he remembered that he had signed a previous contract with André Charlot to do three shows with Beatrice Lillie.

It took all of Ray's histrionic ability, plus the promise to donate fifty pounds to the Actors' Orphanage, before Mr. Charlot would release him from his original obligation. This was in 1931. Ray remained in Hollywood one year under contract to M-G-M. During that time he did a small part with Marion Davies in the "Bachelor Father" and was loaned out to Warner Brothers to play opposite Constance Bennett in a picture called "Bought." The latter engagement was a little experience that convinced Ray he wasn't God's gift to the amusement world. He determined to go back to England as soon as his contract had expired. And he did, just giving himself enough time to meet Muriel Weber, (Please turn to page 68)
What's Left for Janet Gaynor?

By Ben Maddox

Gaynor, the girl who conquered the world with wistfulness, as she is today, above, pondering her future course. Right, a scene with Charles Farrell from "Seventh Heaven," which started Janet on an amazing career of box-office supremacy, and now is offered in a new version with Simone Simon in the famous Gaynor rôle.

What will Janet Gaynor do next?

Today she is at the crossroads, not only of her career but of her whole life. It is the most momentous, critical moment she has ever had to face.

She is battling within herself, attempting to plan exactly how she is to live from now on. She finally has found the leisure to discover what she wants, to sort her desires. This is the real turning-point for her.

After extraordinary screen success, after years of a huge salary, she can do just as she pleases.

But what is that? How much longer will she go on acting? Is she nearing the end of her picture pre-eminence, or is she on the verge of a new campaign for the top spot in Hollywood?

And then Janet and love—!

No man has any ties on her heart this spring. She says that is fine. But she knows it isn't fine at all, that down deep inside her something cries for vows to treasure. The girl who conquered the world with wistfulness, as the symbol of idealistic Romance, has become a woman. And as a woman she is beginning to understand that love should be a serious as well as a gay thing, that a passing flirtation adds up to little after all, that her fame cannot last forever while a marriage—carefully nurtured—can bring true satisfaction.

To Janet's secret astonishment, you see, she is com-
Heart-free, independent, the screen's Cinderella is at the crossroads of her professional and private life. Will she win added victories in a new march on the heights of Hollywood eminence, and find the answer to her romantic dreams?

pletely on her own these days. She is absolute mistress of her destiny and her fate depends upon how well she handles this new freedom. She is desperately anxious to select the right course, the road that will mean the happiest tomorrows.

It is a funny sensation to her. Unconsciously she had become used to being the undisputed queen of a great studio, and she is only starting to realize that her whims have been laws. She had a special, ten-thousand-dollar Irish cottage for her regal dressing-room suite, and that house on the lot boasted such unparalleled luxuries as a fireplace and a beautiful grand piano. She made only two films a year after a while, but still no other actress ever set foot in that cottage. It was closed most of the time, an eloquent, silent reminder of her supremacy.

For eight consecutive seasons the theatre managers of America voted her the country's Number 1 star. An amazing record. But currently she is ranked as Number 24. A swift, surprising drop in two years.

It is one of those strange coincidences that the modern version of "Seventh Heaven" should have been released almost simultaneously with "A Star Is Born," her first effort as a free-lance player. Because ten years ago Janet herself created Simone Simon's rôle of Diane, and it was as the direct result that she shot sensationally to the very top. I recall when Gloria Swanson, then in Janet's present transitional position, came out of the Carthay Circle Theatre on that night of the initial Gaynor triumph. "I feel," remarked Gloria frankly, "like an old shoe!"

When Janet saw Simone's duplication of her most beloved characterization she didn't have that reaction. She has too much common sense to be envious. She didn't want to do Diane again, to strive to recapture an ecstatic glow of a decade ago. "That would have been folly," she says, wise in her knowledge that progress lies ahead and never in repeating past steps.

Hollywood reporters are unable to get to Janet. I can tell them—and you—why. You might think that with newer names being extravagantly exploited she'd be grasping for all the publicity she could get by vivid declarations, by putting on an emphatically novel act.

But Janet doesn't want any personal publicity now. She is doing nothing to furnish colorful copy. Instead she goes about Hollywood quietly, deliberately shying from interviews. When you (Please turn to page 74)
Marsha started to tell him. He whistled, when she came to the accident.

"Stay where you are," he said. "I'll come over and pick up my car—and we can talk about it."

Marsha knew she ought to be in the studio—but, for some reason she never could explain even to herself, Keith's demands seemed greater. She waited. And, while she waited for him, she cleaned up the small apartment, pushed the bed up into the wall.

Eleanor wasn't working so she busied herself in the kitchen. By the time Keith arrived both of the girls were dressed, the apartment was neat, there were fruit and scrambled eggs and toast and bacon and coffee in the tiny breakfast-room off the miniature kitchen.

If Keith had already eaten he never mentioned it. In half a minute they were eating and chatting and laughing.
as Marsha told what had happened. It all seemed like a big joke. It wasn't a joke at all, unfortunately.

They finished breakfast.

"I'll drive you to the studio," said Keith. He hadn't had an early call.

"How will I get home?"

"My car runs both ways, even with the front bashed in—and it certainly hasn't a shining morning face just now," he laughed.

Marsha wasn't awfully worried about being late. She knew they'd have another girl in her place. She might be called down—but she wouldn't be fired. She'd hardly ever been late before.

She and Keith went down stairs together, still laughing about what had happened. They got into Keith's car, which had been standing there all night. They didn't no-

Illustrated by
Georgia Warren

Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood if heartache and hunger were not ever-present to balance the glamor and gaiety of the world's most magical town. Read this new serial by one of America's most colorful writers for a fresh slant on life and love in screenland!

Please See Page 80 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

He watched them get into the car, elegant in spite of its encounter. Watched them drive away.

He hurried to the studio. Looked up a man named Peterson, who worked in the carpenter shop. Peterson lived in the same building with Marsha. They'd often seen him going in or out. Peterson was a prim and proper little fellow, given to suspicion, even when there was nothing to be suspicious about. There was something, now!

"I see Knowles, our big star, has been around your house," said Lou Page, after a little meaningless conversation.

"Yes," said Peterson. "He arrived last night."

"Last night?"

"Yeh. I was taking my dog out. Or this morning, rather. Between two-thirty and three."

"Who was he with?"

Peterson gave him an odd look.

"I see you know," he said. "I wouldn't have said anything about it. I was just going in the house. I saw your girl friend get out of the car. She got out first. I hurried in so they wouldn't see me. The poodle had been out long enough, anyhow. So I didn't see if it was Knowles with her. I knew his car, all right. Maybe it wasn't Knowles at all. He might have loaned his car. A star like that—but the car stayed there all night."

"It was Knowles, all right," said Lou Page. "I saw them leaving together this morning. All grins. Quite a night, if you ask me."

"My! My!" said Peterson, who was not given to strong language, even in his most unpleasant moments.

"Such things shouldn't go on," said Lou Page, with a great assumption of virtue. "I trusted that girl. And she double crossed me."

"Tch, tch!" Peterson shook his head. "You been going steady with her?" He gave Page a sly look.

"I might have married her," said Page. "Not knowing what I was getting in to. I'm going to Blake, the office manager. It's the right thing to do. Protect other men. Will you come with me?"

Peterson hesitated a minute. But few enough things happened. He liked to be in on things. Besides, he knew how his wife felt about loose women living in the building. Two girls living alone are usually no better than they should be. When he got home he'd go to the building superintendent.

Super Films did not try to guard the manners or morals of their stars or featured players. But they took a paternal interest in the routine office workers. Stenographers and script girls should be moral. Stars could take care of themselves.

Marsha was amazed when the front office sent for her. Indignant, when she was interviewed as to her behavior. Hurt and angry when she heard the things she was accused of. She denied them, of course. She told a little about what had happened. She couldn't tell too much. She didn't want to get Keith Knowles into trouble. He wasn't questioned at all. She was told that she was through at Super Films. A girl of her sort!

She rushed back to the set, (Please turn to page 80)
Stepping Out with Astaire

Just try to keep the pace set by the screen's great dancing star! Here, his best friend among Hollywood writers follows Fred from dawn to dusk, but never quite catches up with him—although he gets a good story.

By Jerry Asher

ONE of these fine days, Fred Astaire is going to bump smack into himself, coming around a corner. At the rate he's going, the tempo of his daily life makes one of his famous dance routines look like it was photographed in slow motion. Fred is really the mystery man of Hollywood. The mystery being—how does Fred keep up with himself? His close friends complain bitterly because they never get to see him. At the crack of dawn he's gone with the wind. The stars are twinkling merrily in the heavens long before he ever gets home again. His mother, who is paying her annual visit to Hollywood, sees Fred most of the time when she visits the set. His lunch is sent to his dressing-room from home and his wife sits and talks to him while he is eating it. Even his young son sets up a lusty howl of disapproval, because his famous father has so little time for playing.

Now if Fred had his way, he'd be spending leisure hours in the swimming-pool and on the tennis courts. And if Fred had his way he would have been out to the Santa Anita Race Track every day during the recent racing season. Fred loves horse racing and is seriously interested in the raising and breeding of fine horses. As a matter of fact, he owned several horses in England. He raced them several years but it just so happened that he was always working and never got a chance to see his own horses win. So he finally gave up the venture. Actually Fred only got out to the Santa Anita track three times during the season. It started neck and neck with his own production, "Shall We Dance?" and when Fred starts shooting on a picture, he might just as well be living in a different world.

Fred's intensity for work, his relentless pursuit for perfection, the self-imposed worry he goes through have long since become second nature. These very gruelling qualities are responsible for the brand of entertainment that has made the name of Astaire synonymous with everything that spells class and money in the box office today. If at any time Fred has given out the impression of being difficult to contact, or a fuss-budget where the tiniest detail is concerned, it is only because over a period of years he has proven to himself that no effort...
can be spared, if one is to do his best. There are no half-
way measures, no getting-by attitude in the makeup of
Fred Astaire. It's little less than a miracle that a person
who handles so many jobs at one time, who is either act-
ing, dancing, writing, composing or singing every second
that he is awake, can retain such perfect health and an
altruistic attitude toward life, in his daily contact with
the world.

Aside from his studio activities, Fred composes songs
and makes recordings at night and on Sundays. His
radio broadcasts extending over a period of thirty-nine
weeks, are written at night during the week. On Sunday
he rehearses alone in the afternoon. Sunday night he re-
hearses with Johnny Green and his orchestra who are on
his program. On Monday night he rehearses again be-
cause he wants to be sure that nothing has been over-
looked. His working schedule on Tuesday is arranged
so he can leave the studio at one o'clock. The rest of the
day is spent at the broadcasting station, checking up on
last minute details. He rushes home for dinner and then
back to the station in time to go on the air.

On a recent broadcasting day, Hollywood experienced
one of those "unusual" rainstorms. Fred and his man
George drove down Sunset Boulevard in all the down-
pour. Just as they reached the Beverly Hills residence
section, a large pool of water loomed up. Too late they
splashed through it and the motor stopped dead. On
either side of them passing motorists flew back and
forth. Not one of them recognized the famous dancer
whose pictures they stand in line for hours to see.
Finally, Fred and George had to get out and push. By
the time he got home, Fred barely had time for a bowl
of his favorite noodle soup and he was off to the radio
station again.

Speaking of Fred's man George, he is one of the most
amusing characters in Hollywood. Every year when he
took his shows to London, Fred always gave George a
job as his dresser. When he decided to remain in Holly-
wood and make pictures, Fred brought George over. He
is an Englishman by birth and speaks with a cockney
accent. The quiet way he works and his nonchalant atti-
dude toward Fred as a movie star, is a source of constant
amusement to Fred.

One day while making his new picture, Fred was hav-
ing lunch in his dressing-room, as usual. Suddenly great
clouds of smoke began pouring out of the Astaire set
and in less than it takes to tell, every fire department in
Hollywood was clanging to the rescue. Aside from the
delay it would cause in production, if the set and its
furnishings were destroyed, (Please turn to page 78)
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1936, Gracie Allen and George Burns slid their feet on a chartreuse green carpet under a Queen Anne dining table, and grinned at one another. It was a momentous occasion.

It was the first dinner Gracie and George had ever eaten in their own home!

For years, first as vaudevillians, and then as radio headliners, they had lived in hotel suites or in rented establishments, stopping for two or three weeks or months wherever their work happened to lead them. For a long time, they'd never suspected they would want any better. After all, what were homes but headaches? Along with the ivy, they were usually covered with mortgages. People who had homes, even nice ones, had servant problems. And when the roof leaked you had to get someone to fix it—in place of pushing a button and reporting it to the management. And besides, Gracie loved the letter-chutes in hotels. Where was there a home in the world that contained a zippy letter-chute?

They might have gone on content that their bohemian existence forever if their fame hadn't brought them to the movies, California, and parenthood. These vital items are not listed in the order of their importance!

For when Gracie, the cutest thing that ever talked, and George, who writes the cute things she says, adopted the second cutest thing that ever talked, Sandra Burns, and six months later, Ronnie, who isn't talking yet, but will be any day—something happened to them. They became parents and home-makers with a vengeance.

I wish there was some way to describe to you the terrific pride Gracie has in that lovely white home on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. But there aren't words emotional enough to describe her feeling. Perhaps to passers-by, the Burns domicile is just another beautiful home in Beverly Hills—where there are so many of them. But the careful observer might notice a subtle difference.

The white house, tree-shaded, sits back from the road on three short terraces. Enormous olive trees shade the lawns in their own private flower beds of bright yellow and bright red tulips. At the corner of the house a very short, very green vine, not yet as old as Ronnie, is beginning to spread its fingers. Toward the back an enormous bush has been planted to hide an unsightly telephone pole.

You might think the Burns had a very good gardener—the effect is so charming. And you'd be entirely right. They have the best and most enthusiastic gardener in the world, Gracie, herself.

But it is not until you step inside that you really begin to feel the charm of Gracie's enthusiastic homemaking. Deep chartreuse carpets lead up a white circular stair-case in one direction and in the other into the living room with its Chippendale chests and coffee tables, its deep beige divans, the enormous piano, and the quaint old fashioned music rack outlined against the flowered linen drapes.

Any hour of the day you can hear the hilarious voices of children—and from any room in the house, including the den and the bedroom suites. Everywhere you look
choose the drapes. I feel this way—in selecting the things we really liked, we achieved a house that reflects us, that we can be happy living in, better than if we had left the entire thing to someone else no matter how clever.

"Then you're really an enthusiastic homemaker, now," I suggested, "mortgages and all?"

She said: "I'm rabid on the subject."

I made a pretense of putting away my pad and pencil. "Then you aren't the housekeeper for me," I kidded. "I'm looking for domestic problems and how to iron them out."

"As though making a first home didn't present problems! I think, perhaps, I can give you some very good tips if you're really interested. You see, I'm still learning by the trial and error system." I waited hopeful that Gracie might continue making her hostess trials and errors right out in public where we all might see and hear.

"I think the (Please turn to page 70)

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George Burns (Gracie Allen) in Beverly Hills is simply beautiful and beautifully simple! Top, an exterior view; center, George and Gracie in the nursery with their adopted daughter and son; left, the sunny breakfast-room; and below, a view of the playhouse and pool.

you can find tulips growing in profusion, or low bowls of them on tables holding cigarettes and trays and the newest magazines and papers.

I knew the Burnses had occupied their new home less than six months. Yet you feel people have lived here for years. Already the adorable Sandra has scratched the blue paper off the nursery wall in tiny little nail tears.

When you tell Gracie it is delightful and charming she doesn't go coy on you in one of those imitations of "why-it's-simple-but-it-is-home" effects. She simply glows, and when Mrs. George Burns glows, Gracie Allen is as pretty as all get out!

"Maybe it is just home," she giggled, "but we think it's gorgeous! We never thought it would happen, really. Our first home!" I don't know whether she knew it or not, but Gracie blended beautifully into that soft green room, in her green sports dress with the gold clips at the throat and the heavy gold bracelet on her arm.

"I wish I could take credit for all of it. I can't, because Harold Grieve helped us so much. He is the decorator, Jetta Goudal's husband, you know. But I like to think that George and I really made the final decisions on everything. And I did
For Love

Lloyd Nolan, as a dare-devil newspaper reporter, and Claire Trevor, as a square-shooting night-club singer, are the featured players in "King of Gamblers." Their friendship begins when Nolan dares to defy the big-time racketeer, played by Akim Tamiroff, and deepens into romance when Claire borrows money from her room-mate, Helen Burgess, to help Nolan. The two girls are innocently involved in one of Tamiroff's big schemes—and our scenes, from left to right above, portray actionful events of the film.

T HERE was always that softness in Steve Kalkas' voice, that tempered, almost tranquil look in his eyes that deceived no one who knew him. But there were few people who really knew Steve.

Charlie and Joe his bodyguards and Parker his secretary, as suave in his way as Steve himself, knew him better than all the rest of the world put together. Temple, the one-time millionaire investment broker had come to know him pretty well too in the year he had been his unwilling business partner. And even Dixie knew him better than most, in that crazy intuitive way some women have, though she couldn't explain the feeling of half fear and half disdain she had for him, even to herself.

She was singing that night as he stepped into the dimly lighted foyer of the Palm Parade Night Club and his smile came as he glanced past Eddie, the proprietor, and the debutante selling gardenias for the hospital drive, to the dining room beyond and saw Dixie standing there swaying a little in the bright spot on the dance floor.

He watched as she took her bow in that breathless way of hers and then as the lights flooded the dining room again, his eyes glanced over the tables so easily and impersonally that it seemed strange that Temple, who did not even see them, should squirm under their scrutiny.

For all their quietness his words were an order as he turned to Eddie.

"Tell Temple there's a phone call for him in your office," he said, and swung on his heels and went down the corridor past the alcove where the slot machines were. He heard a coin jingle as it went into the machine and grinned. That was another thing most people didn't know about Steve, that every coin that went into those machines belonged to him.

He had come a long way, that kid who had started out at twelve sorting potatoes at a vegetable stand. A long way and a hard way and a ruthless way. Even such an apparently harmless title as Spinach King had meant its share of intrigue and gang law and killings, but that was child's play now to the man who had gone on from cornering spinach to cornering the slot machine racket.

He stood there humming a little under his breath as he waited and of course it was Dixie's song he was humming, for the thought of her was there as it always had been since the first time he had seen her and knew her to be different from all the others.
Girls there had been before, many girls. But never one like Dixie. Girls with hair as yellow, with eyes as blue, but never one who had gone deeper than the moment. Never one he had wanted so much that even when he was not seeing her she seemed nearer somehow than when he did, with her laugh and her disdain challenging that hard new confidence of his.

He sat down at the desk as he heard Temple’s quick step outside and smiled as the man blanched when he saw him.

"Why didn’t you come to my office?" Steve asked conversationally enough. "I waited an hour for you."

Temple’s fingernails drove into his flesh as he clenched his fists but there wasn’t anything he could do. Any more than there had been when he saw the papers that evening and read about the two little girls who had been killed as they played on the sidewalk when machine guns had annihilated a barber shop and the old Irishman who owned it and the slot machine that didn’t happen to be one of Steve’s.

"Why should I?" The wholesale killing of the afternoon had gone deep with Temple. "You don’t have to kill people."

"Your hands are clean," Steve said coldly. "You weren’t there, were you?"

"No." Temple’s bitterness flooded his voice. "I was only invoicing a new shipment that arrived at my new enterprise, Temple’s Mechanical Appliances, Incorporated. Fifty washing machines for my display rooms and two hundred and fifty slot machines. I suppose your boys will have them all placed in a few days or else kill a few more children. Don’t think I can fix it if the Governor appoints a Special Prosecutor to investigate business like yours, as he’s threatened to do. This is just the sort of thing that’ll force (Please turn to page 88)

"King of Gamblers," a forthcoming Paramount picture, presented in a stirring novelization

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen
Tony's Terrific!

Yes, this Martin lad is the latest Big Moment of feminine film-goers from coast to coast. Here, you'll read why, when, and how!

By Liz Williams

AND while you are looking over “this year’s crop of kisses,” don’t forget Tony Martin. He may not be as handsome as Robert Taylor, or as tall as James Stewart, or as blond as Nelson Eddy, or as Society as Cesar Romero; but I’m telling you the girls are going mad for him in a big way. Tony has been so busy these past few months turning dials on and off, (radio, you dope), that he hasn’t had much time to circulate, but he’s doing all right in his own way, thank you. They’ll tell you at Twentieth Century, which happens to be his studio, that although he has only been on contract to them for ten months his fan mail is tremendous. It’s been jumping by leaps and bounds ever since he sang *When Did You Leave Heaven?* in “Sing, Baby Sing,” and *Something in the Air* in “Banjo On My Knee.” It seems that when Tony cuts loose with those dreamy melodies women just can’t bear up. It gets them every time. Tony Martin is unfair to organized womanhood.

All kinds of people who ought to know will tell you that Tony is right on his way to the top as Hollywood’s most romantic singer, (don’t say “crooner” any more; although that word has now made the smart new dictionaries it is as passé in Hollywood as silent pictures). Though he has only been singing on the Burns and Allen program for a short time, by the radio popularity poll he now rates ninth, which is nothing short of amazing. And now he is signed to sing and master-of-ceremony the Hollywood Hotel hour when Fred MacMurray leaves.

Then he soon goes into “This Year’s Kisses,” (the Berlin song hit from “On the Avenue” is so popular that Twentieth has decided to make it into a whole picture), with none other than the luscious Alice Faye. Things are certainly picking up for Mr. Martin.

Now I don’t want to have you coming to Hollywood under any false illusions. Tony of the moonlight voice is the big romantic moment in Hollywood but a lot of good it will do you. Alice Faye seems to have the situation well under control, and (Please turn to page 69)

He’s tall, husky, and handsome, with a voice to match! That’s why they’re saying that Tony Martin will soon rank right next to Dick Powell, Fred MacMurray, and the rest of the big melody men.

Alice Faye, with him above, is Tony’s real-life rave.
By request, we present Robert Taylor—yes, again! This time, we give you Bob's best likeness by Marland Stone, which graced Screenland's cover to great applause, and which he has now autographed for you. At right, Taylor in his new picture, "This Is My Affair," a story of Spanish-American war days. Yes, the beautiful lady is Barbara Stanwyck, once more Bob's leading lady, as well as his permanently favorite person.
Too rarely do we find a photograph lovely enough to fill the full page in our reader gallery; but we think you agree that this study earns distinction. Olivia de Havilland, perhaps the most radiant and genuinely Hollywood's youngest, here is captured for a fleeting moment in the California sunshine, posing with a thoroughbred Borzoi—Russian hound—dressed in Hollywood's new, her own pageant costume. "Captain Blood," "A Night to Remember," "Charge of the Brigade," with her frank, candid portrayal of an adoring love in "Call It Love"...
Here we give you, in five striking close-ups, a study in magnetism—the power of filmdom's new charm prince, Tyrone Power. Emotion dynamically displayed, as it were, an indication of this most personable actor's ability to make you understand the characters he portrays so effectively.
You want beauties? Hollywood has 'em all! Watch the battle between them for supremacy of the screen.

Behold the brunettes! Gail Patrick, left, a native of Alabama, looks over her shoulder at Do' Lamour, exotic newcomer. Above, from left to right: Marcia Ralston, who in private life is Mrs. Phil Hy, wife of Jack Benny's orchestra leader, made her screen début in "Call It a Day." Carol Hughes, center, is a vivid brunette personality. Of course you know Dvorak—better make more pictures, Ann, or you'll be out of the race.
ed=Head!

And now, the blondes! Here are Hollywood's loveliest, Ann Sothern, upper left; Gloria Stuart, above; Joan Bennett, right; and Virginia Bruce, lower left. Which one do you pick as your dream-gal?

Our one red-head is Jeanette MacDonald, right, and paradoxically enough, the most strikingly successful of all the beauties pictured on these two pages. Since "Maytime," Jeanette's stock, like her gorgeous voice, is soaring.
Robert Montgomery essays an entirely new characterization for him in this weird drama, based on a stage success. The scene at top indicates the flavor of the play and the type of roles Bob and Rosalind undertake here.

Montgomery Goes Grim

The screen's perennial playboy deserts frivolity for the eerie mysteries of "Night Must Fall," with Rosalind Russell as his histrionic help-mate.
Accent on Artistry

Frances Farmer continues the brilliant course of her rapid ascent to stardom. Less than a year ago a mere newcomer, today she is an artist of distinction.
Comes the dawn of new days of brightly brief costumes for play. First: Carol Hughes, at top left, wears Catalina’s gay new suit of five-color print Floral Lastex—note the uni-skirt feature. Directly above, Rochelle Hudson in her chic new Jantzen suit, the Cherie; the neckline is cut clear to the waist in front, and the cape may also be worn as a skirt. Now consider the costume, imported from Honolulu, graced by Emily Lane, above center: bright orange shorts and brassiere top, over which is flung a dark blue linen coat decorated by two huge straw pockets, with hat to match. Left: two beauties, Emily Lane and Janice Jarratt, introduce Dalmatian peasant flower crowns, of rubberized silk, to match their transparent capes. June Travis—twice—at right displays her preference in beach suits—brief, skin-tight, pure white.
The coolie trend, which comes to us out of Hawaii, is cleverly represented, at top left, by Emily Lane—her sun hat of linen weave straw is especially smart. Next, June Travis, wading warily, sports a cool and chic play suit. Top right, the girl in the multi-colored swim suit smiles down on Janice Jarratt, whose suit is lemon-colored laces; and Janice again—right—proves the Tyrolean influence carries over from winter to summer play suits of shorts and jacket in white piqué. The exotic sun hat, imported from Honolulu, is worn by Laurie Douglas.
Star of the Powell-Blondell home is Joan's boy Norman, and as evident in the domestic scenes at Easter bunny time, below, he receives tenderest attentions from the mother who is the screen's ace hot-cha girl.

Joan Blondell mixes motherhood and the gay flirtatiousness of sou-brette rôles; lavish in her domestic devotion at home, and in her sprightly allurements on the screen.
That's Why They're Called "Character" Actors

They actually create characters, these fine players whose part in the moving picture is often more important than the stars'.
Fine art, purchased and appreciated by a fine artist, makes the Edward G. Robinson home in Beverly Hills a veritable treasure-trove. Above, Eddie and his beautiful wife, Gladys Lloyd Robinson, in a collector's corner. Below, among his first editions. Right, reading from top: afternoon tea in the garden; the art of Chippendale, of Degas and other masters, and their proud owner; the Robinson gallery.
Home Is Where The Art Is!

also, according to Edward G., where Mrs. Isom is, and little "Manny." Exclusive new
of one of Beverly Hills' most interesting homes

Directly above, Gladys and Eddie before their library fire-
place—that's Grant Wood's famous "Daughters of the Revo-
lution" painting above. At left, reading down: the drawing-
room, master bedroom, and a view of the house and grounds,
with Eddie endangering his neighbors' windows! Below,
you see Hollywood's proudest father and his son and heir,
"Manny," more formally addressed as Edward, Jr.
They Like To Look Ridiculous!

Above, Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Jack Oakie, and Donald Meek acting up to their colorful costumes for "The Toast of New York." Right, Margot Grahame, complete with dark glasses and slacks, knits between camera-takes—it's so picturesque!

Top left, Tilly Losch good-naturedly disguises her vivid charm by donning a "scarf-hat" for sweet publicity's sake. Wally Beery, left center, never worries about his camera angles. Left, Ray Milland goes quite, quite mad for Wendy Barrie in "Wings over Honolulu."
Merry exhibitionists all, the cine-mimes extract the most from every scene and situation.

Even Miriam Hopkins, above, succumbs to the present urge to look ridiculous, in a scene with Charles Winninger from "Woman Chases Man." See what "It Happened One Night" and "My Man Godfrey" started! Mary Astor, left, in a "seductive" pose.

Erik Rhodes, top right, makes a splendid salary for making himself slightly ridiculous on the screen. Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton, right center, are past grand masters of the gentle art of "ridic." Gertrude Nielsen, right, and some of her fans. Page Sally Rand.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Michael Whalen in a scene from "Wee Willie Winkie"
Beloved Brat

By
Ida
Zeitlin

Jane Withers, the screen's bad girl, in person—brought to you in an amazingly vivid word-portrait.

"I WANT to write a story," said Jane. "Then I could give it to Mr. Wurtzel and show him the kind of story I'd like to play. This is the story. My father's a great millionaire, and my mother's a great society mother. She takes me to these bridge parties and I throw mud over everybody. I'm just terrible. I'm never good for one minute all through the picture. That," said Jane, thoughtfully swallowing another mouthful of apple pie à la mode, "is my idea of a swell story."

"Why, Jane? Why do you want to be so bad?"

"Because it gives you a chance to yell your head off. When you're good, you have to be quiet. Of course, at the end, just to satisfy everybody. I get a good spanking. The minute they slapped me in 'Bright Eyes,' everybody just yelled and waved, they were so happy. Well, I don't mind." The blue eyes rounded in mirth, and the small shoulders shrugged tolerance. "I had my fun. So let them have their fun too."

Jane represents a wish fulfilment to both her parents. Down in Atlanta, before she was born, her mother wanted a girl. Wanted is too mild a word. Mrs. Withers was determined that her baby should be a girl, dedicated to the stage career she herself had longed for and missed.

Her husband thought a Withers Junior would be nice.

"You don't want a junior," Mrs. Withers would coax.

"You'd a heap rather have a sweet little baby girl."

"I'd like to have a boy," big Mr. Withers would repeat, and firmly, despite his soft-spoken Southern drawl. "I'd like to have a boy so darned mean that when he came out on the porch, all the other kids would go into the house."

There was a reason for this—"the kid next door. I'd bring him an air rifle or offer to shoot marbles with him, and of all the disgusting things, he'd want to play paper dolls like a sissy." In her father's eye appeared Jane's own purposeful glint. "I'd love to have come home to a boy who maybe could have licked that thing next door."

Enter Jane—a girl for her mother—a tomboy for her father. Miraculously, a girl who began mimicking all she saw and heard before she could walk—who, when she heard a strain of music, would struggle from her nurse's arms to dance—a girl who loves dolls and whose "cakes turn out better than mine (Please turn to page 96)"
FOR the young in heart, of all ages, I recommend unreservedly this rollicking, roistering picturization of Mark Twain's classic story. It's a grand picture—a gorgeous show, a breathtaking melodrama, a robust romance—and there's not a love scene in it! You won't believe, until you've seen it, that for two hours you can watch the adventures of two small boys in merrie olde England, with never a heroine, or a war, or a ballet, and not be bored. But it's true. Thanks to the amazing Mauch Twins, Bobby and Billy, to the spirited and sympathetic direction of William Keighley, and the very nearly inspired adaptation of the much-loved book, not to mention Errol Flynn at his smash-buckling best—"The Prince and the Pauper" is the most movie fun of the month. If you don't recall Twain's story, you'll want to know that the tale concerns a beggar boy, Tom Canty, and Prince Edward, heir of King Henry the Eighth, who change clothes for a lark and identities by accident, resulting in the greatest fanciful mix-up in English royal history. Of course it is fantasy, but exquisitely handled. Claude Rains and Montagu Love are excellent. As for those adorable twins—well, Freddie Bartholomew had better watch out; there's only one of him.

THE most gallant "come-back" of the season is staged by Osa Johnson, who is carrying on the work so splendidly done by herself and her late husband, Martin Johnson, in camera-recording for stay-at-homes the wonders of far places. Run, don't walk, to see this picture when it plays your town, with Mrs. Johnson, still a wheel-chair convalescent from the airplane crack-up in which her husband lost his life, lecturing in her own sprightly manner as her film unfolds. This time, it's a new and novel setting, the Borneo rivers and jungles; and it is fascinating to watch. You'll see fish who climb trees; wild men—and women—of Borneo; and best of all, the proboscis monkey, even funnier than Jimmy Durante. There is, too, for a special thrill, the patient, workmanlike capture of the biggest orang-outang ever brought back alive. It's exciting stuff, the taming of this real Tarzan, who defies his human captors to the last, and is uncannily, uncomfortably snug about it. Martin and Osa Johnson figure prominently as usual in their pictures, the petite Osa lending charm and sparkle to the jungle scenes—many of which, by the way, are of matchless beauty. The camera work is incomparably fine. Salute Osa Johnson, good sport.

ITS "true intent is all for your delight," if you like music and Jeanette MacDonald. "Maytime" is like a Spring corsage of fragrant, pastel flowers, all done up in old-fashioned lace paper and ribbons—lovely to look at, but even more enchanting to hear. For "Maytime" has a real score, with snatches of familiar opera and a novel performance of Tchaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony" disguised as grand opera—a performance to appall critical music-lovers, perhaps, but sure to delight the rest of us who just like to listen. It is in this curious operatic version of the "Fourth Symphony" that Jeanette MacDonald comes into her own as a truly fine and effective singer, whom the most difficult score will never frighten henceforth. I hope to hear—and see—Miss MacDonald in grand opera from the screen before long. Her entire portrayal here is sheer delight. She plays with consummate charm the lovely prima donna who in holiday mood meets Nelson Eddy, promising young singer, and loves him; but her duty to her manager, adroitly enacted by John Barrymore, comes between them; her career prospers, until, a world celebrity, she meets her Maytime lover again. It's all frankly, unabashedly sentimental, but it's MacDonald-Eddy.
Vacation views of film favorites seen, and interviewed by our Continental correspondent

By Stiles Dickenson

At the Gare St. Lazare in Paris Errol Flynn demonstrated as clearly as it was physically possible that the rumors of divorce between himself and his wife, the dashing Parisian Lili Damita, are false, false—at least for the time being. They staged a love scene on the platform as hot as in the third act of any of our favorite old dramas. Waving and smiling and still more kissing he and Lili were off in a taxi to their hotel, Flynn, with his broad Irish smile, left all the parleying to his wife for he knows not a word of this French language.

He looked in on us for a couple of days, after which he flew to Ireland to see the auld folks. And after that he went to Spain. With memories of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" fresh in mind he thought he would like to get a glimpse of a bit of more or less real fighting in the mess they are stirring up in and around Madrid. He and Lili gave a cocktail party, aided by the Warner Brothers' representatives here.

Between meeting people and signing photographs he assured me that he loves to get up early in the morning when he's working. "I love the climate in California and the grand personal contacts I make in the movies. Then as a little change and relaxation, I like writing. Before I went into films I was a reporter in Sydney, Australia." Speaking of his literary side-line, his book, "Beam Ends," recently published, is having lively sales in English-speaking countries. It's a pleasure to be with Errol Flynn, for his personality simply oozes with the joy of living and his sparkling Irish eyes miss nothing that is going on around him.

Lili Damita is a dazzling creature but la, la, she doesn't like the movies! If one could film at night she would be pleased, for the little lady can't get over the habit she formed in the theatre of turning night into day. She thinks she might do a film in French here but, wrinkling up her nose at the thought of it, that would be work again. I've often wondered why she didn't click better in America for she is delightful and packs a wallop of sex-appeal.

Merle Oberon has the right idea for a party. In the midst of working in London she decided to fly over to Paris to stage a birthday party. Of course, for her, London is gay but Paris really has the party spirit. So at the Ritz the smiling Merle made merry and received congratulations. This engagement rumor kept popping up but she assured us that she is not engaged to David Niven or anybody else—but like Shakespeare says she "doth protest too much," so I fear 'ere long she will be coyly announcing one.

(Please turn to page 86)
Accent on plaids! Left, Kay tops her shirtmaker dress with a loose, hip-length jacket of bright red, green, and blue plaid of flat-surfaced silk and linen mixture. Below: smart sports tailleur of coffee-and-cream-colored sail cloth, with which Kay wears brown accessories. Her visored hat has a double band of ribbon in matching tones.

SCREENLAND
Glamor School

Edited by Fay Francis

The patrician slim princess of pictures poses for you in her distinctive new Summer costumes, all created with an eye to drama of design.
Pencil-sketch print! Very new, very feminine is Kay Francis' daytime dress, above, a heavy white crepe splashed with a pencil-sketch design in black. Note the overskirt with turned back front; the square neckline and don't miss Kay's bracelet, a heavy crystal band set with an enormous black sphere. At upper left, Kay wears a gay poppy print. See the looped panels from shoulder to hemline, caught in front by the broad crushed girdle. Her pagoda hat is of lacquered white straw, tied under the chin. Left, silk jersey adapted to spectator sports: Kay's full circular skirt is dead white; her turtle-necked blouse has a cowled treatment in front and a slim, swathed hipline.
Kay Francis gives you evening glamor! Francis is one of the too-few screen stars who looks equally smart in daytime or evening. Perhaps because she stresses line and design. Above, a breathtaking gown of palest pink chiffon, full-skirted, with shirred, crushed belt that is a perfect complement to the backless decolletage. Kay carries her short cape of baby ostrich feathers. Right, above—a gown inspired by Gauguin, with brilliant South Seas print used for the loop-shoulder drapery and underskirt. In contrast to the dull black of the tunic. Left gown for a gracious hostess. Made of metallic-border white crepe, its skirt and gathered bodice are dead white, with loose sleeves showing the border of the fabric. A tunic effect which drops to the front hemline is created by flattering use of design in the material.
Of Prints and Polka-Dots,
Of Sailor Hats and Spring!

It is interesting to us to see that even though all Hollywood actresses can’t be fashion innovators like Kay Francis and Dietrich, still they’re never far behind, and usually way ahead, of the style parade. Sylvia Sidney, not especially clothes-conscious, nevertheless blossoms forth in one of the bold new prints at upper left. Miriam Hopkins, left, selects a saucy Breton to top her blonde tresses. Betty Wyman, a famous fashion model, wears a saucer-brim sailor of fuzzy white straw. at top, Loretta Young likes to dine, these soft Spring evenings, in clinging, long-sleeved and high-necked crepe, banded with brilliants in exotic colors.
Scene Stealing with a Camera

There’s nothing like a hobby to reveal the hobbyist.

“One night last week,” related Madge Evans, a smile curling around her lips, “I went to a party where they played the game: ‘Who Am I?’ A paper is pinned to your back with a name of a well-known person on it and you go around asking people who you are. One person replied to my question; ‘You go to all the parties and everyone tries to keep out of your way.’

“Then why am I invited?” I demanded.

‘Because you’re developing.’

What am I developing?’

‘Your talent.’

“I guessed wrong a dozen times. Everyone else had found out who they were, so at last I gave up. Who was I? I was Hymie Fink—Hollywood’s famous candid cameraman!”

“Maybe they gave me that name because I love taking candid camera shots of my friends, catching them at unguarded moments. I do it for fun, not for meanness, so I can’t give you any of my results—they’d never forgive me! The trouble with me is that I can’t resist the temptation to play jokes.” She shook her blonde head, dolefully, but her eyes laughed. “Every now and then I discover that I’ve joked with the wrong people, and I say to myself: ‘I’ve learned my lesson, I’ll watch my step hereafter.’ But I must be a hard case, or something, because next day along comes temptation and I’m at it again!

“Keep my collection of unflattering prints secret, but I used to adore those they had in Vanity Fair of a senator asleep in a hotel lobby, some big celebrity yawning, or a very pompous somebody eating corn on the cob.

“People on sets usually hate it when candid cameramen come creeping around trying to get unposed offstage stuff, but I like it, perhaps because I know what fun it is to get.

“Yesterday, on the Espionage set, one of them crept up on me and caught me just as I was putting out my tongue to wet my lips after roping them. I looked perfectly awful! But I had to laugh when I saw myself—I couldn’t help it. Candid shooters never catch you when you are powdering your cheek daintily or prettily touching up your lips, but when you’re making hideous faces as you must do when you are really making up!”

( lots of imagination needed to see Madge Evans looking “perfectly awful.” She was looking even lovelier than usual in a simple black...
dress, accented by a bright green chiffon handkerchief.

“I don’t confine myself to funny shots. I like getting things like this one of Franchot Tone on the “Mutiny on the Bounty” set, this of Van Dyke looking over a script, or Jackie Cooper playing with an elephant. Informal shots, you know.

“Last time we were down at Palm Springs, Una Merkel said to me: ‘You’re supposed to be a grand little picture taker, I hear tell. Why not prove it? Take some pictures of me for my fan club.’ Una and her mother posed very carefully for the things they thought the club would like. None of my candid stuff for them!

“But later we were at breakfast one morning and all the others had finished and gone. Una was sitting at one end of the table with mounds of food stretching before her all the way down the table. I sat at the other end and shot. It looked as if Una were going to eat her way right through that tableload all by herself!”

Madge started on her camera career with a little Brownie, but now she has a Leica and a Rolloflex.

“I believe everyone in the world is a potential cameraman,” she stated, seriously. “We all like to keep a record of our lives in some fashion, and there’s no way so satisfying as taking actual pictures of ourselves, our friends, relatives and surroundings and the events that concern us.

“I am interested in people—that’s probably why I don’t get especially good pictures of scenery, and why I don’t get all worked up about still life.

“We go to all the camera art exhibits, chiefly because my brother is an expert. He has six cameras, and his stuff is so good it can be enlarged to eight by ten without showing the grain. His lighting and focus is perfect. He won second prize in the Leica show at Radio City last year—and were we proud?

“At one of the camera picture exhibits, I saw a shot of a collar button with its shadow. They had set the button on its side and put the camera quite close to it. I stood there several minutes trying to figure out what in the world it was. I couldn’t tell if it was something the size of a house, or the size of a barrel, and finally I gave up and looked at the title. It was most interesting then to note how they got the effect.

“I tried that sort of thing—like the shots you see in Coronet—in this study of hands and silk rose. Anyone who wants to go in for this type of thing can have lots of fun figuring out close shots of those tiny jade or ivory elephants or small metal animals people used to collect. I should think it might be fun to try for effects with mirrors in connection with them.”

Madge enjoys making shots of her four dogs in action more than the still life stuff.

“Dogs won’t stand still, but if (Please turn to page 95)
So says Pat O'Brien! The unforgettable memories of his own jousts with the world come to light in this Hollywood father's ideas of what his daughter should know about life and love.

By Dickson Morley

"I'll Tell My Daughter Plenty!"

Pat O'BRIEN suddenly dropped his bantering mask and paid no more attention to the gay noon-day crowd in the Warner studio cafe.

I had miraculously changed a breezy movie star into a wholly earnest, down-to-earth human being. Just by remarking. "You've been through the mill, Pat. You know the answers, What would you tell your own daughter about Life—and Love?"

There was no evasion, no hesitance. Petty subterfuges aren't in him at all.

"I'll tell her what men actually are like," he said, leaning forward on the luncheon table in his outspoken seriousness. "I'll tell Mavourneen how to find the right kind of fellow for happiness, and what she'll have to do to hold onto him."
He grinned that expansive Irish smile of his and with equal abruptness an irresistible twinkle leaped into his eyes.

"If she has that date with the guy who gets a bit fresh, I'll have already told her how to throw a left hook. And why, if she's smart, she must. I recall very easily how a well-slapped face gives a lad the correct slant on a girl; it puts him on her trail forever after!

"If she fancies a fellow who hasn't quite settled down and who hasn't had the breaks yet, I'll advise her to pass up the stuffed shirts and wait for him. Should she fall in love at first sight I won't have fits. I'll say, 'Sweet-heart, hurry up and marry the boy; I realize exactly how you feel—your old man fell presto-bango himself!"

The unforgettable memories of his own particular jousts with fate and of men and women as they really are swept over Pat then. He won't talk to seem important to his daughter, merely to exercise authority. But because he has had to seek and suffer and battle through to personal victories. He will be in absolute understanding with her I could see. A soul in complete sympathy, for Pat's is fortunately a remembering heart.

"I'll tell her not to demand a man without faults. She'd be gray-haired by the time she caught up with him and he'd be a dull companion. Anyway, you're crazy about a person partly for their little quirks. If he's late because business has held him up, if he doesn't notice a new hat, don't be silly enough to drop him. A liar or a cheat's out, naturally. But if he's the type who gives the other guy a pat on the back, if he likes folks and they like him, he's got the makings of a fine husband. If he goes in for football and other sports he's better than the mug who specializes in being charming at tea.

"I presume that Mavourneen will meet young people who'll claim to be 'wise.' They'll laugh at what they brand stupid customs. Well, I'll tell her not to be a prude, but not to be duped, either. I agree myself that there's a lot of nonsense foisted on the naive. Still, after you've knocked around as I've had to, you wind up recognizing that certain fundamental truths will always be the best bet.

"I want my daughter to study men, quite deliberately. At school she'll become well-informed on a variety of useful facts. But I've discovered that nothing is more vital to a woman than love and she'll be a fool if she attempts to suppress her honest emotions, if she doesn't count on marrying and do her darndest to.

"Men aren't mysterious. They're eager for romance, for women who will live up to their dreams. They're idealists. Inspire them, instead of trying to dazzle them with superficial wiles, and there's no limit to the ambition to get somewhere that will develop within themselves.

"A man, I'll tip her off, values two qualities above all else in a woman: loyalty and virtue. It's the bunk that we enjoy being teased, kept in suspense. The flirt never intrigues us for long, and I've yet to bump into a man who admires a girl who's casual about love. Loyalty and virtue mean far more to a beau than a pretty face and a dieted figure.

"Oh," Pat added frankly, "attractiveness is desirable, obviously. No he-man sneezes at allure. But none of us are ever thoroughly enthralled, believe me, until we're positive that our women are devoted without reservations and possess unflinching strength of character."

He was talking so unrel. (Please turn to page 72)
WHEN la belle Dietrich came back to Paramount and found Carole Lombard was having a brand new dressing-room, combining hers and the one Gary Cooper used to have, she didn’t lose any time in doing something about it. The studio is now in the process of knocking out the partition between Marlene’s old room and the one next door, completely redecorating the whole thing.

BARBARA STANWYCK has presented Bob Taylor with a new cowboy outfit, which just about completes his collection. It seems that Bob has had a yen for cowboy garb over a period of years and has collected every imaginable costume to be worn on a ranch. And now that he has a ranch of his own, he’s in his element because he can sport a completely new outfit every Sunday for the benefit of his guests.

IT SOUNDS too fantastic, but that lion cub Clark Gable brought back from Arizona was really captured with nothing but a lasso, strapped to the back of his horse, and brought to town in the rumble seat of his car. It has taken up its abode on the studio lot, where a cage was moved in specially for it, but the damned thing not only is eating Clark out of house and home, so to speak, but has the audacity to snarl at him every time he comes near it. So Clark is donating it to a local zoo.

NO ONE can quite figure out just why John Boles had that clause inserted in his Universal contract to the effect that he was to have no singing roles. Fact is, John feels he has been at it for so long, he’s entitled to a rest from the strenuous training required by any singer. But the funny part about it he just can’t keep from warbling now and then and between scenes on the set; it’s not unusual to find the entire cast and crew gathered round while John renders an informal concert. And the studio doesn’t dare record a note of it!

JEANETTE MACDONALD is spending all her spare time practicing dance routines for her next picture, “Firefly.” And it’s the first time Jeanette has danced since her stage debut with Ned Wayburn way back when. Jeanette recalled the other day that Wayburn came to see her one day during her engagement, after listening to her song and dance number for the show, and told her she’d better stick to the dancing—that she doubted she’d ever be a singer.

JUST to put an end to all that talk about trouble in the Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson household, the two of them are at present vacationing in the desert, where they’re working on plans for a new home.

THE Loretta Young-Eddie Sutherland romance is definitely off. Religious differences seem to have entered into the split more than anything else.

IN SPITE of rumors to the contrary, Dorothy Lamour is really married to Herbert Kaye and they’re furnishing an apartment which they’ll move into at any minute.

Double feature for news cameras! Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers step out together, and Hollywood lens snapers get two luminaries with one flashight.

One look at Lana Turner walking like this, left, from class to lunchroom, and a Mervyn LeRoy scout decided she ought to be in pictures. So Lana, who is 17, kept right on walking from high school to start her career in “The Deep South.” Above, Clara Bow and her husband Rex Bell, seen recently at the races.

Here’s Hollywood

Lively gossip about the social and studio doings in the movie capital

By Weston East

Wide World
KAY FRANCIS and Delmar Daves have been playing Boy Scout to a very talented but hitherto undiscovered young wood engraver named Paul Landaker. When Kay first met the man and his wife, she became very much interested not only in his work but in his charming personality. So Kay invited them to be her guests at Arrowhead one week-end and then found she had to rush back to town on some pretext or another, leaving the Landakers at the resort. During their absence, Kay completely refurnished the small cottage in which they had been living as a surprise. Also through the efforts of Kay and Daves, some of his finest pieces are up this year for the Guggenheim award.

HELEN VINSON was so upset when she moved into Lilyan Tashman's house in Beverly Hills recently, by memories of her once very close friend, she couldn't stand it any longer and is having the entire home redecorated. Incidentally, Helen and her husband, Fred Perry, made a friendly arrangement whereby neither of them will go into retirement during their long separations and that's why we're seeing Helen around at the night spots lately with one escort or another.

CARY GRANT, who is working on the next stage to the set where "Shall We Dance?" is being filmed, dropped around to see Ginger Rogers the other day between scenes. And he was completely bewildered to find not one but twenty-four Gingers on the set. It's all a gag for a dance routine scene, but Cary had quite a shock for a moment, trying to pick out the real girl.

FRANCIS LEDERER spent two whole weeks in New York, prior to the opening of Margo's play, "Masque of Kings," coaching the exotic star in her role. Having seen the play five times, Francis insists Margo is terrific. And it's all a good joke on RKO, who did not renew her contract last year, now that Sam Goldwyn has signed her to a picture contract at three times her former salary.

BOB BURNS has just purchased a large piece of property in his home state of Arkansas, where he plans to establish a boys' camp. Dick Powell has also recently purchased property there, which he'll do up into a farm. And speaking of Bob, there's absolutely no truth to all this talk of a romance between him and his secretary, Harriet Foster. Bob is still so grieved over the death of his wife, right on the eve of his success, he isn't romantically inclined toward anyone at the moment.

THE Paul Munis have just been presented with a new and unusual puppy—a French sheep dog. It's a very unusual breed, similar to the English variety, but black in color. This makes three dogs in the household—Simon, who is an airdale and eight years old, "Schnitzel," the tiny schnauder, and the new puppy. And with their growing dog family, they are becoming more and more puzzled as to what they're going to do with them in their new house at Playa del Rey, with its beautifully landscaped gardens.

WE'RE told on the best authority that Bill Powell was hibernating at the home of friends in the desert, during his recent absence from town when his studio was trying to locate him. And what's more, Jean Harlow and six other people were keeping him company. And further, it was none other than our blonde Jean who prepared the meals and kept house generally for all eight of them during their sojourn, and had the time of her life doing it.

KATHERINE DEMILLE had an amusing experience the other day. Several years ago, Katherine had gone in for poetry in a big way, and had stored all her efforts away in an old trunk. The urge to write came upon her suddenly and she decided to look her work over, one poem particularly intrigued her. She decided she just might have some kind of a future after all, as it looked pretty good to her. But it had an awfully familiar ring to it and it finally dawned on her that it was an obscure poem of our friend William Shakespeare's she'd copied in her own handwriting. P.S. Katherine has decided not to go in for poetry, after all.

ON THE last day of shooting of "Captain Courageous," young Freddie Bartholomew shyly handed his favorite person, Spencer Tracy, a gift. It proved to be a miniature of himself, which he'd had especially made. And in return, Spencer presented Freddie with an entire Leica developing set, which Freddie has gone in for in a big way.

Not a self-portrait! The painting is of Joan Crawford. The artist, whom many say resembles Joan, is young, gifted portrait painter, Azadla Newman.
Be Firm with Your Figure

Prety Pat Paterson is always a bright spot on the Hollywood panoply. And it would take a lot of looking to find a lovelier picture than Pat in a bathing suit, basking in the sun after an active session of aquatic sports in her own swimming pool.

I don't blame you a bit if you envy Pat's trim figure. But I blame you a very great deal if you don't make the most of your own. Figures can be controlled with a little effort along the right lines, plus will-power, if you've encouraged the kind of appetite that revels in fattening foods.

It's a mighty good thing for all of us that Summer arrives once a year and we have to come out in the open, figure-atively speaking. How will you look in your bathing suit or your shorts and halter? Can you live up to the expectations of the young man whose fancy you captured in the Spring-time or will you attract new fancies your way? That all depends on you!

If you have figure faults you've managed to conceal, or merely overlooked, go to work right now to correct them. Your worst enemies are slumps and slouches. If you've let them play havoc with your figure and carriage, now's the time to drive them into oblivion. Stretching will do it.

I believe every woman living envies the grace of a cat, even if she doesn't like its other characteristics. Notice the way a cat stretches and how much she seems to enjoy it. It's that stretching habit that gives her grace, more than anything else.

So take a tip from kitty as well as from me and stretch your figure to its most graceful lines. Make yourself as tall as you can and be proud of your height. Swimming is fine for the figure because you are always reaching forward and stretching yourself out as you swim through the water.

Of course, if you've allowed yourself to slump, there are too many inches settled down around your waistline, you have to train your lazy muscles back to the job of holding you up. The usual effect of slumping is that your back curves in at the waistline, abdomen protrudes, and hips seem larger because they're raised too high. You are likely to carry your head too far forward, encouraging round shoulders and a double chin. You need stretching exercises to straighten out that back, strengthen "tummy" muscles so you naturally look smaller and better proportioned in the mid-section area, and to bring your chin into line.

I am going to give you my own favorite stretching exercise. It's fun to do, besides being effective. Begin by doing a few arm swings to get your muscles limber and relaxed so they'll get the most out of the stretching.

Stand with your feet two feet apart. Raise your arms shoulder high on your sides, straight out, palms to the front. Then swing your arms back and around in little circles so you rotate your shoulders.

After you've made a dozen circles, raise your arms high over your head, then let them drop toward the floor, keeping your legs straight and bending from the waist. Your head drops down with your arms, perfectly relaxed. Now swing your arms back and forth between your legs as if they didn't belong to the rest of your body. Then straighten up and raise your arms high above your
head. Then do the same thing to both sides, swinging your arms back and forth over each leg, instead of between them.

Now you are relaxed and ready to stretch. Bring your feet together. Raise your arms above your head and reach for the sky. Hold your thumbs together, fingers stretched straight, and reach up—up as high as you can. Twist the waist to make your reach higher. Be sure to hold your "tummy" in, your chin up, your hips down. Your chin should be parallel with the floor and your ears in a line with your up-stretched arms.

When you feel just as tall as you possibly could be, drop forward from the waist and reach for the floor. Keep your legs perfectly straight. Stretch down with those fingertips, so you feel a pull in your "hamstrings," the tendons behind your knees. Relax just slightly, then reach down again as if you were giving the floor little pushes away from you. Now straighten up, do a couple of those relaxing backward arm swings, rotating your shoulders, and reach for the sky again. Alternate that stretching upward and downward. It's fun to do. And once you get the feeling of holding your body as it should be held—head high, back straight, "tummy" in and hips down—carry yourself that way when you move. You'll feel so elated and naturally graceful that you'll want to make it a habit, and you'll feel uncomfortable when you let yourself slump.

I've talked a lot about posture because it's so important to body beauty, whether you're thin or chubby or normal in weight.

If you're overweight, change your diet habits. I don't believe in starvation diets, the kind that allow you enough of one kind of food to appease your appetite and deprive your system of other foods that supply chemicals it needs. Actually you can lose weight by eating potatoes and nothing else. However, that's not recommended. You want to feel your best as well as look slender, so don't risk your health for the sake of losing a few pounds.

You should eat meat or fish once a day, provided it isn't fried or too greasy in itself. Substitute whole wheat or rye bread for eating bread and hot biscuits. And above all, stop eating when you are no longer hungry, no matter how much you are urged to take another helping.

The worse offenders are rum, brandy, whiskey and gin. Beer is not only alcoholic, but it's a fattening food besides.

If you can do it without losing your disposition and friends, go on the water diet while you're trying to reduce. And the next best thing is to drink dry sherry or unsweetened wine (champagne or ale, depending upon the pocketbook) that pays the 22¢ on the bottle, while the rest of the crowd is downing cocktails, highballs or "quick ones."

Perhaps you need to put on weight to give your figure the right proportions. It's best to eat normally at meals instead of stuffing your body with more food than it needs.

Eat balanced meals. A glass of half milk and half cream taken in the middle of the morning and afternoon will help add pounds. Lie down after a meal instead of immediately sitting up. 

And it's a good idea to eat easily digested food just before you go to bed at night. Food digests best when your body is at rest. Avoid nervousness, as that's one of the chief causes of underweight.

Keep Your Beauty in Tune with June!

IF YOU'RE one of those women who love to have things "just right," you'll revel in Helen Rubinstein's new summer lipstick. This is a beautifully brilliant shade especially created by Madame Rubinstein to make you look your loveliest in the season's smartest colors. The cases are so attractive you'll wield your lipstick with pride! The slender swivel cases are Thistle Pink, Delphinium Blue, Lotus White, Mimosa Yellow, Carnation Red, Licorice Black, and Gooseberry Green. Any one of the six lipstick shades may be had in any case. You'll probably want several to vary your moods for different days, and they're inexpensive enough not to strain your beauty budget.

WE'VE going to tell you a bedtime story that begins with babies. If you've read diet books or diaries of your own, Albolene is nothing new in your life. It's that pure cleansing agent. Actually used in hospitals and recommended to mothers to keep baby's skin smooth, soft, immaculately clean, and free from irritation. Only recently, this gentle yet remarkably effective oil has been brought into the cleansing cream for our own faces called Albolene Solid. It removes make-up completely and penetrates deeply enough to soften and remove deep-pore dirt. Bedtime cleansing with Albolene Solid makes your skin feel soft, smooth, fresh and baby-clean. Try it!

WHEN you go to the beauty shop to get your next permanent wave, be sure you know what goes on your hair. Thats the best insurance that your wave will be a real joy instead of a regretted mistake. The large manufacturers have perfected their processes to the point where the only real test is really taken out of permanent waving—provided you do your part. It's up to you to see that the supplies used in waving your hair are the same as those the manufacturer made to go with his machine. For instance, when you ask for a Eugene wave, (one of the very best), insist on Eugene sachets and Eugene solutions. Each contains exactly the same amount of waving lotion, so all of your curls turn out alike. And that is one of the foremost secrets of successful permanent waving. Another is absolute control of heat, which the Eugene machine provides.
Charm Chap
Continued from page 23

daughter of one of Hollywood’s most respected agents, fall in love with her and marry her.

They met at a party given by Martha Sleeper, held at a table in a small restaurant, and arrived late. Alone. Ray was with another girl, who was in another room playing backgammon. When Mal was introduced, Ray’s attention was at a table in the men’s section, playing bridge. The three men remained seated when the introductions were made. Ray stood up, bowed, and immediately dropped out of the picture. Mal took Mal home that evening. The girl he brought originally was taken home by a friend, because Ray suddenly had become very “ill.”

They were just overgrown kids when they married. Ray was struggling to make a name for himself and Mal tried desperately to adjust herself to married life.

When they separated, Mal went home and Ray dragged his miserable self back to England. It sounds humorous now, but at the time it was anything but funny. He only stayed away four weeks because he couldn’t stand the climate in London—and the laundry! It never occurred to him that he might be missing his wife. His first job back in Hollywood was with the studio who had kept him under contract at a small salary and never given him a chance. M-G-M this time paid him one hundred dollars a day for ten days, in a picture with Charles Laughton and Verree Teasdale called “Payment Deferred.”

Again no work, and back he went to England. This time he worked there in “Orders is Orders” for Gaumont-British, also “The Singing Kettle” and “This Is the Life,” for British Lion. Then the laundry and the climate got him again. On the money he made, he lived in Holly-

wood almost a year. Finally, in desperation Ray applied for a service station job with the Standard Oil. Every morning he was the first one at their emplumps and the last one to leave. Finally, came the great day and he was told to report at seven o’clock the next morning, ready to take over a station. Overjoyed, Ray walked whistling down Hollywood Boule-

vard. Life was just a bowl of something day, please keep the job open for me.” Ray didn’t expect to be back in a few days, working for Standard Oil. The part lasted six weeks. Then, two days after finishing, he was put into “We’re Not Dressing.” After that came the contract that has taken him to the enviable spot he occupies today. In the meantime he began courting his wife again. She didn’t make it easy for him to get back. But once she saw that he really had learned his lesson and both of them had grown a bit, she decided it was time to forget the past.

Recently the Millards furnished a charming Colonial bungalow out on Kings Road in Hollywood. Never did two young people have so much fun digging up antiques, one trying to outdo the other in bargains. Everything they said or did seemed to be funny, life was almost too much fun to be real. One night Ray rushed in excitedly from the studio. He had just heard that some rare old furniture was “being sold for a song,” out in Pasadena. Nothing would do but their rushing right out there—without even waiting for dinner. On the way out Ray explained to Mal that he would sit down in front, but she should remain way in back—“because she was shy and didn’t understand about auctions.”

When a Colonial cherry wood sewing-table was put up for sale, Ray thought it would be just the thing for Mal. “I bid ten dollars,” he said in a stern voice. “Fifteen dollars,” said a woman’s voice sweetly, but very firmly, from the rear. “Twenty dollars,” thundered Ray. “Twenty-five,” came back the woman in even sweeter tones.

“Eighty dollars and not a penny more,” Ray shouted, and swore under his breath. The table was sold to the woman with the sweet voice for thirty-five. At the moment he turned back to Mal and sunk down dejectedly in the seat next to her. “You’re darling,” she exclaimed, “wait until you see the sweetest little sewing-table I just bought. I outfitted a nasty old man and got it for only thirty-five dollars!”

The only time they will ever allow those little critters in their nature and just smiled tolerantly. Finally at eight, even she began to show signs of unrest. Just then the door bell rang.

On the porch stood a strange man in overalls. Over his shoulder, out in the street, Mal carried a large horse. “Is this the horse where Ray Millard wants the horse delivered?” he queried.

“Good grief, no!” shrieked Mal, forgetting Ray’s salary and his horse as it was no longer a part of a supposedly responsible movie star. “Take that animal away. I sent my hus-

band out to ride a horse, not to buy one. Just say that Mrs. Millard has changed Mr. Millard’s mind.”

Rich or poor, happy or miserable, eventually the Millards always wound up laughing. When Paramount adjusted his salary after his splendid work opposite Claudette Colbert in “The Gilded Lily,” Ray decided it was time for another trip to London. This time, however, he would have a charming wife, an excellent wardrobe, plenty of money in his pocket.

On the boat back, the important and sensational attention. Waiters hovered around them through every bite of food. Special wines marked their place at the Captain’s table and dishes were prepared in their honor. “You see, dear,” he said to Mal, com- placently. “It’s the same all over the world. The minimum person is important, everyone makes a fuss over him. They never were so nice to me before.”

On the last night out, the Captain sent a note to the Millards. He told them it had been a pleasure to have them on board and Mrs. Millard was such a charming, gracious and beautiful woman—it had been
a pleasure to give her all the extra care and attention possible.

When he landed in England the first person Ray heard from was—Connie Bennett. She wanted him for her leading man in "Everything Is Thunder." Not only did she want him, but she called the Para-
mount studios in Hollywood personally
and pleaded with them. But Paramount were too ambivalent for Ray to allow him to remain in Hollywood.

Aside from his "crazy" streak, which is just his way of showing happiness, Ray is one of the best-read, best-dressed, and best-poised actors in Hollywood. His one
great fault is his lack of tact at times. He can be very blunt when a thing offends
him. And he is easily offended—especially by women. He hates silly women, cheap
women, and badly groomed women. And it annoys him to the point of getting up
and going out if he sits near anyone in a public place who deliberately attracts
attention. He is never late himself and he dislikes being kept waiting for others. He doesn't take
his career too seriously and yet he does everything possible to improve himself. He
resists being put in the "arty" class. He doesn't go in for big cars or even small
swimming-pools and his phone number is listed under his own name in the telephone
book, where anyone can call him. The Millands seldom go out socially and
seldom entertain. They don't need the whole world to see what a fine audience there are
days when Alice will go coy or feminine or something and tell everybody in sight that
Tony Martin is just so much poison to her and she never expects to see him again.
That means that you will probably see them the following night at the Fox Wil-
shire watching the cinema—Alice and Tony and a box of candy. For next to
Alice Faye, Tony loves candy, and never goes to a movie without supplying himself
with plenty. (He has a trainer come in every morning for two hours as an anti-
dote.) But what a romance anyway, with-
out a lot of scraping? Their quarrels
usually start over something very petty, (oh, I don't have to tell you about young
love in bloom, and you don't have to tell
me, either); and then Tony will say, "All
right, Frances, I mean Alice, if that's the
way you feel about it." Tony used to go
with Frances Langford, remember?—
and no girl likes to have her boy friend's last
girl thrown in her face, "That's the way
I feel about it, Rudy," Alice will snap
back. "Oh, I mean Tony!" And Alice used
to go with Rudy Vallee, so you have a
general idea of how Tony feels about that.
So hang will go two receivers on two
hooks. And Alice will swear that she
will never see Tony Martin again, and Tony
will swear he never even heard of Alice
Faye, and the next night they will go to
see "Love is News" and hold hands, and
eat a box of candy, at least Tony will.

And what about Hollywood's new screen
lover? Tony Martin was born in Oak-
lund, California, (a native son, no less),
quite a few years after the turn of the
century, and his proud parents named him
Alvin Morris. And you can't blame a

as a screen actor more or less as a lark.
Back in England when his aunt died and left her favorite nephew seventeen
two-thousand dollars, that favorite nephew de-
cided right then and there that he only
died once and he couldn't take it with
him. So he "toured" Europe as Europe has
ever been "toured" before. Upon his
return, with his remaining fifty dollars he
took Estelle Brody, an English picture
star, to dinner at Ciro's. She induced him
to try his hand at extra work, and he
agreed to trying anything.

"When I found out that people actually
got paid good money for standing up in
front of other people and making faces, it
was too good an opportunity to pass up,"
says Ray. "And I've been making faces
ever since."

Tony's Terrific!
Continued from page 34

girls, it will be just as easy for you to
muse in on Mrs. Simpson right now as on
Alice Faye. Of course, there are days when
Alice will go coy or feminine or something and tell everybody in sight that
Tony Martin is just so much poison to her and she never expects to see him again.
That means that you will probably see them the following night at the Fox Wil-
shire watching the cinema—Alice and Tony and a box of candy. For next to
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and no girl likes to have her boy friend's last
girl thrown in her face, "That's the way
I feel about it, Rudy," Alice will snap
back. "Oh, I mean Tony!" And Alice used
to go with Rudy Vallee, so you have a
general idea of how Tony feels about that.
So hang will go two receivers on two
hooks. And Alice will swear that she
will never see Tony Martin again, and Tony
will swear he never even heard of Alice
Faye, and the next night they will go to
see "Love is News" and hold hands, and
eat a box of candy, at least Tony will.

And what about Hollywood's new screen
lover? Tony Martin was born in Oak-
lund, California, (a native son, no less),
quite a few years after the turn of the
century, and his proud parents named him
Alvin Morris. And you can't blame a

was constantly organizing school or-
chestras. After high school he entered St.
Mary's College to please his mother.
But it was while he was at St. Mary's
that he did his first broadcast and won a
puff from a radio commentator, on a pro-
gram that switched to different col-
leges; and one night St. Mary's was on the
air. There was a colored boy in the
college who was supposed to sing That's
Why Darlkes Are Born, on the broadcast
that night, but right before the important
event he got terrific stage fright and Tony
was shoved on at the last minute in his
place. Tony was a knockout. He got a lot
of good radio publicity that gave him the
confidence he needed.
When he organized his orchestra, which
was destined to go barnstorming over the
country, eventually landing at the World's
Fair in Chicago, he called it "The Red
Peppers."
Tony made three trips to Hollywood be-
fore he finally "clicked"—so let that be a
case to you important young folks who
want to do everything in five minutes. His
Metro contract came to nothing, and ditto
his RKO contract.

Tony was released from his RKO con-
tract, without having made a picture, on
March 16th, 1936. The following day he
received a call from his agent telling him
that he was to go on the Sunday night
program at the Trocadero, along with
Dixie Dunbar, Fats Waller, and other pro-
fessional entertainers. Tony had never
sung without his orchestra and was pretty
scared, but his sixth sense told him that
now was the time to do or die, and he did.
Before he left the Trocadero that night
he was signed to a Twentieth Century con-
tract by Darryl Zanuck, who knows a good
bet when he sees one.

Spencer Tracy takes his turn at "KP"
duty in "They Gave Him a Gun."
Tasty's ambition is to play a newspaper reporter in a picture. He knows just how it ought to be done, and if you've got time enough he'll practically do all of "Front Page" for you. He spends several hours a day, when he isn't working on a picture, with a dramatic coach, and the play he likes to study are ones in which the leading man is a hard-boiled, gun-cheering, loud-swearng newspaper reporter. When he isn't speaking to a newspaper reporter he is turning radio dial.

Tasty is one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, has never been married, but thinks that he'll have to. His hair isn't too good for it. He's alone in a very attractive Hollywood hillside home, except for Dolly, a Bedlington terrier, who was named "Delilah" by Gracie Allen. Dolly likes nothing better than a breakfast of beef and steak. If by chance there is no radio program to listen to when he is around the house Tony will do a crossword puzzle. He has a weakness for crossword puzzles, and because of them he can quote the dictionary to you at length.

In fact he knows almost as much about the dictionary as Messieurs Funk and Wagnalls. He loves fan mail, reads it all, and is not bored figuring to answer. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown eyes that do things to susceptible women, (and aren't women all susceptible? He's very much resembles a young Ricardo Cortez. He likes girls who sing—Frances Langford and Alice Faye and—Alice Faye.

Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives—do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should be thorough.

Its merit should be proved by the test of time. It should not form a habit.

It should not act too quickly.

It should not cause stomach pains.

It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. EX-Lax checks on every point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use EX-Lax in their own homes. EX-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try EX-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that EX-Lax is not upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

Once you try EX-Lax, you'll say good-bye to the taste, harsh cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have EX-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try EX-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. 567, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

most important problem," she continued, "is creating an atmosphere of comfort as well as beauty in the home. When you are furnishing for the first time, your eye is taken with little novelties in the picture, cute little things that are decorative—but difficult to use, if you know what I mean."

"For instance, coffee tables! How many homes have them that have little pieces of wood covered with glass serving for a coffee table? Perhaps, you may even think this is a minor point. But the hostess doesn't wish she had a table and ash-trays big enough to really hold cigarette boxes, large ash trays, and enough space to serve refreshments on for coffee, or cocktail glass or two. Yet our first inclination is to make our living, or drawing-room 'pretty' with tiny little tables and almost no space at all. If only a little effort it were so hard to make everything in the house usable as well as effective.

The second problem in managing a home as far as the professional woman is concerned is making the time for it—not finding the time, making it.

It doesn't make any difference how many hours you have or how well trained they are, there are certain things in connection with a home a woman must do herself. You can't cheat on this, it's a must, or it isn't—and that's all there is to it.

"Of course, in a first home there is a grave mistake to overdo the personal touch. The brand new housekeeper is prone to stick her eager nose into too many things. I suppose I would do that, too, if I had the time, because there's not a thing from gardening to cooking that doesn't interest me. But the movies and the radio have luckily spared my household too much of the personal touch.

"You see, as eager as I am to learn everything—my time is so budgeted! I'm being forced to learn things gradually and I'm glad it is. But there are a few things I've never heard, too. And George, and the children.

"Our day here begins around seven in the morning. If George and I are working, Ronnie and Sandra come in while we are dressing—and we dress as well as we can under the circumstances. Sandra adores to watch me make-up. And George gets Ronnie white ties ready.

"We usually have breakfast downstairs for the sheer undiluted joy of breakfasting in an 'out' bedroom. For years we have used to have orange juice and coffee on a tray—but not since we acquired a special room for breakfasting, believe me."

"It is during this rather hectic meal, (the children come down with us), that I make my first official move as a house-kinder! Don't laugh—but I plan the evening meal by simply telling cook what I want for a main course.

"Do you know?" she went on, "I think I shall stick to that idea. It is a good one. You know enough about your evening meal not to look too surprised when the housewife in—Autotée comes in on the radio program to ask what your main course is."

Five Hollywood Wives—Gracie Allen Burns

Continued from page 31

Scre@enLand
RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it... Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

SCREENLAND

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

Pond's, Dept. 78-CP, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.60 to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________
Street: ___________________________
City. ____________________________
State: ____________________________

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throwing her arms around my neck. And George says why should we throttle a coming novelist, anyway?"

"Then you don’t believe in discipline?" I asked just to see what Gracie would say. I have a hunch she thinks she’s firm with the children.

"Indeed I do believe in discipline when a child is really being rude or naughty. It isn’t fair to children to let them grow up little heathens. Another thing George and I can’t approve of, is treating our children differently from other children. Just because we happen to be professional people.

"For instance, take this fad among the movie people of taking reels and reels of baby’s first tooth, his or her first step, the first time she slapped the nurse in the face! Cute? Several of our friends have these movie cameras, and I think Ronnie and Sandra wouldn’t mind being photographed in the least. But we haven’t a movie camera in the house, principally because I think there’s something as disciplining parents, too. I don’t care how adorable children may be, there’s no need for your guests to suffer through a feature-length film of Junior in his diapers! We take kodak pictures, instead.

"But you have the feeling the pictures closest to Gracie’s heart are the memories she’s storing away of Sandra’s arms around her neck after she’s fibbed—of the first time Ronnie jumped over the sides of his crib.

"Oh, yes," said Gracie, "where were we in this treatise of the perfect housewife at work and at play? Well, an evening with the Burnses is just one of those things. After an early dinner with the children, (they make us eat something with them), and a later one ourselves, we’ll either go down to the corner movie, or sit here in front of the fire and admire our home! Not very exciting, but oh, so satisfying!"

"But surely you entertain a great deal in this new home, I prompted. "And don’t think we’re going to skip over the hostess problems lightly, either!"

"Oddly enough, we haven’t entertained here as much as we planned to," she admitted. "You see, immediately after we moved in, Sandra was ill. Then George and I had to make a hurried trip to New York. When we came back some of the furniture was still to arrive—and then we started work on a picture. We’ve had a few informal dinners, of course."

"And how are the pointers coming on?" I persisted.

"Promise not to laugh and I’ll tell you something. I think I’ve stumbled onto something really good in the hostessing line. There are all the little things the hostess insists on doing ‘extra’ when she’s expecting dinner guests. If I have learned one little hostess secret I’m proud of, it is in trying to treat guests as though it were no trouble at all to have them!

"Perhaps it may be wise as much trouble to prepare good pot roast and good potato pancakes than in having the proverbial turkey or squash. But I like the simple routine. It looks so unplanned. George helped me on this, too. He said the majority of men prefer the simple food they eat every night in their own homes—or else they wouldn’t be eating them so often. And of course, it’s the men who have to be pleased with a dinner. The women are dieting, so what?

"So that’s really the only little tip I’ve learned on my own. I know George and I were flattered to death the other evening when Jack and Mary Benny came over for dinner. We had the best meat—beef and mashed potatoes you ever ate—and Jack was so relaxed after dinner, he went to sleep! How’s that for being the perfect hostess?"

I think it’s swell. I hope Gracie and George invite me to dinner some night for meat—b J'en I would be too interested in the radio’s most popular feminine personality into a darn good housekeeper to go to sleep and chatter Mrs. George Burns, wife, mother, and hostess extraordinary.

What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and soft, silky texture. Dry, rough lips do not tempt romance.

Coty’s new Lipstick, the “Sub-Deb,” protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient—Theobroma—which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty “Sub-Deb” comes in five ardent and indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50c. Torreus of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c
Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

What a pip she is! It was plain that she’d be an elegant home-maker. Today, on the cool day off, oh, I’ll tell my daughter, Pat resumed, calming down a bit, “to be athletic, to be a sample of robust young American womanhood. So she’ll side-step sicknesses. She must acquire a sense of humor, for being able to laugh off disappointments rescued me from quitting near the beginning. And certainly she’ll be informed of the kitchen art and science.

“But I shall not lecture her on smoking and drinking and staying out too late! If we’ve made any kind of a go of raising her, she’ll have a sense of humor, and without deceit. And oh, marvellous kindness! I intend to say, oftenest: Hang on to your mother’s every word. Burn incense to her ideals!"

"It’s my theory that parents do their..."
Mothers—ACCEPT THIS
"DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill
of joy as those darling Dionne
babies toddle past their third mile-
stone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates
with a birthday gift for you! Dr.
Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling
story of the methods used in
bringing up his five famous little wards.
Illustrated with many of their most
appealing photographs! Free with
each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the
radio (Columbia network) every Mon-
day, Wednesday and Friday morning.
This is the only book containing the
important information he has broad-
cast, as well as many additional
facts of fascinating interest to
everyone. While these books last,
your druggist is authorized to
give one free to each purchaser of
"Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were
born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has
been the only disinfectant used
to help keep their surroundings
hygienically clean...one of the im-
portant measures directed toward the
prevention of infection.

Are you taking this simple, but
scientific, precaution in the care
of your own baby? You owe it to
your family's welfare to keep their
surroundings hygienically clean with
"Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in all your household
cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry
tub for washing towels, bedding, hand-
kerchiefs, etc., especially when there
is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds
no work; hardly any cost—because it
is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol"
today and ask your druggist for a free
copy of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send
"Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will
mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. G-S,
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send
me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's
book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

Name ___________________________
Street ___________________________
City ___________________________ State ___________________________

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NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT
For Your Body

What's Left for Janet Gaynor?

Continued from page 25
I'd heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
ing with the new head. Among the roles suggested for her was the lead Barbara Stanwyck did in "Banjo On My Knee." But Janet is tired of waits, so she decided against that part. And finally left the lot, not eased out nor in a huff, but because she believed it would be the smartest move. She has fitted into schedules for a long time. She doesn't want to be confined to regulation programs any more.

She is an enthusiastic movie-goer herself and she has been watching the acting progress of other women until she burns with determination to mature interestingly, too. She knows that she is somewhat handicapped by her youthful features, that she could go on and on being the sweet, wistful Cinderella. Will she be accepted in parts that require the intelligence and variety she has within herself? She is risking a fortune when she picks the first picture that isn't a typical Gaynor tale. In "A Girl Is Born" she blossoms forth in modish style and presents some of her clever imitations. It is her first step in her new scheme.

The same manner in which she has saved her money is another illustration of Janet. With all her acclaim she has never even employed a maid! When she is working she has a studio maid. But she has rented a simple, comfortable house in Hollywood, rather than splurging in Beverly Hills, and there she and her mother reside without an entourage. Janet has a cook who is housekeeper, also, and a chauffeur who's been with her since she purchased her first big car eight years ago. She has a gardener, because she loves flowers. She has no blase secretary; a favorite aunt has assisted her with her fan mail.

To prove the sincerity of her goal Janet is now building the first home she has ever owned, and it's in Hollywood. In all her years of stardom she has never bought a home.

"I saw right away that a large Hollywood income was never permanent, so I started saving. I want to travel, and then still have enough to live nicely on." She has never bought jewels. But lately she has evidenced more concern about clothes. She's never had an extensive wardrobe because she's had to dress according to her type. But today she wears her ermine, cut in swagger lines, with a dash. It's most flattering for an evening at the Trocadero. Yes, Janet is even going out more frequently! She is remembering that she doesn't have to suppress herself, be in bed at the stroke of midnight. Janet doesn't want to continue being "just Janet." She would like to sweep the fans off their feet with the unknown, completely grown-up personality which her close friends have always preferred. Because she scored so tremendously a hit Janet was instantly stamped as a Cinderella. She had an invaluable, pliable personality. She can take direction magnificently, and so she was molded into a shy princess in make-believe.

But while she was assisted, and advised as every girl with outstanding ability is, it was Janet's own determination which carried her ahead. She has a fierce zest for obtaining what she wants, and in her mid-teens she decided that she wanted to become the greatest star in the movies.

In high school in San Francisco Janet was adored by her classmates. Invariably the center of the limelight, she danced divinely and there was a tempting twinkle in her lustrous brown eyes, a halo sheen to her dark red hair. She was cute without being catty, as too often she's had to be in her pictures.

When she graduated she had to do something. She isn't the type to remain placidly idle, even if she seems she might be. Janet marched downtown to a fashionable shoe shop and came back to announce that she was on the payroll there. (The work wasn't
Andy Devine's son Ted seems to inherit his dad's knack of stopping the show. He did here, when Mrs. Devine brought the lad to see Andy and Director Arthur Lubin.

suitable vehicles. I often disliked what I was assigned. I hate to repeat, and I have been too typed to please myself. When I recall some of those awful gaga productions—"I" She dipped into a wry smile. 

Janet swears she doesn't want to marry again. But I don't put much stock in that view. She visualizes herself as an efficient, bachelor woman. She said to me, "Many people achieve, in many professions. But few ever find a grand romance—the lover without a flaw!"

She really isn't domestic and so she fancies settling down isn't for her. She won't confess it, but I am sure she is resolved to clinch her life as every woman wants to. Somehow, someday he will pop up unexpectedly from somewhere! And Janet will find her "grand romance." Meanwhile, Margaret Lindsay and Ramon Novarro are two closest Hollywood friends. She revels in lying on the beach, in acquiring a tan that will beat theirs.

She's been turning down Broadway suggestions for a stage début and turning out water colors while she scans the scripts offered her. Under an assumed name, she entered a Rolliwood of her own conception at a local university arts exhibit; when it was hung in a spot of honor she almost went into her hula right there in the gallery before it. Didn't you know she is the best hula dancer in Hollywood?

Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer!
JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It’s a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It’s so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it’s perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

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

Doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.
princeptive feeling for whatever a dance calls for and can always be depended upon to give it what it takes. No one can ever accuse Ginger of being anything but the real person she is."

Fred, who devoted many years to dancing on the stage, never thought there would be a place for dancing on the screen, when he came to Hollywood. Having a definite flair for acting he was all prepared for an acting career. But being Fred Astaire, when he danced in his first picture, he was so terrific he's been working harder than ever, ever since. In each of his pictures he has tried to introduce at least one type of dancing that he has never attempted on the screen before. In this present one, he introduces the ballet. And Theodor Kosloff, a past master of the ballet who was called in to be technical adviser on the ballet school sequences, says that Fred is so light and so lithely built, his grace is reminiscent of Nijinsky. If Fred wanted to devote himself to the ballet he could be equally as famous.

But Fred doesn't want to devote himself to any particular kind of dancing. He feels there is greater freedom in all types and kinds. During his dancing career, Fred has practically danced on everything but a needle-point. Tables, chairs, bridges, stairways, on carpets moving through the clouds, and now just to be different in "Shall We Dance?" Fred and Ginger do a whole routine on roller skates. And then just to be sure that he isn't trying to let himself off too easy, Fred also does a song and dance number in the engine room of a large ocean liner. Tons of steel machinery, moving in electrical controlled rhythm to the tempo of music, provide the background. That's the way with Fred Astaire. He can even get rhythmic sound effects out of a ship's boiler room.

Fred's love for fine horses may have something to do with his cowboy complex. Believe it or not, the sophisticated, polished, immaculate Fred Astaire would really like to do a horse opera. Whenever there is a western set on the lot, George always comes to Fred and tells him about it. When they were making "Outcasts of Poker Flats," Fred stopped by "just for a minute" to "just say hello" to Preston Foster. Kiddingly he asked Preston if they needed any extra players.

Someday when Fred is ready to rest his dancing feet, he's going to settle down seriously to the business of raising fine horses. But it wouldn't be at all surprising if he were to make at least one horse racing story before that time comes. And speaking of horse races, Fred is personally acquainted with every turf star of importance. He gets just as big a thrill out of meeting them, as his legion of fans get out of seeing him.

---

**I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!**

**THAT NIGHT**

THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK-HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN WEEKS!

**O I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR BREATH!**

**ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 26% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH, LET ME TELL YOU...**

**"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"**

"I advise Colgate Denta-Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decay-forming food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth which are the source of most bad breath... of dull, dingy teeth... and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

**THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

**20c LARGE SIZE**

**SCREENLAND**

79
THE STORY UP TO NOW

The seemingly impossible becomes a reality for Marsha Drew, script girl, when the immensely popular Keith Knowles, borrowed by her studio for a starring role, invites her to dance and dine with him at a Hollywood night club. But Marsha's anticipations of a thrillingly gay evening of entertainment materialize as a confused pattern of anxiety when Keith, inhabiting too freely, insists upon driving her home. There is a collision, in which the actor's car and another are damaged, but, fortunately, no injuries suffered.

Marsha diplomatically clears Keith of all blame. She induces him to park his car outside her apartment, and return to his home by taxi. The car, of conspicuous design, remains at the curb, as Marsha alights into her apartment to retire for the night.

tears welling in her eyes. Keith Knowles was talking with a group which included the director and the elegant Beatrice Brown, while Frank Martain and Lucile Hendricks were engaged in their usual cute little juvenile tricks. Marsha was out of things. Invisible again. No one at all. She waited, if Knowles saw her at all he gave no sign of recognition. She stood there waiting, very miserable.

There were takes, Retakes. Longer waits between scenes. Finally, Knowles wandered away from the group. Marsha went up to him. He didn't seem awfully glad to see her. He seemed a stranger—miles away. Not at all the man she'd had dinner with the night before—the man who had been so funny at breakfast.

She told him what had happened. He was crisp. Almost business-like. Very sorry. He'd speak to the head office. Of course. Why the whole thing was ridiculous!!

He did go to the right people. Marsha knew that. But she knew that no one believed him. It was just the thing to say and he said it. That was all. They still felt that a girl of Marsha's sort was not the girl they wanted—or the stupendous salary of thirty-seven fifty in a Super girl at Super Films. That was that.

The next blow came when the apartment house superintendent told her and Eleanor that the owners of the building had rented their apartment to some personal friends. And there were no others for rent in the building.

There were others in Hollywood. Of course. But Marsha and Eleanor had done a lot of looking around before they had decided on that small apartment. And they had spent a lot fixing it up. A corner cabinet. A small book shelf. New chintz at the windows. Oh, well! There were other places to live.

Eleanor decided she'd live at the Studio Club. You meet a lot of people there. Marsha didn't like the studio club. So they separated.

It had been cheaper, living with another girl. She had got along all right with Eleanor, too. She felt bereft, now, and very much alone.

She didn't have much money. It had taken nearly everything she made to live in fair comfort to dress properly, to have friends in for an occasional meal.

No work. And no home. And no room mate! Other folks got along—alone.

She found a very tiny one-room apartment in a less desirable building. The room was small. There was a couch instead of a bed that disappeared in the wall. A tiny kitchenette—once a closet—was an inadequate substitute for the tiny kitchen and breakfast-room she had had before.

She was glad the radio belonged to her. It was such good entertainment. She placed it on the rather rickety table between the two narrow windows. She unpacked her books, put them on the table and on the floor. Hung her clothes in the corner closet. Even her brightest dresses seemed shabby. Something nice would happen—Nothing nice happened. The men sued for damages to their car. Knowles settled anxious to have the thing cleaned up. And from his conversation Marsha gathered that he almost believed, now, that she actually had been doing the driving.

Keith was very nice—for a few days. He sent roses the day after she moved in. But she was out most of the days that followed looking for a job, so she didn't enjoy them a great deal. He took her to dinner at La Maze—and though she enjoyed the dinner she felt that he wasn't thinking about her great deal. She knew she loved Keith. She thought of him practically all the time, weaving little dreams of him into the room around, into the songs she heard over the radio. He was always the hero, the mysterious "he" of the love songs. And that wasn't a great deal of fun, either. Marsha applied for fifty jobs. She knew she looked crisp and efficient and business-like. She brushed her hair until it shone. She was glad her skin was nice-looking.

She went, first, to all of the studios starting with the biggest and ending with the quickest. First she applied as script girl. Then as a stenographer. Whether, as they told her, there really were no vacancies, or whether her reputation preceded her, she never knew. Perhaps too many relatives of the executives were just then out of jobs. Maybe the girls who had jobs were holding on to them, leaving no opportunities for new girls. Marsha never tried to hide the fact. She didn't have a Persuasion Complex. She didn't think she was being mistreated or discriminated against. She knew only that she didn't have a job, and that her money was running short, that she was alone and very, very miserable.

She didn't know that Lou Page had made trouble. She knew only the pleasant stream of her life, her Hollywood Holiday, in which she was so happy, was changed suddenly into something dark and murky.

She didn't see Keith Knowles. She wouldn't go to him for help or sympathy. She never knew whether he tried to get in touch with her—for her erstwhile superintendent of the apartment house forwarded no messages.

She didn't see any of her old friends. The boys she had known didn't seem to like her as much as when she had been gay and carefree. And, besides, when you are interested in one man—even if you never see him, other men seem gray and colorless.

Eleanor tried to make the best of it. She signed up for the Studio Club. Eleanor had a way of making new friends and shedding the old ones. No fault of Eleanor! She had always been like that. Always would be.

From a studio, gay with life and color and romance, to long days of tramping the studios, to long nights of going out. Long evenings spent alone in a little, drafty and rented room, and worrying whether even that little rented room could shelter her for many more weeks. Marsha's slender savings...
ew smaller, even while she went without a food that she actually needed. Her dresses got too loose in the waist and her cheeks grew too thin. Her eyes held faint purple shadows under them. Suddenly, she knew a new side of Hollywood. When she had arrived there she had no trouble at all in landing a job, first with a commercial firm. Then with the movies. She couldn't understand why she couldn't get a job, now. But she couldn't get one.

And so, under the brilliant city, the city of glamor, she saw lurking the grey shadows she had only heard about. She learned that, for every Hollywood success there are a hundred Hollywood failures. For every triumph a hundred partial failures. She learned of a whole group, whole city of disappointed people.

Marsha saw, with her own eyes, a thousand beautiful girls—girls who couldn't even get the smallest kind of jobs—jobs that would have barely supported them if there had been enough to go around. And these girls weren't the "beautiful but dumb" sort either. They were small town girls and city girls. Girls from good families—social register stuff—with college degrees or finishing school backgrounds. And girls from the other side of the track, too, who gladly had given everything they possessed in the way of virtue and honor and the chance at success.

Marsha learned that beauty goes a-begging in Hollywood. That Virtue is its own reward. Pretty girls—girls who had won beauty contests in their home towns—were unable to get a chance even once a week as an extra in the movies. They would have felt triumphant if they could have got the job of waitress in one of the little kiosks that serve you in your car—and where the pay is usually tips, only.

Marsha answered advertisements. And sent to agencies. And took a chance in skiing for a job in every possible-looking hop. And, as the days passed, she began to look discouraged. And she knew that was not the way to get a job. You might be discouraged and still get something—but she knew that to succeed you had to hide your own discouragement. She remembered when she had felt young and gay and careless and happy. Yes, she could have understood anything then. Now, her clothes, which had always been inexpensive, but had been fresh and crisp and smart, lost her beauty. The slaziness of the material became evident. Black grew rusty. Brown grew dusty appearance. Blue grew a bit purple. Her hat began to droop just a little. Even her favorite beret got into discouraged folds.

She remembered stories about girls who had killed themselves. In Hollywood. One had jumped off of a big Hollywood sign. Others had chosen a famous bridge. Others had taken a drug or a lethal potion. She was still so very young. She didn't want to die. And yet—

She thought of Keith. Spending money in the Trocadero. Gay. Careless. Good-looking. She could visualize his lean profile, his aquiline nose, his straight brow, she knew just how his hair grew on his forehead. What would he do, she wondered, if some night she went into the Trocadero, wandered over to his table, when his odd assortment of guests were gathered to drink his champagne. Would he welcome her? Or not remember who she was?

Once she saw his car. She thought he was at the wheel. The car whizzed by too fast for her to be sure but the tweed-clad driver was carelessly correct enough to be Keith.

Failure! Failure! Failure! She didn't want to fail. She didn't want to join the gray ranks of those who no longer cared what happened to them. And she didn't know what to do.
She began doling out money to herself by the day. A hamburger and a roll had to do for dinner. Luckily, fruit was cheap in Hollywood—but soon there wouldn't be money for oranges. And you can't live on oranges—even in California.

And now she knew she must sell her car. It was her one real asset. She had no furs or jewels, such as women supposedly are always selling when times grow hard. She had thought of the car as part of herself. You've got to get a car in Hollywood. Street cars never seem to go where you want them to. Buses are uncertain. Her little old car, five years old when she bought it, had been cheap enough in the beginning. She had never even thought of getting rid of it—except, perhaps, a sort of dream—trading it in for a better car.

She took it to a second-hand dealer. Stood by while he told her what the matter with it. As if she didn't know! She knew, only too well, every one of its peculiarities—almost as if it were a person instead of a machine. She even liked the way it bobbed around a bit in low, and didn't really go very fast in high, even when you pressed very hard on the gas. It was her car! And now she sold it—into slavery. It seemed an inhuman thing to do.

She took the grumpy roll of bills the man handed her. Wined her eyes with a rather rough handkerchief she'd washed out the night before, and walked home. She cried herself to sleep that night.

Even the money from the car wouldn't last forever—didn't last forever.

What, when even it was gone? She wouldn't—couldn’t—write home. There were enough responsibilities there. And they thought she was independent, getting along fine, on her own. She wouldn't ask for charity. Oh, she knew it was an all-right thing to do—a lot of people did it. But she couldn't. Something sturdy in her ancestry forbade her asking for or accepting charity.

Cheap lunch-room meals. An occasional talk with a girl or boy who was as badly off as she was. Stories of young people who had looked at Hollywood—from a distance—as a golden city—to find it was gilded, instead. And the base metal of its composition was not beautiful.

Hollywood Holiday, indeed! Marsha could hardly believe, now, she had been carefree and happy and gay. Those days at the studio, sitting on the set and working with her script book, exchanging careless greetings with stars and featured players and directors. She had been invisible, even then, but she had been a very real part of a busy, bright world. And Keith Knowles! Her adventure with him remained a thing separate from the rest. A golden thing—in spite of its ending.

What was its ending? She didn’t even guess—now!

More days of asking for jobs. She asked hopelessly now. With a hopelessness that never would get anything for her. And, sensing that—she became more despondent and blue. She couldn’t even read. She’d read a few pages, find she hadn’t concentrated, hadn’t known what she was reading, tossed the book aside. Gay Hollywood, indeed!

She had her temptations—if you can call them that. That is, unsavory-looking men flirted with her but that was all. Most of Hollywood’s temptations are in the imaginations of the fiction writers, Marsha found out. There are too many pretty girls here to make the capturing of any one of them a triumph. There are some cases of girls being pursued, in the old-fashioned manner. More often, likely, it is the girl who does the pursuing.

None of which helped Marsha very much, now. She grew more and more to walk—walk within herself. She spun out little dreams. If she could only write these! She remembered how she had once hoped to write stories for the screen. Some of these imaginings, if she wrote them out— But she didn’t have the energy nor the spirit to do it. She’s dreamed them, idly, instead. And days went by. And the car money was spent—

And now there was no more money. And no more hopelessness.

She wandered out, that bright, sunny morning, not knowing what to do at all. If she only had her car she could have gone back to the studio. If she only knew herself in the country, in the farm district around Santa Ana or in some of the ocean scenes that spread so unexpectedly so very near—Hollywood, the car was denied her. Everything was.

She stopped at a lunch stand and had a cup of coffee and a hamburger on a roll. She hoped it would allay her hunger for lunch as well. Her head ached a little. She kept pushing her hat over her eyes—the little felt hat that had been so smart only a few months ago. She hardly watched where she was going.

She was crossing the street when it happened. She hardly knew, later, how it did happen. She began crossing, without watching very closely. And suddenly she became aware that an old man was crossing with her, and she was forced to slow down on them both. Entirely without thinking, she said it she pulled the old man to one side. They both tumbled, unhurt, on the hard surface of the street. The car whisked by!

She sat up, looked around. The man was getting to his feet very slowly. She rushed to him.

"I’m so sorry I had to knock you down—"

She began. "That’s better than if the car had done it," was said. "You really saved my life, my dear. I’m very grateful, even at my age that I’m allowed to go on living."

She felt funny! She wasn’t grateful. She was surprised, even now, that self-preservation had been so strong.

They brushed themselves off. "Wouldn’t a cup of coffee make you feel better?" the old man said.

"Yes, it would," Marsha told him. For— all the people in the world she might have helped—and it turned out to be a little old man, with thin hair and a slight limp.

She thought he’d take her to a chic lunch room. He chose a very decent little restaurant, instead. She felt a little guilty when he ordered a plate of sand-wiches—though they tasted awfully good when they came.

The old man was very nice! An he wasn’t dressed slabbily at all, she noticed. In fact his suit was of very good material—though he didn’t seem to care if it needed pressing. He talked of a lot of things, gay things, in his gentle, low voice. And he didn’t ask a lot of questions nor try to get fresh at all.

When they had finished eating, Marsha thanked him. Well, that was that. And then the little man said something else.

"My name is Hallett," he said. "Ye—"

"Yes, I’m—"

"Plummer Hallett, one of the biggest producers in Hollywood! I’d like him to meet you. I know he and his wife woul—"

"I wasn’t going."

"Could you come to dinner, say this evening? I know they aren’t busy. If yo—"

Marsha hesitated a minute. She didn’t want to intrude. After all, she didn’t know the family—perhaps the old man shouldn’t ask strangers to his house.

"I’ll send my car for you," he went on. "Better still, I’ll call for you myself. If you don’t mind an old man driving. It’s only two or three miles."

She hesitated. "I don’t think, though the exercise wasn’t very good, this morning—except the meeting you, dear."

SCREENLAND
“Do you think your son would like—” she began, timidly.

“He’d love meeting you,” Mr. Hallett said. “And he’d never forgive me if I didn’t insist on your coming. Besides, he is looking for a story for Betty Lawrence—and something you told me just an idea you’d made up—seems to me to be the germ of a story idea. I’d like you to tell my son about it.”

Maureen stammered an acceptance. Of course this wasn’t real. But it was pleasant. Maybe the weeks of suffering had gone to her head. Maybe she was delirious. Maybe she was back in Hollywood Holiday again.

“I’d love to come,” she said.

“Seven o’clock,” said Hallett, and she gave him her address. Thank heaven her dinner dress was still good. She hadn’t had any need to wear that in a long time.

(To Be Continued)

**Luck—And Lombard**

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lady, for example, unless you have lived—unless you know what life is all about? You must go through all the heartaches, all the hardships, all the criticisms before you know the really important things that contribute to success.”

We were sitting in the charming sitting room in Carole’s new home in Bel Air. A cheerful fire was burning in the fireplace. Carole was curled up on a comfortable window-seat, almost completely obscured by two dachshunds, a Pekingese, and Josephine, the cat. They slept on, undisturbed, blinking a sleepy eye happily now and then when Carole would unconsciously stroke one or another of them affectionately.

“Look around you today at your most important stars of the screen. Most of them have at least ten years of disappointments, so-called ‘bad luck’ and struggle back of them. Norma Shearer, for example, has been in pictures for ten years; Greta Garbo ten years; Joan Crawford thirteen years; Janet Gaynor fourteen years.

“Joan Crawford is one of the outstanding examples of a girl who had every obstacle imaginable to overcome on her long climb up. But Joan had made up her mind to become a star. And instead of sitting by, waiting for good luck to come along, she spent every minute of her spare time doing something to prepare herself. She studied everything she could lay her hands on. She took tennis lessons, realizing that physical fitness was an important asset. She began to think about her clothes, studying her personality and deciding which styles best suited her. And now that she has won her struggle, she is still continuing to improve herself. During the past few years, she has taken up French and music.

“It isn’t only the battle to attain success that you have to consider. You have to work hard to retain it—to progress. There are very few important people of the stage or screen who haven’t worked just as hard after they became successful. The late Marilyn Miller, for instance, at the height of her success, took a dancing lesson every day of her life. Sylvia Sidney reads every book she can lay her hands on pertaining to acting and the theatre. Libby Holman takes a singing lesson every day and she has just recently taken a course in shorthand and typewriting. Jean Muir, who has been one of the most successful young actresses, is right this minute taking a college course at U.C.L.A. They all realize that the most important thing is to keep

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alive—constantly to keep the mind active and alert.

And Carole herself, as I happen to know, has made an intensive study of story construction, realizing, as she does, how important the story behind each picture is to any actress. In addition to that, Carole has made a game of analyzing people. Every clerk in a shop, every person she encounters in her daily life, comes in for her share of probing—because Carole knows that people on the screen must be real, and she is preparing herself for any characterization that may present itself during the course of her career.

Getting back to this ‘luck’ business,” Carole went on, “you might have called it bad luck or a bad break when Gary Cooper, after his limited acting experience on the screen, was being tested for a role in ‘Wings,’ the picture which later made Richard Arlen, Clara Bow, and Buddy Rogers famous. Naturally, Gary was hoping for the important parts in the film. He probably was somewhat disappointed when he was placed in a small bit—the part of an aviatrix who lost his life after his first flight. But the truth of the matter was, as Gary would be the first to admit today, that small part did him more good than any role he could have had.

“Your might also call it ‘luck’ that Gail Patrick was the only girl out of five brought to Hollywood as the result of a contest who has hit. I have known Gail for a long time, and I can tell you it has only been because she has worked hard at the business of building up her career that she has reached the technique of acting, etc., that she has forged ahead.

“When Gail first came to Hollywood, she was a charming little girl, fresh from a small town in Alabama. Her hair was wrong, her clothes were wrong—there was nothing about her that would cause her to stand out from any group of girls. But Gail has a brilliant mind. And she also has that grim determination to succeed at anything she tackles. Gail didn’t particularly want to be a motion picture actress. But finding herself on the verge of a screen career, she made up her mind that she was going to succeed before she did another thing.

“Then began a long siege when Gail wrestled with fashion books, dressmakers, hairdressers, etc., so she would look right. She took dancing lessons for her posture and to learn how to hold her hands. She studied dicition. Many a night Gail cried herself to sleep at the seeming futility of trying to be beautiful, when she was sure she wasn’t—of trying to dress ‘right’ when it seemed everything she did was wrong. But Gail knew what she wanted, and spent every minute of her time getting just that. It meant plenty of hard work. It meant giving up parties and good times. But as a result of that concentration, Gail has actually made herself one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood today.”

And, I, for one, know that Missy Lombard played no small part in lending a helping hand to Gail. Carole is like that.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd, left, and Jack Warner, center background, were volunteer "extras" in "Kid Galahad." The noted explorer is seen gazing Humphrey Bogart.
"I remember the first of my so-called bad breaks." Carole went on, reminiscently, "I was 15. I had just been signed to play Edmund Lowe's leading lady. Naturally, I was thrilled beyond words. But when I saw the finished picture on the screen, I was so humiliated I ran out of the projection-room in the middle of the picture. I was so bad that they later threw me out of the studio. And the worst part of it all was that I realized they were right! I wasn't ready for success. I hadn't prepared myself to receive it. At the time, I was horribly disappointed. But it was that incident that caused me to go directly backwards—doing small parts and working up to the point where I had experience back of me.

"There was another time when I felt sure 'luck' had turned against me in a big way. It was when Cecil DeMille was casting the picture 'Dynamite.' I was dying to play the leading role opposite Charles Bickford. But they told me I wasn't smart enough to play the part. I was crushed. My heart, I felt, was completely broken. But now I realize it was the greatest break I ever had. It made me work much harder. I know now that I wouldn't have been good in the part if I had gotten it and probably wouldn't have been signed to the Paramount contract, which subsequently brought me the opportunities I desired.

"And when I was finally signed to that contract—the ultimate goal of every young actor or actress—I felt that 'luck' had really come my way. My good break had finally arrived. Little does anyone realize that a mere contract doesn't make for success. It took me a good many years of hard work, surviving pictures and roles which could have killed me, and fighting for those things at which I knew I could succeed, to get to the point in my career where I am today. It was a constant pulling on my own resources that kept me from sinking.

"I found out, then, that the best thing I could do was to forget about luck and go to work. And that is my advice to you young people who want a career. First, decide upon the thing you want above everything else. Second, concentrate upon that one thing. Third, work at any and everything that has a bearing on that goal. Budget your time. Make every minute count. And, above all, remember it is only your own efforts to succeed that will bring you 'luck!'"

The First True Story of Irene Dunne's Baby

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baby, and I am going to dye the eggs." You've never seen such sulking as went on. The cook and the maid and the nurse were rather distant to Miss Dunne on Easter morning when Missy stuck one of Irene's dyed eggs in her mouth and was a little bit sick. She could have sucked their dyed eggs all day and never felt it.

But the greatest change Missy has brought to the Dunne-Griffin homestead is the breakfast hour. When Irene is working on a picture she wakes at six-thirty, has breakfast and a bath, and it is all very dismal because six-thirty in the morning is not a very happy time no matter how you look at it. The house used to be as quiet as a tomb at six-thirty with Irene cross and ready to snap and wondering why the devil she ever chose a screen career with such ungodly hours. The servants went around on tip-toes with long faces. But no more. No more, Missy is an early riser, and is at her very best at six-thirty in the morning. Her tray is brought into Irene's room

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

SCREENLAND
and the two of them breakfast together merrily. Missy jabbles away in her double tale and when Irene shuts up, she kisses her. It's like a gay party. No tip-toes and no sour faces, and not a cross look out of Irene even when Missy throws a piece of buttered toast in her face and upsets her milk on the bed. When she is dressed and ready to leave for the studio Irene will say, "Missy, come kiss Mummy goodbye." But Missy won't come. Missy is a smart kid. She knows that the longer she refuses to kiss Mummy the longer she can keep Mummy with her. But finally, cornered, she gives in, and Irene with a sticky kiss on her check ditches for the studio—stopping in the driveway of course, and then in the road in front of the house, for frantic goodbye waves. She who used to be so prompt is now rarely on time. The studios are thinking of writing Missy a letter.

Fernand Gravet returned from making his first English-speaking film for Warner Bros., in Hollywood, "The King and the Chorus Girl." He is most amusing in his impressions of Hollywood. Then, out of the dim past has emerged the familiar features of Sessue Hayakawa.

It seemed like the good old days when I watched Sessue Hayakawa working in Toynville, near Paris. The famous author, Maurice Dabobra, on a tour of the world met Hayakawa in Japan and succeeded in getting him to France to play the lead in his film "Yoshisawa." So out at the studio he is working on what I'm sure will be an Occidental come-back. In studying him, the same enigmatic mask of a face is there, and time seems to have left scarcely a mark on his placid features. It was interesting to hear his experiences. During the last few years he has been in Japan. He formed his own company to make films there and produce plays in a Tokio theatre. They gave the old classics and Hayakawa translated them into a new, clean Japanese and produced them. Knowing the Japs like to spend a week-end or endless hours in the theatre, I asked him how he managed it. "Oh, I should present three American plays during the evening, it worked out very well, for out of the three they would surely like at least one or possibly two," His French is not so fluent so I wondered how he would get along playing in a French talkie. He enlightened me thus, "I play the part of a poor cooie who is hopelessly in love with a gorgeous Geisha girl. I can only admire her from afar and generally have to take the rich young officer in my rickshaw to see her." So we will be treated to Hayakawa's mark of Hayakawa's others burst into speech. The part of the Geisha is played by a lovely little Japanese lady named Michika Tanaka. She looks as though she has been stepped out of an Old Japanese print in her beautiful, rich robes of a Geisha. An interesting example of a modern Japanese girl, she speaks several languages themselves. Has many fans in "Mayerling," "Ex-Girl," and "Handsome" is about she's a little vague. She has to be home before seven to see Missy eat her puree. No, she isn't proud of Missy—not much she isn't!

Irene tries so hard not to show that she is proud of Missy, but Dr. Griffin makes no bones about it. He is bursting with pride. Irene will tell you that she doesn't think people are interested in other people's babies, but no matter how she tries the conversation eventually works around to one of Missy's latest escapades. She is keeping a baby book of all of Missy's "firsts," and every sandal or clay pasted Missy's first engagement ring in it. A friend of the family in Chicago, it seems, sent Missy a small diamond ring, asking her to be his future bride.

Irene can hardly wait to get home from the studio these nights to find out what Missy has been up to during her absence. What a mother! "Missy is the Handsome" is about she's a little vague. She has to be home before seven to see Missy eat her puree. No, she isn't proud of Missy—not much she isn't!

Paris
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love with a gorgeous Geisha girl. I can only admire her from afar and generally have to take the rich young officer in my rickshaw to see her." So we will be treated to Hayakawa's mark of Hayakawa's others burst into speech. The part of the Geisha is played by a lovely little Japanese lady named Michika Tanaka. She looks as though she has been stepped out of an Old Japanese print in her beautiful, rich robes of a Geisha. An interesting example of a modern Japanese girl, she speaks several languages themselves. Has many fans in "Mayerling," "Ex-Girl," and "Handsome" is about she's a little vague. She has to be home before seven to see Missy eat her puree. No, she isn't proud of Missy—not much she isn't!

Very soon another one of our fair Pari- gins calls on us and is making for Hollywood. She is Danielle Darieux. Not yet twenty, she is a huge favorite on the stage and screen in Paris. She played opposite Charles Boyer in his last French Picture and since its release has always said no to Hollywood offers. The poor darling could hardly accept when so when she finishes her present film she will start on the long trek to California.

Oh dear, oh dear, and I've never been further away from home than Connie li- land! A wild flutter of the most beautiful hands in filmdom and—surely you have guessed it. Yes, my dears, it's Zasu Pitts.

After making an endless number of films Miss Pitts took unto herself a holiday. No sooner did she land in London than she was snatched up to do a film. This done, she decided to scamper over to see what Paris and a bit of Europe look like. More and more bewilderman and surprise that people would take such an interest in her. Aside from all that, she wants to play serious parts, but each time she gets serious the audience bursts into laughter so she has about resigned to her fate of being a sad- eyed comedienne. Everything falls to her usually she seems on the verge of tears.

Volumes have been written about her hands and, as an artist, I must add my titch. a work of her praise. The rise and fall, flutter and fly away with each emotion. When you are settled to watch them in a moment of repose, remember! All this European trip meant a lot to her, for she misses nothing. I would like to be a little mouse in a corner and hear her des-cribe the trip to her children. They are
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It didn't seem to matter so much after that to do things the way she had always thought she should do them. After all she was alone now and who was there to care if she went out for lunch with Steve, and afterwards when Parker, his secretary, showed her the apartment Steve had fixed up for her with her own canary singing at the window and Steve's word to her that there were no strings attached to it all, only his hope that one day she would marry him, Dixie shrugged and decided not to be a fool.

That little apartment she and Jackie had shared had been so small and shabby and there wasn't anything left to be desired in this new one. She'd have been a fool if she hadn't taken it, Dixie thought, with Steve as good to her and as undemanding as her own father would have been, if she had one. Only she'd have gone on a diet of bird seed for Jim, if he'd wanted her.

Maybe if you couldn't get the man you wanted, the trick was to try to want the man you could get. Dixie decided with that hard, new philosophy that had come to her. Funny how wrong you could be about a man, she thought. She liked Steve now and she wondered if she would have loved him if it hadn't been for Jim.

Then one night when she was alone at the Palm Parade she looked up as a man slipped into a seat across from her and saw that it was Jim. She couldn't talk at first, seeing him there and the difference in him. Harder and stronger, somehow, and so much nicer, too, with all the slippancy gone and that new look in his eyes when he looked at her.

They said all the little things, the meaningless things, and Jim's smile softened as he thought of London and the night he had run into Joyce and her husband. He was so grateful now that he had seen her again for suddenly he knew that she didn't matter, that she never had mattered really, and that there was a girl back in New York who did matter terribly. Only he had been a fool then and didn't know it.

It was enough now to sit and grin at each other like a couple of fools and try to say something only to stop and grin again. And it was like coming out of an enchantment when the cigarette stopped at the table and whispered something to Dixie.

"Jackie!" Dixie's whisper came shocked and frightened as the girl moved away. "Jim, something awful's happened. She's in hospital. Grace says she was picked out of the river and she's dying."

It didn't take long to get to the hospital but even those few minutes meant so much less time with Jackie. Even Dixie knew she was dying as she stood looking down at her, trying to make out the pitiful fragments of her lips tried to tell them. And then with Dixie's arms holding her and Dixie's tears warm on her cheeks, Jackie shuffled convulsively—and died.

She hadn't committed suicide. Dixie knew that, Jackie wasn't the kind of a girl who'd walk out on life no matter what had happened to her. And there were all those bruises on her body that made it look as if somebody had beaten her.

There wasn't much to go by, only that strange name, Big Edna, and the scrap of paper in her bag with a telephone number on it. Jim took that and went out into the hall to telephone his office.

"Find out who's number that is," Jim asked the paper's switchboard operator, and waited. He whistled as the girl made her report and went slowly back to Dixie.

"That's J. G. Temple's number!" he said, and then as Dixie looked questioningly at him, "He's the guy who leaped out of a window in the Werner Building the other day."

"Oh!" Dixie said. She remembered then...
reading about the supposed suicide in the newspaper but it hadn’t meant anything to her and she probably wouldn’t have even remembered it if it hadn’t been that Steve owned that building and his office was in it.

“It looks pretty bad to me,” Jim said slowly. “I’ve got the office checking on those names, too, and right now we’re going over to Harmony and Dayton hospitals to see if it isn’t too late to find out something.”

A valet was packing Temple’s belongings when they got there and though at first he was suspicious and noncommittal when they mentioned Jackie’s name he softened at the evident distress in Dixie’s face.

“I’ve got to know if Mr. Temple knew her,” Dixie said. “She was my very best friend, and it’s her help.”

“They were married on the way to Havana,” the valet told them, “and she has broken off. They belonged to each other now, and because Jackie had made so much to Dixie she meant just as much to Jim too. He called the police but they came back when she was dead and was anxious. But there was reason for that look. Finding out who Big Edna was was Jackie’s death more than he had ever, for she was the woman who had made headlines in the recent vice investigation.

“When Jim came to see what he could discover in the woman’s house Dixie held close to her and tried to tell him about the apartment she had taken from Steve. But there was little.

Later Steve came to see her and he was curiously gentle with her when he found she was weeping though he said very little when she told him about her Jackie’s dear friend.

“Jim Adams was with me when I saw her,” she said slowly. “He’s trying to find out who did it.

“You might have come to me, Dixie,” Steve said evenly, “Suppose from now on you let me handle it.”

But there wasn’t time for Dixie’s answer, for the bell rang and Dixie was at the door before the maid could answer it.

“You fall into a gold mine, kid?” Jim asked slowly, looking around the lavish apartment. But Dixie gave him a quick, imploring glance.

“I’ll tell you about it later, please,” she whispered.

“Kind of you to put yourself out this way, Adams,” Steve said as he wrung his hand. “Dixie’s been telling me about it.”

“No use my going over it again then,” Jim said slowly, “if you know.” He didn’t trust this man’s eyes or his smile either. But Dixie was already taking the small bundle he was holding and he was helpless.

“Are these the clothes you telephoned about?” she asked, and before he could stop her she had already grabbed the coat and held up the pitifully torn dress, “Yes, it’s Jackie’s.” And she couldn’t help that small cry.

Steve was staring hard at Jim now.

“Did they just let you walk out of this place, wherever it is, with these?” he asked slowly.

“No,” Jim’s voice came noncommitally.

“Well, what did you find out?” Dixie asked impatiently.

“I found out who killed Jackie,” Jim said slowly. After all, if Dixie trusted this man he must be all right. “It was the woman next door. It was Jackie’s re sponsible. Someone she acted for, who went Jackie there. She was talking to him over the phone but I didn’t get his name. Only his phone number. But that isn’t much good either, for I didn’t get the exchange. Only thing I know is the number 1010.”

“1010,” Dixie repeated the number after him, “Seems to me I heard a number like that once.”

Steve was smiling now in that easy, almost lazy way of his. “I have no time to remember if you’re ever going to.”

Even as he raised his voice was caressing. He turned to Jim. “Have you been to the police yet about Big Edna? He might be a candidate for the list.

“Not yet. Temple’s supposed suicide is mixed up in this too, it might even lead to the fellow District Attorney is trying to find, who is said to have been responsible for those shots machine murders a month or so ago.”

Steve held on to himself then. With Temple and Jackie one could have nothing to fear, he told himself. If only this newspaper man would look at those deaths as suicide as the police had done! But he’d tell you. Well, his next strike wouldn’t be good to be added to the list. Maybe another man could fall from a window in the Werner building.

“Why don’t you go to the police?” Dixie asked Jim.

“Nothing doing,” he laughed. “And let every other paper in town in on it? I am a police commissioner.

“Look here,” Stevie said suddenly, “Suppose I call the police commissioner. He’ll find out who Big Edna’s been arrested by this time.”

Jim gave him a quick searching look.

“Why, that sounds okay,” he said slowly.

“Mr. Adams,” they said as they picked up his hat and coat. “I’ll be seeing you in half an hour. The commissioner will be at my office. Goodbye, Dixie, you’ll be hearing from me.”

He spoke lightly and his eyes were dancing as if he were amused. But Jim didn’t wait long after him.

“Dixie,” he said, “I’m putting on his coat. I don’t think I’ll wait here. I’ve got a couple of things to do.”

“But Jim,” Dixie’s eyes grew wider, “the way a child looks when they are hurt. ‘Is it because of all this?’—Her eyes went around the apartment, ‘Don’t you want to ask me any questions?’

Listen, kid,” Jim held her by the shoulders. “I’m still on Jackie’s assignment. And when I finish it up I’m going back here, give you the facts, and then I’m going to quit. Now, do you want to ask me any questions?”

Suddenly his eyes grew cold.

“Do you know a phone number that ends in 1010?” she asked. And then as the girl shook her head, “It can’t be my bank, and he’s got the money, or my car, and it’s outside the city, and it can’t be my insurance policy. Did you ask me why?”

And Dixie was gone into a circle.

“I see, Circle 1010!”

But whose number was it and where had she heard it? Suddenly she had an inspira tion. The telephone, and her voice answered a new fear clutched at her heart. For it was Steve who answered her. Steve! Strange how in that moment it was his first impression of her she remembered.

Steve frowned as he put his receiver back on the hook. He didn’t like that clink he had heard as he answered the phone. They would have to work fast.

“Remember,” he looked up at Charlie and Joe, “This afternoon was to look like an accident, the way Temple’s did. And Jackie’s, too.” He stopped as the door opened and Jim came in.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” he smiled blandly now. “Sit down. The commissioner’s taking his time getting here. What do you say we have a drink while we’re waiting? I have a trick bar in there that might amuse you.”
"Fine, I'd like to see it," Jim said, but he didn't stir.

"I have some special Bourbon," Steve began, then he stopped as his phone rang gain. His voice lost all its calm and suave-ness.

"Yes, Fred. Yes, I get you," he said to the switchboard operator downstairs, then he banged down the receiver. "Bolt the outer door, Charlie. Joe, give Parker two sures. The cops!"

His hand fumbled in the drawer of his desk for a moment and he put something in his pocket.

"This is the second time you've slipped up today, Kalkas," Jim said slowly. "You weren't as smooth as you thought you were in the apartment. You brought Big Edna's name into the conversation before either of us mentioned it to you."

"So you thought that was a slip?" Steve grinned. "Don't you think I knew you'd be just the kind of half-baked hero to stick your neck out like this if I dangled the right bait in front of you?"

He leaned against Jim so that he felt the bulge of the automatic he was holding in his pocket. Then he moved with him toward the door of his private elevator shaft.

But before he could open it, it was opened from the inside and Parker stepped out.

"All right. You're not going down the shaft the way I planned, Adams," Steve said slowly. But you're going to land in the morgue just the same."

"So that's how you did Temple in, you murdering—as!" Jim shouted, and brought his arm up sharply, sending Steve's hand shooting from his pocket and the gun flying to the floor.

It was a free-for-all, but Jim was younger than the other. He managed to hold them off until he heard the police breaking down the office door, and as Steve rose frantically he grabbed him and held on to him.

But Steve freed himself with a lurch and took a quick step to the elevator and Jim saw only that quick flash of him as he hurtled forward and screamed as he fell down the empty shaft.

Only when the police swarmed into the room with his editor behind them and Kramer trying to hide his emotion thumped him on the back a half dozen times as men will when they are moved and called him, "You suicidal dim-wit?" in that exubermant way, did Jim stop to think beyond the horror of that falling body.

"Who tipped you off?" he demanded.

"Dixie, of course," Kramer smiled.

"There's a girl!"

But Jim wasn't waiting to hear what sort of a girl Dixie was. He was racing through the door and towards one of the public elevators when he saw her running toward him.

"Jim!" she gasped. "Oh, I thought it was you they dropped down the shaft."

"It was Steve," Jim said. "Only he dropped himself. He thought the elevator was there and it wasn't."

"I did it, then!" Her voice came in an appalled whisper. "I brought the elevator down just—just before, Steve had showed it to me once when I was here and I thought I'd get to you somehow."

"That's all right, honey," Jim put his arms around her again, and because his heart was so full of her and her sweetness and sweetness and because he was a little ashamed of being such a softie even in front of Dixie his words came with their old flippancy. "You'll probably get a reward big enough to support me in comfort for the rest of my life, honey."

But Dixie was a girl who had been around. She knew men. And it was the words in Jim's heart she was listening to, as she lifted her mouth for his kiss.

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Beguiling as their names are Glazo's subtle, misty, smoky hues—Shell and Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red.

And Glazo, as good as it is beautiful, possesses all the virtues that smart young things demand...sat-in-smoothness on the nail...stern prejudices against peeling or fading...the ability to stay smooth-flowing, usable to the last drop in that economical 20¢ bottle, or the new larger 25¢ size.

For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo's new and sophisticated "Misty" tints.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

father clock fitting into a modern setting. Her bedroom is done in delicate shades of green, rose, and gold. Here lives Moon- glow, a parrot whose green-blue feathers fit into the decorative scheme perfectly.

"I bought Moonglow at Woolworth's in Beverly Hills for four dollars and fifty cents—and a little more for his tall stand and cage," said Margot, caressing his shining wing with a coral-tipped finger. "He doesn't like jingling. When I brush his hair, he walks up my arm and perches on my shoulder; when I've finished, he walks sedately down again."

"I suppose I should call Moonglow 'Criminal Lawyer' for one of my pictures, since my baby chow makes such a hit with his 'Michael Strogoff' name! I wouldn't call Janie anything but Janie—she seems to suit her so well." Janie is a small black Scottie, who follows Margot everywhere and insists on sitting on her foot whenever that foot is still.

"I must tell you about a dish my English friends always ask for," observed Margot, presently, when we were back in the library, "it's not served at a formal dinner, naturally, but I have it sometimes for an informal meal when a few intimates are coming.

"It is real English curry. I buy two or three pounds of the best mutton and dice it up in small pieces, like large poker dice. Put this in a pan with 2 diced carrots and 4 diced potatoes, (large cubes), oranges, 2 apples, 3 bananas and a quarter of a pound of dried raisins and a few grapes. Cover with enough water to come half an inch above the mixture.

"The curry powder must be mixed with 2 heaping teaspoons of vinegar, (if you want it medium; more if you like it very hot), to make a paste. Then let it all simmer for three hours.

"The rice is boiled separately for about twenty minutes. Pour cold water on it to help separate the kernels, sift it, and put it back into a semi-hot oven to bake out the kernels. It must be nice and dry.

"When it is served, the curry comes in on a silver dish. The rice is in a separate bowl. Chutney sauce is served with sliced bananas in another bowl. With it all, I always have hard-boiled eggs, and finally chopped onions mixed with the yolk.

Another favorite dish in the Grahame household is Bombay duck.

"But this is difficult to get," sighed the blonde actress. "It's a large dish, a sort of dried fish. It looks horrible, but it is divine! I don't know how they do it.

"I adore Mexican food, and go down to Olvera Street as often as possible. Did you ever taste Mexican crab? There's a proper dish!"

MEXICAN CRABS

Boil 2 crabs and when cold remove the meat.

Rub together 2 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon butter; when smooth, thicken ½ pint milk, and when it has reached the boiling point remove it from the fire.

Add to it ½ teaspoon paprika, level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon white pepper, 1 tablespoon chow parsley.

Mash the yolks of 4 hard-boiled eggs together and work in the sauce. Add the crab meat, mixing all thoroughly. Add ½ cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon molasses, a little cream sauce and dry syrup, mix all together and fill the empty crab shells with the mixture, dotting the top of each with a little butter and dusting with a little grated cheese.

These crabs may be put into a frying
Basket and plunged into hot Crisco for two minutes, but they are nicer if baked in the oven for 15 minutes, or until they are a delicate brown on top.

"My cook is an adventurous sort of person and doesn't in the least mind trying out new dishes. She's my personal maid, you remember. I discovered her in New York and brought her over to Hollywood; then, after I took her abroad with me and delighted in showing her the sights."

Margot evidently believes with Grace Moore that you can't do enough for a really good cook!

"My severest critic is my butler," continued Margot, her hazel eyes dancing.

"He's an ex-actor who used to play with Al Jolson. After one of my pictures, he will come to me, clear his throat, and say: 'I had a very pleasant evening last night.'"

Miss Grahame, I saw Hollywood's finest actress—"

"That is my cue to say: 'And who is she?' very innocently."

"My—but Margot Grahame,' he returns with a bow. Then he launches into a criticism of the picture in general—the direction, the camera work, the other actors, and finally he comes back to me. It isn't all honey—sometimes he tears me to bits. But I like it!"

Scene Stealing with a Camera

Continued from page 61

they are intent on something you can often get good pictures," she pointed out. "We have a trick of throwing their ball into the swimming pool. The dogs love to get the ball and each one wants to be the one who gets it first, but they all hate when they first stop and look at it, then chase it around the rim of the pool, tell each other: 'It's your turn!' but finally one says: 'We'll never get it if we go on like this and dive in. In the meantime I have a lot of amusing shots.'"

Angle shots are among Madge's favorites.

"I suppose going to camera exhibitions imbues you with the ambition to get the unusual angles. I used my Leica to get this shot of men and cameras on the camera boom, and this downward shot of the sound man. I shot directly up at this goddess on the back lot." She selected another print. "This portrait of Yolanda I made with my Rolleiflex."

"However, I've discovered that you can fool people with prints. I took some pictures of a friend's dogs. They weren't really good because the light wasn't right, but I thought I'd like to send them to her for Christmas anyway, Tom said: 'Don't be those enlarged, they aren't good enough. But I took them down to the camera shop and asked them to make the prints up on sepia paper, sort of soft focus, with a nice little frame. They looked so important that my friend thought them wonderful and is still under the delusion that I took a good picture of her dogs."

Most people are self-conscious when they see a camera and think you intend to point it their way, Madge finds.

"I try to keep talking to them until I get an expression I want and then shoot," she confessed. "My mother is the most amusing subject in the world, because she hates to be taken and makes the most terrible faces while she's trying to compose herself."

"I never shoot on sets because I think

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Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

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Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamorize." They create a new "YOU!"

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

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These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

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S C R E E N L A N D

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there's a rule against it, and strange as it may seem to true fans, El Brendel, suppose I got something they didn't want me to get and it happened to get out of my hands? How could I ever explain or make it up to them?" With which remark, she drew out a shot of Vilma and Buddy Ebsen rehearsing a number for "Broadway Melody." "But I had permission to take that," she smiled.

"Often on sets where I'm working I notice the cameraman doing something that looks interesting, and I wonder if I could do anything on that order and then I can scarcely wait to get at my camera to see. I'm crazy about shadows, and cameramen use them as a costume in pictures. I see a shadow fall on a character in a way to suggest a mood, and I try that, too. I don't suppose I ever captured quite what I was after, but it's the race that matters, not the goal.

"I rather like these shots of my brother fishing, and this one of a commercial fishing boat, or this one of a property man working on a tent set at M-G-M, because they seem to have that quality of informality that belongs to candid camera art. I like to catch people in places where the results look interesting, to have them doing something that absorbs them; then if I have enough light on their faces without making them squat, I shoot!"

Beloved Brat

Continued from page 51

Sometimes," says Willie, the Writer's Cook, "But also a girl who loves to yell her head off, who has a veritable passion for animals, who appreciates air-rifles and marbles and collects villainous-looking knives, who goes tearing around on a motor-boat at thirty-five miles an hour and, though on the whole tractable, sometimes forgets orders in a frenzy of wild spirits and leaves her own protected motor-run to go. And, shrieking down a car-infested highway. In short, a girl who never did like that thing next door, but would have made a creditable stab at anything.

People assume that a child star must be disagreeable. It's hard enough to keep any child unspoiled, they reason. In the case of these darlings, applauded, pursued, cooed over by millions, it's fairly impossible. To this one can only answer, the impossible happens. Prizel E. B. B. called that Northcliff, Jane Withers remains unspoiled. Why, nobody knows. The attention which turns the heads of their older colleagues leaves them as if found in the limelight. Jane is unimpressed by the limelight. She's always known it, so she takes it for granted, as a young prince might take his royal birthright for granted in poverty. Acting is fun. But so are lots of other things. She has a dozen outside interests, equally absorbing—flowers, dolls, animals, games, cooking, drawing, furniture-building, fishing with her father, hiking with "Uncle Jack" Treat, her bodyguard, "who used to be a real detective," she says. The thing to do, eating him up with her eyes. "Some day we're going to play a Western together, and do desperate deeds on a ranch." When she's not working, she likes to mention movies. Except for her weekly visit to a theatre, it's as if they didn't exist. Given the choice for her Sunday, she will pick a slapstick comedy or a musical, and will drag her parents through the length and breadth of Los Angeles for the pleasure of hearing Martha Raye or Patsey Kelly yell.
She refused to say whether she prefers a dog to her dogs, lest she hurt the feelings of the latter. Of course you can talk to the dogs and they'll answer. Now Dancy, fox-terrier, you've never seen anything like it. He can almost talk. If I say: "Dancy, sit on this one of these dogs do you like best?" He'll sit on it."

She cocked her head and all but picked up her ears. "And so he goes and sniffs one of the dogs and then he leaves it and he just can't stand hearing anything squeak. The minute the hears it, he tries to tear it to pieces. But when I say: 'Dancy!' he kind of sits up, like he was very shamful.

"My dogs can't talk so well, but they can sniff. If we were at home, I couldn't tell you these things. Some way they'd hear out and I like this dog better. I'd really rather not say.

She prefers character dogs to flaxen-tailed beauties and urns over the homely ones. "Please, mommy," she'll beg, five perfect guile but the rest pure feeling. "I want to give her a home. She's too ugly for anyone else to buy.

A new animal, be it only a humble kitten, is her querying with joy. When they crept in more cramped quarters and she ended for pets, Mrs. Withers would snort as soon as we have our own race, the sky's the limit." Now they have their own lovely place, set in an acre of ground. Jane gave her O.K. on seeing that overlooked the practice grounds of the U.C.L.A. football team, whose mascot she is. When her mother is sometimes moved to protest at the sight of her dilemmer Jane wags a reminding finger. "Say not so, mommy. The sky's the limit, and I haven't got an elephant yet.

She designed her own handkerchief—knotty pine, "with double-decker bunks for the chickens. They never get a chance to ride in trains, so they ought to have their fun at home." Every morning she dashes out, crowing like a rooster to get the hens off their nests so she can see how many eggs they've laid. "And they lay so many we hardly have to buy a one. Isn't that nice of them?"

She owns four dogs and a fifth has been promised—a Dalmatian coaching dog, known to take as well as earn. She's a professed admirer of the British way of speech and, on learning that the coming puppy was English-bred, she exclaimed: "I hope he'd back with an English accent."

Her champion Irish setter, Lord Redfield, gave her some unhappy moments. "He doesn't like me," she said, "Uncle Jack, mournfully. "He wags his tail and bites at the same time."

"He's just shy, Jane. Here, take this brush and brush that.

She approached, a little slowly but steadily, and gave the chestnut coat a tentative stroke. Red rose on his hind legs, taller than her child, and laid a paw on her shoulder. She turned to Uncle Jack, dawning delight on her face, and he nodded encouragement. But when Red's second paw flopped to her other shoulder, it was more than her bursting heart could stand. She dropped the brush, and any interested spectator might have been treated to the sight of a maid, wailing a large and sore dog around the lawn and shrieking at the top of her lungs: "He likes me!"

But the thrill of a lifetime came the other day. We went out for globe riding, and I'd been riding just about five minutes. But first I must tell you, daddy gave me a cowboy suit for Christmas, and Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack, Jane, and I rode a roan horse. Jane and I got a rope with these. Well, I usually carry the rope on the handlebars of my globe, but this time I forgot it. And I was a long time getting home, always with a sudden look up, and there in front of me stood a REAL-LIVE-deer.

Her own eyes big with wonder concealed to let the miracle take early. "Well, I didn't know what to do, so I jumped up and down and screamed: 'Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack, there's a deer!' At the little deer gets scared and he doesn't know there's a fence and he kind of knocks it and his little tongue starts bleeding. They runs across the street, with the cars all whizzing by, and I thought he'd been killed. I'd have died, but thank goodness, he wasn't, and next thing he disappears in the woods on the other side of the road. Where? She slumped in her chair, and was up again. "But just think! If I'd had that rope, I could have had my deer."

"Don't you think a lot happier, roaming in the woods where he belongs?"

It was hard for Jane to give up the deer that might have been, "Isn't an acre large enough for him to roam as he asks was, fully. "Besides being safe and three square meals a day?"

Uncle Jack Trent says she has only two faults—picking flowers and signing autograph books. To Jane, he says, a flower begs to be picked, whether it's on her neighbor's lawn or her own. And an autograph book to her the same. It's a sacred ends, whether it means blocking Fifth Avenue traffic or snatching her meals between one signature and the next.

She can't explain why her elders don't see it her way. On her recent cross-country personal appearance tour, children waited for hours outside theatres to catch a

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**Screedland**
glimpse of her and to get her signature. She rebelled against being sneaked out the back way. "If they have the patience to wait so many hours," she argued, "I should have the patience to autograph. Suppose I was a kid and wanted Martha Raye's autograph and she swished past and said: 'I haven't time'"—business of Martha Raye swishing past, proud lids lowered, proud chin lifted, proud hand on hip—"How would I feel?"

"But you might get hurt, Jane—you or some other child."

"Uncle Jack wouldn't let us get hurt."

She found her own solution of the problem by scribbling her name on slips of paper in her spare moments, then handing them out, thus saving writing time. In Boston hundreds of youngsters brought their lunches and refused to leave without an autograph. Jane was placed at a rear window of the theatre to pass out her slips. But the crowd surged forward, and a little girl in front fell. "Hey, there!" yelled Jane, and scattering her slips to the breeze, leaned far over the sill and hauled the fallen fan to safety.

At the Palace in Chicago, the afternoon price for children was raised from fifteen cents to a quarter. Many had ridden or trudged from outlying districts, with just enough money to pay for admission. Uncle Jack entered the dressing-room with the news that kids were being turned away. Like a bolt Jane was out in search of the manager. "Please don't send them home.

You can take the money out of my salary."

The manager was a gentleman. Tickets for children were reduced to fifteen cents.

At Jane's request, relays of the young- sters were admitted to her dressing-room for five-minute sessions between acts. They were generally tongue-tied with embarrassment, so that Jane would start the ball of conversation rolling. Then the questions came pouring out. Who was her favorite picture star? Did she play with the other movie children? Did she like having les- sons on the set all by herself? What was her favorite color? What time did she go to bed? The boy who sticks most vividly in her memory is the one who brought his dog.

The tour was a whirlwind success. They were offered a record figure to appear in New York, but Mrs. Withers said no. She thought Jane would have more fun just see- ing New York. So instead of earning her thousands, she skated in Central Park, paid daily calls at the zoo, squelched over Radio City and the Empire State Building, and visited the East Side, "because I was an East Side kid in 'Ginger,' and I wanted to see how it really looked.

"School was the worst thing I hated on the trip, and the best thing I liked was eating spaghetti. You see, in Chicago I bought this spaghetti fork with a thing on the end. Instead of keeping winding the spaghetti round and round and getting all tired out, you just turn this thing and the spaghetti winds itself. All you have to do is cat it."

They returned to a home kept in shining order by Willie, who was Jane's nurse in Atlanta. Mrs. Withers had promised that if she could ever send for her, she would. Now Willie has joined them, to the deep contentment of all.

"Miss Jane hasn't changed a bit," she says. "I never could keep up with her down home and I can't keep up with her here. Sometimes I tell her: 'Why don't you just relax? Go rest yourself.' But she says: 'I have more fun on my feet,' and keeps right on goin'."

On the night of their return, Jane heard her mother praise the condition of the house, the delicious meal Willie had served them.

"Mommy," she whispered, "don't you think Willie ought to have a raise?" Mrs. Withers agreed. "Oh, mommy, mommy, let me tell her."

Whereupon, for purposes of drama, she turned conspirator and, finger at lips, tip- toed to the kitchen door, flung it wide open, and announced: "Willie, you've got a raise."

"Why, that's lovely, Miss Jane," came Willie's soft voice. "I certainly thank you."

Jane turned a face beaming like the sun at noon to her parents, then back to the kitchen. "And, Willie," they heard her say, "in only slightly lower tones, "maybe a little later you'll have another raise."


"What did you say?" demanded her mother.

But the pot was over. When Jane turned back she was grinning apologly.

In her nautical bedroom, with its white- painted furniture, blue rug and candlewick spreads, rose-tinted curtains, steps to two beds, "so I can have my friends to spend the weekends with me," says hospitable Jane.

Though school is "the worst thing she hates on trips," she doesn't otherwise mind it. But she likes to tease "Teach"—Miss Lola Figland—by pretending she does. She wears a plate on the set to cover the side of her baby teeth, and her favorite trick at the moment is to make what she calls a Jekyll-Hyde face by wriggling the plate looking and decorating her lower lip with four small teeth, while she glowers. The effect is terrific.

I caught a characteristic glimpse of her at the studio. She sat with Miss Figland in the sunlight outside her dressing-room, a blue bathrobe covering the pink silk paj- amas she wore for a scene in "Angel's Holiday." A doll in mauve gingham sprawled on the grass beside her. An ex- ercise book lay spread in her lap. From his chair, the studio door, she had kid- napped a white baby poodle, not more than a foot in length, "because I can do my les- sons better if I hold him." He lay cradled between the lapsels of her robe in peaceful slumber, head resting on one lapel, hind legs tucked under the other.

Jane interrupted her labors for a mo- ment to look down at him. Then she sti- ckered her eyes toward Miss Figland. "I hope the little darling never has to go to school," she murmured, and dropped her teeth at Teach.
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Miss Joan Belmont, New York. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonsts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

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MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, Jr., Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

(above) In the Tack Room. Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

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For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels
A Real Day with Tyrone Power
Carnival Nights in Hollywood
Greatest Sports Thrills of the Stars
EXCITING VACATION, ADA?

I'VE met THE MAN. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL TO ME, AND JUST AS RICH AS HE IS SWEET.

HE'S ASKED ME OUT ON HIS YACHT FOR DINNER TUESDAY. HE REALLY SEEMS SERIOUS, OH I WISH....

OF COURSE YOU DO. YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED ADA, YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER.

YOU'RE EVEN MORE ATTRACTIVE, TONIGHT. I NEVER MET A WOMAN I LIKED SO SUDDENLY.... AND SO WELL.

IT WAS FATE; PERHAPS YOU CAPTURED MY IMAGINATION AS FEW MEN HAVE.

I COULD DANCE FOREVER WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY TO DRAG YOU HOME THIS EARLY, BUT MY HEAD IS SIMPLY SPLITTING. FORGIVE ME.

OF COURSE I DO, YOU POOR DEAR.

TO REALLY LOVE A MAN AND LOSE HIM OVER SOME TRIFLING FAULT THAT ONE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT... WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU?

HALITOSIS IS SUCH A DELICATE SUBJECT THAT EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL YOU. WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE REMEDY. WHY NOT TRY LISTERINE?

ADA TAKES A HINT

ADA! HOW THRILLING, NOT YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND THAT WENT TO AUSTRALIA?

NO, BUT ONE MUCH NICER. HE'S BEEN RUSHING ME ALL YEAR. I REALLY THINK I'VE GOT YOU TO THANK--FOR THAT HINT YOU GAVE ME.

THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW KEEP THEIR BREATH SWEET WITH LISTERINE.

YOU never know when you have halitosis, but others do and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is to use Listerine Antiseptic. A major cause of bad breath is the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has missed.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

L et her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that dulled, dingy, shadowed smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until shelavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually firmer, sounder, healthier.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
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"GREAT LOVER" Thrilling Title!
Famous Author—VICKI BAUM!

SCREENLAND's latest and greatest serial begins in the August issue!

Vicki Baum, noted author of "Grand Hotel" and many other popular romances, has now written what we consider her most unusual story, which she has called "GREAT LOVER." It is the heart-warming—and at times almost heartbreakingly poignant—novel of an ingratiating young actor adrift in today's Hollywood. Because this young actor is such a very real person, as genuine, unsophisticated, and likeable as, say, Tyrone Power, he wins your sympathy from the start and holds it through all his believable adventures, in the four installments of this new serial.

SCREENLAND is proud to present this absorbing serial by Vicki Baum, beginning in the next, the August issue, which goes on sale July 2nd. You will wish to reserve your copy both because of the new novel by Miss Baum and the feast of other features which will make this a truly notable number.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Tyrone Power by Marland Stone.

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Wallace Beery doing a good job impersonating the Don Marquis character who can't work and find liquor too when prohibition comes in, so he quits work. He renews himself when he makes a skim-fut, who took advantage of his boy, pay up on stock pilfered from his mother, who blames the Old Soak, Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Eric Linden, Lynn Carver, Janet Beecher and others turnish support.

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1937 version of "Over the Hill," and you had better take along a spare handkerchief, for you'll be needing it. Victor Moore is splendid as the doddering old father, and Beulah Bondi is superb as the old mother who is both of whom are shunted about from the homes of one to another of their five children. Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Barbara Read, Minna Gombell are effective. Strong family appeal.

A playboy marries his secretary for business reasons, then finds she's really in love with him and has plans of her own. John Boles and Doris Nolan as the principals are very good, but we prefer John to sing a bit and Miss Nolan to have more dramatic parts. Alan Mowbray and Katherine Alexander score in the more important supporting roles. The comedy note predominates. Light but amusing.

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES
IT REDUCES UGLY BULGES

Takes away okalominex
fat and ugly "sane-
derierire"
Wherein that fine actor, Akin Tamiroff, appears effectively as a ruthless gambler, in control of a slot machine racket, who murders a flock of people by herding them into an elevator shaft, and is eventually killed by his own device. Lloyd Nolan as a reporter, and Claire Trevor as a night club singer offer the love interest. Others in the cast are Larry Crabbe, Foster Hall and the late Helen Burgess.

Because it's unpretentious about the whole ploytary business, this very unconvincing but very ingenious melodrama holds your interest. It is a British-made film with Sally Eilers and Ricardo Cortez in the romantic roles, and Basil Sydney as a terribly villainous fellow who causes disgrace for Sally's foster-father, and would leave Sally to face murder charges were it not for Cortez. Good but routine stuff.

A curious mixture of good, bad and indifferent melodrama imported from Britain, chiefly we daresay, because John Lodge is in the main role—and does a very good job, too. He's an English chap who has great drive and ambition, wins a lovely wife, success in business, and later politics. He's not very honest about his business dealings, and eventually he loses out. Antoinette Cellier is the nice love interest.

Would You Like to be Happily Married

Theodore says: "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful face, has the charm which in her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood," an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only $15 and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood," sent in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 66, St. Louis, Mo.
It is somehow the most heartwarming news of the screen season, this artistic rebirth of little Janet Gaynor—once a silent movie sensation in "Seventh Heaven," then a first-rank cinema celebrity for almost a decade—whose lustre gradually dimmed until she seemed in danger of becoming a pale and pleasant memory. It was a daring thing for David Selznick to do, to select Janet to play the heroine of his important all-color production, the story of a young girl crashing the hard gates of Hollywood; but Mr. Selznick is noted for his astuteness, and his latest picture bids fair to be as big a success as his "Little Women" and "David Copperfield." Not the least of the credits for the achievement belongs to Janet Gaynor—who, ironically enough, after years of film fame and fortune, plays with a poignancy possible to no other movie actress the appealing rôle she herself played, in part, when a wistful big-eyed mite she gallantly stormed those same Hollywood gates, and succeeded beyond her own wildest dreams. Janet is a great star again!

Best performance of the month is Janet Gaynor's in "A Star is Born," as a movie-struck girl who becomes a famous film star. On our Honor Page you see Janet, top, as the heroine after she wins through; with Adolphe Menjou in the rôle of a big producer; and, right, with Fredric March, who also scores as a waning movie idol whom Janet loves.
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The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

Screenland
In the "Ingenue" movie time "Let's sing 'Pep Boat'".

"History" Parnell favorite "Sea makes Seventh Time,"

To quickly relieve Sunburn use MENTHOLATUM

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Love Is News" 80. Part of "Us"
6. Star of "Go West, Young Man"
9. Stage star who appeared in film "Sin of Madeline Claudet"
14. Leading lady in "Sea Devils"
15. Ingenue in "Dangerous Number"
16. Co-star in "Love Is News"
22. "—Boat", an Irene Dunne film
23. Roman numeral six
24. Victor
27. Before
28. Featured actor in "Outcast"
29. A shade tree
30. Exeast
32. His new one is "Parnell"
35. Syllable of hesitation
55. Empty talk
57. "—Time," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
61. Ventilates
64. Diplomacy
65. Aviation stars
67. Skill
68. Heroing of "Let's Get Married"
69. Messenger
70. Fall flower
71. Matinee hero
72. Born
74. Stars die to keep from getting this way
76. Raw materials
78. Poker stake
80. Dry
81. In favor of
82. Co-star of "Quality Street"
84. Like
86. To make a speech
87. Has looked at
88. What the heroine says at the end of a picture
90. Babies' beds
91. Large tree
92. Causes reverent wonder

DOWN
1. Student
2. Open (poetic)
3. Small bundle of straw
4. Printers' measure
5. The first Astaire-Rogers film
6. Male
7. Ingenue in "Too Many Wives"
8. Pep
9. Head covering
10. Exist
11. Yesterday (poetic)
12. Reverberate
13. Cleared
14. Bath
15. Punish
16. What you see a movie with
21. A favorite English drink
25. Hurdled
27. Narrow opening
29. Star of "Interiors Can't Take Money"
31. The ex-Mrs. Bruce Cabot
33. Rod
36. Dined
38. Her diary was sensational
40. Star of "You Only Live Once"
41. Measure of weight
42. The length of time you've lived
44. House pet
45. Part of to be
47. Period
48. Malt drink
50. God of love
52. His new one is "Call It a Day"
54. Evergreen trees
55. Giving
57. Co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
60. Co-star of "Personal Property"
61. Precious jewels
62. "—In a Million" (Sonja Henie film)
64. A fish
65. Bay window
66. Also
69. To take food
71. Grindstone
72. Occasion
74. Not working
75. Return
76. Norse legend
81. Her new one is "Parnell"
82. Planting
84. Dry (said of wine)
86. Pronoun
89. Either

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

(Continued from page 9)

tioning, the middle of last summer. On their way back to Hollywood, they stopped in Chicago where they spent a week making personal appearances. I join you in hoping Novarro may return to the screen soon.

S. G. W. Thanks! After "Maytime," Nelson and Jeanette, the incomparable team, will be seen together in "Girl of the Golden West." Their previous pictures are: "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," and "Maytime." Mr. Eddy was born in Providence, R. I. He isn't married—but Miss MacDonald probably will be, to Gene Raymond, by the time you read this.

Sylvia G. Simone Simon is a 20th Century-Fox player: Anne Shirley, RKO; and Ruby Keeler, Warner Bros. Ruby is 5 feet 4 inches, Anne, 5 feet 2 inches; and Simone, 5 feet 3 inches.

Virginia W. Perhaps you will be able to figure out the puzzle as to who's who, if I tell you that Ray Milland played Lord Michael Stunts in "Three Smart Girls." John King was Bill Evans.

D. H. Craig Reynolds appeared in the following pictures in 1935 and 1936: "The Case of the Lucky Legs," "Man of Iron," "Ceiling Zero," and "Treachery Rides the Range." Robert Taylor will play opposite Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Shirley Temple is kept very busy on "Wee Willie Winkie." And here's about Tyrone Power, Jr. You know, of course, that he is the son of the famous Shakespearean actor of the same name. Before his appearance on the screen, one of his outstanding roles on the stage was in "St. Joan," starring Katharine Cornell. He is a native of Cincinnati (I really couldn't give you his address there), and at present to his credit are "Girl's Dormitory," "Lloyds of London," "Love is News," "Cafe Metropole."
AS I drove up to Eleanor Powell's Beverly Hills home, a florist's truck preceded me and parked at the curb. Before the driver could select two long boxes from his cargo, a messenger on a bicycle and a man on a motorcycle stopped behind him and rushed to the door, laden with floral offerings.

The English Monterey house was already filled with flowers—roses, red, pink, saffron, gold and white; tulips, daffodils, irises, pansies and heliotrope—so that the young star on the love-seat by her white fireplace looked like the Queen of Blossoms at some gala event.

"Aren't people nice?" she gloved, burying her face in a boxful of carnations. "I hurt my foot late yesterday and in less than twenty-four hours everyone I ever heard of has sent me something lovely!"

She wore an Alice-blue house-coat that touched the floor, a rosy scarf knotted at her neck, a color scheme that became her mightily.

"This is the nicest house for showing off flowers," she exulted, "this living-room with its white walls and timbered ceiling can take either dark or light blossoms, the dining-room and library are paneled in dark wood and white or yellow ones look gorgeous there; and the sun-room outside here with the green lawn beyond is a marvelous setting for any flower.

"It would be a grand place for a party, but I simply never have time to give one. Often I sit and plan what I'd do if I could have some of the girls and boys over—I mean a lot of them—but somehow my pictures always take so long to make, and then I'm doing stills or rehearsing or working up numbers—I invent my own, you know—so I'm too tired or lazy or something to bother!"

"But how I love to eat desserts! Fortunately I lose weight faster than I can put it on, so I never have to look at other girls and sigh: 'What are you eating? My dear, don't you know that's fattening?' It doesn't matter!" "We have the grandest cook. She has the idea that I'm her special charge and she must get down so many vitamins every day, the more the merrier, and she fixes the most fascinating dishes. I'm a fussy eater, but I fall for her food.

"In the morning, I usually have tomato juice or half a grapefruit, an egg cooked in some appetizing way, and crisp toast. "For lunch, if I'm working, I have a big salad. I'm afraid to eat heavy food when I'm dancing, but I eat a lot of salad with biscuits—Cheese Thins or Crax Butter Wafers or RyKrisp. I like fish salads at noon. Did you ever try Shrimp Asparagus Salad? It's good!"
SHRIMP ASPARAGUS SALAD
Rub a cold bowl with a crushed clove of garlic and mix in 2 cups of cold asparagus tips, 2 cups cooked and peeled shrimps, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon chopped green peppers, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, 1 tablespoon chopped ripe olives and 2/3 cupful of French dressing.
Let stand 30 minutes on the ice, drain and mound on lettuce-covered plates, cover with Hellman's Mayonnaise dressing and sprinkle with chopped hard-boiled eggs and parsley.

"After that I usually have a sundae or something in the ice cream line."
"During the day, if I'm working late, Mother brings me a glass of milk or a dish of ice cream or something filling, and at night I have a real dinner. Abby, our cook, makes me eat two vegetables—last night it was spinach and carrots—soup, meat, salad and dessert. For dinner salad, my favorite is pineapple on lettuce covered with mayonnaise and shredded coconut. If you've never tried it do! I'm crazy about mayonnaise; I even put it on my meat, if I can get away with it! Last night we had roast beef and I used mayonnaise instead of sauce, and it was delicious.

"Abby must give you some of her dessert recipes. She always has custard on hand. She's as pick-me-up. You know, I don't drink or smoke and I suppose that's why I crave sweets when I get that all-gone feeling. It supplies me with energy and takes away that slightly dizzy feeling that comes when you are exhausted. Abby's custard is made of eggs, cream, sugar and vanilla, (Burnett's), and she makes it soft, not solid.

"If you'd like a more elaborate custard recipe, Abby will let you have her Danish

Custard, which is delicious. But my favorite dessert is ice cream. Chocolate ice cream. Any kind of ice cream! Abby has a special mousse that's very good.'"

Danish Custard
2/3 cup sugar, caramelized
3/4 cup sugar
6 eggs
1 qt. milk

In Eleanor Powell's home! "Ruggles" entertains with a trick or two.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE
1 pint rich cream
1 cup fruit pulp
Burnett's vanilla

Whip the cream and mix with it the pulp of the strawberries, drained free of juice and sprinkled well with powdered sugar. Add vanilla, mold, and pack in ice and salt for three hours or freeze in the trays of the mechanical refrigerator.

Eleanor's grandmother, who was fondly watching from a sunny window, remarked that Eleanor would have made a superb cook if she hadn't gone in for dancing.

"When she visited me back in New England, she was always at me to teach her how to make something," she remembered.

"She got so she could make better doughnuts than mine, and her ice box cookies were something to brag on."}

(Please turn to page 78)
Salutes and Snubs

Let Hollywood Hear From You!

Here's where the screen-gossip talk back to the talkers! It's your opportunity to say what you think about Hollywood and the stars. And you needn't mince words when you have something to tell Hollywood and your fellow movie-goers! Write what you please, and send it in to this department. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

ROLES THEY SHOULDN'T PLAY

Here is a list of stars in roles I'd hate to see them play:


Ruth Nelson,
10 Bolton Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

Loretta Young, girlish and glamorous as usual, plays a "command performance" in gracious response to the requests of letter writers this month.

YOUTH REJOICES

Shirley Temple! Jane Withers! Sylvia Jason! That's about all we hear. Sure they are cute and sweet and smart for their years, but they're not for us, but for our little sisters and brothers. But now we have what we've been waiting for—Deanna Durbin, of course.

Johanna Lee Bony,
Utica, N. Y.

SING LORETTA'S PRAISES

A Salute to Mildred R. Trammell for her recent letter smudging those who say that Loretta Young is just a beauty and not an accomplished actress! If there is a more sincere and talented actress in Hollywood I have missed seeing her on the screen. In "Love Is News" Loretta proves all over again that she is one of the most gifted and skilled screen stars, and here's hoping Darryl Zanuck gives Loretta the opportunity to soar to well-deserved heights.

C. J. Tabar,
Woodhaven, N. Y.

THEIR MAJESTIES OF MIRTH

As a lover of laughter, I want to send up the biggest possible Salute to my favorites. Bob Burns and Martha Raye. Martha can sing as well as be funny, and Master Robin is delightful with his homespun humor. Long may they reign as King and Queen of Comedy.

Estelle Mayer,
Houston, Tex.

CALAMITY IN DEMILLEVILLE

DeMille's "Crusades" had me shouting for tears!

Carol Prince,
Alexandria, Va.

A CHEER FOR THE TEAM IDEA

I certainly agree with Audrey Hogan about casting Simone Simon and Robert Taylor as a team. Simone is so lovely and
DEAR TWINS:  
I knew you when. Before you had your pictures on magazine covers, and interviews in the N. Y. Times; before "The Prince and the Pauper" made you the most famous twins in the world today, including the Siamese. In fact, now that you have become Cinema Immortals at the ripe old age of twelve years apiece, I think the time has come for me to Tell All. So let's see if you can take it.

(Aside to Dear Reader: in case you're about to say, "Why doesn't she pick on somebody her own size?"
let me explain that the Mauch Twins, pronounced Mock-Mock, are brighter than any three adult motion picture stars that I could name, and will, if you urge me; keener than Eddie Cantor, cleverer than Gary Cooper and Clark Gable combined, probably better shots than Buck Jones, and more unspoiled than Hepburn—oh, much more. Yes, they can take it, all right; but the question is, can I take it? and the answer is No. The Mauchs are too smart for me. This Letter is the result of hectic meetings with Billy and Bobby, beginning with their visit to SCREENLAND's offices, where they exhibited their skill at knife-throwing, newly acquired, since someone had kindly presented them with nice, shiny, wicked-looking knives; later a lunch during which Bobby illustrated as completely as possible with the limited equipment of salt, pepper, mustard, etc., at his disposal, several of his "secret formulas," fortunately stopping short of his favorite, the Mauch Special Rotten-egg Extract. Then there was that afternoon when I rashly attempted their entertainment with the tame aids of one dog, an archery game, two gooly balls, plenty of chocolate ice cream, and an amateur magic set in case of rain. The Twins, it seems, have a real dog at home in Hollywood, appropriately, I'm sure, named Ginger, a big, fierce police dog; so they can't be expected to be more than ordinarily polite to any ordinary dog; and they outgrew all games years ago; they are practically in the professional class as parlor magicians; and it was a good thing that I remembered an old air rifle, which with the ice cream saved the day. Better never, Dear Reader, if you meet the Mauchs, turn the talk to literary topics, either, unless you've looked at your Five-Foot Shelf lately, for they have read everything, including "Man the Unknown," and are now concentrating on highly technical tomes on chemistry and also on the building of high-powered airplanes. Bobby has already selected the type plane to buy with his first $40,000. Considering that the Mauchs already make $350 a week apiece, and will be making $900 apiece in 1938, it looks as if Bobby will get his plane. Anyway, maybe you understand by this time why that child character actress in Hollywood who greets Billy and Bobby haughtily with: "Hello, little boys," had better watch out).  

Well, Twins, the time has come to reveal the deception you have practiced on your family, friends, and the world at large since you were born in Peoria, Illinois, back in 1924. Your doubling act, I mean. Your own mother, wise, sympathetic, charming as she is, can't tell you apart, and often still awakens the wrong twin who obligingly goes off to work at the studio when the director really wanted the other twin—though what difference it makes is a mystery to me. Bobby, you may be more the Robert Taylor of the two, having met Shirley Temple and sent Olivia de Havilland a present; and Billy, you're more the intellectual type, like Fredric March, which was why you rather than Bobby were chosen to play young Anthony Adverse; but your directors might just as well have saved themselves the trouble of choosing, because you changed places whenever you felt like it, and still do. But it doesn't seem to matter to you who's Prince and who's Pauper, for you're in accord on almost everything except the girl question, both re-writing dialogue in scripts to make it sound more like boys talking; both wanting to play in a modern picture next to avoid having your hair curled; and you're going to college together, and probably won't want to keep on acting; and you still have the best times of all back home in Illinois on vacations, where the old gang doesn't care whether you're movie stars or not. And if you want my one-word description of you both, in your own word it's "Wow!"

Delight Evans
FIVE knicker-clad boys knelt around a circle etched roughly in the soft, damp ground. It was the first day of spring many years ago in Beatrice, Nebraska, and the sharp tang in the air made one of the five, black-haired Spangler Brugh, dead sure he could fight and lick a lion.

"Remember, we're knucklin' for keeps," the biggest of the boys crouched around the circle warned, but not too forcefully.

"Sure, for keeps. I know," Spangler answered. Confidence rode high, for in his pockets jingled musically a fine collection of marbles fit for any battle of the ring. Aggies, glassies, dobies, steelies, megs, and one treasured bull's-eye. The pride and joy of his life, acquired by sacrificing many a Saturday nickel that might have bought jaw breakers or gum.

Half an hour later he rose from the ground, fighting desperately now to keep back the tears that welled in his eyes. Every last one of his marbles reposed in some other pants' pocket, probably "for keeps." Even the prize bull's-eye.

Disconsolately he pawed through his possessions packed in an old cigar box at home that night, seeking anything to take his mind from its sorrow. He came upon one dobie, lowest of the low in marbles, a breed utterly without caste. Its paint was chipped here and there and all in all, it was pretty bad, even for a dobie. But suddenly it seemed precious to the boy; it gave him hope. With it, he had a chance. The chance he wanted.

Diligently, furiously he practised in the privacy of his own back yard until he could shoot that dobie from the ringside and make it do everything but jump through hoops. Then, with it in his pocket, he quietly awaited opportunity.

It came in a few days. Another game, and in it, the same boys who had pocketed his beauties. Into battle went the dobie, colors flying. By dinner-time, every one of the fine marbles were back in the pockets of their rightful owner, jingling the sweetest music in the world.

That black-haired Nebraska boy, Spangler Brugh, now of course is Robert Taylor, but even stardom, and such sports as riding and baseball he enjoys so much now, haven't given him a thrill to match that marble
built a house, married a Los Angeles doctor, took off her hat and decided to stay. One crack out of you about Hollywood or California now and she'll smack you over the head with a vase of roses, hand-picked from her own garden. Across the street from Claudette lives Irene Dunne, who up until this past year spent far more time in New York than she did in Hollywood. Irene was sort of a Garbo-like character in those days for no one ever saw her in Hollywood after she took her make-up off. But the minute she finished her film she was off to New York on the next train and judging from the pictures in the metropolitan newspapers she was anything but a hermit in New York. Then all of a sudden Irene bought some property in Holmby Hills, built a home, (her first), personally planted the petunias, read up on termites, and went neighbor Claudette one better—she adopted a baby.

Fred Astaire gloomily forsook Park Avenue and Southampton Society for one picture. For years every picture was going to be Fred's last. He's still here. He's built a house, has a baby, and seems to be getting on all right without the Southampton crowd. Franchot Tone belonged to New York's literati and just couldn't see Hollywood for a cloud of dust. He came out to collect a little cash before dashing back to his Beloved Theatre to give Art a break. But instead of dashing back he married the glamorous Joan Crawford, sits at the head of the biggest dinner table in Brentwood, and likes it.

Time was when Kay Francis who is chic right down to the tips of her jungle-red finger nails hastened off to Paris and European capitals as soon as her pictures were over. The third time the studio cabled her that production had started on her next epic she looked up sailing dates. But last winter when Kay went abroad she very abruptly cut her tour short and returned to Hollywood weeks and weeks before her picture started. Was Europe slipping—or was Kay Francis going Hollywood? Margaret Sullivan, who adored telling reporters what she thought of Hollywood, and what she thought wasn't for the ears of kiddies, has returned to the town of her scorn to have, of all things, a baby! Alice Faye, the darling of the New York night clubs, who used to get so homesick for New York that she made six trips back there during her first year in Hollywood, has now taken a house with a swimming pool, reads books at (Please turn to page 93)
IN THIS cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have the wonder of the ages, the marvel of all times, the leopard who can change his spots!

Observing this adroit phenomenon closely, you are amazed to identify him as none other than Robert Montgomery. Before your staring eyes he undergoes the most sensational change of years in Hollywood. Without turning a hair he turns from a gamboling kid into a stalking killer. "Night Must Fall" finds him giving up his playful ways and going in for industrious murder.

It fairly slays you to think of it. For you can’t forget that here is a debonair star who never before has pulled anything more deadly than a merry shaft or a darting wisecrack. Harmless as his quips, he has gone his smiling way. For that matter, he still smiles—when anyone’s looking. But the grim look of him when he’s alone with his dark thoughts and black deeds would chill the blood of his warmest admirer. Then the good Bob becomes the bad Robert. You wonder what can have brought this about. Why the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Montgomery?

"Why not?" he comes back at you, "I’ve got awfully tired of having them hand me a script and saying: ‘Now this fellow’s name is George. We know he doesn’t mean anything, but you can do something with him.’ I’ve been doing that so long that I wanted to do something different."

Resting from his homicidal labors in his portable dressing-room, Mr. Montgomery sits back and comfortably draws at his well-seasoned pipe, leaving you to assume that he himself, and not the studio for once, had deliberately chosen the blood-stained wretch he is playing.

"Right," he laconically confirms. "It all dates back to my seeing the play in London three years ago. I determined then to get it for a picture if possible, and talked of nothing else when I got back to Hollywood. But the studio flatly refused to make it, afraid that audiences would take it too literally and that it would be bad for me. Now I think an audience knows the difference between personality and performance. But it took me more than two years to persuade the studio to my way of thinking. At last I have a part I like and I hope I’m saying goodbye to the kind I don’t like. (Please turn to page 70)
She was "Discovered" Twice

Doris Nolan, only girl to turn up twice as a "new face" in Hollywood, makes no secret of early failure, nor fuss about current success.

By Tom Kennedy

AND so, after speaking two lines in one picture, being tried out but refused for parts in two others, my contract terminated and I was fired. Hard luck, to be sure. But wait. That's not the end, merely the beginning of an incredible true story that can be told by Doris Nolan, the only girl Hollywood "discovered" twice.

Today, of course, this twice-found candidate for screen glamor is surrounded by a gleaming aura of success as one of the brightest, most important "new faces" of the current cinema season.

Even so: "Playing leading parts in pictures is wonderful and all that, but just the same I'm glad I have a home in New Rochelle that I can come to if things turn the other way again."

So, a girl, not yet twenty-one, riding the crest of a popularity that came upon her over-night so to speak, knows the other side of the Hollywood picture—and doesn't forget its stark realities.

"It's just as well that I did get those knocks when I first went out there," admitted the girl with the very ready smile sitting across from us at a table in that café atop one of Radio City's sky-scaping spires—and over, also, tunes sung and played on a piano rendering songs nobody's mother ever taught them.

"I was immature," she continued, "not yet eighteen years old, and with only a year's stage experience. I was not ready to do good work. As a matter of fact, I had never even had to look for a job like most people seeking an acting career. But I found out what it is to look for a job when I was in Hollywood.

"Anyway, I did not want to go to Hollywood at that time. Like all girls who get into the theatre, my ambition was to become a second Katharine Cornell. But a talent scout came to me while I was playing in a theatre upstairs. He arranged a screen test, and I was offered a film contract. It was too attractive to refuse, so out I went to the Fox studio, hopes high, but still not thoroughly convinced I had what the picture people wanted."

What? Could it be that thinking so herself, made others think likewise? Anyway there followed the experiences already related, and the loss of her job.

"I had a 'walk on' assignment in George White's 'Scandals,' but whatever it was I did on the set, it came out in the cutting room I guess. (Please turn to page 90)
Hollywood Glorifies the Goof

W
gen you saw Bill Powell (in “Libeled Lady”) falling splot on his face in the trout stream, you probably thought it was a double. It wasn’t. It was Bill, himself. Bill, the adept at light, sophisticated, subtle comedy, descending to what we commonly call slapstick stuff. I saw him working on this sequence for several days. When I finally saw the picture, and heard the roars of diaphragnostic laughter that this scene evoked, I became convinced that His Majesty the Goof has come into his kingdom.

Now, there’s nothing very subtle in seeing Bill Powell, attired in the latest from Abercrombie and Fitch, apparently doing his darnedest to drink a trout stream dry; neither is there anything very subtle in Jean Harlow’s frantic cries of, “I wanna get married,—NOW!” in the same picture; nor in dainty Myrna Loy’s succinct remark concerning a whiskey with a champagne chaser in “After the Thin Man;” nor in the ladylike Irene Dunn’s giddy dooes in “Theodora Goes Wild;” nor in Jeanette MacDonald’s ludicrous fall in “San Francisco.” The virus, goof, has infected even these, and other people, who are not, legitimately, goofs as we know them. And hasn’t it made the box office bell ring? And doesn’t it prove that the world loves to laugh? That the world loves its goofs? (Or is it plural, gee?)

Certainly, the past season has brought us its quota of “artistic,” and, in some cases, extremely lugubrious pictures; but far more significant (and welcome), at least in my humble (and probably lowbrow) opinion, has been the general enthusiastic appreciation of The Goof.

I have become acutely goof-conscious. I remember that when Twentieth Century-Fox bought the rights to Wodehouse’s Jeeves stories, you fans flooded that studio with demands that Arthur Treacher be cast in the rôle of that pluperfect gentleman’s gentleman. Which shows that you know your Wodehouse, and know your Treacher, in spite of the fact that you had seen very little of him. However, the studio bowed to your good judgment.

I thought that Treacher would be a good start for a story about The Goof. I telephoned him.

“Would you mind,” I enquired, mildly, “if I came ’round and talked to you about the trials and delights of being a goof?”

He said, “Haw!” (You’ve heard him.) “Haw! How awfully decent of you, old chap! Of course. Come ’round about cocktail time, what,—er—that is, I mean to say, you’re not on the wagon, or anything, are you?” I reassured him on this point. “What a comfort,” he boomed. “Haw! See you about five, then: ta-ta. Oh, say, you’re sure you’re not mistaking me for Joe Penner? Isn’t he the goose man?”

“I didn’t say ‘goose’”, I explained patiently, “I said ‘goof.’ And Joe Penner’s not a goose man; he’s a duck.
Daffy doings ring the box-office bell these days, so the funny fellows and giddy gal's rate high position—and salaries—in filmdom

By Dick Pine

That delightful goof, Charlie Ruggles, has given us many a comically confused character in pictures, though personally he frowns on drink, and spends his goof-earned dollars building elaborate dog kennels. Below, Roland Young, artful goof, is shy, and says he doesn't like Hollywood. Pressed for the reason why, he answers mournfully: "There's no use."
SOME years ago I cheerfully made up my mind, I was at the Trocadero bar at the time, that I wasn’t going to amount to anything anyhow and might just as well face it—so I decided to dedicate what remained of my life to the enjoyment of fun. I worked out a system whereby one might spend a casual and pleasing lifetime of delightful doings with as little effort involved as possible. (I’m a perfect push-over for things that involve little effort. It’s the Miss Pitty Pat in me.) In following this system one doesn’t accumulate much wealth, one certainly doesn’t but one accumulates many experiences and in time one becomes quite a connoisseur of high old times. (And Bay-bee, do I know fun!)

As a fun-lover of some distinction on the Coast I am often asked by people with long faces who have that dentist-chair look about them what I consider the most fun in Hollywood. An evening at Miriam Hopkins’, I always answer glibly, unless of course it is on one of those occasions when I am not speaking to Miriam, you know how girls are, and then I say—Oh, never mind what I say. For those who love informality, and you must be an awful pain-in-the-neck if you don’t, an evening at Miriam’s is something to write home about, for informality reaches a new and breathless high. Now I don’t mean to say that Miriam’s informal evenings at home resemble Sanger’s Circus—there’re no screwballs or whimsey-pooches wandering about, heaven forbid—nor a Barnum and Bailey circus for that matter, with people in tights, or tight people if you wish, hanging from chandeliers. No, indeed: Miriam’s kind of informality is chic and adult and ‘way up town. Some people in Hollywood, probably your favorite movie stars, simply can’t cope with the informal; it’s finger bowls, fish knives, and white tie to the bitter end for them; but these are not the people you meet at Miriam Hopkins—who loves Joel McCrea at the neighborhood theatre. (Ah, there, Mr. Goldwyn.) Also, Miriam Hopkins—who loves Paul Muni—but isn’t in love with him at the other neighborhood theatre. (And ah, there, to you too, Mr. RKO.) At Miriam Hopkins—who loves Anatole Litvak—today—but may not tomorrow you eat caviar, but you sit on the floor. And that is that, and delightfully that,

And so the spring morning when Miss Hopkins’ French maid announced in ze vere bad English that Miss Hopkins would spik with me I couldn’t have been more excited. “Why, Honey,” I said in very good Southern, though I have no desire to play Scarlett O’Hara, “I certainly am glad to hear your voice.” “Dar-r-lings,” said Miriam in equally good Southern, and Miriam would like to play Scarlett O’Hara but will tell you modestly that she hasn’t been asked to, “I have a pig
in the icebox and if Anna doesn’t cook it soon it will walk away and so won’t you come for dinner.” Then we both forgot to be Southern Belles, which we are, and dished like mad.

Miriam, who has been adequately described as a glamor girl with a grin, can’t bear turkey and tolerates chicken only in an emergency, but simply goes insane over pig, with an apple in its mouth. There are two kinds of people whom Miriam invites to partake of her pig
You want the un-retouched truth about Tyrone Power? Then here it is!

I have just spent a whole day, a real day with the new man in Hollywood. I chanced to get to the runner-up to Gable and Taylor directly, at his own home. No studio people were around and he was frankly himself.

Success—a Grand Romance—doing for his mother at last—planning to move to Beverly Hills—adjusting himself to a steady, better income—having fun in the fashion he prefers—! That's what I found him plunging into.

Great luck was with me, you see. Late last night my telephone rang.

His "This is Tyrone" was entirely superfluous. That quality in his voice gives him away immediately. He's one young actor whose diction is that of a genuine gentleman.

"Stop bothering with celebrities!" he exclaimed. "Let Gloria Glad think up her own excuse for falling in love again. We got in an hour ago from Mount Rainier and I want to know what's been going on while we've been battling through snowdrifts. Come to breakfast at 9.

For the un-retouched truth about the crown prince of romance, spend a day as his pal and confidant!
can't you? And be ready to tell me what's been going on.

He'd been away on location for a week, with Sonja Henie and the "Thin Ice" troupe that went North for ski shots. But weeks are seasons to Tyrone now—they're so crammed with climaxes.

You may be sure I recognized Opportunity thundering at me. I'd been to Tyrone's once for a formal luncheon interview, since then I'd become acquainted with him at 20th Century-Fox where he's rushed into one rôle after another. He'd seemed to deserve being the overnight runner-up to Gable and Taylor. He'd seemed too wise to be blasé, too mindful of disappointing yesterdays to be a fool. By joining him casually like this I could discover how accurately I'd judged him. I could catch him off-guard.

He rents a low, white cottage in the central Hollywood district where houses are comfortable rather than spectacular. The architecture and furnishings are pleasant, instead of period. Because he's in the block below the swanky Sunset Tower apartments and is emphatically dwarfed by that fashionable building, he facetiously tags his place Power's Towers.

A maid quietly let me in. Tyrone emerged from behind a newspaper. A woman would be engulfed by his smile, would find his eyes the warmest of browns. To me he's handsome and I let his looks go at that. He has remarkable poise, no inhibitions and a refreshing enthusiasm.

He reacts strongly, emotionally to every situation.

"I must read my paper through every morning," he grinned. "Of course, until I have my coffee I'm not waked-up so I don't digest the news very intelligently!"

His mother, beautiful and gracious, came forward from the sun room adjoining the living room. "I'm involved with clippings," she declared, laying down scissors and a magazine. "The minute Tyrone was back he went to the corner drugstore for the new magazines and so I'm merrily clipping and pasting away."

Tyrone doesn't pretend this success he's having is merely what he expected. He dreamt of it, longed for it, struggled for it so passionately (Please turn to page 71).
There were no hazards when Gil de Berault rode. Hedges or pools or rock piles, his horse flew over them and never did he break his speed. He had ridden the night and so he was riding through the morning.

For all the mud covering the long length of his tunic and breeches, Gil was still the swaggerer. This was life as he lived it, this fighting with man and nature, this frenzied waking up of the last bramble thicket he had fought through to save those few minutes of time. For it was Richelieu's business that he rode and the Cardinal was ever impatient.

In that they were alike these two, Richelieu and the man who did his bidding. Alike in their ruthlessness too and in their fearlessness. Only in this measure was Gil's courage the greater, that it was his arm that thrust the sword while it was the Cardinal's brain who ordered it. But that was to Gil's liking too, for in all of France there was none who handled the sword as well as he. The horse swerved and reared as Gil pulled on the reins before the churchman's palace and threw them over the arm of one of the soldiers standing on guard.

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

All the world enjoys rousing, daring, historical romance! That's why we're giving you this stirring story of high adventure at the French Court in Cardinal Richelieu's time—the fictionization of "Under the Red Robe," spectacular screen presentation of the famous stage play, starring Annabella and Conrad Veidt.

Please see Page 79 for Cast and Complete Credits.
Memorable highlights of "Under The Red Robe." Left, across page, Annabella, noted European star, as Lady Marguerite, whose beauty turns the enmity of Gil de Berault (Conrad Veidt) to ardent devotion. Ladies of the court throng about him, for his gallantry is a tradition in France. But Gil, above, undertakes the dangerous mission commanded by Cardinal Richelieu (Raymond Massey). At right, reading from top: the adventurer and the lady meet; Gil plots his escape with his servant Marius (Romney Brent); Marguerite confides her suspicions that Gil is a spy to her sister, the Duchess; Edmond, the Duke, confronts Gil and Marguerite; and finally, the adventurer, tamed at last, pledges his sword to his lady.

into simpering puppets, and hating him because even they sensed the thing he did to them.

"Berault!" A lady's whisper reached him. "The Black Death!"

"I hope the Cardinal will have him hanged!" retorted the older woman who was with her.

"Oh, Madame!" Gil's smile could be beguiling too, when he chose. "Are you sure you wouldn't miss me?"

"Quite!" She tried to speak firmly but even as she spoke she trembled just a little and color flooded her cheeks and her companion laughed as she turned to Gil.

"I'm not!" Her eyes met his challengingly and her fan fluttered beneath a provocative chin.

"Then I'm hanged if I'll hang!" And he swept her a gay courtesy so that it seemed almost as if he were doing homage with the rest of them as the Cardinal swept into the room.

Between the long double row of those who had come to find his favor Richelieu passed, his red robe sweeping behind him, and he remained impassive until he reached Gil. Only then did he quicken his pace or his eyes show interest.

Gil was the only one chosen to have audience with the great man and even as he strode into the study his careless swagger was there.

"The papers!" The Cardinal could not control his eagerness as he waited that small moment before Gil took them from his pocket. And then as he pushed them toward the old priest who was his secretary to prepare for reading his words came easier. "Where did you find your Englishman?"

"I overtook him fifty miles from Calais. We had an excellent fight, Your Eminence."

(Please turn to page 79)
"RUMOR has it," said Warner Baxter, turning to Ronald Colman, "that you are in love. Is that sporting, keeping it a secret from your pals?"

"What, again!" quoth the startled Mister Colman. "You don't believe all you read in the newspapers, do you?"

"I remember once when everybody in Hollywood did," broke in William Powell, who completed the trio. "If you had been here at the time, you would have, too. Did you ever hear the story of Charley Fuhr?"

"Not Charley Fuhr, the big-game hunter?" Colman cut in.

"The very same," affirmed Powell, setting down his dish of tea. "Charley Fuhr, big-game hunter, world-traveller, host of hosts, bon vivant and first-nighter. He was quite a lad, while he lasted."

"Wasn't he that fictitious character that everyone in the colony thought actually existed for two years or more?" Warner Baxter wanted to know.

"Right again," replied Powell, "but during those two years he became the most mysterious and talked-of personality in our midst. Also, he was the subject of the greatest hoax ever perpetrated upon Hollywood.

"Of course, Charley Fuhr was non-existent, a character born in the minds of a certain group of actors, press agents and reporters who used to dine nightly at the old Hoffman Café on Spring Street. He was originated as a gag, but soon became so well-known that his creators kept him before the public for several years.

"The morning after his birth, so to speak, an item appeared in one of the papers, announcing the arrival of the world-famous big-game hunter. One of his creators was the dramatic editor of the paper, so it was an easy matter to put the story through.

"Immediately, the paper was deluged with requests from some of the most famous stars in Hollywood, asking where they might locate Mr. Fuhr. They wanted to entertain in his honor.

"With this sudden interest in Charley, there remained only one thing to do. Charley was publicized as no personality before or since has been press-agented—he was made into a personage of world importance.
A good gag is priceless in picture circles. Read how the legendary practical jokes of Hollywood are created, in this novel feature.

By Whitney Williams

Bill Powell and Warner Baxter, in oval at left, are regaling Jimmy Gleason with a droll account of a famous Hollywood "rib." You'll laugh with Mr. Powell when you look at that close-up of him, across the page at far left. Next, Ronald Colman and an appreciative audience. Ned Sparks, old frozen-face himself, who perpetrated a popular practical joke. Below, Arlen and Oakie, whose hobbies are gags and golf.

Within a comparatively short time, he was quoted on every conceivable subject—not a day passed but that Charley Fuhr gave impressive dinners and intimate teas. A few of those in the know would explain to friends how generous and how thoughtful Charley could be. Hollywood went crazy, literally, trying to catch a glimpse of this celebrated individual, to win a bid to one of his parties.

This went on for two years or more, with such people as Bill Hart, Tom Geraghty, Raymond Griffith, Scoop Conlon and several others, singing the praises of Charley Fuhr. He became the most noted name in Hollywood, yet no soul had even seen him in the flesh.

People would miss him by the skin of their teeth; he had always just left a moment before they entered; at the last minute he would be unable to attend an important function that he had promised faithfully to attend. Finally, the gag became known, and a small item appeared announcing that Charley Fuhr had sailed for India. He never returned.

That reminds me of Ned Sparks' fur-bearing eel.
"I've been called a man's woman, and perhaps I am."

Myrna Loy, heavenly as a white angel smiling above the snowy furbelows of Katie O'Shea—dear to "Parnell" by grace and sideburns of Clark Gable—lets you light her cigarette, then raises a smoke screen by suggesting another, more realistic, side of the picture.

"It isn't that I dislike women. But I find men more comfortable. Except for a few friends I've made among girls and women I get along better with men. Maybe it's because I've always worked. I haven't had time to do as other women do. As a child I used to look at them with great scorn because of their bridge and luncheons and teas, and think, 'poor things, they haven't anything else to do!' Of course that was ridiculously childish of me. My only excuse is that nothing seemed to matter but work. Money was necessary. To get it I went in seriously for dancing. My mother, a very talented pianist, helped me. With the result that at fifteen I had a dancing class of more than thirty children. Then I danced at a movie theatre in Hollywood. It wasn't a high form of art, but it made money. I might still be at it if my health hadn't broken down. But it was all for the best, for it got me out of dancing into acting."

"Acting," the mere mention of it brings consideration of other, more pressing matters in the work-a-day world of a star. The star of today is conscious of the actress of those less glamorous yesterdays.

"It is utterly impossible for me now to be the perfect lady of the house," she heartlessly insists.

Memories—her own, more than yours—of a sinister cinematic past arise to haunt a much different present. The truth is that the title "perfect wife" bestowed upon her by a public breathless before the consummate artistry of impersonations in "The Thin Man" and a series of subsequent "perfect wives" in other pictures, was a terrifying reminder of an earlier day when as a dark-skinned siren she symbolized the enemy of all wives, perfect and otherwise.

Look at her, with her serene charm never turning a burnished hair, and you'd think her starry career had never been disturbed by even the slightest error. But talk with her, admiringly aware of her well-ordered mind, and—well, that's another story.

"Hollywood is the easiest place in the world for anyone to make mistakes," grants Miss Loy. "One of the most dangerous is that of becoming 'typed.' That's what happened to me in my earlier years when I played the adventuress perhaps not too well, but certainly with great constancy."

She smiles indulgently, her calm gentility warmed by a Gulf Stream of humor. (Please turn to page 87)
Kay Francis sings, dances, goes gay in her new film

Surprise Star of the Month!

Kay with dull dignity! Bored with haughty roles, Kay Francis stars in the romantic story of a mazurka dancer, in which she also sings for the first time. Our action reel is a preview of Kay as she will dance, sing, and act in "Contradiction." Below, you'll find her leading man in this film of foreign flavor.
Not Too Candid, Please!

We caught W. C. Fields out for his first stroll since his long illness, left. He’ll be back at work soon. Above, Patric Knowles makes the most fearful face, don’t-cha-know, old things, but he also makes that jump, in fine form.

Just two working gals waiting to go to work, right: Kay Francis, star, and Jane Bryan, newcomer—Kay’s made up for a sequence in “Confession.” Around the curve, starting at left: Carol Ann Beery takes Wally to the circus, but Wally pays. Humphrey Bogart teaches a new dog old tricks; Randy Scott studies lines; Herbert Marshall and Marlene Dietrich meet again, with Lubitsch presiding.
No, we don't like our pictures too "candied," or posed; but frankly, we're tired of seeing our stars always at their worst. Our "candids" are "inty," but not ugly.

If we ever saw two celebrities having a genuine, unposed good time, they're Tone and Joan, above, vacationing at the B-Bar-H Ranch at Palm Springs. Joan Bennett, right, just can't help it if she looks more like a subdebut than a cinema darling.

Claudette and two cavaliers warming up for the cameras, before filming a skating scene for "She Met Him in Paris." The Colbert escorts are Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas. Now read up, from right: Beverly Roberts and Olivia de Havilland snack a mid-day snack at the studio—Olivia's kerchief keeps her curls in place. Clark Gable submits to barber and manicurist. Shirley gives herself a workout at badminton; Miss Temple will be counting her calories next.
Matron into Minx!

Frances Dee McCrea emerges from her wife and mother retirement to rival her handsome young husband as a screen luminary.

For a while we found ourselves identifying the former Frances Dee as "that sweet little Mrs. McCrea." But that's all changed, for Frances is sparkling in her own right and light, as the heroine of "Souls at Sea," with Gary Cooper and George Raft fighting for her favors. At right and above, in costume for this big new film; at upper and far right, the fair lady herself, smooth and soignée, with new coiffure and distinction.
"Woman Chases Man"—that's the name of McCrea's current picture, with Miriam Hopkins. "Woman Wins—and Holds—Man," is the permanent title of the Dee-McCrea romance. At left, hilarious moment in Samuel Goldwyn's goofiest comedy. Below, Joel and Frances at their ranch, between pictures. Next, you see Joel with Miss Hopkins in a deliberately silly scene. Home was never like this, Joel is thinking—and thank heaven for that.

"My Man McCrea"

Joel's pursued, or persecuted, by Miriam Hopkins in a gay, giddy, new comedy; but he's still a hero to Frances Dee
In Work!

Out in Burbank, California, there's a gigantic beehive of make-believe! It's the Warner Bros. Studio, one of the two largest film factories in the world, which can, at times, turn out a dozen pictures at once. Here are new, exclusive candid shots of the work-in-progress at the various stages or "sets." Below, setting up cameras for a courtroom scene with Paul Muni in center foreground and Donald Crisp and Grant Mitchell behind him, for "The Life of Emile Zola." Above, Deanna Durbin in a Chinese sequence for "Singing in the Rain."
Cross-section of a great studio with a dozen dramas in the making. Watch the wheels go 'round at Warners!

When you see the scene below on the screen, you'll think it happens in a freight-car. But it's really a studio set, with the director atop the "parallel" to get the right shot on the scene being played with Craig Reynolds and Ann Sheridan for "Footloose Heiress." Above, director Jervyn LeRoy coaches Gloria Dickson in a window scene for "Deep South"—see microphone below her.

Upper right, Oriental drama in the making: John Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan's husband) directs Boris Karloff in Chinese garb, and Beverly Roberts for "War Lord."

It's a sort of super-sideshow, with glorified barkers and high-class ballyhoo! A great motion picture studio hums with excitement, busies with activity. The Dick Powell you see below is a serious young man in a hard-working mood, as he rehearses his song numbers for "Singin' in the Rain." At bottom, an unusual camera "shoe" of Basil Rathbone at the piano.
The beauties of Hollywood wear the smartest toggs, and wear them first! Here is Betty Furness, introducing the new sailing coat created in black rubberized sateen with white sailboats and nautical design. Betty, below, shows you her bathing suit, too, which is black and white, one-piece and, as the close-up at lower right shows, features a low-cut back and interesting trimming and strap design in black, tying in tailored bow. Betty Furness' outfit is by B. V. D.

"The Vogues of 1938" is an exciting new Technicolor production, and we show you highlights around the oval on these two pages. Beginning at top of oval, see Warner Baxter surrounded by beautiful models. Next, Baxter in his role of manly male dressmaker with Jerome Cowan; then with Helen Vinson; with Joan Bennett as a lovely model; and finally, a fitting-room scene. Gay picture—grand cast!
Hollywood has it!

Our beauties inside the oval are—you've guessed it—Rochelle Hudson and Joan Crawford, who set their own styles. Above and below, Shirley Ross dramatizes two gay new Summer outfits.
Since "David Copperfield" Master Bartholomew has been Number One Boy of Hollywood. Now, with his splendid performance in "Captains Courageous" also to his credit, he is decidedly News. So we follow Freddie from his early-morning canter through a romp with his dogs and finally to the barber's, where his famous boyish curls are clipped—though if Freddie had his way, he'd have his head shaved. How he hates those curls—but they're box-office.

Freddie Bartholomew may be the greatest child actor on the screen, but when he has a day off he spends it like any other boy—except for a "must" haircut!

A Day in the Life of a Boy Wonder
Winner of the Academy Award for her acting in "Great Ziegfeld," La Rainer proved herself with a magnificent performance. Now that she's sure we appreciate her art, she can afford to let her very genuine beauty and charm shine through, and in her forthcoming film she allows herself to glitter, look lovely—and keep right on acting! For the third time Luise co-stars with William Powell, with whom she is seen in two scenes on this page. You remember this team in "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld."

When you speak of a screen beauty, you're probably referring to Dietrich; of a glamor girl, you're describing Crawford, or Lombard. But when you want to talk about a real actress, you mean Luise Rainer. Here she is in her new rôle.
While waiting for "Gone with the Wind"
We're doing all right, thank you!

That lingering look that can be the prelude to love is illustrated, above, by Barbara Reid and Richard Cromwell, in "The Road Back." Right, the romantic quartet composed of Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie, Polly Rowles, William Gargan are air-and-love-minded in "Wings over Honolulu."

Perhaps not Scarlett in the arms of Rhett, but just as efficient at arousing our tender emotions, Madeleine Carroll cuddling up to Ronald Colman, upper left—these two handsome people are playing Princess Flavia and King Rudolf in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Above, Virginia Field and Thomas Beck are in perfect accord while Jane Withers, left, is trying to listen in on Sally Blane and Robert Kent, new team.
Well, maybe we are just a little tired of wondering who will play Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler. Anyway, we'll accept these substitutes in our tireless search for new cinema Romance.
Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs, directly below, go to town in a "Jammin'" number in "Turn Off the Moon." These youngsters seem to dance for the joy of it, but there's technique and patience and experience back of every step and gesture. At bottom of page, the irrepressible Martha Raye puts her life in her partner's hands, for a burlesque adagio dance for "Mountain Music."

All Good Dancers Depend on Hollywood
WHEN the golden Coronation banners gleam against the night sky and the crowds press round Buckingham Palace to see King George and Queen Elizabeth leaving for the Opera, that’s the time the stars begin to twinkle at the London Casino.

Here in our smartest restaurant you can sit in a rose brocade armchair and watch all the famous and glamorous folk of Europe’s Hollywood as they dine and dance and applaud the very daring floor-show. There’s the debonair Tullio Carminati entertaining pretty little Lilli Palmer who plays with him in the New Herbert Wilcox film, “Sunset in Vienna.” She wears filmy black net to enhance her delicate blondeness and one of the latest white china butterflies is poised on the top of her piled-up curls.

Ruth Chatterton has chosen a black gown too but set off by a soldier-style jacket of scarlet brocade—everything military is naturally highly fashionable this gay Royal season of ours! Irving Asher is escorting his wife Laura La Plante who’s fast becoming London’s snooker champion and regularly beats people who’ve been playing billiards for years though she only took up the game a few weeks ago. Now she pauses to exchange greetings with a gay party that includes Nils Asther and Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, in a white dress patriotically tied with a red, white and blue chiffon sash.

Otto Kruger was here last week and he’ll be appearing again very soon, for Otto is a steady Atlantic commuter these days, one film in Hollywood and the next in London and then back to California for a spell before visiting us yet again. His British production this summer is based on one of Jack London’s stories and—hold your breath, please!—Otto actually gets the girl in the final close-up.

Sitting near the stage you’ll observe Clive Brook, recovered from his illness at long last and now back at the studios again. He is making a modern society drama at Denham called “Action for Slander,” with beautiful Margaretta Scott, whom you’ll remember as the passionate siren in “Things to Come.” With his wife and two children, Clive has just moved into a lovely old Queen Anne house in North London, with a white-panelled drawing-room and a green and gold dining-room and a tennis-court on which Clive plays before breakfast every fine morning. He goes in for the popular ping-pong too and has many fierce duels across the table with his great friend John Loder.

That slim blue-eyed young man ordering his dinner so epicureanly is Director Kurt Bernhardt, descendant of the great Madame (Please turn to page 86)
MOST sophisticated so far in the dazzling series of Astaire-Rogers romances, "Shall We Dance" signalizes a striking change of pace for the celebrated pair, slower, but smoother; shy, and more nuzzle. Whether you like the change will depend upon how you weather the leisurely start of this super-show—if your anticipatory excitement holds, you'll remain to rave about the rest, which is the utmost in elegant entertainment—elegant in every sense of the word. There are three sequences which have never been equalled, or even approached, in movie musicals: the dog-walking on deck of a luxury liner; the priceless practical joke perpetrated by Astaire on Edward Everett Horton; and the telephone tirade of Eric Blore. Here are the funniest scenes of this or any other month—inspired comedy, no less. The current Astaire-Rogers love affair is a melodious merger of ballet and swing, with Fred as a ballet dancer of the better sort, and Ginger as a musical comedy star. Fred's "swing ballet" style is superbly conceived and executed—his mechanistic dance is a high spot, as is his roller-skating dance with Ginger. You'll enjoy his Russian impersonation no end. Of course it is superratically staged, danced, sung and directed.

THE menace-drama of the month, with particular appeal to the man who can't be dragged to see "Café Metropole" but must have strong, gutsy entertainment. It's probably the best prize-fight story ever filmed, with positively no punches pulled. Edward G. Robinson—that man's here again; this must be Edward G. Robinson Month at the movies—has his best role in several years as the realistic fight promoter who makes a memorable find in the person of Wayne Morris, signs him up, and trains him for the championship fight. The human interest enters, at least to this observer, when boy meets girl and girl is the promoter's cherished kid sister, sheltered from the world of the squared circle. For revenge, Robinson turns on his own fighter; but Bette Davis, as the promoter's heart-interest steps in and saves the day—for the fighter and for his girl, but at the cost of Robinson's life and her own happiness. The fight itself provides excitement for fight-fans; the performance of Mr. Robinson is powerful and impressive; Miss Davis is splendid, and Humphrey Bogart, too; but my main interest was in Wayne Morris, who just may be the new Gary Cooper—or even the one, only, and original Wayne Morris. The boy is a real find in his rugged way.

JUST the entertainment for a warm evening, "Night Must Fall" will chill you completely without benefit of air-cooling. For this piece is a true horror film of the most hair-raising kind, for all its deceptively genteel settings, its dear old lady, its charmingly efficient young English girl and nice, obliging young man, and its background of the quiet countryside. Adapted from the play which scared London and New York audiences silly for a season or so, this murder melodrama is an acting triumph for Robert Montgomery, even though his own wife and child may never feel the same toward him again. I know I don't relish the thought of bumping into him in broad daylight, let alone in a darkened movie theatre, again; and therein lies the danger, I suppose, in Mr. Montgomery's brave act in demanding this rôle. At any rate, he definitely proves himself a distinguished performer, rather than a deftly nonchalant perennial juvenile; and he deserves all our applause—as well as our hisses here. You must see it yourself, for to delve into the plot would be to spoil the suspense; suffice to say that Dame May Whitty, as the dear old lady, is much too trusting; but then Mr. Montgomery does have a way with him—and us!
SUPERLATIVE:
"A Star is Born"

SHOCKERS:
"Night Must Fall"
"Love from a Stranger"

HE-MAN STUFF:
"Kid Galahad"

YOUNG ROMANCE:
"Café Metropole"

RHYTHM, JUST RHYTHM:
"Shall We Dance"

CHEERS FOR:

A STAR IS BORN—Selznick-United Artists

REFUTING two rockhounded theories of picture-making: that Technicolor must only occur in costume dramas, and that stories about Hollywood are poison at the box-office, "A Star is Born" is the most distinguished production of the season—and for good measure smashes still another tradition: that no Hollywood star can ever really "come back." Here's splendid, satisfying entertainment, in natural colors which are really natural, and never cloying; here's a down-to-earth drama of Hollywood which comes closer to telling the truth about that fabulous city and its citizens than any other film has ever done; and here—cheers!—is an actual "come-back" to warm your heart, that of Janet Gaynor, who becomes for the second time a truly important star. "A Star is Born" is Janet's super-"Seventh Heaven," and she soars to new eminence as its heroine. Briefly, it's the story of the one girl in 100,000 who makes the grade in pictures; she falls in love with a fading star, magnificently played by Fredric March; she rises to the Hollywood heights while he descends; and the "final fadeout" gives you new faith in the integrity of the finer film-makers—it's a great ending to a grand picture. Direction, dialogue, cast, and the Technicolor—all are practically perfect.

THUNDER IN THE CITY—Columbia

PROVING the English can take it as well as dish it out, this satirical comedy records the experiences of an American go-getter in London, with Edward G. Robinson, in one of his more genial moods, in the leading role of the high-powered promoter. Somewhat in the same style as "The Ghost Goes West," this new film, also written by Robert Sherwood, has its amusing moments, thanks chiefly to the breezy performance of the star and the scintillating supporting cast, in which Nigel Bruce is particularly outstanding. In fact, I've never seen a more thoroughly enjoyable acting job than that contributed by the bluff and hearty Mr. Bruce as an English Duke who falls in with Robinson's wildest schemes because he is taken to the "fun-fair" and allowed to ride on the merry-go-round until dizzy. Constance Collier as his Duchess is also at her best; while a seductive newcomer, Luli Desti, plays their daughter in the Dietrich manner, with accent and all the trimmings. You may like Miss Desti; you may not; but at any rate she's a new face—and figure. Eddie Robinson's efforts to find his way around a historic castle provide the most fun in this movie. Little Caesar's ingratiating energy saves more than one scene, as well as the castle, from falling to pieces.

CAFÉ METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox

IF YOU liked "Love is News"—and if you didn't, I don't want to know you—don't fail to see "Café Metropole." We-e-ll, n-o-o-o, it isn't quite as good as that first co-starring film of Tyrone Power and Loretta Young; but it is still as good fun as you'll find on any screen right now, if you're still interested in love and such. And there's Adolphe Menjou, who practically guarantees the entertainment value of any picture lucky enough to have him in it. This time Adolphe plays Cupid—in the guise, of course, of a fascinatingly rascally café proprietor—to our young lovers, with Tyrone masquerading as a Russian prince—and at Adolphe's command, and Loretta as the lovely American girl who sets her new Paris chapeau for him, but has to do considerable pursuing before Tyrone, and the plot, will permit her to catch up with him. Of course it is all frothy—a mere trifle, a light and airy bauble; but it's juggled with such charm and cleverness that nobody minds very much when the fun interferes with the plot. Young Mr. Power keeps up the pace he set himself for adroit comedy in "Love is News," even managing to hold his own in scenes with Menjou. And if Loretta isn't the prettiest girl in pictures, I wish you would kindly tell this department who is.
UNTIL the Hallett car arrived Marsha had the idea that maybe Old Man Hallett had had delusions of grandeur—maybe he wasn’t Plummer Hallett’s father at all. She powdered her nose a couple of times, looked out of the window a dozen times. Walked around her small room, wondering if she really had imagined the whole thing—or if the old man had imagined a part of it.

I was an unknown and the car was there! A big, luxurious car, chauffeur driven. Marsha sank back into the soft seat of it. She was on her way! Going places! A little of the confidence she had had so long ago came back to her. Maybe she was going places, after all.

The Halletts were definitely pleasant people. Marsha never saw the side of them so many people dreaded, cold, a bit critical, a bit aloof. Plummer Hallett was tall, thin, grey-haired. Not at all the type of the average Hollywood producer. He rather fancied himself superior, talked with a pseudo-English accent and had a few mannerisms that seemed pretensions. Mrs. Hallett thought of herself as a “Society girl”—there are a lot of her in Hollywood. That is, she came from a family which had been nothing four generations before, rich a generation before and was now penniless but talked of past grandeur. At that, they were both pleasant and fairly literate. Plummer, himself, was entirely responsible for his own success, which had given him enormous self-possession and satisfaction.

Now, they both seemed exceedingly grateful to Marsha. The old man had given a rather garbled but prettily colored report of the affair and Marsha was a heroine. She had risked her life to save the life of an unknown old man. Wasn’t it fortunate, Marsha told herself, that she had saved this particular old man’s life? It still all seemed a little unbelievable.

It didn’t get any more believable when they went in to dinner. The food was good. And real enough, certainly. The conversation didn’t seem real at all.

For Marsha had told the old man a funny little story she had made up. And the old man had told it to his son. And it was exactly the story Hallett wanted for Betty Lawrence, his star.

“It’s just the germ of an idea,” he said. “But it’s new. Novel. A good background. Now if you can work it up! Know anything about writing?”

“I’ve always wanted to be a writer,” Marsha ventured. “Ever been connected with pictures?”

“I was a script girl,” said Marsha, and told a little about that. All but the last chapter.

“That ought to have given you an idea of what it’s all about,” Hallett said, “What do you say to starting in on Monday with Greater Pictures? I can’t give you much to start. What about a hundred and fifty a week for six weeks? Then, if you make good—”

Marsha’s best salary per month hadn’t been a great deal more than that. And lately—She gulped. Tried to say something. Words wouldn’t come.
"I know that isn't a lot for a writer," Hallett went on. "But until you prove yourself it is the best I can do. Turn out one good original or one good adaptation and I can really talk terms with you. And you know I'll do all I can to help you. I'll put you with someone who really knows continuity—shots and things like that—until I find out what you can do."

Marsha had to smile at that—the way she had often smiled at the finished scripts of professional writers who were supposed to know shots—and put in shots that no director could possibly do anything with. That part of it didn't frighten her. It was the ideas, the story, itself, that made her nervous. If she had only written something before—could feel a little sure of herself!

The rest of the evening was pleasant. More praise for Marsha's bravery in saving Old Man Hallett's life. A lot of gay, pleasant talk—the sort Marsha hadn't had in a long time. As she was driven home, the evening over, she tried to force herself into believing that this was all true—that lovely things were happening.

Until Monday she ate hot dogs and hamburgers at little stands—she had to make her money last until her first salary check came—and there was so pitifully little left. As if that mattered, now!

On Monday it began to look as if things really were happening. Hallett had not forgotten his conversation. Marsha was given a contract to sign—six weeks—three months if they wanted her to stay on—six months after that—and generous salary increases with each renewal. If there were to be renewals, that is!

She had a small office, rather sketchily furnished, but sunny and comfortable enough. A perky little girl with big eyes and too much rouge was assigned to be her secretary. Marsha Drew with a secretary!

She telephoned Eleanor Morton to tell her her good news. She'd been careful not to bother Eleanor for she knew how she was—friendly if things were smooth—but none too anxious to assume obligations if anyone needed anything. Before Marsha had a chance to tell anything to Eleanor, now, Eleanor assumed one of her haughty poses. So sorry she'd seen so little of Marsha—but Marsha really must forgive her. She was too busy to see anything excepting just the people she was thrown with every day. There had been so many cocktail parties and so many dinners and what could she do! She and Marsha must get together one day soon!

Then she hung up. That was that.

Marsha knew she ought to feel hurt at Eleanor. She couldn't feel hurt. She knew how Eleanor was—gay and friendly if you happened to be around and didn't want anything of her. Suspicious if she didn't see you all the time. A climber. Eager to get ahead. Oh, well!

She did wish there was someone she could go to with her good news. But she had cut herself off so completely from her old friends that there was no one. She had never written letters telling the real truth, so now her letters must necessarily be as vague as they had been before. Oh, well!

She worked hard. Very hard. She envied the nonechalance of the writers who came in late, spent two hours for lunch, another hour or two in friendly banter, who always had time for walks on the sets and who were able to leave early. But she noticed that even these writers spent many hours of very real labor at their typewriters or at dictation—and that the best of them carried their stories around with them even through their lunch hours and after they left the studio at night, milling over ideas, worrying about gags and big scenes.

It was fun, trying to be a writer. Sitting in a comfortable office and putting ideas on paper. It was fun, meeting other writers, going to lunch with them—after that first week of not knowing (Please turn to page 74)
Starving to Stardom

Gladys George tells of her lean years. A dramatically stark, but engagingly honest real-life story

By Martin Somers

Attractive, vividly youthful for her 32 years, Gladys George today shows no sign of her struggles. Above, with Spencer Tracy, and left, with Franchot Tone, in scenes from "They Gave Him a Gun."

picturegoers the country over surely must be asking: They may know she was a New York stage star in "Personal Appearance," but they have probably forgotten, if they ever remembered, that she once was in silent pictures. It is the purpose of these few lines to break the silence surrounding her.

Meanwhile you may be curious to catch a glimpse of the woman hidden in the actress. Having seen her in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie," in which she made a real personal hit, you'd never know her out of it. That is, in the flesh—or the lack of it. She is slender enough to hide behind her own screen image, just as she looks young enough to be her own daughter. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and gay as a lark, she likewise is prettier than a picture can, or does, make her.

Amazed when, light of step, she opened her Hollywood door to me, I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Thought you'd struck the wrong house, eh?" she laughed. "I don't wonder. But let me set you straight. As Carrie I did a Mae West, I'm a thirty-two, but I paddled to a thirty-eight. I weigh a hundred and twelve, so I had to put on something. What I put on was aunion suit. And what they put in it was plenty. It was all done in the interest of sex appeal. Anyway, that's how studio experts figured it. At solemn (Please turn to page 98)

SOMETIMES a star is made of hot air. She is blown up by publicity till she hangs in the heavens like a human balloon. Usually she comes down as fast as she went up. Then there's the kind who is propped up. She "has something," as the saying is, but she needs a lot more. Accordingly, a masculine celebrity with hefty box-office pull is rushed to her aid much like a coast guard from a life-saving station. Rarest of all is the self-sustaining star. She is, and always has been, on her own. No one has helped her climb to her place in the sky. But it has been a long, hard climb for Gladys George. How long?

"Ever since I was a pup," she told me.

Here is one of our outstanding new stars. But who is she? Where did she come from? What has she done? These are questions, no matter how unflattering, which
Camera-Wise
Paul Kelly

He knows the tricks that make for good pictures, and tells how he gets results as well as fun out of his hobby

By Ruth Tildesley

ENTHUSIASM should be Paul Kelly’s middle name. When he goes in for anything, it must be with all his heart.

When he plays polo, the sport is the only thing in the world to him; when he is at his new ranch, the problems of building and farming engross him; when he is taking pictures with any of his cameras, nothing else matters.

“Heaven save the camera fiend’s wife!” laughed Mrs. Kelly. “Paul takes remarkable pictures, I think, but posing for him is no nice job. You stand in the sun until your tonsils freckle, waiting for him to be sure the light is just right, the background contrasty, the composition perfect, and the shadows where they belong. When you are practically fainting, a cloud comes along and he can’t take the picture!”

She shook her auburn head in mock despair.

“When my daughter Mimi was born, Tiny Maxwell, a sports writer for a Philadelphia paper, gave me a graflex camera to take her picture. Like all proud parents, I wanted a record of my baby, so I was glad to get it. The first ones were awful—foolish wrong, light bad, and so on—but I kept at it and finally got fairly decent stuff. I wasn’t a real camera fiend, like Paul. I simply shot a picture of her when she looked cute. That would never satisfy Paul!”

Paul was a child actor, working alternately on stage and screen, when he got his first camera, a Brownie. At the studio, he always had his head under the camera cloth belonging to the still man, or his eyes squinted into the finder of the movie camera, so without realizing it he picked up the technique.

“I snapped records of stage tours, or off-screen studio shots,” he related, “and I remembered that five years ago when Mrs. Kelly and I took a trip to South America. On the ship, which happened to be a German one, they had little shops on one deck and in one I noticed a German camera, a Rolloflex, the kind that’s so expensive over here. It was on sale for $53, because you paid no duty, and I bought it.

“The very first picture I took, in the harbor at Havana, was amazing. Since then, wherever we have gone, I’ve taken a camera. I use motion picture film in my Rolloflex and get 36 shots on a roll instead (Please turn to page 92)
Edited by

Sally Eilers

One of Hollywood’s prettiest and most popular girls gives a gay salute to the smart Summer season in clothes and accessories as appropriate as they are chic.

Glamor School photographs of Sally Eilers by Ray Jones.

Above, Sally wears a natural linen sports dress which zips up the side, has a low square neckline, and flared skirt. Matching the brown red belt is a brief handknit sweater with short sleeves and bolero length. Brown beret, sports bracelet add to the saucy effect. Right, Sally goes nicely nautical in the dependable blue denims girls dote on: shorts topped by mess jacket fastened with large gold anchor buttons, over a red and blue printed cotton blouse. Sally’s blue and white linen sandals match her cap. Far right, spectator sports outfit with true chic—the dress fashioned of rough homespun linen in a smart shade of rust, with large patch pockets outlined in saddle-stitching; waist-length jacket of white linen, and toyo hat. Sally’s handbag and sandals are of rust patent leather.
For gala afternoons, Sally Eilers wears, at right, a black French crepe frock scattered with bunches of blue and yellow tulips, and black cartwheel sailor of shiny straw. Below, clever shirring makes Sally's beige frock notable, and black accessories—hat, handbag, gloves, shoes—supply the accent.

Over a sheath of black crepe girdled by a Spanish red jersey sash, Sally, at right, wears a pert bolero jacket stitched in an interesting design of Beauvais embroidery in white. Her pouch bag has a long loop handle of carved shell. Below, Sally's pet Summer dinner gown, its effectiveness created by gay Roman stripes.
One of the smartest girls in Hollywood, Gail Patrick has a very definite style sense all her own. On this page she models for us the favorite costumes of her summer wardrobe. Far left, her white kidskin swagger coat tops her pet print. Her hat of white toyo is trimmed with wine-colored grosgrain to match the background of the print. Left, Gail's most striking summer evening gown, an orchid print with extreme decolletage in back, and a scarf draped across neckline in front and falling gracefully off shoulders.

Above, Gail's printed frock of red and white with grey topcoat lined in matching crepe. Left, lined tweed sports dress heightened by bright red patterned leather belt and red cartwheel. Far left, Gail's short jacket of glistening check and her severe black straw turban are so smart!

Gail Patrick's Style Parade
cheap ones aren't worth having. I'll stick to this."

Then I noticed the shelf in front of his mirror. It boasted one extremely moth eaten powder puff and a very tired comb with a tooth missing. These, I gathered, constitute the sum of Bill's equipment for making himself handsome for the pictures. And this is the chap who spent $250,000 on a house, equipped with all sorts of fantastic gadgets for his convenience and amusement: the man who, it is generally conceded, owns one of the most impressive and expensive wardrobes in the world. Well, you just never know.

And now consider another equally curious case. That of Merle Oberon who frankly confesses that she hates to spend money on — of all things! — dresses. She frisks about in simple, six-ninety-five numbers, looking, one must admit, very chic indeed. The funny part is that with these she is as likely as not to be wearing priceless jewels, and she frequently envelops the entire ensemble in the costliest of fur coats.

Of course, Lupe Velez has been famous in Hollywood, for years, for displaying a fortune in jewels with a $1.95 sweater. But there is a story about Lupe which I like better. It seems that a friend of Lupe had been lecturing her about saving her money, about the value of economy. The friend, therefore, was gratified one day when she received a telephone call from Lupe, begging her to come and help her shop for bath mats. "They are wanting to charge me too much!" Lupe complained.

The friend deserted her busy office and dashed, hopefully, to Lupe's rescue. "They weesh me to pay $5.95 for that!" Lupe exploded. "I theeck eet is worth $4.95. No more!" The kind friend intervened, a compromise of some sort was effected, and the pair set off for lunch. On the way out of the store, Lupe spied a blue and yellow Chinese rug. "How much for thees?" she asked the salesman. "Eleven hundred dollars," was the bland reply.

"You send heem to my house this afternoon," Lupe directed, while the kind friend tore her hair.

"Why not?" asked Lupe, innocently, as they set forth for lunch. "I saved money on the bath mats, didn't I?"

Maybe it's right to save pennies on bath mats and tea towels and to spend your dollars on rugs with lovely, satisfying colors! Maybe Lupe has the right idea.

The economies of the men seem to be more mundane, although they are sometimes (Please turn to page 89)
LUISE RAINER may be having difficulty with her English, but there's nothing at all wrong with her sense of humor. As evidenced by her new nickname for Bill Powell. She calls Bill "Flash" on account of he's never been known to hurry and simply drives her crazy on the set by taking his time about everything.

WHO says movie stars are always so extravagant? Claudette Colbert, believe it or not, has been driving the same car for the past seven years and has only just now traded the old one in on a new model.

BOB TAYLOR has acquired a new fan. And it's none other than Brian Donlevy. It all started the very first day on the set of "This Is My Affair," in which the two boys are working together. Shortly after Bob and Brian had been introduced, Bob was confronted with a rather difficult scene. Strolling over to Brian, Bob asked: "How would you handle that situation, Brian? After all, you've had a lot more experience than I have. I'm simply stumped!" And Brian figured that any guy who was regular enough to admit he had something to learn, in spite of the fact he's the country's favorite star, must be pretty regular! Whether Bob knows it or not, he's surely made a loyal friend for himself.

MARLENE DIETRICH is getting a bit bored explaining about all those medals which decorate her car since she returned from her trip abroad. Truth is, they represent her membership in the various European automobile clubs she acquired while touring.

THE rumor is going around that the Bill Powell-Jean Harlow romance is definitely cooling. Needless to say, neither Jean nor Bill will say anything on the subject—but then they never have!

FRANCIS LEDERER lost so much weight on his recent personal appearance tour around the country, the first thing he did upon his arrival on the Coast was to engage a room at the large ranch on the Mojave desert, where he stayed when filming "My American Wife," so's he could furniture up a bit. And it did the trick, too. He has gained about ten pounds.

DURING the preparation for the last three pictures he's appeared in, Clark Gable has been sitting in on all story conferences. Studio executives feel he is a real help in working out details for baffling situations and more than welcome his presence. In fact, Anita Loos, who has been working on "Saratoga," insists Clark has one of the best story minds in Hollywood.

ONE of the workers on the studio lot dropped over on the "Zola" set the other day to watch the progress of the picture. Paul Muni, as is his custom, was seated in one of the stage chairs—silent—unseeing—living his role of Emile Zola. As the onlooker stood there, he told me, Zola—not Paul Muni—slowly rose and moved his chair to another position, moving exactly as the character would do. Just then, Muni observed him, and smiled—a far-away smile. "How did you ever achieve such a perfect make-up?" the man asked. Muni smiled again. "I had nothing to do with it, my boy," he replied. "It was all done by the make-up department. I am simply the guinea pig!"

The Joel Pressmans step out often, but seldom are photographed together—Claudette Colbert's doctor husband usually objects when cameramen try to snap them. Here they are at the theatre.

The gala Warner studio party brought many screen luminaries together. Here we find Olivia de Havilland, Beverly Roberts, and Director William Keighley enjoying the food and festivity.

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell proved a merry as well as graceful couple as they danced to the snappy rhythms of a swing band that enlivened the brilliant gathering of screen celebrities.
Fair Faces
for Summer

BEAUTY patches are coming back in style again, so it's rumored! Personally, we're willing to wager our bottom dollar that this Summer will see plenty of those little black dabs of court plaster worn to bring out the beauty of coloring in complexions.

Our strongest reason for believing in the immediate future of beauty patches is the little black spot intriguingly placed on Jean Harlow's chin, forming such a charming contrast to her fair skin, grey-blue eyes, and famous blonde hair. Jean's power to start a beauty fashion rolling into popularity certainly has been proved in the past!

Besides, the time is right for a revival in beauty patches. The new vogue for light-toned, English-type complexions is rapidly replacing the sun-tan rage. If you've carefully protected your face from sunburn to keep it fashionably fair, you'll feel like proclaiming your victory to the world. And there's nothing like a contrasting black spot to focus admiring attention on a peaches-and-cream skin!

Fashions in clothes, hairdress, and make-up are ultra-feminine. And so are beauty patches. Actually, there's nothing new about their glamor. That goes back to their first appearance during the gayest days of the French aristocracy when chivalry was at its height.

Court plaster got its name because it was used originally by titled ladies at court functions. Outwardly, that little black patch brought out the beauty of Milady's fair skin and powdered hair. But it had another purpose. It served as a signal to her lover when the formality of the occasion and the fine points of court intrigue kept her from speaking to him privately.

For instance, a beauty spot on the right temple might send the message "You may meet me after the ball tonight." Or if it appeared on the lady's left cheek, her knight could be cheered by the news that a pre-arranged rendezvous in the garden would be kept. A beauty patch on the chin might signal the warning "Do not appear too attentive—we are being watched."

As a means of communication, beauty patches have been superseded by the telephone and telegraph. But a tinge of romance still clings about them, and their power to accentuate the beauty of one's coloring is as great as it ever was. We're all for their revival in the interests of beauty and even as a signal system if the occasion or mood calls for something more subtle than a phone call.
The fashion for femininity and soft make-up that’s swept down upon us demands an extra amount of skin care. A light-toned complexion simply must begin with a clear, smooth skin.

Just because it’s easier to have a nice complexion in summer, when you’re getting outdoor exercise and being relieved of the drying effects of artificial heat, is no excuse for taking a vacation from beauty care. In fact, you should take advantage of the season and get your complexion in tip-top shape when it’s easiest to do.

Your appetite is less on hot days and you don’t need the heavy food that’s so likely to be reflected in an excessively oily or blotchy skin. Fresh fruit and salads, especially those made of raw vegetables, are grand for complexion beauty. The extra water you feel like drinking to keep you cool will help make your skin clear and fresh. Substitute a glass of cold milk for the extra cup of coffee you took to warm you up on cold days. Too much coffee makes skin sallow, while milk is a very definite beauty aid.

Incidentally, something very new on the beauty horizon is an all-purpose cream made of oils extracted from fresh milk. It was first made by a dairy company and delivered with the morning milk. The demand for it became so great that it’s now sold in stores all over the country.

Faces need soap-and-water washing in hot weather more than any other time. Perspiration brings to the surface impurities from within and attracts dirt from without. So see to it that your face gets a thorough washing at least once a day.

If your skin is dry (and exposure to the sun does have a drying effect), follow the soap-and-water washing with a film of lubricating cream. You don’t have to leave it on all night, which will admit isn’t so comfortable when the thermometer is hovering around the 90’s. Ten or fifteen minutes is as long as you need to leave any lubricating cream on your face, as the skin will absorb all the oil it’s capable of using in that length of time.

Protect your complexion with an anti-sunburn cream before you go out in off-the-face hat or frivoli bare-headed on the beach. You can get a type of anti-sunburn cream that makes a flattering make-up base at the same time it protects your skin from the sun’s burning rays. It’s non-greasy and just a thin film does the protective job.

If you want to “go tan” in a becoming and painless manner, take it gradually. Use a sun-tan oil to give you an even tan without the preliminaries of soreness, redding, and burning.

Summer make-up should be much lighter and more sparingly applied than when your face spent most of its time under cloudy skies. As for the “art-deco” full-face, it’s drying. If you are making a noticeable effort to keep an even complexion you want to keep or a poor one you’re trying to improve. It’s so easy and inexpensive to keep a clean supply of puffs on hand. You can get them at the five-and-ten cent store, and don’t forget those little puffs in your vanity case. You’ll find them in whatever size and shape you need to fit your vanity.

Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 27

Miriam’s cordiality, so radiant that even icebergs can’t take it, he finds himself on the floor with a glass of champagne in his hand discussing delightfully abstract things with Gloria Swanson and Miriam’s hairdresser. Of course these dropper-inners from out of the night may be down to their last sou, and usually are, but they are never dull. Daliness is the one thing Miriam cannot tolerate. “They are so interesting,” Miriam says of her bane ducks, “one evening there were six different nationalities. A pianist from Vienna, a young painter from France, and a Red from Russia—I don’t know how he got in but there he was, and when we were burning the brandy on the plum pudding he suddenly shouted, ‘What is this thing you call Thanksgiving?’ Oh, I explained to him beautifully, the Puritan Fathers would have been so proud of me, and when I finished he took a second helping of plum pudding and said he thought it was a good idea. He became the life of the party and sang Russian folk songs until the neighbors objected.”

Whatever you may say about Miriam, and I have said plenty when she has gone vague on me, and me right smack on a deadline (Miriam has absolutely no appreciation of publicity), she certainly does more than her share towards bringing gaiety into the lives of the poor bewildered writers, musicians and artists stranded in Hollywood.

The night I was invited to eat the pig that was just about to walk out of the icebox was the first time I had been to Miriam’s new home, which is high up on a hill-top that looks down on Beverly Hills and has a magnificent view of the city and the valley and the ocean miles away. It was formerly the John Gilbert home where once Ina Claire and Virginia Cherrill were very happy and before that—when Greta Garbo basked in the sunshine when she and John were carrying on one of Hollywood’s most tumultuous romances. It is now a beautiful house a few months ago, much to the surprise of her friends who never thought she would “settle down” in Hollywood, Miriam, who adores New York, received gold and bronze capitals; and with Harold Grieve as the decorator she has been transforming it into a vision of delightfulness simplicity. Gone are the tawdry tiles, the beamed ceiling, and all the Moorish grill work which were the pride and joy of Californians before the Eastern Invasion of five years ago. The idea is not to be Spanish, not even simple. In Miriam’s dressing-room at the studio are two vases, 18th Century Chinese, worth $800, the prides very highly. They have a white base and rich, dark blue flower designs. The color scheme of her living-room and dining-room was inspired by these vases. The walls and ceiling are now painted this same soft blue. The draperies are of especially woven hand-blocked linen with a tobacco-brown line drawing on a white base. And I have found in my batting about that there is nothing so lovely as that Chinese blue and nothing so soul-satisfying as linen drapes—

I must have linen drapes at once.

The rugs in the living-room and dining-room, as are all the rugs in the house for that matter, are of specially woven thick white material. The entrance hall is tiled tobacco-brown with a light kind of linen drapes, and here and there are touches of blue in the decorations. The kitchen and breakfast room are especially attractive, being French Provincial. All the decorations, dishes, furniture, pots and pans are as nearly like the genuine French article as Miriam can get. Miriam has her bedroom and dining-room furniture shipped out from her Sutton Place home in New York—the former mahogany and the latter walnut. The draperies are of woven linen with natural linen color base with a plaid design of chartreuse and deep blue. There are books everywhere—

James Cagney, now all set to make his next picture, calls at the studio to visit his friend Stuart Ervin, and Glenn Tryon, who directed Stu in his latest film.
Miriam is, with the possible exception of Sylvia Sidney and Madge Evans, the most avid collector of books, both old and new, in Hollywood. Name it, and Miriam has read it. On a rear terrace is a swimming pool around which are placed lounging chairs and tea tables, and nearby a tennis court. There is also a wine cellar, and if you think you can ever trip Miriam up on the vintage level or any other wine thing coming to you, Don't ever bet with her, it's fatal. At Miriam's you are served the proper wine at the proper time and in the proper glass. And new to a boire Miriam loves a person who takes gin to the table. Miriam loves food and wine and beautiful service. Her Anna, a Czecho-Slovakian, will tell you, cooks divinely in four different languages. Wiener schnitzel, leberbraten, schabziger, mandeltorte, les pommes aux marrons, crépes suzette, what dreams, what dreams.

Miriam's dinner party that evening was more or less typical of Miriam's usual small and informal buffet dinner parties. Everyone had been invited at the last minute, and there were many more men than women as Miriam likes it that way. Miriam talked a minute a minute, she may be from Georgia but she does all right with tempo, and radiated such gaiety and charm that anyone happened to approach her good with her it vanished—poof. "I want to see your new picture," someone said, though all "shop talk" is frowned on at Miriam's. "Well, you certainly won't have too trouble," our hostess replied, "I hear that there are always plenty of seats in the theatre when a Hopkins picture plays it. Do you think I'm slipping? Should I begin to worry? Oh, please have one of these delicious hors d'oeuvre, Anna will be so hurt if you don't." That gift absolutely refuses to face her career bug, as is the custom on these sun-kissed shores. As a matter of fact I have often suspected that Miriam, though a superb actress, doesn't wish to take her career all at once and every time she gets two dollars ahead she sweetly says, "Now I must let my soul catch up with my bank account, and run off to Europe to have herself a lot of fun.

Bridge tables are never dragged out after dinner at La Hop's (the boys at the table were nicknamed her that) for which she is truly thankful. Nor does Miriam get up and suddenly announce, "Everybody get pencil and paper, we're going to play. No, Miriam doesn't believe in forcing things down her guest's throat. She thinks everyone should be allowed to do what she or he wants to do, and the hostess should be a help, not a hindrance. That night she had a roaming guitar player and a fortune teller. The guitar player was given stiff competition by Erna Lublitch who settled himself at the piano and played Viennese waltzes for hours. Mady Christians danced a few of them and then decided she would be more modern art with Charles Boyer. Rouben Mamoulian provided art in search of victims upon whom to display a body that she often says she couldn't come off, Sulka Viertel, Ethel Borden, and the Basil Rathbones discussed plays. One of the Gershwines un-seated Lublitch at the piano and played the new Oleta music from "Shall We Dance." Billy (Austin) Parker and Charles Brackett exchanged compliments on their new scrip. Billy was ex-husband of Ethel Merman and decided that the game tennis was exactly what they needed. Miriam was ecstatically happy—she was gay, witty, and abstract.

When more informal parties are given, Miriam will give them.

DASH of devilishness along with romantic sweetness makes Corday's "Voyage à Paris" an ideal perfume for Summer's big moments. It's as alluring and feminine as any girl could wish. Yet it's priced with an adventurous tang that suggests the thrill of a real trip to Paris and the anticipation of grand and glorious experiences one expects to find in that city. The smell is a perfect beauty—an ultra-modern affair of crystal glass, worked into levels that remind one of the decks of a ship. You'll find Corday's "Voyage à Paris" at all the better department and drug stores.

REVEALING spotlight brings arms and legs out in the open to Summer's sun. And that presents a problem to most of us—how to keep arms, legs, and hands satiny smooth and free from disfiguring hair. A perfect answer is Neet. It's a tried and true cream hair remover that's kind to the skin besides being thoroughly effective. Neet doesn't come much more than remove the hair at the skin level. It destroys hair well below the surface so it stays out of sight longer. And it doesn't encourage bristly regrowth because that remaining particle of hair or hair under the skin is smoothly rounded off, not sharp-edged. So when it finally does come to the surface, it lies flat instead of standing up like a man's beard. You can get a small tube of Neet at a five-and-ten cent store or the full size at your favorite drug store or department store.

GLAZO'S gift to Summer beauty is four perfectly grand new shades of liquid nail polish that will put your fingertips in tune with the season's smartest costumes. A smart nail polish is a thing. Glazo nail polishes that give your fingernails the smooth, rich glow that's so fashionable right now. "Thistle" is a misty pink with brown undertones and harmonizes with brown, beige and gray. "Rust" is on the brownish side, too, a subtle rusty-red that plays no favorites in flattering face or sun-burned skin. "Dahlia" is a creamy red that's ever so smart with navy blue, black, wine or pastel shades. The real aristocrat is Glazo's "Imperial," a rich new red with its depth of color mimicking the French manner. The popular Glazo polishes, Natural, Shell and Flame, are now available in cream form, too.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Montgomery
Continued from page 22

"It would be silly to say I will not play another light comedy role. But I'll not play a sap again if I can avoid it. As far as I'm concerned, I'll take it if it's properly done. That's entirely up to me. I'm not worried about anything else. I feel that the change, rather than anything else, it may be, is a beginning. I certainly needed a change, and I'm sure this feeling is not confined to myself, but heartily shared by audience.

What you can't share is the feeling that Mr. Montgomery is giving himself, undeservedly, a parting kick from the roles he has played. Certainly, you wonder if young Bob, how long?

"I've been doing them for five years, ever since 'The Big House,' he says to me. "It has been the same old thing, over and over again, just the usual Robert Montgomery part, till I feel people are sick and tired of seeing me in it. That's why I fought so hard and begged to get this part. Anything for a change."

Watching him in a scene, you have noticed still another change in Mr. Montgomery -- at least, I have. "I came by that honestly," you are surprised to hear, "My people came from Ireland, near Belfast, so I'm an Irish-American."

When you remark that this explains his lively sense of humor, he grins: "No doubt about that. But there's another explanation for my speaking like an Irishman now. On the stage this part I'm doing was played with a Welsh accent, probably the most difficult of all. Anyway, I was sure I couldn't manage it, so I switched to Irish. After all, it makes no difference with this hotel bellhop who becomes a murderer. What's inside him is the only thing that matters. I've always been curious to know what makes people tick. Once you find out that you've learned something important. It helps you to understand them, to go through the outside, the front they put up. And it's the little things that tell the inside story. No matter how much a person may try to hide his emotions, a slight expression, a word, a gesture, may give him away. I always have my eye on seemingly trivial things. Let me catch something that a person doesn't intend to let me see, I catch on to him. I once watched a national golf champion during a game. He was supposed to be wholly without nerves, a man of iron, just a great irresistible driving machine. But, watching him, I saw his hands working nervously. To the crowd generally, with its eyes on his face, he was afraid of nothing. But from those tell-tale hands of his I could see he was scared stiff. And have you ever noticed a pianist who hasn't played for some time walk into a room where there's a piano? Do this sometime, and after awhile you'll see his fingers begin to twitch. He wants to get 'em on that piano. It's the same. A player cannot want to get his hands on people's throats."

Curiously, your collar tightens and you find yourself easing it. Then, both cars go by with, a musician or nervous gesture, may be far more revealing than words. A thing of that kind happened on a trip to Honolulu. Two strangers looked around and leaned on part of the hold. To have them taken off we love to for a ship coming this way. As those poor devils waited on a lower deck in the hottest part of the ship, utterly forgot to everything and everybody. A number of us who'd been dancing now stood staring down at them. They looked up at white shirt-fronts and jewels, but gave no sign they saw anything. I wondered how they felt as the lights of the approaching ship drew near. Then one of them glanced up again and just straightened his tie. It was a terse gesture that broke your bloody heart.

Sympathetic, this man Montgomery. Could his sympathy possibly extend to the youth whose diabolic crimes he now was committing?

"I think he is to be sympathized with, if only for the reason that he asks for no sympathy. Considered professionally, he is a type or a case, if you will, because of the acts for the benefit of himself. First and last, he is an exhibitionist. His world is a made his first American appearance in that play and that was the last thing he did in England just a short time before he died at Bradford. Now if a great actor like Irving could make so much of murder why shouldn't a humble 'ham' like myself try it?"

No reason at all, of course. And when you are taken out of "Night Must Fall" and put on a "Night I'll Miss You," it seems quite jolly, so it does. For there in her wheelchair is the beloved English actress of 1922, Miss May Whitty, already 31 years old when the day she first came to this country with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, while Mr. Montgomery is just a bit, perhaps, the thoroughbored Rosalind Russell, who barely misses being Public Victim No. 3, filling in her spare time with a clever bit of impression tapestry.

"Lovely person," admiringly remarks Mr. Montgomery, back to his pipe and dressing-room, for all the world as though his charming associates made murder pleasurable over. They'll soon be hysterical, poor dears, but that's to be expected. It's only natural that people should be unsuspecting till the unexpected happens. They're almost like a crowd. The shock's the thing that makes drama. But the leading up to it is what makes it interesting in this case. That's the skill of it all. Tchere's nothing sinister over the way. He simply matches his wits against others who are no match for him. It's all in the bean. Here you have the difference between the new and the old melodrama. More physical violence has had its day. That day ended when audiences no longer cared whether the train ran over the girl or the girl ran over the train.

Letting his pipe suit the action to the words, Mr. Montgomery puffs like a locomotive. Presently, through the smoke, he clears his throat: "Both the plot and the characters have changed, so perhaps it's high time I did! I should have liked to play this seemingly innocent killer on the stage. Yes, I'm longing to go back to it. It's the love of the theatre that makes a person go on the stage, but it's the love of money that makes him go into pictures. This is particularly true of young people. When they love the theatre they don't ask how much they're going to be paid. They want to know what sort of play they're to be in. That's the reason I tried to come to Hollywood the first question is, 'What salary do I get? I'm no different from others. At the same time I'm not going to go for a part simply for the sake of money. And I can thank the stage for the part I'm now playing. If I hadn't happened to see the play in London I'd still be the usual Robert Montgomery part. Not that I'd kept at it everlastingly. I still want to go back to the theater, if only to do a play as it is meant to be done."

"I very definitely want to play Cyrano, and I want to play it on the stage. It's only there that it's possible to give a complete picture of that actor. The film has been done. But I'm hoping as I've never hoped since coming to Hollywood to do something worth-while with this part, something to justify the decided change I've made. My hopes are based on the fact that it gives me something to think about, instead of amibly doing the sort of thing that deplorable the people. All these experiences will think of it, of course, I've no means of knowing. But it is reasonable to suppose their minds will be filled with the company. They'll have a long time I've thought of nothing else."

"Has anyone tried to murder you?" is your anxious inquiry.

"Oh, yes, twice. But after this picture they probably will."

Hang him, more likely - hang him with new laurels.

70
that he is honestly thrilled with every
evidence
that he is "registering."
He and I went out on to the porch that
overlooks a small, cocked-back lawn.
Breakfast and Tyrone can hardly in the
hope that he'll gain weight, was served by
his excellent cook.
"Well, it's this way," he said when I
complimented the food. "I didn't always
eat regularly when I was trying to get a
break in pictures. And I enjoy eating reg-
ularly—and well."
His guide made him persist in tackling
Hollywood without financial aid from his
mother. She was teaching dramatics in
Cleveland and he came West when his
father, particularly noted for a Shake-
spearean repertoire, was signed for a film
lead. Before the picture got into produc-
tion his father died—in Tyrone's arms.
"I'm going to move once more," Tyrone
admitted. "We've been here almost a year,
which is a record. But I'm looking in
Beverly for a larger place. Here the
garage is under mother's bedroom and I
waken her when I come in late and go
out early. Anyway, living in Beverly will
be more like living, won't it?"
Being with Tyrone I was beginning to
sense, is living as you've always meant to
live. Dreams are materializing fantastic
for him and should you, too, go... with
whom? Exciting stars have to re-
capture big moments; he's having all of
his right now.
In one year I was in and out of ten
different apartments," he was confessing
next. "After my father's death I stayed
on in Hollywood. After a while I hung
on. I got a stock contract at Universal,
which paid just enough for board and
room. Richard Cromwell used to stop by
and give me a ride to the studio. But I
quit that embryo drama school because it
wasn't leading to screen roles for anyone
in it. Father had left me a little money and
gradually I was down to one room and not
too much food as I tried for parts in pic-
tures. I couldn't even get extra work!"
Fortunately the stage, after a two-year
assault, was kinder.
"Now that mother's with me after our
having been apart for five years I want
her to have the best."
But having the best revived the memory
of Uncle Frank,
"Can you drive downtown with me? I've
got to see Uncle Frank?"
A person so important to Tyrone was
a person I knew I should meet. When
Tyrone put on a suit I glanced around his
own room. Two huge photographs of Sonja
Henie were autographed in the tenderness
of terms. They dressed up the masculine
simplicity of the bedroom.
Out to the garage we sped, and climbed
into his Cord. It's an all-black convertible
model and Tyrone, being anxious to tan,
keeps the top down most of the time. As
we hurried down Wilshire Boulevard he
admitted, "I usually am guilty of a silly
smile.['Sy, you stick that paper inside the
car and whenever I get to a stop signal
I grab my journal and read while I'm
waiting. Then the horns commence behind
me to bring me back to earth."
But by now I could no longer suppress
my curiosity as to the purpose of this jaunt.
"Oh, pardon me," cried Tyrone. "Uncle
Frank's the banker! I mean he ran a goal
uncle. Nor a banker, for that matter. He
was my father's attorney and so as soon
as I got my contract I remembered what
respect I'd always had for him and his
opinions. I went to him and asked him if
he'd handle my salary. After all, I know
what poor business men most actors are;
I want to save something. Consequently
I'm on a budget that's not so large as I'll
let you imagine. All bills go to Uncle
Frank and I just have a little each week
for a few personal expenses. The only time
I've been on the carpet was when I sent
all those orchids to Sonja. When Sonja
left town for a skating tour Tyrone im-
petuously wired her a bouquet of orchids
for each exhibition. "The florist," Tyrone
recalled happily, "didn't present the bill
to Uncle Frank until I'd been able to send
quite a few bouquets! I'm not extravagant,
though," he added. "I've been accustomed
to stretching actual cash and I still stretch
it."
Uncle Frank proved to be a genial
guardian. Tyrone conferred with him about
the move to Beverly. "Since my option's
been taken up, I really should get out there.
It'll be keen for mother not to have to
sleep over my car coming and going. We
can find a place, reasonable enough, that'll
have a swimming pool. Carl, down at the
athletic club, has recommended more swim-
ing for you, me. And then we can
have a small playroom, with room for
a badminton net. I have to return some of
these social obligations I'm acquiring!"
"My boy, I don't need all that sales
chatter!" Uncle Frank beamed and Tyrone,
betwixt diplomatically grave, chuckled
right. "You may look for a larger house,
continued the sage of the Power funds.
"But better let your mother do the looking,
and better have her say it's for herself.
If you go around they'll raise their prices
on you."
Whereupon we left the office building.
Tyrone attempting to be nonchalant under
the admiring stares cast his way by every-
one who saw him.
We'd lingered over breakfast and it was
nearing 11:30 as we crossed Western Ave-
ue, half-way back to Hollywood from Los
Angeles. I learned then precisely what's a
treat to a movie star.
"Do you mind if we stop in at West-
more's for a few minutes?" Tyrone ques-
tioned. "I feel like a bender."
I coughed impolitely. "At a hair and
wig establishment?"
"Sure! That's where I get my hair cut.
When you're on a picture a haircutter has
to be a delicate proposition; it must be
right, crisp and a snap so you're in a state
of status quo for the camera. But now I
don't have to work for two weeks. So I'm
going to be shagged!" At my look of horror
he chuckled. "You don't think actors like
those long haircuts that are foisted on
them in the name of Art, do you? They're
like wanting to scratch yourself and not
being able to. So no, I'm certain I won't be
looking into a camera for a spell I have
me a hair bender!" His face was ecstas-}

Lounging in her own back yard, Bette Davis makes herself comfortable beside
the decorative pool, and is herself right decorative in a gay and cool summer outfit.

Good bowling! Tyrone Power plays the alley game often, and expertly.
The Robert Youngs enjoy an evening of dancing at a Hollywood club.
How the Best Laughs Are Born
Continued from page 33

"Thinking to top Chaplin's gag, Doug gave the 'owl to the conductor, with instructions to have the chef prepare it for his (Fairbanks') dinner. Then he sent the comedian a long wire, dwelling on its delicious flavor.

"Immediately a wire came back: 'For the love of heaven, why do you have to like check? Your eating it set me back $800.'"

"The duck was a famous trained beastie, and Chaplin had rented it from its owner. Naturally, he had to reimburse the man for the full amount."

"Powell chortled again, "Dick Arlen, Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields pulled a gag on Jack Oakie about three years ago that had rather far-reaching consequences," he contributed.

"Jack was thinking of building a house in the Toluca Lake district, where the trio had homes. Over a cocktail one afternoon, they thought it would be amusing to start a "Keep Oakie Out of Toluca Lake" movement—as a joke, of course—and immediately set about having a few signs painted carrying that slogan. They put these up both on their own lots and about the neighborhood.

"Some of the local papers heard about it and ran stories, kidding the idea. They even used a few photographs of the signs, some with Jack in the picture, others with Arlen and Crosby. Eastern papers got hold of the story, however, and took it seriously. One big metropolitan journal, I remember, carried the headline, 'Oakie Banned From Exclusive Film Colony'—another, 'Oakie Blackballed By Celebrities.'"

"The whole thing created such a furor about the country that Jack received several thousand letters from fans crying out against the injustice accorded him. Jack, of course, thought it a grand joke, and even now, has one of the signs hung in his home."

"I always like to think of Gloria Swanson as the little gal who couldn't get a job," Warner Baxter stopped to light a cigarette and call for the check.

"At the height of Gloria's fame, when her name stood at the top of the heap, she made a bet with Thomas Meighan that she could go the rounds of all the casting offices in Hollywood and be turned down for a job at each window. Tommy agreed, and Gloria started out, dressed as any extra girl might dress."

"That night, she returned, triumphant. She had applied to every casting director and not one had given her any encouragement. Several had even informed her she
wasn't the type and advised her not to waste her time trying to get on the screen.

"I have time for just one more story," Colman declared, "and that is the hoax that was played on Sid Grauman and all the other first-nighters by a press agent at one of Sid's most elaborate world premieres.

"Professor Albert Einstein, the scientist, had been scheduled to arrive in Germany that week, and although Sid had tried to get him to attend his opening he had declined. Imagine Sid's surprise, then, when, that evening, as all the notables were arriving, he chanced to glance into a Rolls-Royce town car and saw whom he thought to be Einstein.

"He hopped over to the car and opened the door himself grasped its occupant's hand in warm embrace. Then, he escorted him personally to the microphone, had him introduced over the air and saw to it that he was seated promptly. With the honored guest was the young reporter whom Sid knew intimately.

"The next morning there appeared a story which must have made Sid's blood run cold. The man whom he had greeted and welcomed as Einstein was, in reality, a little tailor from Main Street, who resembled the celebrated scientist most accurately and who had been badly planned by the innocent-looking reporter."

As the three friends arose, Baxter again addressed Colman. "You haven't answered my question, Colman--"

"Mister Baxter," Colman spoke eloquently, "the answer is--NO!"

Hollywood Holiday
Continued from page 55

The Story So Far

Marsha Drew, script girl, goes to a popular café for dinner with Keith Knowles, one of the leading stars of the screen. But the evening is spoiled for Marsha, because Keith inhales too freely, and returning in his car there is a collision. Rumors about the accident reach the studio, and Marsha is discharged. Though she has been out on one date only with Keith, she knows he loves her. But during the long time she работed so unavailingly for a job, she never sees him. Her money gone, her confidence shaken, Marsha is aimlessly walking along a street when she sees a car bearing down on an elderly, somewhat feeble man. She leaps forward and throtes the man and herself clear of the car--the man is, in fact, as the father of one of Hollywood's most important producers, and insists she must come to dinner that night and meet his son.

And one and not having any lunch money, anyhow.

At lunch, the days they ate off the lot, she met writers from other studios. They were interesting, too. Writers suddenly became people. Before, they had been just part of the set-up of the studio. Now, they were warm, friendly human beings. A bit erratic, some of them. Most of them jolly and generous and amusing. Marsha tried to talk about herself--so they wouldn't see what an amateur she was. Few enough of them asked questions. They were too interested in themselves to worry about what had happened to Marsha Drew, the newest writer at Greater Pictures, before she even came to Greater Pictures.

Salary. One hundred and fifty dollars every week! It seemed unbelievable--another unreal thing--a part of that picture in which she was living again--a Hollywood holiday.

Luckily, Marsha didn't owe any money--mostly because she hadn't known anyone from the studio was going to ask her to. So she started right in spending her money. And, when you haven't had any money for a long time, that is a beautiful thing to do. Marsha was sorry she thought money had to be that important--but important it was--there was no getting away from that.

First of all she moved into another apartment. A lovely, sunny apartment--without a disappointing bed in the place. There were two rooms--in fact, she couldn't count the perfect little kitchen. The bedroom was furnished in Monterey style, with light, rather rough wood furniture and gay chintz. The living room was a bit plain too. The walls were a rough cream, the furniture covered in plain rust-colored linen or in a gay pattern. It was fun to come back to this apartment and to feel that it was really hers. For a while, anyhow!

She bought some new clothes. Plain sports things for the studio. She was glad she was slender so she could wear ready-made clothes easily. She liked the little tailored short-waist dresses which were so easy to find during her lunch hours, little, plain pull-down hats and loose coats. She bought a new polo coat of soft tan camel's hair.

She got a new radio. The old one was so tinny. This one was small and not at all bad looking. She wished she could afford to have a built-in one. Maybe, some day she could have one like that.

Before long she was able to make a down payment on a car. A new car. A Ford. Shining and black and very sleek. She had never owned a new car before. Owning a new car gives you a fine feeling of having real things belonging to you. Wearing her smart new clothes, driving the new car far into the country or out to the beach on Sundays and coming home to the gay little apartment. That was living!

So was working in the studio living. Going over sentences until they said aloud what she wanted them to say. Biting hard at the end of a pencil as she tried to get her thoughts marching.

It was hard work--and it was fun at the same time. More fun, certainly, than she had ever had working. If she could only make good at it! She didn't mind long hours--she was used to that. She didn't mind hard work--concentration. But there was the fear that maybe she wasn't really a writer, after all. Yet there were few people who would confess--and there she'd be, with all of her lovely dreams of writing unfilled!

At the end of six weeks--before she had been an employee of the contract was renewed for three months. And with a raise in salary! She worked harder than ever. At the end of three months more she was given another raise--and a six months' contract--with promises of more raises and better pictures to come.

Her first picture was all right! Everyone said so. Not an important picture, certainly, but a nice little comedy. Assignment was put with Horace Murk, an experienced scenario writer.

Horace was nearly fifty. He had started in the business as a student and had been one of the few survivors who had been able to make the grade successfully in pictures that required dialogue as well as action. Even now, his dialogue was none too good, as the studio knew. But his camera knowledge was unlimited. He was a conceited little man, fat, with a mussed-up look, almost humorless, but much more about writing for pictures than Marsha did that she welcomed him eagerly. They worked together happily, with the idea of being over little things. On the whole, though, Murk was willing to take Marsha's point of view. He knew that if he didn't have a successful picture soon he'd be out on his ear. Marsha looked like a winner. He decided to play along with her.

The next picture, still unimportant, was wanted. Murk wanted to form a partnership--or were they always? So many successful couples worked together! Marsha didn't know what to do. She didn't want to work with him always. That was certain.

The studio solved things. This time Murk to work on a Western--and let Marsha write by herself again.

She felt a little surer of herself now. She was given a well-known script to try to put into scenario form. This was fun! Evenings weren't as much fun as day times. She had made friends at the studio--she was a little afraid of friends, now, out of business hours. She went to the movies. She went to restaurants. But it wasn't awfully gay.

Marsha was alone in Hollywood--any place is bound to get pretty blue--unless she is the sort of girl who prefers being alone--and Marsha wasn't that sort. What could she do?

She thought that money would make all of the difference in the world. It didn't make all the difference. But it did do a great deal. You can't be quite as miserable if you're living in a fresh, gay, colorful apartment and wearing good-looking, well-fitted clothes and driving a brand new car, and having a job. But if you're alone and penniless and without friends, but you need not be so awfully happy, either. And Marsha wasn't happy--and, then she saw her chance--she saw her chance! She saw her chance! She didn't even see her

Loretta Young in just the proper setting for her colorful costume, modish for all its Moorish origin.
"The snapshot wouldn’t let me forget her"

I DIDN’T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I’d dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn’t let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that “it gets the picture”—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don’t take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.
"I LOVE YOUR LIPS!"

Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee Lips! Men despise a "painted look." Tangee isn’t paint—it’s the only lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm. Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won’t rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness, $2.90 and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.

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but the sight of him gave her a curious glow of happiness! Where had he been all the time? She had pictured him gay in the various night clubs, with women showering attentions on him—and now it occurred to her that she hadn’t even seen him any place in a long time—and it is unusual for a Hollywood star to stay long out of the local society and gossip columns.

It is silly, of course, to be in love with a man you’ve known only briefly—and who is far out of your own circle. Marsha knew that. She knew that it was just as silly for her to be in love with Keith Knowles now as it had been when she was a script girl. And yet she was in love with him! She knew that. There was no use even trying to deny to herself that she was making a mistake, as she had that evening they spent together. She knew, now, that underneath her whole life, the days she had been so miserable as well as those she had been so content, the color and the personality of Keith Knowles was a part of her, deep, perhaps hidden even in her unconscious mind—but there just the same. What could she do about it? She shook her head. Nothing at all! That was the worst of it!

One of her pictures went into production. She could walk out on the lot and over to the set and watch it being made! To be sure it was only an unimportant "EFS" picture, but she had a certain credit with two other writers, at that; but, in a way, it was her picture. She had had the original idea. She had written some of the dialogue.

For the first time in her life she felt a sense of power. No wonder stars get conceited and self-centered when their whole world seems to revolve around them. Marsha was nothing, even now, in the industry—or even in the company for which she worked. But here her lines were being said by real flesh and blood actors. And she probably could

Three more pictures, all adaptations—and a full year rolled by. Marsha’s salary had doubled. She had a new, well-furnished office now. She was definitely an established writer.

She took a small house—and, with the help of a clever young decorator, bought new furnishings too. Gay things. Lots of book shelves for the books she was accumulating rapidly—for so much of the time it was more fun to stay home and read than to go to the places that were open to her.

She had made friends during the year. Plummer Hallett had invited her to parties at his house and there she had met people who, in turn, had invited her to other parties. Some were gay. Some were dull. All lacked something—and Marsha knew what they lacked.

The writers at the studio invited her on parties, too. And there she met more writers and actors. Men made engagements with her. It was no novelty, now, to be invited to have dinner in the few good restaurants in Hollywood. She wore good clothes, felt at home, and got these engagements lacked something too.

She knew what the lack was. She had known, ever since the day she had passed Keith Knowles in his car, though he hadn’t seen her. She was in love with Keith, still, and the fact that this was obviously a hopeless love didn’t keep her from loving him. All it did, really, was to

make her less interested in other men and, because of that, undoubtedly less interesting to them.

Plummer Hallett called her into his office one morning. She went in, no longer the frightened little novice, but the experienced young writer, a bit sure of herself, just as eager to do good work, but with a certain belief that she could make good, if given an even break.

"It’s about a picture for our new English star, Beatrice Andrews," he said. "It’s her first picture. And we’re spending a lot of money on her, as you know. We’ve bought a big budget and have chosen you to write the picture."

He paused. "We picked you out to make the adaptation. I hope you’ll do a good job. I said I knew you could get the work done."

Marsha was touched and delighted. Hallett had given her her first chance. Now he was giving her a really big opportunity. And she could do the very best I can," she said, eagerly.

She did. She worked as hard on the play as she had ever worked on anything. Working hard makes you forget you are lonely. And, besides, she had a very real desire to do a good piece of work.

And the curious thing happened. Almost without knowing it, the man in the picture became Keith Knowles. It was not only a good Keith Knowles part for her, but the part seemed to grow as good as the parts he had had when he first became a star. The woman’s part was good, of course. But it required a man’s part equally as well.

After the usual number of conferences and rewritings, the scenario was accepted. It would be all ready for Beatrice Andrews in a month.

Marsha heard them discussing the masculine lead. They talked of the various stars and leading men that were under consideration—or who could be borrowed. And Keith Knowles’ name was never mentioned! A few were discarded as impossible for the part. A few others were not available. Finally, three were chosen tentatively, to await the pleasure of the English star.

Beatrice Andrews arrived. She was spoiled, petulant, the typical visiting star, who had to show her importance by frequent fits of bad temper.

In her first term, she fought with half of the people in the studio. Later she increased this percentage. But here she was! Money was invested in her. Publicity had been built up about her. And there was the picture, ready to be made.

Within a week, for obvious reasons of her own, Miss Andrews eliminated all of the men chosen to play opposite her. And Greater Pictures didn’t know what to do!

Hallett was worried. He said something to Marsha about it. And Marsha took all of her courage into her hands and dared make a suggestion.

"Why not put Keith Knowles into the part?" she asked as casually as she could.

Hallett looked at her curiously.

"Funny you should have said that," he answered. "I have thought of Keith Knowles. Of Keith Knowles of a few years ago, that is. The Keith Knowles today, as you must know, is a great actor. I don’t believe he could be trusted with a part like this—even if he were able to photograph acceptably. You can’t be drunk night after night without it showing."

"Maybe, if he had this chance, he could come back," Marsha said.

Hallett looked at her again.

"Don’t be so pessimistic of inexperience," he said. "You don’t drink much, do you?"

Marsha had to admit that she didn’t.

"That’s why you don’t know what drink
can do to a man. It breaks down his backbone—the very fibre of his success.

"I bet he could make good—if you believed that he could," Marsha said. She heard herself pleading for Keith Knowles—and was a little amazed at her own boldness.

"I'm afraid we'll look over the other possibilities first," Hallett said.

Marsha saw them suggest and dismiss practically every juvenile and every young male lead or star in Hollywood. And then Hallett said to her, "We're calling your friend, Keith Knowles, in for a test. You know him?"

"Yes," said Marsha.

"Know him well enough so that you could sort of, well, promise that he'd stay sober on the picture?"

Marsha hesitated. She knew she didn't know Keith well enough to promise anything about him. She had been out with him exactly one night—and he'd been drunk then. But she did love him. And she had learned, since her talk with Hallett, that unless something changed for him pretty soon he'd definitely be on his way out. She smiled up at Hallett. And she knew fully what she was saying—and what it meant to her—to her word of honor, to her reputation.

"Yes, I'll promise. He'll stay sober. I'll—" she said.

Keith came over to make his test. He was a sleek, beautifully groomed, Marsha wondered how he managed to look so well. She was sure the test would be satisfactory.

He was surrounded by a dozen people. Hallett, the director, Miss Andrews, who evidently liked him, a couple of Greater Pictures officials. She wanted to talk to him. Didn't know what to do.

As Keith was leaving, Marsha joined the group. She went up to him cordially, said "Hello," as if she knew him well. Keith looked at her, and looked perplexed for just an instant. She felt terrible! What could she say to Hallett if he didn't even remember her? And then, "Hello!" Keith said, "I didn't know you were over here. How are you?"

"I'm fine," she said, and went on, hurried: "I'd like to talk with you. Just a minute. Before you go."

She never knew quite how she managed it but in ten minutes he was alone with her in her office. Quickly, she mapped things out for him. Told him something of herself. Then about the picture. And finally of her propose.

"You did that for me?" he said. "Well, I'm damned!"

"And you're going to make good! It will just about ruin me here if you don't," Marsha said.

"But why?" Keith asked. "You hardly know me. I am a bum, really. I've been drunk every night for two weeks. It took everything my valet and a Turkish bath could do to get me here. I wouldn't have promised a thing," he went on.

"I've already done the promising." Marsha answered. But she didn't say why she had done it. Nor how frightened she was about the whole thing.

"All right, I'll put myself in your hands," said Keith. "And it's going to be hard work, too, but I'll do the best I can—if you really mean you want to help me!"

"Of course I do," said Marsha. She knew she really did.

They weren't easy, those weeks. Beatrice Andrews pulled all of her temperament, which ranged from temper to trying to attract Keith by using every fair and unfair attack.

Keith wanted to drink—and he didn't hesitate to say so. Marsha used all of her knowledge of feminine psychology—and wished she knew more. She felt a combination of jailer, mother, sister, maiden aunt and girl friend. She was nearer tears than happiness—though it was happiness even
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

SWEET-MILK DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs (beaten lightly)
1 cup sugar
3/4 teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)
3 tablespoons melted Crisco
3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
3/4 cup flour


"But I don't get time to cook now—and I won't until the new 'Broadway Melody' is finished," mourned the famous dancer. "I've gone out at night three times since I arrived in Hollywood, and I'm always having to turn down invitations to go somewhere. Sometimes boys I know go into pictures—come in for dinner, if I haven't an early call, but that's rare. Then Abby sometimes gives us her Spanish Chocolate Pudding, which is one of my favorites.

SPANISH CHOCOLATE PUDDING

6 eggs
1/2 lb sugar
3 ounces grated Bakers chocolate
1 1/2 pint cream
3/4 ounces Knox gelatine

Beat the yolks of the eggs, put them in a bowl with the grated chocolate and sugar and cream. Stir these ingredients well and pour into a double boiler. Stir one troy until it thickens but do not let it boil or it will curdle.

Strain into a bowl, beat 1 1/2 pint cream until thick and stir in the dissolved gelatine. Mix this into the chocolate cream very lightly and pour into a mold which has been oiled with olive oil and put on ice to harden.

"I don't know why it is, but we seldom eat raw fruit at our house," said Eleanor, presently. "When I was little, I remember we used to eat an apple or an orange or a pear in the evenings, but now we seem to go in for fruit juice or applesauce, or stewed apricots. Nobody told me to, it just happened, so don't say it's my diet!"

She laughed and her dog Ruggles came dashing across the room to leap into her lap.

He put out his black paw to me, widened his jaws politely and gave a swift short bark. As much as to say: "That's all for today! You can go home now!"

So we went!
"Did you leave him—dead?"

"Not very! Again Gil's laugh came quickly and short. "He was cursing heartily."

"Cursing?" The Cardinal sighed as he opened a drawer in his great desk and took out a silken purse. "A small exercise, my friend, widely practiced but entirely ineffective."

"Even if one happens to be a churchman and does it professionally," Gil parried. "Alas!" the Cardinal smiled. "A pretty thrust! With that tongue you might have made a churchman yourself."

"My life has been full of narrow escapes, Your Eminence." Gil bowed as he accepted the purse and Richelieu's eyes narrowed at the arrogance of the man and his words.

"I suppose you'll rush to the tables and lose it all."

**UNDER THE RED ROBE**

*A New World Picture*

Produced by Robert T. Kane

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

**THE CAST**

Gil de Berault..........Conrad Veidt

Lady Marguerite.........Annabella

Cardinal Richelieu......Raymond Massey

Martius..................Romney Brent

Duchess of Foix.........Sophie Stewart

Duke of Foix............F. Wyndham Goldie

Father Joseph...........Lawrence Grant

Count Rossignac.........Haddon Mason

Baron Breteuil...........J. Fisher White

Adapted from the novel by Stanley J. Weyman. Play by Edward Rose. Screen play by Lajos Biro, Philip Lindsay, J. L. Hodson. Directed by Victor Seastrom.

"Oh, no, Your Eminence," Gill stuffed the purse confidently into his pocket. "I'll rush to the tables and double it!"

Even a cardinal couldn't help that smile of amusement as he watched him stride toward the door; then suddenly he remembered.

"Berault?" There was only the iron in his voice now. "You heard I had issued an edict against duelling?"

"No, Your Eminence." Gill's lips twisted. "I was away, fighting a duel by Your Eminence's orders."

"That was in the service of France," The Cardinal's voice reproved him. "Four thousand noblemen were killed in duels last year, my own brother among them. I'm determined to put an end to it. I mean this, Berault."

"But if I fight from sheer force of habit?" Gill smiled.

"I'll have you hanged." The Cardinal assured him as he turned back to his desk.

He sighed as he studied the papers Gil had brought him. It was as Richelieu thought, the Huguenots were trying to get English money for a general uprising, and his mouth was set in a forbidding line as he asked the captain of his guard to be sent for. Then as always when his mind was troubled he picked up his flute and began to play. And he played on after the captain stood before him, studying the music as if it were the only thing in the world that interested him.

He didn't look at the officer when he spoke at last.

Almost as if he hadn't spoken he picked up the flute again and the melody came louder and piercing sweet, but melodious and enough to cloak the murmurs of excitement that came from the anteroom beyond the study door as the Captain of the Cardinal's Guard arrested the two noblemen who names had been written on the papers.

Richelieu turned then and answered the unspoken question in the eyes of his secretary.

"Yes, Joseph. They will hang." And then as the gentle old priest gasped a little and closed his eyes that had looked too long on the pain of the world, he said fiercely:

"Now tell me I am ruthless."

"You are ruthless." For all the calmness in the old priest's voice there was courage there too.

"Tell me I am cruel." The Cardinal persisted.

"You are."

"And rightly." It was almost as if Richelieu was arguing not only against Father Joseph's inclinations for clemency but against his own inclinations, "Those men are traitors, followers of that arch traitor Duke Edmond, plotting the ruin of all that I have toiled for ten years to build up. At this very moment Edmond is across the Spanish border raising money in England to back the entendee. Now, Joseph, we shall have the South in flames again and civil war in France."

The old priest's hands lifted.

"God forbid!" he said fervently. "God, and my cruelty!" And again the Cardinal sighed as he picked up the flute that was away there to solace a mind grown weary in intrigue.

It was as Richelieu had known it would be with Gil, and it was to the gaming rooms he went that night, his heavy purse lying before him as he looked at the cards. Loyal servant Brissac of the Cardinal's Guard had just dealt him Luck was running with his cards and he always ran with his sword and the scowl on his adversary's face deepened as he swept in pile after pile of gold pieces.

"Marked cards!" Brissac flung down his hand as his last gold piece followed the others across the table. The others laughed because Brissac's poor sportsmanship was a byword in his regiment, but there was not an axewielding man in Gil's eyes as he sprang to his feet.

His left hand reached over the small table and grabbed Brissac by the chin and the room that a moment before had been alive with laughter and raucous voices was so still that the slap of Gil's glove could be heard in every corner of it.

Everyone turned their feet then in protest of Gil's challenge to a duel. And Brissac paled and whimpered. "But the Cardinal's edict!" he protested. "Fight me or I'll flag you through the streets!" Gil shouted, Candelight flickered on clattering steel as Brissac drew his sword to defend himself and down the length of the room the men fought. And then always it was Brissac who retreated and Gil who pursued until at last his sword pierced the other's shoulder and he wiped it contemptuously on a table cover.

Gil was taken to the prison and he had expected that—but the Cardinal's edict that he should hang was more than he had bargained for.

So there came the morning when he stood with his throat bare and his hands tied behind him, watching the two Hughes not noblemen who preceded as they mounted the gallowes. Then rude hands pushed him upwards and he stood with the blue sky over him and he tried to think that his luck was still holding with such a clear day of Autumn to die in though he had never thirsted before for life and the old lusty way of living it.

Then a horseman came riding as Gil would have ridden himself, furiously as if there was no moment to spare, and there was no moment for even then Gil was feeling that small weight of the rope knotted under his chin. And then even his quick mind was unable to believe when he heard the Cardinal had decreed he was to live.

He was glad of that half hour he had on the ride back to the Cardinal's palace so that he could take hold of himself once more and be his old, laughing, swaggering self as he stood before Richelieu again.

"If this is the way your sentence is suspended," the Cardinal said slowly.

"Better my sentence, than myself, Your Eminence." And again there was that mockery in his eyes,

"I'm not at all sure of that, but I'm giving you a chance to prove it." The Cardinal's words came reprovingly. "By serving France as you have never served her before."

There would be another duel, the Cardinal went on, and then as Gil's eyes brightened, he smiled a little. But of what this time, he assured him, and Gil's face fell only to smile again when he was told he would have good need of his sword too. For it was to Duke Edmond's castle he was going to gain the confidence of the Duke's wife and sister so that when Edmond visited them as was his habit, he could arrest him and bring him back to Paris.

"Should they find you out you'll be luckier if they give you a quick death," the Cardinal threatened. "And if you fail me, I'll promise you a slow one.

"I always get my man," Gil said slowly. But his face darkened as he thought of Marius, the young man Richelieu told him was to be his servant, for it was not to Gil's liking to be spied upon.

Gil was too furious to speak as Marius followed on his heels to the postern gate where two horses were already saddled and waiting.

"Do you go pride?" he shot the question at Marius as if he begrudged even those few words.

"Yes, Master." The boy stood there grinning.

"Can you use your hands?"

"Oh yes, Master!" The grin widened. "You'll be surprised."

"Will the, the社会科学, we start, the better. What's the time?" Gil glared at the boy as he searched his pocket for his watch, only to see the lad grinning as he held it. "Here, that's my watch," he shouted.

"Where did you find it?"

"In your pocket. Master. It's just four o'clock."

"When?" Gil bellowed the words so loud one of the horses wheeled.

"When you were asking whether I could use it or I'll flag you through the streets!"

"The devil you don't!" Gil reached out his hand, "Give it to me!"

But the boy's hands were already empty. "I have it, Master. I saw it on the table when you were appealing to Cardinal's gate."

"This is the place to create Gil rode down on the madly swirling water rushing over jagged rocks.

"Master! There was piteous appeal in the words. "You'll never get across it alive, I couldn't." 

"No." Gil smiled wryly. "That's why I chose it. Goodbye, my lad, and tell the Cardinal the next time he gives me a faith-
ful dog he'd better choose a water spaniel."

There was that sudden cold as his body hit the water and the force of the current carrying him down stream and hurling him against the rocks so that even his strength seemed powerless against it, and there was that moment before he pulled himself on the other shore when he thought he would have to give in. So he was not shamming altogether when the Duke's men found him apparently unconscious and carried him into the castle.

He opened his eyes to look into blue eyes as deep and as darkling clear as the night sky had been in that moment when he had been almost sure he would never see sky nor stars nor moon again; and he thought this woman standing there holding a candle high so that its light made a halo on her hair the fairest woman he had ever seen.

"Brandy" she ordered, and he saw then the other, more timorous woman who was with her, and the middle-aged serving woman holding a butcher's knife as threateningly as if she meant to cut out his heart; and remembering his part then, he groaned and closed his eyes again as a servant came in with a glass.

"Thank you, Madame," he whispered as Marguerite lifted the glass to his lips, and her eyes danced as she smiled at her sister-in-law for it was evident that the man had confused her with Elise who was the Duke's wife. Then that ever-present fear that must always be with those whose lives are lived with danger and who know they are hunted made her voice come sharply: "Who are you?"

"Raymond de Barthe, Madame," And his head went back on the pillow as if even that effort had been too much for him. "I was attacked and thrown into the river."

"Do you know where you are?" And then as Gil nodded she went on. "You will be Duke Edmond's guest until you recover."

She watched as the man helped Gil from the room, then her low laugh came: "Not a very clever spy; he took me for Edmond's wife and you for me!"

"Do you think he is a spy?" Elise whispered. "He looks like a gentleman and he must be brave to swim the river in broad daylight."

"We'll soon find out," Marguerite said tensely. "Have Pierre send a pigeon to Paris. Ask them if they know anything about a man who calls himself Raymond de Barthe."

It was hardly an hour later that she was sure her first instincts about the man were right, for just as she was about to sit down to supper with Elise, Louis came in to them with the warning that their guest was prowling around the castle.

With her small head flung high Marguerite went in search of him.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded.

"You will never forgive me," Gil bowed before her. "You will think me very ungrateful."

"Possibly," Marguerite's eyes smoldered. "But since you see fit to explore the house at night, you had better tell me."

Gil seemed to hesitate a moment as if he were afraid of hurting her. "Food, Madame," he said then, and Marguerite couldn't help that small laugh that came with her relief.

"You certainly need not die of hunger here," She was easier with him now. "Louis," she turned to the servant, "the gentleman will have dinner with us."

She questioned him closely as they sat over their food and wine and sometimes Elise, who was more timorous, flashed at the forthrightness of her queries.

"Are you journeying just for pleasure?"

Her question came lightly but Gil saw how her hand tensed as she took up her glass.

"No, Madame, I am on my way to Spain." He seemed to hesitate. "I want to
In spite of her daily bath
she's an
UNDERARM VICTIM!

E VERY day she makes the same mis-
take. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

see Duke Edmond. He may be glad of a good sword."

Before she could answer there was a frenzied ringing at the gate and Marius came rushing in followed by one of the Duke's men.

"Master!" He came forward eagerly as he saw Gil and the man's face froze as he saw him. But he recovered in time and spoke quickly, his words giving Marius his clue, so that it seemed the servant had not been too harsh in condemning him.

But there came the night two of her brother's followers came riding from Paris and she received them in the tapestried library and read the dispatch they had brought with them. None of their friends knew of any man by the name Gil had chosen to call himself.

At first she thought of letting the men take him with them when they left to join Edmond in Spain and allow her brother to decide whether the man was an im-

E Pao, but that was impractical, for they were taking with them a fortune in dia-

Rntes that the Huguenot ladies had given for their cause. And those diamonds were more important than any living one of them, for they were to be used to pay the wages of the army Edmond was raising.

She looked up horrified to see Gil smili-

E Fing from the doorway and threw her scarf quickly over the stones and though she could not be sure he had not seen, she listened as impassively as the others to Gil's plea that he be allowed to go to Spain.

"But I thought you were happy here," she said after he begged again that he be allowed to leave with her friends. "Why this decision to go?"

"I'd better not tell you," he said slowly.

"I am a guest in this house, you are the wife of the master of this house. Please don't ask me any more."

His meaning was unmistakable, and Mar-

Guerite couldn't suppress her amused smile at this man who thought he was making love to her brother's wife.

Are you in the habit of running away when you fall in love?" she asked lightly.

"You are not afraid any more?" She tried to laugh but it broke and became al-

most a sob instead as she stepped back from him.

"No." He took a quick step towards her but she twisted away again. "You are afraid of me."

"So you are prepared to dishonor the master of the house!"

"I would face damnation if the mistress of the house cared for me," he said, and then his heart went suddenly dead as he heard her laugh.

"The mistress of the house?" Marguerite laughed as she thought of Elise. "No, I'm afraid you haven't made much of impression on the mistress of the house, I'm sorry to shatter your dreams, but I'm afraid she doesn't care two straws for you!"

She was gone then and only when she knew she was out of his hearing did the laughter leave her lips and something like a sob come instead. Oh, it was true what she had said. Elise didn't care a straw for the man and Elise was indeed the mistress of the house. But she cared, she, Marguerite. She cared so much that her heart almost broke from it.

It was the first time Gil had ever al-

owed a woman to flout him and his heart was filled with rage for her and all the women. Now, for the first time since he had come there he was heart and soul for the thing he was doing.

While Marius watched him he fastened
a rope to the turret window. "Listen," he said tensely, "When I pull the rope you follow me down."

"Down there? I couldn't." Marius shuddered. "I've no head for heights."

"You've sworn to follow me like a dog. haven't you?" Gil laughed. "Well then, pull yourself together and follow me like a cat. You get eight more lives that way. Will you risk it? We've got to search the Baron's room and get those diamonds."

"What diamonds?" Marius grimmed. "These?" And he held up a bag of stones Gil had seen on the library table. "It was easy, Master. I just squeezed past the Baron on that narrow staircase."

The stones were safe under Gil's pillow that night and he laughed as he heard the beat of horses' hoofs on the courtyard below and knew the men were off without missing the jewels.

Marguerite and Elise were sitting with their needlework the next morning when the Baron came back with the news of the loss of the diamonds.

"We must search every inch of the house, the room you slept in, the underground passage, everywhere!" she cried. Marius grimmed from behind the screen he had chosen as a vantage point and hurried to tell the news to Gil. It was important knowing where that secret passage was if they hoped to trap the Duke when he came; and they rushed outside, finding their way stealthily among the shrubs trying to discover the place where the Baron's horse was tethered which would be the logical entrance of the underground passage. But they could not know the Baron had already left.

"Can I help you?" A cold voice asked, and Gil turned to see Marguerite looking scornfully at him and then as he pretended amazement she went on coldly: "With your work as a spy, I mean. It's an ugly word I know, but then it's not a very pretty profession, is it Monsieur de Barthe?"

"I know nothing about it, Madame," he said coldly.

"Oh, please!" Her hands went up in quick protest. "Abuse my hospitality if you like, but don't insult my intelligence. You got into the house by a trick, you came creeping down the stairs that first night with a lie. 'Unpardonable, Madame, but I'm hungry!'"

"I was starving!" Gil said quietly.

"Starving for what?" she demanded. "Food? Or the information to sell to your dirty master?"

Gil drew himself up proudly. "You must not judge me now," he said, his nimble mind improvising as he talked, "it was to repay in some small way the hospitality which you accuse me of abusing, with something which I think you lost even before you lost your temper." And he bowed a little as he gave her the bag of diamonds. "I found them on a path way on the valley."

"Oh," Marguerite said softly and she looked at him questioningly.

"Do you mean—you want—to give these?"

"Take them back," Gil said slowly, and he was surprised at the elation he felt in serving her.

It was that evening that soldiers came to the castle searching for the Duke. It was not, the first time they had been there, but even now, knowing Edmond was not there, the old fear of them was in Marguerite's heart as they milled through the castle. But there was no outward concern to show how she felt until one of them brought Gil into the great hall. Her heart failed then as they arrested him and after they had gone she ran to the great door and her hands pounded on it as though it were a human thing that could be made to feel her own hurt. Then

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by

Elizabeth Arden
she heard the shot. She could not cry then, she could only stand there wringing her hands with that new emptiness in her heart and the minutes passing so slowly that each one of them was an eternity of torment.

When she turned and saw him she thought at first he was unreal, as though she had conjured him out of her longing and heartache. Then when he spoke, she walked slowly over to him and touched his sleeve.

"It really is you!" Her words came between laughter and tears. "But the shooting—you think it's all right?"

"Their marksmanship was very poor." It hurt to look at her, knowing it was the last time he would ever look at her, real and glowing with life. "Edmond, Madame, goodbye. I have been here too long. I might bring danger on your house."

"No!" Marguerite said tersely. "The soldiers will be off again tomorrow and if they should return we can hide you."

"Don't tempt me, Madame," the man said slowly and then as she thrust her hands out imploringly, "would you have me leave?"

Her whispered, "Yes" came so low he scarcely heard it and then her words came eager: "I have a confession to make. I've deceived you. When you first came—remember—you called me Madame. You thought I was Edmond's wife."

"Well?" The words were torn from him half jubilantly, half fearfully.

"I'm not," she said simply. "That's Elise. I'm Edmond's sister. Are you glad?"

"Glad!" He was shouting now, his eyes eager as he stepped quickly towards her. And then for all the gladness surging through her she was frightened too, as frightened of her own beating heart as at the look in his eyes and she turned and ran breathlessly up the stairs.

He caught her as she reached the door of her room and as his arms held her she no longer struggled against them.

"I had to hate you!" she whispered. "Because from the first moment I had to love you. It makes me laugh when I look back. I thought you were all kinds of horrible things—"

"You were right." His face was tense as he looked at her. "I came here under a false name. My name is de Bernault and Paris could tell you what's wrong with it. It's the name of a gambler, a duellist. The Black Death—that's what they call me, a man not fit to lick your shoe, saw her say.

"You've left out something," she said softly. "It's the name of the man I love. What do I care what you have been? Your past is past. It is your hand, your courage, your soul that belongs to the present and belongs to me!"

For a moment Gil bent his head against the softness of her cheek and there was forgetting for that space of time that he had pledged himself to do. Tomorrow he would leave, his mission unfulfilled, and even though he never saw her again the would be peace in his heart that he had done that thing he could ever do for her.

Afterwards he walked down the stairs and it was then he saw the man straightening as he approached.

"What are you doing in this house?" the stranger demanded.

"I happen to be the Duke's guest," Gil said softly. "What are you doing here?"

"I happen to be the Duke!" Edmond said, and then his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears as Marguerite and Elise came rushing down the stairs and threw their arms around him.

Suddenly Gil found his voice again.

"Go back to Spain!" he had meant to whisper the warning but his voice came in a shout. "Don't ask me why—just go. Go, while you're safe."

"Saiz?" Edmond looked at him puzzled. "From whom?"

But it was not Gil who answered. It was as if the castle itself were answering with that sudden hammering on all the doors, and a shower of hooves in the courtyard outside.

"Soldiers!" Marguerite whispered horrified and Elise gave that small, horrified sail. "The passage. They're in the passage too!"

Marius came rushing into the room as Gil stood there horrified. And it was as if the sight of this man who had taken him into action. In a second he had whipped out his pistol and advanced to Edmond.

"Duke Edmond!" His voice sounded strange now if he did not belong to the scene. "I arrest you in the name of the Cardinal. Give me your word of honor and you can come to Paris at your ease and as a gentleman. If you don't the soldiers will put you in irons."

At first it seemed almost as if Marguerite had not heard him aright; then it was like if her hands slowly turned the stone with only the torment in her eyes to show she still lived. She stood so, straight and still, as Gil showed the Captain of the soldiers the last he had for Edmond's arrest and the men left.

There was nothing she had to say to him that night and there was nothing she had to say to the Duke. Gil had sent Marius on ahead to tell the news to the Cardinal, and his heart was heavy with the thing he had to do.

It was when they reached the crossroads that led on the one side to Paris and on the other to Bordeaux that he asked to speak to her alone.

"You told me not so long ago, that you would not judge me hastily again." For all his effort his words were torn with pain but the bewilderment in her heart sensed nothing but her own sorrow.

"Fate is stronger than I." Her words came bitterly. "I am not interested in anything—"

They meant nothing as he had said long ago, that you would not judge me hastily again." For all his effort his words were torn with pain but the bewilderment in her heart sensed nothing but her own sorrow.

"Fate is stronger than I." Her words came bitterly. "I am not interested in anything—you might say. But you might be interested in what I am going to say. Here is the Duke."

"He is the Duke?" she sobbed. "Forgive me, I can't kill you!"

He put out his hand then and this time she did not tear herself away and his words came gently, "Listen to me. I came from under the gallows to arrest somebody who was his brother to him. I arrested him, others would have done so."

"Would to Heaven they had!" she cried.

"Thank you for that." He tried to smile.

"There is one course open to me which I can redeem my honor, to go back to the man who sent me and pay the penalty. I give your brother back to you. The soldiers lead to Bordeaux. He is free to go! Goodbye!"

So it was that Gil went riding back to Richelieu. Only there was no Richelieu as he had been led to think of it. He was a powerful man, arrogant with his own might, only a broken old man who had at last lost the King's favor.

No longer did he have the power to reward Gil or any other that had pleased him. Marius told him that news when he intercepted him at the inn where he knew his master would stop to change horses.
But he still had the power to hang him. Marius told him that, too, and begged him not to go.

Richelieu sat in his study with the old priest who alone remained faithful to him. It was time for his morning reception but the great anteroom was still of the voices that usually buzzed through it. So it was to fall from the King's graces. So it was to know of what feeble stuff his sycophants had been made. He had been too cruel, the King had said, there had been too much bloodshed. Cruelty—bloodshed—the words were still ringing in his ears. And he had only thought to serve France as he saw best.

He looked up to see Marguerite standing there, he listened as she spoke and his smile twisted. So this was the reason for Gil's treachery, this woman with her jumbled phrases of treachery and excuse. Of course too, he admitted grudgingly, and such love he had not known there could be between a woman and a man. "So," he said at last, his tired eyes meeting her tearful ones, "I am to forgive him because he fell in love with you?"

"No!" Her head went up proudly. "But because he did your work and did it better than you. Because of him there will be no rebellion."

"Enough!" The Cardinal looked at her sternly. "I have already been too patient. Not content with stirring up trouble among your own people you admit having seduced my trusted agent from his duty. You came here today at your own risk. Joseph, call the Captain of my Guard."

Even as she was being taken away there were sounds of voices drifting in from the anteroom and Richelieu saw them all arriving again, the bishops and the gentlemen, the ladies and the courtiers, and so even before the King's message came re-instating him because of the great work he had done in suppressing the revolution without bloodshed, he knew that he had been recalled to favor.

And again it was Gil who in all that fine company dared show himself mud-stained and torn where brambles had caught at his legs and arms and stand before the Cardinal with his old arrogance.

"You're here because my power is gone!" Richelieu thundered.

"Yes, your power to reward me," Gil bowed. "But not to hang me."

"I promised you nothing so quick as a hanging," Richelieu said testily. "Your punishment shall be such that, before death frees you, you will have time to realize what it means to play false with Richelieu!" He turned to his secretary. "Joseph, fetch the woman!"

While he waited the Cardinal scrawled some words on a piece of paper and it was almost as if he smiled when Marguerite was led into the room and he gave it to her.

They read it together, Gil and Marguerite, and as they read it they felt the shame coming back on their hearts again.

"The King's pleasure is that Lady Marguerite and M. Gil de Bereaulot retire forthwith to the demesne of Auch and confine themselves within its limits until the King's pleasure be further known."

They laughed together as they looked at the Cardinal's name scrawled in arrogant black letters on the bottom of the scroll and then they looked at the Cardinal, but already he had forgotten them.

For the great door leading to the anteroom was open, and men and women were bowling as the Cardinal stood in the doorway, his hand upraised in greeting. And as he moved slowly and majestically among them, it was the great Richelieu who condescendingly bowed to the favored ones among them. The powerful Richelieu, who had already forgotten how it felt to be old. (The End.)

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**NEW NON-GREASY ODORONO ICE**

SCREENLAND

85
Sarah herself and leading light at British Unity who will soon be starring work on their new historical film co-starring Anna Sten and the late Veidt. At the next table you will notice the ubiquitous bespectacled Alexander Korda, delicately sipping vintage hock and preparing a large party in his customary grand manner.

It's got handsome Laurence Olivier and Brian Aherne. Brian may announce he's "only good because Charles has gone" but when she had her car accident he besieged the hospital so consistently they nearly had to provide him with a ward as well! He bought her a pool and planted box of roses every day and wrote her little notes each morning until she had recovered sufficiently to be allowed to sit up in bed and take her meals. Merle made the most enchanting invalid in her pale green pajamas and quaint quilted satin coat to match embroidered with her initials on the lapels in gold.

Even Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton have been commanded to dine chez Korda. (Nobody else could induce them to mingle apart socially!) But the far-away look with which Charles is disregarding his peche Melba doesn't mean he is bored with the party. He is merely looking over dinner menus and adding new personalities to his repertoire. He spends hours in watching other people, noting the ways they behave and the little expressions that betray their real feelings. All the gestures and habits he uses in creating new characters on the screen are based on actual people he has seen. The astigmatic stare of Rembrandt was copied from the pre-occupied look frequently on the face of a world-famous English portrait painter called Lynett who has been described by her of Captain Bligh of "Mutiny on the Bounti" distinguishes a celebrated modern Admiral.

Now blink your eyes at the beautiful vision in midnight blue satin and muff cape just arriving, wise-cracking Glenda Farrell with her—no, it's not her twin sister, but her flat-footed forebear.

Glenda is acting for Warner Brothers at Teddington in a film called "Have You Come For Me?" in which she plays with our duffel-coated friend. The scenery between scenes and Frances have managed to dash up to town and choose some Coronation souvenirs, including china tankards with woe musical-boxes hidden in the base so that they play God Save the King as you raise them to drink your beer (or fruit juice). Glenda is going to surprise her friends by having them passed round at her next Hollywood party.

Noel Madison's wife wanted to see our Coronation pageantry, too, so Hollywood's most hard-working laundress took a vacation and brought her over; but he hasn't even been able to make the inevitable rubber-necking drive through the decorated streets himself. Instead he has managed to snap up some of the most original in the British studios, first to murder an old scientific who has been doing for years the "Man Who Made Diamonds" for Warner's. Then he rushed off to Pinewood to level a gun at Jesse Matthews, assisted by Nat Pendleton. This hap- pened in the new Geoffrey Keene Way but characteristically Jessie escapes being bumped-off by charming her captors with a light-hearted song and some of that celebrated English charm. The guest of honor was gracious beautifully in a full-skirted dress of blush-pink lace, devoid of ornament but outstanding because of its perfect draping.

At the Queen's 21st Birthday, the gala event for the young Princess Margaret, the husband of the late Vane, was given a grand party at the Palace. The guests were entertained by a parade of the Queen's favorite costumes, which included a robe of green velvet embroidered with diamonds.

As the Queen, Anna Neagle has achieved an amazing alteration in her merry personality, modelling herself on Winter's priceless portrait that now hangs in the State Dining-Room at Buckingham Palace. Brilliant young Anthony Walbrook stars as the first Prime Minister, while the roles of Lord Melbourne, the famous Prime Minister, Five thousand extras will dance in the Court ball scenes, against gilded pil- lars and arches, and the stands will be filled with the state ballroom at the Palace, where this Coronation season Royalties and distinguished personages from all over the world, will pay homage to Queen Victoria's great-grandson and his Queen.

Anna finds her part necessitates a real feat of local colour. She has to wear a suit of Royal robes, heavily ermine-trimmed and with long purple velvet trims, is itself exceedingly. Not to mention the quantity of elaborate gems she has to wear, and the massive jewelled diadems she has to support on her hair, duly darkened from its pale gold curls to Queen Victoria's true chestnut hue. Fortunately, Anna is one of the fittest actresses in London, probably because she leads such a healthy, open-air life at her country house in a quiet wind, and that dancing at the ball greets the Queen Victoria's great-grandson and his Queen.

Unmarried, Anna lives with her parents—her father is a retired London captain of the Royal Navy. She rises at half-past six every morning and goes off hatless with her dogs for a brisk constitutional through the fields and woods before breakfast. She plays tennis and golf and squash-rackets and spends Sundays working in her garden, weeding, planting, trimming the bushes and spraying the roses with efficient enthusiasm. She says all the bending and kneeling and stretching which gardening entails is more beneficial to the figure than any set exercises ever done.

There is nothing of the conventional screen star about Anna. She generally arrives at the studio in a knitted jersey and a plainly tailored white linen suit if it's hot. She never wears formal afternoon clothes, and her evening dresses are simply draped wite or pale blue crepe and satin with just a touch of jewelry. Over them goes a long dark velvet coat for she will never don furs of any description.
"It was a lot of fun, but utterly false. I played so many slant-eyed Orientals that I couldn't see straight, much less think straight. The joke of it was that I, of Scotch-Welsh stock, was so thoroughly Occidental that I'd never been out of my native West. I often wonder what would have happened to me if I'd started off on the other foot.

"It may sound incredible, but I had the part of the Virgin Mary—had it for three hours. Then they gave it to Betty Bronson. Probably a thousand actresses had been tested for the part. You see," and there is a barely perceptible twinkle in her eye, "they were very skeptical about casting a well-known actress as the Virgin Mary. I had sat in the casting office day after day hoping to hear someone say, 'Come in, little girl, we have found you!' No such luck. Up to that time they wouldn't have me even as an extra. I'd probably not be on the screen today if it hadn't been for putting on make-up when last they'd call me. Told not to bother about it, I knew they wanted to photograph the costume, not me. But the canny Scotch in me came out in a spurt of make-up which spared the studio no expense. And that was the beginning of my exotic career. For my sins, I went from the Virgin Mary to 'Satan in Sable.'"

"Never mind. She now is funny enough to be a new Myrna Loy, and you congratulate yourself on the joys of change in her.

"My recent marriage has probably done more than anything else to change me in one respect," she is glad to say, "and that's socially. In the old days I was accused of not wanting to have anything to do with people and keeping to myself in Hollywood. Well, that was true. During all those years in which I was paraded on the screen in exotic parts I couldn't bear to face people. I knew they wouldn't believe in me because I didn't believe in myself. In the eyes of others you are what the screen makes you. This is inevitable. In a character which is utterly unlike your own it is impossible to be true to yourself. This is one you may can't shake it off. So I didn't try. It has been pretty much the same in 'perfect wife' parts. Every time I met a real one I felt like apologizing to her and saying I wasn't setting a bad example for your husband, who might be making odious comparisons and finding only human imperfections in herself. I certainly didn't want to make things harder for the poor dears. Yet I couldn't help feeling she'd like to put ground glass in my foot."

"Non sense. Doubtless any wife seeing Myrna Loy smooth things out for a blundering, helpless male saw herself doing likewise for her own husband, only to go home and fondly shake him down for a new hat, dress or some other small reward for her great kindness."

"Now I'm making another mistake, by playing six pictures in one year. This can't be done, at least by me, without becoming tired. But when the chance came I simply couldn't resist playing Katje, who, irresistible for many reasons, was doubly so, I think, because she is not a 'perfect wife.' For I can't forget that time—my poisonous parents. I felt I'd never get out of the type rut."

"It is only now," she confesses, "that I've managed to be a bit less timid. Success has much to do with confidence in yourself. Still, it's not easy. Born in Montana and having lived on ranches as..."
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Lionel Barrymore's celebration—50th birthday. 54th anniversary of his stage début, 27th year as film actor. Cheering him on as he cuts himself a piece of birthday cake are Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Jean Harlow.

Hollywood that she is apt to carry her work into her private life. I don't mean just talking it over with her husband, which is a perfectly natural thing to do, but making it such an endless topic and argument that the desperate victim may seek any means of escape from it. This isn't saying that the actor, if she happens to be married to one, may not be inclined to talk a bit about herself. But he is also interested in other things. For one, he has outdoor sports to take his mind off himself. But in either case it's a mistake for professional people to take their studio home with them. I've known of actresses who have their hair dressed at night. I think that's a terrible mistake. Coming home with my hair done up in pins and looking like the fretful porcupine is not a spectacle I'd want to inflict on my husband. It's not a very pretty sight. But it's one that many a Hollywood husband has to face. Across the dinner table from him is a strange and wonderful apparition by no means conducive to good appetite. This is a mistake which may easily be avoided. Surely, an actress needn't look a fright at dinner, of all times. Her family might have put up with it before she was married, but it's a little too much to expect of a husband.

Might as well expect him to live in a beauty parlor and like it. You quite agree with Miss Loy. "A man's woman," she emboldens you sternly to nod your head, assert your dignity, throw out your chest.

"I am not conscious," she modestly adds, "that marriage has changed me. But it has made me realize more than ever before there should be the greatest sympathy and understanding among professional people. Nothing less can bring about marital happiness in Hollywood. Perhaps this has been easier for me to find than for actresses generally because in Mr. Hornblow I have married a producer with separate interests rather than an actor with the same identical kind as my own. Though aware that marriage in Hollywood is said to be surrounded with difficulties. I must say I haven't found it difficult yet. However, I haven't been at it long."

True. Yet you feel sure Myrna Loy is the sort of beginner who has started something she can finish—don't make any mistake about that.

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SCREENLAND
touched with sentiment, Clark Gable doesn't like to wear hats, refuses to buy a hat except under duress of some snagsman. James Stewart shares this idiosyncrasy with Clark, but Pat O'Brien really tops them. Pat will buy a hat if his wife insists. But he will never, never throw it away or give it to a deserving ash man. Pat would a lot rather give the ash man money enough to buy eight hats than to part with one of his own—which he objected to buying in the first place! The consequence of this is that there is a sizeable room in the O'Brien menage which is practically filled with disreputable hats.

Joan Blondell's friends have tattled on her. Joan has a positive fetish for counting laundry and keeping track of prices. About every three weeks she decides that the laundry is cheating her, and she changes laundrymen. Well, of course there are just so many laudries in her vicinity so it isn't very long until she finds that she is doing business with someone whose name seems familiar. Can it be? It is! She is back where she started four months ago. But you can't daunt Blondell! She goes right on changing laudries in the pathetic hope that one day she will find one whose count tallies with hers.

Entertaining presents its problems for the younger set. Hollywood's party notions are so elaborate and expensive. The Warren Hulls low-eye parties and gaiety, yet they feel that the family budget, at the moment, should not be stretched too far in the interests of fun. They have solved this problem by inaugurating a series of parties at which the guests are invited to the house for cocktails. Then the Hulls whisk them to the beach for a wiener roast or a steak fry. There is a tiny beer parlor in one of the beach towns which Warren simply takes over for the evening. A three-piece orchestra, beer and pretzels complete the entertainment and it is all very gay at about one eighth the cost of a party at one of the big night spots.

Bob Taylor, too, has had his entertainment problems since his sudden zoom to fame and its consequent popularity. After Bob acquired his really elegant house in Beverly, he found that it was going to cost him lots of dollars to equip the dining-room and bar for entertaining purposes. He was so appalled at the necessary outlay for china, silverware, linens, to say nothing of the service involved, that he simply threw up his hands and cried, 'I'll take people out to dinner, at least until I am a lot richer than I am, now!'

My snooping also disclosed a number of rather surprising economies which had to do with clothes. Jeanette McDonald will not buy bedroom slippers. The dainty singing star possesses a pair of really disreputable, soft leather mocassins which she has had for years and years and which, she avers, she intends to wear until her booties are disintegrated. Fred MacMurray is a tie-boarder. He has his ties cleaned and cleaned and cleaned until the despairing cleaner argues that they simply won't take it any more. Even then, Fred has to be convinced.

Anita Louise boasts that she hasn't bought a handkerchief for years and years. "I wait until Christmas," she said. "Some times I find myself along about November having to conceal really tattered squares of linen, which I am carrying in my bag. It's a sort of complex, I guess. I simply will not buy them!"

Luise Rainer won't buy stockings. If Christmas and her birthday do not bring
her enough to see her through a season, then she just jolly well goes bare-legged until another gift day comes along.

Ginger Rogers boards her dresses. She cannot be persuaded to part with even a tiny shred of anything she has bought and worn. "I'm saving them to make quilts," she explains. And, believe it or not, my darlings, she actually cuts them up in her pieces and makes quilts. I've seen her making them, and right tasty quilts, too. But how can anyone use them when she never has quite enough pins for the fitting process?"

It would take a psycho-analyst to tell you why these people have these peculiar fetishes for saving pennies. Karen Morley isn't poor and she isn't stingy. But she will drive blocks and blocks, waste gasoline and time and temper, to keep from leaving her car in the parking station. She can't tell you why. It is some peculiar quirk of nerves or forgotten, past experience.

I have seen Evelyn Venable, in her own way, so great she almost actually turn out electric lights in some far corner where they were not really necessary to anyone. "I don't know why I do it, exactly," she will admit, blushing a little, "I simply cannot bear for that lovely light to be wasted. It isn't money, I can save more than a few cents by being so careful. I do it because it seems like something. It must be that light seems to me so precious a thing that it must not be wasted!"

I doubt whether Pat O'Brien's feelings about his hats are so poetic, or Connie Bennett's feelings about her powder puffs. But, whatever their feelings are, they are strong.

She Was "Discovered" Twice

Continued from page 23

Then they tried me for a part in Shirley Temple's picture 'Dimples,' I didn't get the part—or another one they tested me for.

"I went to all the other studios in Hollywood, asking if they wanted a dramatic actress. Of course they didn't. By this time I thoroughly hated the business, but I didn't want to leave that way. Then I applied for and got the leading part in a stage production at a small Hollywood playhouse. That was the thrill of my life. I was so happy I never heard of picture contracts again."

And who, we'd like to know, wouldn't feel the same way about it? But, only a few months later Doris Nolan was hearing about picture contracts. She was to be selected as a 'new face' for a second time, and right in New York—The Ambassador Theatre to be exact, in a stage success called "The Night of January 16th." You see, "The Night of January 16th" was playing, and Al Woods had seen Doris Nolan playing at the little theatre in Hollywood. One of the keenest of the theatre's producers for scouting and developing new talent, Al Woods went backstage to see this young leading lady. He told her to come to New York and see him—nothing about railroad fare, mind you—and you shouldn't mind, for Mr. Al Woods is never rash about matters like that. Doris didn't mind. Her home was in New York, and she had the fare. So she and her dainty Gladys, her secretary and her companion when she's in Hollywood now, as then, headed East—and Al Woods turned up the hillside of tailed Hollywood fade into the distance behind them.

Back on Broadway, Al Woods was as good as his word, and soon Doris Nolan was rehearsing the highly dramatic leading feminine rôle in his new melodrama. Came opening night, came success, and later came all the picture scouts for Doris Nolan. The first company on the line was Universal, whose Dan Kelley, casting director, was in New York on a play and talent searching junket. And he was who signed Doris Nolan to a dotted line for a return trip to movieland.

How's that for the perfect materialization of those countless wishes that surely must have been in the mind of that untold number of girls who were taken to Hollywood, cast loose again, and left only to pray for a sweet revenge which never came? But Doris Nolan, discouraged outcast back to the land of promise.

But you'd detect no suggestion of exulting revenge in Doris Nolan when she talks of her experiences. What's over, is over with so far as this girl is concerned—the present, the future they are her world. Bars and dollars, even romance, the eager interest, the very happy habit of seeing the fun in everything, so apparent in her.

Hollywood is making a star of her, but not a clothes horse. Not off-screen at any rate. This day she was very simply, unglamorously garbed in black; black suit, black hat set far back on her head, and forming a very simple but effectively contrasting frame for light brown hair, hazel eyes, and very white skin. A faint touch of rouge and some slight indication of character rather than prettiness. She seems taller than her five feet and five inches; and in manner, as well as bearing, most attractive, as affected, buoyant, and strikingly attractive.

Up to now she has played in three pictures. The first, "The Man I Marry," was produced as a vehicle for Doris Nolan. Nevertheless
Universal studio heads saw enough in the first few scenes she did to build up the part and definitely schedule her for the very ambitiously-planned "Top of the Town," a musical, but in it Doris so impressed Hollywood with her dramatic abilities that in the future she will have the kind of parts she's most interested in doing—dramatic characterizations. The latest picture is "As Good as Married," with John Boles, Walter Pidgeon and Alan Moway in the other important roles.

The contract under which she is now working—it was signed by her mother as guardian, for Doris won't be twenty-one until come next July 14th—allows her six months' picture work and six months on the stage. She has another play to do for Al Woods, who by the way, with a little luck, might have had the next little sum of $20,000 handed him by Universal last Fall.

Mr. Al Woods lost out on the twenty grand when he produced "Arrest That Woman" last September. Doris Nolan had completed her first picture and came on to do that play for Mr. Woods. Universal was ready to start "Top of the Town," and they wanted their Doris Nolan back on the lot. They got nervous about it, and decided to offer Woods $20,000 for her release from the play. Meantime "Arrest That Woman" opened—and not to cheers—but slams in spades from the critics. Mr. Al Woods, of course, knew nothing about the $20,000 in the offering. All he knew was that the customers were not showing up at his box office. So after living through seven performances, "Arrest That Woman" just naturally folded. The collapse of the show in no way reflected on the cast, nor particularly on Doris Nolan. Woods wants her back for a play next season. But for his sake we don't have to pray he will be precipitate and do what Universal nearly did and rush out with an offer of $20,000 for Doris Nolan's release—because Mr. Al Woods isn't precipitate when it comes to that kind of money.

You get accustomed to meeting comedians who are very glum, grave fellows, sad and dripping melancholy, when they are not working at being funny. It shouldn't be, and isn't, surprising therefore to meet a girl who likes dramatic roles, vital, even a bit purplish if that darkish ingredient is necessary to give them dramatic substance, but who behind the make-up, is all gaiety, good-humor and fun-loving. Such is Doris Nolan.

Pled with many questions about her impressions of Hollywood, she answered most of them tentatively. But then she summed it all up in one hearty statement. "Personally," she said, "it's a great place for laughter—even mayhap, one big scream. The thing that bowls me over with the heartiest laugh is the super efficiency of the top men. Such efficiency when you're even in the minimum employment of their own office suites! They press buzzers and loquatives steam over the rails, planes soar into the sky. It's sensational."

So far as the excitement of limelight honors is concerned, this glamorous girl who doesn't work at being glamorous, finds its greatest amusement in seeing pictures of herself prattled with the labels "beauty" and "glamor girl," and she admits perhaps looking that way in the pictures. The ladies, she says, when they think how much fussing has been made by the make-up people and cameramen and lighting specialists, to achieve the shining beauty these pictures show.

All of which, for all the modesty it may show, is not a rehearsed "line." If you'd hear her say it, you'd believe that too. Yet truth compels the report that there's glamor in her eyes and smile and the spirited toss of Doris Nolan's head, even without the make-up.

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Camera-Wise Paul Kelly

Continued from page 57

of 12, and then blow the prints up to any size I want.

Mrs. Kelly smiled down at him ruefully, as he sat on the floor of their living-room turning over become," he insisted. "I set my foot down. I had an uncle Bert who was a photographer, and I can remember when I think of him that he always had stains on his fingers. I couldn't stand that. My uncle Bert got to be a little bit like Allen's brother. I was always dragging him into the argument.

"Paul wanted to use the bathtub to develop his shots. I informed him some more about my uncle Bert. 'Do you care if I make a dark room in the garage?' he asked, patiently. So he bought a sink for $1.50 and made his own outfit, me still going on about Uncle Bert. He showed me that they have things like clothespins to hold the prints when you dip 'em in the solution, so he wouldn't get fingers stained. He made his own enlarger, using the lens of a box camera and the back of a tin box with a pulley arrangement so the action wouldn't be jerky. Really wonderful!"

Paul broke in to mention that he had just bought an Argus camera, because the price was so reasonable, and an Argus enlarger too.

"You need more than one camera, if you are really interested," he commented. "I have an exposure meter to determine the correct light, and a portrait lens attachment for the Rolleifix. I can still make slides by the studio, or lighting shots made by motion picture cameramen and make them with the portrait lens.

"Look, I've just discovered this gadget for taking the perfect picture! It's a small affair that works like a clock spring. You set it on the shutter of your camera, (which you put on a tripod so it can't move), focus the lens on the spot you want, then release the Auto Knips (that's what they call the gadget), step into place, and when the spring reaches the proper spot the shutter clicks, and the picture is made!"

He offered me a selection of Auto Knips prints.

It is Paul's conviction that the candid feature of cameras has been overdone.

"I don't like this fad for running around grabbing shots of your friends off-guard," he declared. "Maybe it's fine in your own set to show some yawnings and Jim picking his teeth, but it's not funny outside the set. It might prove very embarrassing to them later on.

"You see a lot of so-called angle shots in roto sections and magazines these days. Angle shooting is a sad, and I don't think it useful, it can only be because publicists and advertisers had to invent something to catch the eye. They'd made pictures of everything they had to exploit, in as artistic a fashion as they knew how, and they had to have something new. So they developed the angle shot to arrest attention. When it gets over being a novelty, they'll discard it, because after all it's crazy. You can keep going back to look at beautiful pictures, but you don't bother with last year's gags.

"Old mamas and papas painted from silly angles. They painted a thing as they saw it, and to my mind that's the way to take a picture. Why look at it from under the table, as is done today? You never actually be down under a table un-

less you were drunk, and if you were drunk, you probably couldn't see anything, anyway! Distortion isn't art!"

He grumbled at a sudden recollection, and stopped his pacing about the room to sit on the arm of a chair opposite me.

"I've just remembered what seems like an argument on the other side," he said. "Do you remember the models of the fast racing cars of early days? The wheels were elliptical to show how fast the car was going. This came about because at the time the cars were built and pictures taken of them, no lens was fast enough to catch the wheels instantaneously. The film wasn't action film then, either.

"Tiny models of this racing car were exhibited everywhere, and the public came to accept the elliptical wheels as a sign of speed, so that when modern the camera will catch cars exactly as they are, editors refuse to accept the shots 'because the car seems to be standing still'! So now they slow down the speed of the camera, if you can believe it."

Paul's Rolleiflex is so swift that it can catch his dogs in action without blurring.

"The worst person I ever tried to shoot was our daughter, Mimmi," he observed. "She gets jittery waiting for me to snap the thing, and twists her mouth or puts on a big smile. But do you know I wouldn't be surprised if that kid turned out to be a pretty good photographer? She's interested, I told her the other day that when we get to the ranch, I might have to let her do my developing and printing because I'd be busy plowing, and she was thrilled!"

"Let's hope it's just a dream. I like him to have hobbies, but do you know it took him one whole afternoon to take a few shots of his polo ponies? He wanted two of them in one shot, and you can't, it appears, take a picture of a polo pony unless his ears are standing up. They wouldn't perk up their ears for anybody. I would have shot them as is, or let it go, but not Paul. One whole glorious afternoon, just for one picture!"

"But they look like cart horses or mules with their ears back," he explained, seriously.

"I never saw anyone so whole-hearted about what he's doing," cried Mrs. Kelly.

The other day he decided to build a back on a truck so that he could carry all four horses to the polo grounds in it. He wouldn't stop for meals. He wouldn't stop for telephone calls, for anything. When it began to get dark, I went out to him.

"I suppose you'd like me to stand out here with a flashlight so you can work on this thing until morning," I began.

"That's an idea!" he cried. Which sort of gives you a clue!"
even did picture charter play don't Dept. For look feel Hollywood sigh often "the Beverly pounds! come nights than settied hand"...
where they expect to get the money to maintain these de-luxe menages when they "slip" on the screen—but that's their problem, not mine). Sylvia lives very quietly in a small apartment in a rather un-chic section and has but a single servant. There isn't a swimming pool. There are nice. And Sylvia may have to move. Furthermore, she refuses to dash through traffic in a gaudy car as if she owned the boulevard. She refuses to wear slacks and a beret and look like the devil when she goes to formal places, and she definitely refuses to go to the Trocadero every night with some greedy young man who dances the tango divinely, simply because it's good publicity. There's no one more fan on a party than Sylvia, her's is a wit rarely matched, but you won't often find her on a party. All this individualism, and flouting of cinema ethics, is bad enough, heaven knows; but Sylvia, the adorably dope, laughs out loud right in the very face of Hollywood's most sacred ritual—the worship of Big Names. Sylvia just doesn't see why she should purr and push over a lot of people she doesn't like just because they have Big Names. There has been a rumor going around for sometime now that if you want to be a successful movie star and get good roles you have to bow and scrape, when you see a director or producer if you are lucky enough to be invited, laugh at his jokes though you've heard them hundreds of times before, and flatter his wife who is a dreary creature. You've got to make pretty talk to the press, and be palsy with the photographers and the cameramen. But what the movie star has to say about the producer when his back is turned, and his wife, and the fan writer, and the photographer, is really something else again. And that, my child, is the good old Hollywood brand of insincerity, a thing that Sylvia Sidney leashes with a fine and beautiful loathing. She just won't flatter where flattery isn't due. She just won't be seen with the Right People because it's the thing to do. Her favorite qualities in anyone are loyalty and honesty and zeal, and her friends are going to possess these qualities or else they aren't going to be her friends. Maybe it's because she is awfully young, though she really never was a child, but Sylvia has made an ideal of Loyalty and Truth—and in a town famous for its false fronts and make-believe, Loyalty and Truth are things that can't be easily swallowed, even in a champagne cocktail.

Of course you can't blame Sylvia's revolt entirely on Hollywood, because the little Sidney girl has been a rebel from way back. (Perhaps she should play Scarlett O'Hara.) Follow her favorite game. As a matter of fact when she was a little kid in New York's teeming Bronx she wouldn't play games. She preferred anything that took her freedom from her, usually managed to leave as quickly as possible. If she had to take orders she preferred to take them from the less exacting teachers in the public schools. Once when she was on tour with a Theatre Guild.
### Great Sports Thrills of the Stars

Continued from page 19

Some years ago Dolores was named Queen of an important ball fight in Mexico City. As was customary at such elaborate fetes, Dolores had had a parade of notables and gaily bedecked matadors around the ring just before the bull was loosed. She was mounted on a spirited white horse and was, of course, exquisitely gowned. Suddenly the regal procession froze in its tracks as a wild bellow rent the air and the man-at-arms crashed a lanky gong and charged directly at Dolores! An alert vaquero dashed to Dolores' aid, snatched her into his arms and carried her to safety, but not before the mount she had been riding had been brutally gored.

Quite a sports thrill, that one. Yet Dick Powell claims his big moment topped it. It happened before Dick owned his own pool to swim in—and how he swims now! He was ten years old at the time and the setting was a sandlot baseball diamond on the Farms of Little Rock, Arkansas. The Red Dogs, who thought they were pretty hot stuff, were leading the Blue Tigers, Dick's team, three to nothing in the ninth. The Tigers were at bat with two out and the bases full. Up stepped Tiger Powell to the plate, a spindly-shanked kid with a mop of early hair. Strike one! A groan from his teammates, as Dick's wild swing missed a mile. Strike two! Another groan. They might have fancied his wild geniality, but Dick's eyes said it was the same same set of short-sighteds, pin-point-eyed gentlemen possess the almost hypnotic influence over inanimate objects which is the terror of hostesses and litigant litigators. If the conversation becomes stuffy, and he is boiled, he is quite likely to rise solemnly to his feet, and begin juggling table cover, nutmeg grater, and a cup of tea! After which, he subsides morosely.

"I detest," he explains (and means it), "to juggle!"

He is a genuinely funny man off the screen. He tells a sympathetic lady that he was born in London, and ran away from home to escape the clutches of a cruel stepfather. Next day, he informs a newspaper man that he was born in Philadelphia, of an aristocratic family. A week later, you will catch him telling a startled group that he is a half-breed from Borneo!

"They don't want to hear the same story twice," he squeaks in explanation, "I try to make it different!"

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**Greatest Sports Thrills of the Stars**

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March—who loves the turbulent sea to swim as well as fish—landed a giant dolphin in Tahitian waters the year before that. But David Niven had an entire staff of operators in a beauty shop to bear witness to his Isaak Walton triumph.

For many months David and Merle Oberon had been quietly fishing. Merle is a cagy gal with a hook and consistently had been beating him in catches in their bouts off Santa Monica. And, I daresay, rubbing it in just a bit. Can we imagine him wearing a bace-araduz that put all her catches to shame?

And of course, it would happen Merle was away that day in a Hollywood beauty salon having a facial treatment. Whereupon David loaded the dead fish in the back of his car and raced for Sunset boulevard, grinning his car to a stop in front of the Oberons' home.

"Tell Miss Oberon Mr. Niven wishes to see her immediately," he announced to the cashier.

"I'm sorry but Miss Oberon cannot be disturbed," she answered.

"Tell her I want her, now!" David thundered. "This is important. It's gigantic. Why, girl alive, it's colossal I say, and get her."

Wiping such excess cream as she could from her half finished facial, Merle hurried to the curb, badly frightened. Niven pointed the car at her head.

"There!" he gloated. "That one!"

Yes, they vary, these greatest sports thrills of the stars. To experience them in full, one must confront the mammoth Kodiak bear in Alaska; Joan Crawford negotiated a city block on roller skates without falling down; Ray Milland won a steleephase in England as a member of the Cheshire Yeomanry; Ann Sothern won a jacks tournament; Irene Dunne shot a hole in one in golf; Ginger Rogers managed a score of 67 in a single minutes. Fred MacMurray won $10 and the Beaver Dam high school singles in tennis; Lee Tracy piloted his schooner in the 500 mile main开展 race last summer; Katharine Hepburn was runner-up in the Connecticut women's state golf tournament; Jean Harlow skied down a hill at Arrowhead and her twin sister Morris poured in the man's young son, Brooks, win his first swimming race; Carole Lombard heard the story by stroke account of her friend, Alice Marie, and the championship; Deanna Durbin overturned in a lake and had to swim three miles to shore; Wendy Barrie had a horse fall on her and Romy Schneider crumbled when a horse fell on her.

Rather than by accomplishing some fine or courageous deed, Bing Crosby actually experienced his all-time high in sports thrills by falling to do something.

"I suppose you could call it a thrill," Bing admitted glumly, "making the world's prize jockeys out of yourself."

You know, of course, that Bing owns a stable of racing horses and took an active part in the Santa Anita season just closed. In the course of the season he acquired a nag called Fight On. Now there isn't much point in unleashing a horse unless you race him, so Bing entered Fight On one day in an unimportant event.

"Just a breather, of course," Bing metieously explained, "taking a break from his friends, "Save your money. He isn't ready yet." Thus, Fight On went to the post, definitely unexplored and unsung. A few loyal University of Southern California students put down two dollars on his nose because "Fight On" is the famous U.S.C. rally song, and for no other reasons.

So—Fight On miraculously romped home winner and paid a tidy little $191 for every two bucks bet on her nose! That, I am afraid, will haunt Bing to his dying day.
Starving to Stardom

Continued from page 56

conferences they decided that a woman like Carrie—well, you know—would have to be built up to carry weight with men who went in for women—well, women like Carrie. This, they argued, was true to small-town tradition based, so to speak, on geography. Alaskan generosity, certainly, was considered stingy. This view of the case made it necessary for me to pad my part, not to mention parts. All were treated in proportion. In other words, I was padded from top to bottom—I mean from tip to toe—for I insisted that even my ankles should be made part of the build-up.

"Interesting," I granted.

"But warm," feebly added Miss George. "As the picture was made during a protracted hot spell my inhaled union suit made me yearn to do my acting in an Alaskan sleeping-bag. And, all seriousness now, "one thing finally got me. Remember that scene where I give his toys back to the boy? Well, we played it over and over all one day out in the country where it was a hundred and thirty-eight. I was like a wet rag. Worse, my nerves were all shot. When I got home I cried all night. Next morning I was at the studio at eight, but it was two in the afternoon before we shot anything. I'd got the weeps."

Now Gladys George is no sob sister. There's something about her that tells you she's valiant as the Carrie she played. For she is utterly different from her sisters of the screen. Distinctly and definitely individual, she has a forthrightness which makes everything she says go straight to the mark. At the same time she is so human she can be hard-shelled and soft-hearted.

"I'm afraid," she demurred, "it's pretty much a hard-luck story. Now that my luck has turned I can hardly believe it. I'd got so used to the other kind that it was like second-nature to me. I've knocked about all my life, I was practically brought up in one end of a Taylor trunk. You see, my parents were on the stage, and I went on when I was three."

She's not thirty-two. But, pads aside, she doesn't look it. Nor have her twenty-nine years of work left any mark on her. Incidentally, keep in mind that plain, everyday word "work." For:

"When we came out to Los Angeles in vaudeville we went broke. Dad and mother couldn't get an engagement, so something had to be done. I was eleven, and never had done anything outside the theater. But I went to work in a Main street bakery—it really was only a stall that sold bread. I got six dollars a week and a loaf of bread a day. The money went for rent and the bread didn't go quite far enough. Across the street was a little restaurant, and the man who ran it was a steady customer of mine. One day I went over and asked him to give me scraps of meat for my dog. After that he saved them for me, and I went there every day. But I didn't have a dog. I took the scraps home, and the three of us ate them for ten weeks. It isn't a pretty story to tell, but it's the truth."

Perhaps it's this innate honesty of hers that makes her so honest an actress.

"We went broke again in New York when I was fourteen. Then for two nights a week at five dollars a night I plugged songs on Liberty Loan floats, singing twenty or thirty a night till my pipes went bad. We lived in a dingy flat on Eighth Avenue and bought our food at Paddy's Market—you know, things are cheap there. Just when it seemed we'd have to give up the habit of eating I got a job in a Thirty-seventh street restaurant. Now I'll give you a laugh."

She had one herself, then related:

"I was playing in a San Francisco stock company when I had a chance to go to New York. But I didn't have the price to get there, so an electrician at the Alcazar who'd known me since I was a kid lent me railroad fare, thanks to him, I was recognized in "Queen People," then brought to attention in "The Milky Way," and finally made a star overnight in "Personal Appearance." But I didn't know what to make of it all. Mom and Dad, my Aunt Ethel Barrymore, came back-stage to congratulate me. Now here's the pay-off: A man from a restaurant asked me to let him print my picture on the menu with a line saying I ate there. 'Ate there?' I said. 'I worked there.' It knocked him cold. But I got a great kick out of having my picture on the bill of fare of a place where I'd once been singing hash."

"Know any other good stories?"

"Plenty of stories, but they're not so good. It was something every actor dreams about to have sixty-two weeks on Broadway in 'Personal Appearance.' And for the first time in my life I was getting what I could call a salary without choking over the word. Four years ago I was working in a Minneapolis stock company for fifteen dollars a week and living on fifty cents a day. I sent home the rest of my wages, and if I wanted to buy a toothbrush I had to ask the man to charge it. But it wasn't always so tough as that, for in Denver and Salt Lake City I had my own stock companies. At one time I was feeling so prosperous that I blew myself for a fur coat—on the installment plan. I still owed fifty dollars on it when the sheriff walked in at rehearsal one day, pulled it off my back, and walked out with it. It wouldn't have been so humiliating if a bunch of actors hadn't seen him do it. Anybody who wants me to buy a fur coat today has to begin his talk by handing me a receipt."

It was just Miss George's sense of humor, I felt, that kept her from talking like a Hollywood queen.

"Don't you believe it," she protested. "Not that you don't need a sense of humor here. I know, for I'm not new to Hollywood, even if people think I am. After 'The Milky Way' in New York I was brought out here to go into 'Straight is the Way,' with Franchot Tone, with whom, by the way, I'm playing again in 'They Gave Him a Gun,' and it was a terrible flop. The only thing to do was pick myself up and go back to the stage. I was unimportant then. If there's any change it has come about by playing in 'Personal Appearance' on the stage, then playing Carrie on the screen. I wanted to make her lighter, but they wouldn't let me. What I tried to do was bring out her spiritual side and make her a real woman. So far as that goes, I'd tried to make other screen characters real. For one year I was in silent pictures with Hobart Bosworth, Lloyd Hughes, Thomas Meighan and others, and I would have been a silent star but for an accident. It happened in Hollywood when I was sixteen. I had a little apartment in Wilcox street and was trying doughnuts in an aluminum pan when it caught fire and exploded. Did that burn me up! Those doughnuts put me out of commission for six months. But by this time, she broke off, 'you must think I'm full of food stories. Funny, isn't it?'

No. Gladys George has known what it means to go hungry through lean years when she was starving to stardom.
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AT LAST!
"My Life"
By
Robert Taylor Himself
(As Told to Ben Maddox)

Hitherto Taylor has refused to give his Life Story to any magazine. It took SCREENLAND to get him to tell his straight-from-the-shoulder story himself, in his own way. Forget all the exaggerations, all the publicity yarns, all the ballyhoo. Wait for the next, the September issue of THE SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE, with the first chapter of Robert Taylor's Own Story.

"Youth"—including Bob's memories of his boyhood, with the background of his home, his intimate family life—starts in the September issue, on sale August 3rd. You will be interested and entertained by it, we promise you, even though you may be one of the very few who is not a Taylor addict—for here, in this Life Story, is the modern saga of an American boy who made good in a big way, without acquiring an enlarged ego in the process. As told to Ben Maddox it will hold your attention from first to last.

A Feast of Features is this September issue, with not only the Taylor Life Story, but exclusive stories about other noted stars in today's movie news, including Edward Arnold, Deanna Durbin, Carole Lombard, and many more. Remember—SCREENLAND for September, on sale August 3rd.

August, 1937

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

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Joan Crawford gives a party
Elizabeth Wilson

Great Lover, Fiction
Vicki Baum

Problem Star
Fred MacMurray
Virginia Wood

Stars' Complexes
Liza

"Panther Woman" into Patrick, Gail Patrick
Ben Maddox

Hollywood's Hell
William H. K. McKeever

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Ted Peckham

Fatal Masquerade
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Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers by Marland Stone.
I was riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

Mr. Ball buys a hat...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, “Young lady, do you like that coat?” I thought the world had gone completely mad. “Well,” he went on, “keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?” I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. “There,” he said, “You look fine. Goodbye.”

I get a town car

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man
Twenty-Dollar-a-week stenos don’t keep sable coats.

Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to... me, Mary Smith...

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn’t enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it’s all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like “No,” he’s invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I’ve just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen... and now I’m told I’m worth a million dollars.

Adolph Zukor presents

JEAN ARTHUR  •  EDWARD ARNOLD

EASY LIVING

RAY MILLAND  •  LUIS ALBERNI  •  MARY NASH

A Paramount Picture  •  Directed by Mitchell Leisen
The small boy above, Freddie Bartholomew, seems destined to become one of the great actors of his time. Critics have already honored his performance in "Captains Courageous" by appraising and praising it by adult standards, and awarding Master Freddie a large share of laurels—saving some, however, for Spencer Tracy, pictured twice below with Freddie. A special obeisance to the lovely ship at right, the "We're Here" of the film.

To the classic co-stars of that timeless saga of the sea, "Captains Courageous"—Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy

A motion picture of the magnificent sweep and authentic grandeur of "Captains Courageous" is not for just a season, but forever, or until celluloid crumbles. Freddie Bartholomew will be long remembered as the small boy who learns life’s lessons from the fine fishermen of Gloucester. Spencer Tracy as Manuel, Freddie’s mentor, is splendid and stirring, his greatest performance. "They that go down to the sea in ships" are immortalized in this perfect picturization of Kipling’s story. "Captains Courageous" is perhaps the most soul-satisfying cinema yet produced, and Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew are truly worthy protagonists.
Marge L. No, Francis Lederer is not married. If you wish to write to him, address your letter to him in care of Columbia Studios, Hollywood, California. You, too, have fallen for Tyrone Power. Haven't we all!

Bobbi H. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, has brown hair and gray eyes. He attended the Glendale High School and the University of Southern California. He is married and has two children.

Lawrence W. The two leading players in the following pictures were: Ramon Novarro and May McAvoy in "Ben Hur," Wallace Beery and Chester Morris in "The Big House," Wallace Beery and Katherine DeMille in "Viva Villa," Jean Crawford and Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady."

Erna W. Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy. His father died when Nino was in his early teens. His mother and three sisters comprise his family; he is not married. His career began as an operatic singer in Italy. Since then, he has been a member of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, and now the Metropolitan, in New York. He has recently been awarded the Columbia medal for distinguished contribution to radio art. He has appeared in several pictures, his first starring film being "Here's to Romance." Rated his best, "The Gay Desperado."

June W. William Henry appeared in his first film in the rite old age of 81! And played bits all the time he attended school. In 1927 he entered Punahou College at Honolulu and remained through one term. Then he presented shows at University of Hawaii Little Theatre. He has been appearing regularly on the screen since 1933. Following are listed a few of the pictures in which he has had parts: "The Worst Woman in Paris," "Coming Out Party," "Operator 13," "The Thin Man," "China Seas," "Exclusive Story," and "Tarzan Escapes." Address Richard Cromwell at Columbia Studio, Hollywood, California.

(Please turn to page 11)
COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

SCREENLAND'S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
2. His new one is "Captains Courageous" 20. Nightshade
5. Young girl of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" 23. Star of "The Prince and the Pauper"
24. Take food 24. Trolley car
25. Sea 25. Star of "The Prince and the Pauper"
27. Star of "The Prince and the Pauper" 27. Therefore
28. Sorge 28. Agreed
29. Dirty 29. Gruits
30. Groats 30. Thoroughfare
31. Tune 31. Charlie Chan
32. The girl in "Girl Loves Boy" 32. Aloe
33. A former wife of John Gilbert 33. Biblical phrase
34. Religious type for man 34. Evening gown
35. Seed container 35. He's married to Ruby Keeler
36. Heroine in "Girl Loves Boy" 36. Dry
37. Mrs. Joel McCrea 37. Severe trial
38. Yours and mine 38. Sun god
39. Star of "Marked Woman" 39. To print
40. A tale 40. To print
41. Comic heroine of "The Young Indiana" 41. In a crisis
42. Opening 42. Leather strap
43. Book 43. Leather strap
44. A tale 44. Treasure
45. "Robbie" 45. Leather strap
46. A little tale 46. Leather strap
47. "Robbie" 47. Treasure
48. A little tale 48. Treasure
49. Leather strap 49. Treasure
50. Changes setting (as jewels) 50. Leather strap
51. Mineral spring 51. Leather strap
52. Star of "Blonde Venus" 52. Leather strap
53. "The Topper" 53. Leather strap
54. Leather strap 54. Leather strap
55. Leather strap 55. Leather strap
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78. Leather strap 78. Leather strap
79. Leather strap 79. Leather strap
80. Leather strap (plural) 80. Leather strap

DOWN
1. Star of "G金价 Mentopole"
2. Above
3. Is dressed in
4. A swede comic (in "The Holy Terror")
5. Prefix meaning three
6. Aistre's dancing partner
7. Life
8. A penny
9. The opposite of me
10. Postscript (abbrev.)
11. Ear bearing animal
12. Famous Olsen heroine ("The Doll's House")
13. The former Marquise de Flahize de la Condesa
14. Exclamation
15. Printers' measure
16. To give pleasure to
17. Small children
18. Exclamation
19. On the ocean
20. One hundred and one
21. Featured actor in "Call It A Day"
22. His new one is "Shall We Dance?"
23. A writer
24. Unseen
25. Rendered (as tide)
26. To bite
27. The screen's newest "Camille"
28. "Camille"
29. Every California
30. Stagnant for all right
31. 링 for all right
32. Meadow
33. Abbreviation for right
34. She's featured in "Good Old Soak"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
Mrs. T. C. M. It was Irene Dunne who played the leading woman’s role in “Cimmaron,” with Richard Dix. Barbara Stanwyck received her first screen test and motion picture contract when she was playing on the Broadway stage in “Burlesque.”

Babee E. Frankie Darro’s first picture was “The Rainbow Man,” a Paramount picture released in 1929. His later pictures were “The Payoff,” Warner Bros.; “Three Kids and a Queen,” Universal; “Unwelcome Stranger,” Columbia. Don Ameche is with 20th Century-Fox. Write their studio in Hollywood for a picture of Don.

Mildred M. Yes, I agree with you perfectly in all that you say about Brian Aherne. But you see, he deserts the screen every now and again for the stage, which accounts for the lapses between pictures. He was born in England in 1902. He has played on the English stage and also appeared in English films. He first came into prominence in America in 1933 playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in “Song of Songs.” Since then he played Mercutio in Katharina Cornell’s stage production of “Romeo and Juliet.” His last picture was “Beloved Enemy” opposite Merle Oberon. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. Anything more?

Louis A. Tom Brown was born in New York City, January 6, 1913. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He attended the New York Professional Children’s School. Both of his parents are on the stage; he also played in several stage plays, before his appearance on the screen, to say nothing of his radio programs! His recreation is swimming, hiking, if and when!

June J. Donald Duck? He is a grand character, isn’t he? Suppose you write to Walt Disney to get the lowdown on that fellow. Donald. Mr. Disney will know when he was born and where, the color of his feathers and eyes; if he is married, and whether or not he answers his fan mail. Address Alan Marshall, Selznick-International, Hollywood, California.

Constant Reader. You are right about Sid Silvers in “Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round.” Remember how funny he looked in that uniform? The picture was released through United Artists.

(Please turn to page 13)

GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!

LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOL’s fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) Your throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey’s Orch. & Morton Bove, NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

SAVE COUPONS ... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Bridge Table—De Luxe Inlaid, Solid, 759 coupons. Plain model, 500 coupons

FREE. Write for illustrated 20-page B & W premium booklet, No. 11

Electric Clock—Hammond, Walnut front. 110/120 volt cycle, 275 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES ... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES ... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Maureen O’Sullivan, all set for a sail in a natty sea-going outfit.
There Goes My Girl
RKO-Radio

TAGGING the TALKIES
Delight Evans' Reviews — on Pages 52-53

Enlivened by realistic and often very exciting aviation episodes, this study of the domestic difficulties of a bride to become adjusted to the social life at a naval base, has much to recommend it as the sort of entertainment most film-goers demand. Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie, William Gargan and Polly Rowles in the featured roles give the central characters decided appeal. It's pleasing entertainment, from first to last.

Something light for evenings heavy with summer's softness. It's the boy and girl again, getting their chance to be stars—again. But the routine arrangement carries on with success as amusement because of pleasant handling in production, nice tunes and good acting jobs by Charles Ruggles, Eleonore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Ben Blue, Marjorie Gateson—plus some pretty good songs for Kenny Baker to put over.

We must say we like Preston Foster in top hat and tails, even when he's digging ditches—which is precisely what happens in this highly entertaining number about Preston involved in a political situation. He wins the respect of labor followers by digging, well and lustily for all his starched shirt. Joan Fontaine gives evidence she's well launched on a successful career as leading lady of a very good cast. Nice film.

You people who don't get to see westerns very often, had better have a look at what's going on. And for an eye-opener as to how much real fun and genuine entertainment the ace action boys are putting on, we advise you to see this perfectly swell George O'Brien show. The best of shoot-em-up western stuff is blended with real laughs—smart humor, too. Cecilia Parker, Maude Edburne and others are fine. It's good.

A rather amusing little number, that should have been funnier—because Lynne Overman, Akin Tamiroff, and Spring Byington are in it. It shows us a mix-up with a country dentist and his wife consulting an astologist about the crash of their matrimonial bliss after twenty years of wedded happiness. Mary Carlisle and John Patterson as young lovers are indirectly involved in farcical events taking place here.

Wings Over Honolulu
Universal

Turn Off the Moon
Paramount

The Lady Escapes
20th Century-Fox

They Gave Him a Gun
M-G-M

Border Café
RKO-Radio

Pick a Star
M-G-M

Hollywood Cowboy
RKO-Radio

Slim Warnings

Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond teamed this time as a girl and boy reporter, in love of course, but prevented from marrying by Ann's boss. Some amusing situations and fairly bright dialogue compensate somewhat for the weaknesses of a pallid and unconvincing story. Frank Jenks, Joan Woodbury, Gordon Jones, Richard Lane, Marla Shelton, Maxine Jennings, Bradley Page and Alec Craig give good support.

Some farcical scenes are highly amusing, but the story is too slow and the end too far distant. The situations are situations, not jokes, and although you're seeing them, you're not laughing.
Aileen C. K., "It Happened One Night" was a grand picture. It was based on Samuel Hopkins Adam's Cosmopolitan Magazine story and directed by Frank Capra. The screen treatment was done by Robert Riskin.

V. E. C. Helen Morgan, it may interest you to know, played the role of Julie in Zeigfeld's "Showboat" on the New York stage. The play ran for two years, at the conclusion of which she shared honors with Maurice Chevalier at the reopening of the Zeigfeld Roof. Later she appeared on the screen, and of course, in the screen version of "Showboat," played her original role of Julie.

Tarrytown. Nils Asther is in Europe making pictures, so that is the reason you have not seen him recently.

Helen E. Dick Purcell was born in Greenwich, Conn., August 16, 1900. He was educated at Fordham College. His stage career began in vaudeville, from there to drama; it was while appearing in "Paths to Glory" that Warner Bros. signed him on a contract. His pictures include, "Case of the Velvet Claw," "Bullets or Ballots," "King of Hockey," "Slim," and "Public Wedding." He has blue eyes, brown hair, 5 feet, 11 inches tall. Oh, yes, he plays the violin, and really plays it!

John Kippy. Good for you for sticking to your own opinion! Simone Simon was born in Marseilles, France, on April 23, 1914. She was studying art when a Russian film director happened to see her. Shortly, she found herself playing the role of Piaffe in "Chanteur Inconnu." The star was Muratore, the famous opera singer. Her delightful portrayal of Piaffe in "Lac aux Dames" won for her the contract with 20th Century-Fox in August of 1935. Her most recent picture is the lead in "Seven Heaven," with James Stewart.

Geri M. Cesar Romero is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weights 175 pounds, 30 years of age. Graduated from Collegiate School, New York City. Had stage and professional dancing experience. A few of the pictures in which he has appeared are, "Good Fairy," "Fugitive," "Dinner at Eight," "Cardinal Richelieu." He's "Dangerous." Marie Wilson is 20. She has only one pet, "Frankie," a turtle. Pink is her favorite color and tuberoses her favorite flower. She enjoys pingpong and bridge.
Glamor girls and great lovers step aside, as the cheers of letter writers call Hugh Herbert to take a bow. Hugh brings his big banjo and more fun than three fiddlers brought Old King Cole.

HUGH AND LAUGH!
Here's a grand salute to a grand and jolly fellow—Hugh Herbert, of course. Venturing to give my opinion without being asked, I think Hugh is Hollywood's greatest gift to laugh-lovers. He even deals out laughs with those eloquently expressive hands of his.

Miss Mae Hoja,
17 University Court,
South Orange, N. J.

JANET MARCHES ON
Winsome Janet Gaynor is again the great girl star she was for so long. Graciously she has stepped aside for a worthy successor to her girlish roles, and particularly the role that made her and Charles Farrell so famous—and who but Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland can honestly take their place?
M. D. Morris,
West Union, W. Va.

THAT VERY GOOD BADDIE
After seeing him in his recent pictures, particularly "Nancy Steele is Missing," I would like to register applause for an excellent actor—a "real" bad man! To Peter Lorre, therefore, a Salute! However mean the role portrayed, his personality has made a character that makes us feel whatever else it is, it's real!
Elsie Danforth,
Wolfeboro, N. H.

ENDURING TEMPLE
Glamor fades, new trends of acting are initiated, even stars rise and fall, but Shirley Temple's popularity continues to register ace-high on the barometer of success. Natural, unaffected little darling that she is, beloved by young and old, alike, she's a game little trouper.

Mrs. Bertha G. McDowell,
Ronceverte, W. Va.

WHO MAKES THE STARS?
It is said that the public makes the stars. If that is so, I'd use my share of such power to make Fernand Gravet the most popular star in Hollywood. I liked him so much in "King and the Chorus Girl" that I saw the picture twice.
Mary Nell McKelley,
Dyersburg, Tenn.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO HOLLYWOOD!
Say what you will, your ideas about Hollywood's pictures and picture stars are matters of importance to producers as well as actors, and interesting to your fellow screen patrons. So whatever you have to say, send it along in a letter to this department. Please try to restrict letters to fifty words, but send as many as you please. In one or many envelopes. Address them to: letter Dept., Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
JEANETTE, HERE'S PRAISE INDEED

It's hard to imagine a more fascinating performance than Jeanette MacDonald's in "Maytime." Charming, joy, radiance, youth—she just bundled them all up in one fascinating package and turned loose the full battery of magnetism on us, the audience—and were we caught! I've seen that happen more often on the stage than in the movies. Screen stars are pretty, or beautiful, or charming, or good actresses, or what have you, but very seldom do they possess enough magnetism to reach beyond the screen, as does Jeanette, a famous stage star.

Kathryn Murphy,
36th and Orchard,
Indianapolis, Ind.

FERNAND FOREVER?

I cast my vote for Fernand Gravat as a tribute to the most charming new star to reach Hollywood from foreign shores since Charles Boyer. I was glad to see Gravat get Screenland's Honor Page. And if he isn't one of our most popular stars within a year, Screenland and I will both be wrong. And that just couldn't happen!

Ann Thomas,
617 Wenzell Way,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALL-TIME FAVORITE

My favorite screen actor of all time is Fredric March. He is good in any type of role, and his best pictures, I think, are "A Star is Born," and "Death Takes a Holiday." Even so, I like him best in modern roles such as Norman Maine in "A Star is Born."

Ann Wagstaff,
727 Lowell St.,
Dallas, Tex.

SALUTE TO SINCERITY

I want to offer my sincere congratulations to Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart, for their fine performances in "Marked Woman."

A. F. Werner,
Elizabeth, N. J.

BUT—THERE'S ONLY ONE FLYNN

It was rather swell of Errol Flynn to be willing to play second fiddle in "The Prince and the Pauper." However, those terrific Mauch Twins to the contrary notwithstanding, if others feel as I do, there'll be much disappointment that there isn't more of Errol in the picture.

Ellen W. Barkdull,
5247 Florence Ave.,

ALL FOR FORAN

I'd like to lead a cheer for Dick Foran, who rates rounds of applause—who can forget his rugged individuality in that gripping "Black Legion" picture? Although I've seen and enjoyed Dick's acting in quite a few westerns, I salute particularly his work in "Black Legion."

Elsie Mae Hall,
Coats, Kan.

ANSWER YES OR NO!

Can anyone question that, with the right pictures, Tony Martin could become a great popular success. This young man has the good looks, acting ability and personality that goes to make a screen star. Here's to you Tony Martin!

Billie Jayne Brooks,
505 E. Seventh St.,
Wilston, O.

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints

The newest, loveliest colors...in perfect "skin-tone" harmony

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Sun Tan, Dahlia, Imperial Red...These Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—and your pedicure.

GLAZO

S t r i n g p e u d e n c e

FINGERS AND TOES

AND GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints

But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaus and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several extra days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

The Smart Manicure
The Highest Love
...the lowest men
The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY! ... Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats
... defying the gallows ... doomed unless they smash
a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner Beaver
BAXTER BEERY

SLAVE SHIP

with

Elizabeth Allan
Mickey Rooney

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
DEAR KID GALAHAD:
Greetings!
How does it feel to be the new champion of Hollywood? Or are you punch-drunk? Nobody could blame you if you were groggy from this sudden success—for right now you're where Robert Taylor was after "Magnificent Obsession" and Tyrone Power after "Lloyds of London." If anything, you're already more securely established than either of these boys after their first hits; for your performance in "Kid Galahad" not only won you feminine applause, but masculine approval; which latter boost Bob to a greater extent, and Tyrone to a lesser, still lack. That's why, Wayne Morris, I hereby hail you as the luckiest find in film history. Yes, I mean it.

You may resent that word "lucky." But it's true. Suppose you'd happened along a few years ago before screen audiences apparently agreed that "Latinos are lousy lovers." Sleek-haired, sloe-eyed young men were the vogue, before the reaction set in. If you had attempted to break in then, you might have been given a few small parts, but ten to one with your rugged, American ways you'd have ended playing third assistant palookas in serials. Suppose, too, you'd tried to crash Hollywood at the same time Gary Cooper was looming on the horizon. I suspect you might have been dismissed with a shrug and a curt, "Sorry, kid, we can't use you—you're too much the Cooper type." As a matter of fact, a tall, wholesome young man named Lane Chandler had the misfortune to be a newcomer simultaneously with Gary. I remember Coop and Chandler were a lot alike, and played in several pictures together—which turned out to be fatal for Chandler; for Gary got all the good parts, the fame, the fortune. His look-alike, Lane Chandler, last I heard, was still playing bits.

The point is, you hit it right; right time, place, part, picture. We welcome you because you're the first rugged individualist since Clark Gable. The two new current heart-throbs, Taylor and Power, are more romantic than rugged. Perhaps it was about time for another "typical American boy" to come along.

And you did.

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to detract from your genuinely good work in "Kid Galahad." I know of no other actor who could have played that part with your whole-souled sincerity, your wholesome appeal, your awkward strength. You had never boxed before they put the gloves on you for "Galahad," but before you were through your powerful right had the men in the cast plenty worried, as Eddie Robinson reported to me. Perhaps you played that part with its naiveté, its homespun reality, so well because at heart you're still a small-town boy. Something tells me success won't change you much.

You admit you like Bud Kelland's novels rather than weightier tomes; you hate orchids; but best of all, you keep a good-luck charm stuck in the lid of your make-up box. It's a Jewish prayer, and you don't know exactly what it means; but you wouldn't throw it away for anything. I like that.

New champ! Since "Kid Galahad," Wayne Morris is looming large on the Hollywood horizon—the boy packs a punch, and seems set to be one of our future Gables or Gary Coopers.

Delight Evans

An Open Letter to Wayne Morris
Joan Crawford gives a party, and we go! You'll be greeted by the famous glamor girl off-guard, you'll meet the Gary Coopers, Barbara and Bob, the Boyers—but come along and see who else!

There's a whimsical old fallacy going about Hollywood, and Boston too, that when one is invited to dine at Joan Crawford's one simply dresses to the teeth. White tie and tails, swirling chiffons, diamond bracelets up to here, all that sort of thing. "And chi-chi no end," people who have never dined at Joan's are wont to say off-hand, "place cards, my dear, and electric lights in the dessert. But really!"

Joan is mildly amused by all this, but only mildly. Sometimes her amusement is so mild that she would gladly stuff these people who gossip about things they know nothing about with red hot molten lead. "I do nothing more elegant than collect old silver and new freckles," says Joan, "and I live as quietly as a mouse with an inferiority complex. How can they say such things?"

Many a movie star has asked that question and received no answer. In Hollywood where gossip flourishes like fungus in a swamp a scandalous remark anent a glamor girl is considered of no more importance than a comment about the weather. "I know it isn't true," I once heard one of those nasty people say when called down by a resenter after he had spread a bit of first class libel about a famous blonde, "but it's an awfully good way to start a conversation." No one seems to mind but the movie star.

But as I was saying, or was I, I'm supposed to delight mankind with my gay goings-on in Hollywood and so if you'll just wait until I jump into something smart for $19.95 I'll take you to a dinner party at Joan Tone's. As a night-outer from way back who has lost none of her zing with the coming of swing (a lyric), I have often snagged an invitation chez Crawford which I heartily recommend as a dream of a place to spend an evening. And I must say I have never found anything that slightly resembled an electric light bulb in my dessert—once I found some whipped cream which I nobly pushed aside; I have never seen a place card or a white tie, and Emily Post has never jumped out at me from behind the piano. I have often missed by the fraction of a second sitting down on cookie crumbs left behind by cute little three-year-old Joan Le Sueur who is allergic to eggs and not supposed to have cookies but slips them when Baby isn't looking. (Baby is what little Joan calls Auntie Joan and no one knows why.) I have often seen Joan put her elbows on the table and slip a bit of something from her plate to the dogs. Once she upset her coffee and swore like a lady. Honey, if this is Elegance we'll have to go back for re-takes.

The party we are about to move in on is delightfully
informal and more or less typical of all of Joan's parties. Although a grave girl bordering on the intense at times, Joan surrounds herself with gay, amusing people and at the first sound of laughter from her guests she snaps right out of whatever depressing mood she may be in and quickly becomes the gayest of the gay. It's a warm summer evening so cocktails are served in the garden at the end of the swimming pool (the most beautiful swimming pool in Hollywood unless you are a stickler for Harold Lloyd's), from a portable refreshment cart equipped with all kinds of little gadgets and shelves from whence come the most delectable canapés, caviar with onions, a little sherry for Joan, fruit juices for those who do not drink, and tomato juice for those who do, and did. Mercy, am I the only one having tomato juice! Franchot, always the perfect gentleman even when he's mad as hell over the tripe he often has to say in pictures, will not let a lady drink alone so joins me in a tomato juice with a wee dash of tabasco as a special surprise for the stomach. The men are all in sack coats except Cesar Romero who dotes on white mess jackets. The girls are all in backless dinner gowns—they've worked hard on acquiring that tan and they don't expect to pass up an opportunity of showing it. Joan has the best. Barbara Stanwyck has the worst. She has been too busy rushing from picture to picture this spring and summer to find time to relax in the sun. She is rather pleased with the picture she made with Robert Taylor called "This Is My Affair" because she is allowed to dress up (Please turn to page 88)
“HOW much money have you?” asked the immigration officer.

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer bowed from the waist. “If you please—two thousand dollars.”

“Let’s see it.”

The young man was already fumbling in his wallet. The fingers that presented the bills shook a little. “Please,” he said again, with a second bow. His eyes, brown velvet in a thin brown face, glued themselves to the official’s hands as he counted the money.

“O.K. There you are. Your money. Your card.”

“I am now permitted to enter?”

“You are now permitted to enter. Next, please.”

The passenger extended his hand, his face lit by a brilliant smile that yet had something mournful about it. “I thank you, sir, for your kindness,” he said.

The officer cocked a suspicious brow and eyed him for a moment before taking the proffered hand. “You’re welcome,” he said. “Next, please.”

Von Schoenbauer joined two persons at the ship’s rail. The man was small and swarthy and nondescript looking, except that his most casual glance seemed to bore straight through you and come out on the other side. The girl was a blonde, so distractioningly pretty that you thought you must be mistaken in detecting a faint flavor of the alley about her. They had both been dressed by experts, which emphasized the effect that their companion had not.

He took out his wallet again, extracted the bills and handed them to the man, who rifled through them before placing them in his wallet. “All right, Schony,” he said. “After you land, go to the address I gave you and they’ll arrange for your transportation to the coast. I’ll see you there. You’ve got the hundred I gave you for expenses? Hang on to it. Never know where the next one’s coming from.”

To Fuller, the agent, this was a stock witticism that came out automatically. To von Schoenbauer, the actor, it was bleak fact. Yet he smiled dutifully, as a man must smile at even the flat jokes of his benefactor.

“How I should thank you for all I do not know,” he began in his formal English, fluent enough, and rendered the more piquant by a Viennese accent and occasional verbal inaccuracies which the third Mrs. Fuller described as “too cute for words.”

Fuller made a large gesture. “Thank the wife. She spotted you. Matter of fact, Schony, I got you this test as a honeymoon present to the little woman. Pretty broad-minded, what? And we’ll have to do something about that name of yours. The casting directors’ll take one look and

The author of “Grand Hotel” achieves a new triumph in this graphic novel about a sincere and sensitive young actor, cast adrift in Hollywood through the whim of a capricious woman.
Ferdinand joined two persons at the ship's rail, extracted from his wallet the money he had borrowed, and returned it to Fuller. "How I should thank you," he said. Fuller made a large gesture. "Thank my wife," he said. "My sending you to Hollywood is a present to the little woman, she spotted you in that play in Vienna."

"Pick someone they can pronounce. Check with me on that in Hollywood—"

"Check with you—?"

"Oh, stop pestering the poor boy," Elaine Fuller broke in. "Don't worry, Herr Baron. Joe'll take care of you. I knew the minute I set eyes on you in Vienna that you were the Hollywood type. I nudged Joe right away, didn't I, Joe? And during the abstracit, I said: 'Joe, you simply have to go after that guy, because why shouldn't you do a little business, even if we are on our honey-moon? I've got an instinct about actors, haven't I, Joe? I was born under Sagittarius, you know, and all Sagittarians have an instinct. Only mine happens to be particularly strong when it comes (Please turn to page 72)"
EVER since the first day Fred MacMurray arrived in Hollywood, people have been saying the same thing about him—"He's such a problem! He simply won't talk!"

Of course, the film colony said the same about Gary Cooper for a number of years, too—and still do, for that matter. Fred and Gary are a lot alike in that respect. Neither of them have ever been given much to small talk, or what is commonly referred to in Hollywood as "chatter." Neither of these two is physically capable of talking unless he has something to say. Which, by and large, is a pretty good failing.

On the other hand, this inarticulateness of which they have both been accused is prompted by quite different motives. Often, when Gary is asked a simple question, he has felt it should be carefully mulled over in his mind before he answers. But with Fred it's another matter. Nine times out of ten the reason Fred leaves you hanging in mid-air is because he's scared to death!

This shyness, or self-consciousness, or whatever you want to call it, isn't anything new with Fred. Back in the old high school days in Beaver Dam, many and many a time Fred was seized with the horrible realization that he had suddenly become the center of activity and found himself standing before a large auditorium full of kids, completely tongue-tied and speechless. Even the most simple oral recitation would bring large beads of perspiration out on the attractive MacMurray brow, and he'd blow up completely. He could write it out on paper without any hesitation, but just let someone ask him to recite a line of poetry, and he was finished!

"Gosh, I even used to blush!" Fred admitted, looking at me intently across the luncheon table in the Paramount commissary. Then he burst into that sudden chuckle of his.

"I remember when I graduated from the 8th Grade in Grammar School," he reminisced. "We had some kind of an oratorical contest. I had to get up and recite a great long thing, something about:

'Fifty years ago in a lonely garret in the city of London lay a dying man. His legs were clothed in long military boots——'

"Isn't it wonderful how I can remember that?" he chuckled again. "Couldn't remember it then!"

"What did you do?" I wanted to know.

"Well, I looked over in the corner where the prompter was standing, but I couldn't hear what he was saying. So I quit."

"How do you mean, 'you quit'?" I pursued. Fred shrugged: "Just sat down, I guess. Then my mother came up to get me and we went home."

Just like that! Personally, I think Fred had a great deal of common sense at that early age to have the courage to sit down. Most kids would have run pell-mell off the stage amid shouts of laughter. But you can't laugh quite so heartily at someone who just quits when he
knows he's had enough, is through, has no more to say.

"Funny thing," Fred went on, swiping one of my cigarettes and muttering something about leaving his on the set, "I never used to get a bit self-conscious at football games or things like that. If I had anything to say, I'd get up and speak right out."

At that moment, the waitress came up to take our luncheon order.

"What are you going to have?" he inquired. Fred always does that. And then orders something different! The lunch problem settled, Fred gave me his attention again.

"I didn't mind playing with the school orchestra, either, but those saxophone solos got me down! I remember the first one I had to do. Had to borrow a dress suit for the occasion. People said I looked kinda scared, but I got through with it somehow. Guess it was because I'd been practicing the number for weeks before the show and I couldn't go wrong!"

"I didn't get any better, either," he went on. "I remember when I was eighteen I got a job at Carson Pirie Scott's department store in Chicago. I was petrified that first day. Fortunately, they put me in the sports department, selling golf clubs and sweaters. Pretty soon I began to realize it wasn't so hard, after all, and I was making fewer and fewer mistakes. Before I left there, they even put me in the suit department to help out on rush days and Saturdays.

"I think it's just that anything new scares me off before I even get started. The only thing you have to realize is that if you've got something to do, the only way is just to do it. If you're bad, you're bad—and the only consolation you have is that if you do it often enough, you'll get better!"

Which isn't a bad way to look at it, when you stop to think about it. Just how you're supposed to work up to the act of tackling your job is something that Fred wouldn't be able to tell you. All he knows is that he's barged in and done the best he's known how. Which is all you can ask of anyone.

"Never forget when I first started to work in 'The Gilded Lily,'" he went on. "You know how I was ready to pack up and leave after the third day, I thought I was so bad I never could be any better. And then I heard someone say everything I did looked so 'natural.' I was the most surprised person in Hollywood! I've always tried to remember that and keep hoping that if I make a mistake, maybe no one will notice it as much as I think they will.

"Now I find that pictures don't bother me—much," he chuckled again. "The first day on a new picture is the worst. If I blow up in my lines and there are a lot of extras on the set, it takes me (Please turn to page 94)"
In my simple neurotic way I have been toying about a bit lately with complexes, and am delighted to report that I find that Hollywood is tied in knots.

Psychiatrists say that every person, including the morons, has an avoidance complex. Every person dreads to pass some place, maybe a building or a house or an area, where he has experienced unhappiness, and when he is forced to pass said place he sinks into a mood so black that not even a champagne cocktail and Myrna Loy can bring him out of it. I think that the psychiatrists have got something there, something that I might use in my own business; it might be interesting to know that the screen's great lover avoids balconies, and why. But before I go delving into the minds of my poor wretched victims, the movie stars, a few words about psychiatry. My knowledge of the subject might be rather quaintly summed up in a line from Noel Coward's play "The Astounded Heart." Says Leonora, "Psychiatrist is only a word to me—it's nothing to do with bone setting, is it?"

Quoting Noel Coward: "It must be fascinating work, unearthing everybody's rattling little skeletons." It is, if you can get it! We can, and we did, as you'll see in this piquant story which pries into the minds of movie favorites

By Liza
"Panther Woman" into Patrician

THOSE discerning people who foresee tomorrow's front row favorites are convinced that Gail Patrick is now set to follow right in the footsteps of Crawford, Colbert, and Lombard. And no wonder! After being chic and cool in picture after picture, and frequently given to suave villainies in her line of duty, Gail has emphatically emerged from the average ranks. In roles that are allowing her to be warmly human she is demonstrating a patrician punch that is bound to distinguish her.

But meeting Gail, I discovered other extraordinary things about her. The siren who has gone sympathetic is the college girl who thanks friends in the background for helping her up the trying first steps to stardom—possesses character as well as color, courage rather than boldness.

Also one learns from meeting Gail that she has the grandest sense of humor—about herself. To hear her tell on herself is more fun than I've had in many a Hollywood moon.

It's easy to be sarcastic, to be witty about friends when they aren't present. You know that as well as I. But when you can grin frequently about yourself you possess a trait that is practically irresistible. In the complicated process of becoming theatrically famous, Gail hasn't acquired that elegance complex which seems automatically to accompany most rises in Hollywood.

Back in Birmingham, Alabama, Gail was Margaret Fitzpatrick, typical Southern belle. Her parents had a rambling, comfortable house where all the gang preferred to gather. "My older brother brought me up," Gail explains, "and I brought up my younger brother." Not literally speaking, but so far as learning to mix well was concerned. The elder brother preceded her to Howard College, there in Birmingham, and "smoothed the approach for me!"

Gail didn't need any special nursing. She was attractive, peppy, and bright. The astute sisters of Delta Zeta knew a nugget when they saw one and pledged her to their sorority. She tried out for college shows and performed effectively. When she decided to play basketball she ended up as captain of the women's varsity. College Humor selected her as one of (Please turn to page 53)
If you want to know what hell is like, become a movie star.

I've gained this odd fact from the players themselves, so you might say it is quite bona fide. Various ones have told me the same thing. Hollywood, they say, is hell. Just like that.

They agree that the town is all right. But entering pictures, becoming popular, attaining fame, are only the harbingers of danger. No matter how steady an actor is, he must invariably pass through a phase of Hollywood life that is truly infernal. The test usually starts at the beginning: The aspirant goes hungry. It is said that a man's strength rests with his stomach. For food a chap is liable to do anything.

Many players give in when the fight gets too fierce. If the player succumbs, he's done for. A haywire existence and a swift fade-out are his punishments. We might recall poor John Gilbert. Others, too, whom it is kinder not to mention since they are not yet physically dead.

Of course each one goes through his own individual hell in Hollywood. He doesn't emerge exactly unscathed, either. During the fiery struggle he loses something—a fine old piece of dross—but becomes more definite and splendid.

Before mentioning those that have won out, let us regard particularly two newcomers, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power, who are just on the hot brink of—yes, hell. Their film standings seem solid and prospering. Yet already these young men are facing grave dangers. They have to look at each step before they take it.

They are level-headed. They know Hollywood all too well—yes, too well. They are very honest. Yet they know, as I do, that they are on the edge of precipitous ground. In short, they are about to pass through the hottest part of Hollywood's infernal ordeal. The two handsome fellows have the stamina, but—

Bob is no fly-by-night. His success has come through honest work. Yet honesty by no means stops Hollywood from testing each of her children. While making "Camille," he felt himself about to get caught. You know those thousand and one little things which torment a rising star—rumors; gossip; not knowing what to do for the best; distrust of people; the tinge of fear Hollywood exudes when she starts after you.

With a week-end free from schedule, Bob cleared out of town. From the set, he went direct to the local airport. His secretary-friend, a former college chum, went with him, so he did not have to fight it out in solitude. Monday morning, Bob returned, flying in from Utah, feeling fine and dandy.

"There was just that danger sign in the air," he related. "I felt it coming on.

The unmistakable feeling that all the nets of Hollywood were closing in on me. Things like that do get you. So I decided to clear out, and get away from it all. Going into the desert, outside Salt Lake City, I got rid of the infernal symptoms."

A worthy son of Doctor Brugh. Bob took a hasty cure—for the time being. How about later on, girls? I doubt that running away from dear old Hollywood's siren does any good. Better to look at the old evil right square in the face. Like Clark Gable, Clark has done this ever since his success, and see what a merry lad he is today—in Carole Lombard's company, or away from it. He said to Hollywood's infernal test: "Come on, you old so-and-so! I've starved as an extra in your dusty old rooms! Do your worst!" Clark merely laughed at rumors and worries. And you know that a laugh in time kills the enemies, now or any other time.

Bob Taylor is getting his unfair fill of rumor. With the recent gossip about his grandfather being in poverty, followed by his death, the actor was made to appear the cause of both. The fact that Bob had nothing to do with any of this, and was not in the least responsible for his relatives, went unregarded.

His first infernal test took the form of attack. Rumors and gossip can be laughed at. Unfortunately, Bob and Tyrone, though very humorous, are not laughing.
By William H. McKegg

boys in private. Alone, they suffer from sensitiveness. You know, tears behind smiles. A merry "ha-ha" to hide a couple of groaning "oh-oh's."

Tyrone Power "ha-ha'd" quite a lot, during his early days in Hollywood. If he worked, he ate a substantial meal. If "resting at liberty," he lived on Hollywood air. And biting air is not very substantial.

Through that perilous phase, Tyrone is now facing another danger. He is at the spot where he is susceptible to "lionizing" by the ladies' fayre of movie merit.

Right after "Lloyds of London," I overheard a 20th Century-Fox charmer try to persuade him to throw over a fixed interview and lunch with her. If I had such a proposal, I know the interviewer would have to wait. Well, at least, I think so.

A worthy boy friend of my Lord Nelson, Tyrone stood by his guns. He denied the lovely maiden, proving that every up-and-coming Hollywood actor will on a similar day do his duty to his fans.

Prior to his break in "Lloyds," Tyrone said to me: "I never want to feel that all this doesn't really matter. I have always taken acting in deadly earnest. It is my life's work. I want to do everything right. That the fans want to know something about me is more than gratifying."

Before "Lloyds" showed us how gratifying Tyrone could be, I recall that one night he asked me out to dinner. He likewise wanted to pay a visit with me to my pet theatre. I had told him of a small Hollywood place where, for fifteen cents, you see two features and various other things. I added that it smelt like Dante's Inferno. "After whose picture?" Tyrone asked, right away. So a mutual liking was established on this sally.

Now attacked on all sides by seductive maidens, inundated by invitations to places of importance, Tyrone might well have been forgiven for not keeping his own proposed date with me. Indeed, I would not have noticed it. Quite used to the invitations of Hollywood's darling children, I accept them with all my heart and soul, but allow them to go in one ear and out the other.

Tyrone, of course, is an exception in many ways. He kept his appointment. At that time, my fifteen-cent theatre did not recognize him, for "Lloyds" was not made. Had they known who patronized their smelly show, I know they'd raise the price of admission at least a nickel.

One person to whom Hollywood has been hell in all ways is Lew Ayres. Lew was a kid of eighteen when first he appeared to brave the labyrinth of the movie maze.

He was a strange lad, indrawn, secretive, moody. No one seemed to be his friend. He had no family, for his parents separated when he was a child and married other partners. His grandmother, who brought him up, lived far away.

Though he never says so, Lew often went hungry. He missed so many meals that he became quite slender. A diet of eating air hid him of the burden of flesh, so he couldn't quote Hamlet. It stimulated the spirit so much that, with his seemingly enlarged luminous, broody eyes, he resembled John Keats in Italy.

I have known Lew since those early times. Yet never once have I heard him speak of his "sufferings"—the ham talk of the hams. Lew can never put his sorrow into words, even to those he knows intimately. To those that understand him, he offers his friendship.

Since he is artistically creative, he has suffered much during his acting career. Ideals, aspirations, love—Lew has gone through hell while clutching at the earthly symbol of each one.

But it has all been worth it. He is a fine man today. Not perfect, as he is the first to admit, but the most genuine chap I know, and it is a pleasure to know him.

It's also a pleasure to know Warner Baxter, though he has no particular reason to make himself pleasing to the world these days, since he has "arrived." In New York, seeking a stage job, he went hungry frequently. His early days in Hollywood were no times for pleasure. Bitter disappointments, a lean (Please turn to page 98)
The rich, world-famous men pictured at left: Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Fred Astaire—fail to qualify as guide escorts according to Ted Peckham's exacting standards. Well, they've done all right anyway—Gable is Carole Lombard's best beau; Bob escorts Barbara Stanwyck; and Fred married a social-registerite.

Are Movie Men Social Flops?


"Why," male stars of importance and unimportance asked me, "won't Hollywood men do—when they're already presumably trained as escorts by their picture work and by taking Hollywood women, most glamorous and demanding in the world, to famous Hollywood night clubs and restaurants?" Why not give the local talent a chance—especially when there are hundreds of smaller featured players and extras who would thoroughly appreciate the minimum of $50 a week which my men earn? I'll tell you—and hope the wounded vanities, if any, of the male stars will heal quickly.

Most Hollywood men won't do because they don't dress well enough! They aren't sufficiently sophisticated. They don't know the smart places to dine and dance, but prefer to go night after night to one or two well-publicized spots where producers will see them. They—

But personalities always are more interesting than generalities, and I'll tell you why a few male stars wouldn't be acceptable if they presented themselves to me, as dozens of men do every day, as prospects for my lists.

Tyrone Power—doesn't dress right. I saw him the other night out with Sonja Henie and he wore a pair of baggy flannels, sneakers, and a scarf around his neck. Guide escorts must dress according to generally accepted standards of neatness and good taste. But more about

Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard are Ted Peckham's first selections as belles of Hollywood—particularly Carole, at left, complete with hat.
For various reasons, these successful Hollywood gentlemen, at right, are considered non-eligible as escorts to lovely ladies. Cesar Romero doesn’t mind; he dates Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, other noted belles. Tyrone Power is popular with Sonja Henie and other beauties. James Cagney gives ‘em a good, Irish grin.

What, our Hollywood Romeos failures as escorts? So says an authority in this controversial feature, which makes racy reading even though you don’t agree

By Ted Peckham

how Hollywood males dress later!
Fred Astaire—not tall enough.
James Cagney and George Raft—ditto.
Clark Gable—doesn’t fall within my age limits. Guide escorts must be quite young—recently graduated college boys—or else, for older women, men of the “retired military officer” type.
Robert Taylor—too good looking. Guide escorts must be a background to a woman’s charm and loveliness, and not attract attention to themselves.
Johnny Weissmuller—hair too long.
Cesar Romero—not an American type. I could use him in Europe to great advantage but for American women I try to supply boys of the “typical American boys” type.
Larry Crabbe—too muscular. Escorts must be slim and elegant.

On the other hand, there are a few—very few—stars who could make their fortunes, and have a lot of fun, if they ever chose to leave the screen and become guide escorts.

There’s Leslie Howard, whom I met in Palm Springs and who told me jokingly that he wanted to do it for one night for the experience. I may take him up on it. He has a fine background, a beautiful voice, and great charm. Especially good for older women.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is also ideal.
Franchot Tone is another who has everything a guide escort should have—college background, social register, well travelled, beautiful manners, nice looking without being beautiful, good conversationalist, an engaging

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., can have a job with Peckham’s guide escort service any time he tires of picture-making.
Kay Francis, we learn, is “perfection.”
Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

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Even now, looking down on that letter that might mean his death, there was that lightness in Stefan, the Baron Wolensky, that casual gayness that could find jesting words even when he was facing death. In all these years in Vienna, far from his native Poland, that lightness had served him well.

Some men serve their country with a sword but Stefan served his with his charm and his wit, and none the less bravely than men who had given their lives for Poland's freedom from the Russian yoke.

Now he himself might give his life too. And all because a boy had masqueraded as Romeo the night before at the costume ball held at the opera house and a girl had come as Juliet. For the young Romeo was the son of the Czar of Russia, and the girl the daughter of Orlich, Stefan's fellow patriot who had been sentenced to death in Russia.

She had been so enticing, that young Juliet who had played at love with the boy and he had followed her to her carriage and driven with her to her home. They had planned it all beforehand, the girl and the men who were her father's friends and even as they had planned it had seemed too fantastic to succeed. But it had all been as simple as that.

Love complicates the intrigues of patriots, as the paths of political enemies cross. Maria (Maureen O'Sullivan), lures Grand Duke Peter (Robert Young) into a trap, as Mironova (Lula Rainer) and Baron Wolensky (William Powell) are torn between the dictates of their hearts and devotion to their causes.

So there was the letter written by the young Grand Duke himself:

My dear father:

I am in the hands of a group of Polish nationalists who have made it their duty to secure the immediate release of their friend and leader, Thaddeus Orlich, who is to be executed in St. Petersburg, by your order, in fifteen days. I ask you to pardon him immediately and on your Imperial word to guarantee his safe conduct abroad. Should this man die my fate will be inextricably bound with his.

Peter.

Stefan's smile came wryly as he reread the letter and Korum, his fellow patriot who had brought it, shifted uneasily. None knew better than he the danger that lay in the possession of that letter. Even here in Vienna he had anticipated death a hundred times in the short two hours he had held it.

"You will leave tomorrow on the ten o'clock express," Korum said. "And it will be your business to contrive a way to get that letter into the hands of the Czar himself in time to save the life of Orlich! You've always been a gallant patriot. You have sacrificed your patrimony for your people. Not once or twice, but times unnumbered you have flung yourself upon some desperate mission at our behest!"


"No matter!" Korum leaned forward tensely. "You have done it! And now tonight, Wolensky, you are called upon to accomplish the greatest achievement of all. This
mission requires intense initiative and unremitting energy, combined with an almost reckless courage. There is no man of your rank and station in Europe who would so gladly lay down his life to aid the suffering and oppressed.

"In this case it doesn't seem much good laying down my life, unless the letter gets into the hands of His Imperial Majesty," Stefan shrugged away the other's compliments.

"Exactly," Korum was not to be diverted. "That's where your intense initiative and unremitting energy will come in."

"Oh, yes, of course!" Stefan drained his brandy glass. "I'd forgotten them."

"Everything will be planned for your journey," Korum went on. "We propose to call upon you tomorrow at three."

"I am sorry," Stefan shook his head regretfully. "At that time I visit Prince Johann."

"A somewhat useless companion," Korum reproved him, but Stefan laughed.

"If it weren't for mixing with useless companions, I would be watched with the same vigilance as you are. I'll be here at four." Being punctual was a ritual with Stefan so it was a few minutes before three when he was ushered into Prince Johann's drawing room.

"How good of you to come, Wolensky!" The Prince rose from his desk with a smile, for Stefan could always be counted on to relieve boredom. "I understand you are thinking of a few days in Italy. I might manage to come with you."

"Alas, sir, that's out of the question," Stefan sighed.

"I have to go to Petersburg. It is really most annoying."

"Well, I'm very disappointed." The Prince frowned. "Nor do I admire your taste. I think snow is a most unbecoming color."

"But not for Russians." Stefan bowed. "Believe me, Prince, I've many delightful recollections."

"And may we hope, anticipations." The Prince smiled.

"By the way, Wolensky, you can do me a great favor." He led the way to a small table on which stood a beautifully made candlestick beside two Morocco cases. "The Kaiser gave them to me last year." He opened one of the cases and took out the twin candlestick and placed it beside the other. "Everybody tells me they're very magnificent, but I can tell you if he had given me a couple of sporting dogs I would have been much more edified. So I've decided to make a present of them to someone who will appreciate them. A very beautiful lady, Wolensky!"

"That I'm sure of," Stefan grinned. "Am I to take it she lives in Petersburg?"

"Yes. It's the Princess Tanya." The Prince breathed the name softly and then at Stefan's delighted smile he broke in hastily. "Are you sure this wouldn't be troubling you too much?" As Stefan protested he looked hesitatingly at the candlesticks. "There's more to these candlesticks than meets the eye," he went on. "You see this center branch looks like all the others, but when I turn it, like this, a secret container is revealed. Marie Antoinette, according to the story, sent her last letter to Vienna in this very candlestick."

Stefan watched fascinated as the Prince screwed the branch into position again. This was heaven-sent, this hiding place for the Czar's letter, and as the Prince apologized and turned to sit down at the writing table, Stefan unscrewed the branch again and put the letter in the secret container of the candlesticks. He could tell

The fate of each in the hands of the other, the gallant Baron and the charming Mironova must choose between love and duty. Below, Rainer and Henry Stephenson.
it from the other because one of the claw-foot legs on which it rested was broken.

Prince Johann began to write a letter and Stefan seized the opportunity to put the candlestick back in its Morocco case. There was time to spare before the letter was finished but Stefan had barely recovered his composure when the Prince turned around.

“I've scribbled a note to the charming princess,” he smiled significantly, “so that you will not necessarily feel under any obligation to deliver them personally.”

Stefan bowed, and now he was more at ease than he had been at any time since the letter had come into his possession. It was easy to chat now of the gay things that interested the Prince and it was only when he was leaving and his host insisted upon sending the candlesticks to the train that night, that the old anxiety came back.

He could not afford to arouse suspicion by insisting on taking them along with him so he went reluctantly to the door.

It was from the head of the staircase that he first saw the Countess Mironova and even then at that first sight of her, he felt an emotion no woman had ever kindled in him before. Small and slim she came up the stairs toward him, and he saw her eyes were as softly brown as the bands of sable twisting around her turban. There was only that quick look flashing between them as they passed and then she was gone.

Mironova was still thinking of him as she went into the Prince’s drawing-room. For all the loveliness of her, she had had little time to know men as other women knew them. For to her all men were friends or enemies, to be counted on or to be feared. She had learned that when she had first offered her services to the Russian secret service. It was known so well that she was one of their most trusted workers.

Even now in that soft sable muff she carried so apparently carelessly were papers that her co-worker in Vienna had given her. She had been surprised when she read them and saw the proof that betrayed the identity of the head of the Polish group working against Russia’s interests in Vienna. Baron Stefan Wolensky! Even as she saw his name she had gasped in surprise, for though she had never met him she had heard of him and his reputation as a gay man about town had deceived her as it had the others.

There was nothing of that other woman, the woman whose heart and soul was taken up in serving Russia as she coquetted with the Prince who had been her father’s friend. She was like a child as she talked to him and only when he showed her the candlestick and its secret compartment did her sudden interest almost betray her. It was an anxious moment, a supreme test.

She recovered her composure quickly even as her mind seized upon the candlestick as a hiding place for the letters that would mean her death should they fall into the hands of a loyal Pole. And she would have to pass the customs in Poland before she arrived in Russia. The candlesticks would make a perfect hiding place and she must get them. She needed all her charm now, all her wit that had made her so valuable in her service to her country, and so she coaxed the Prince to allow her to take them to the Princess and when she left she was carrying them with her and now each one of them held the life of a man in its secret hiding place.

Stefan paced the platform nervously that night as the train prepared for departure for it wasn’t until the warning whistle sounded that Prince Johann’s butler came hurrying toward him.

“His Highness sent me to tell you, Sir, that he has made other arrangements for the transit of the candlesticks. The Countess Mironova left for Petersburg this afternoon and His Highness thought it would save you unnecessary trouble if he took charge of them.”

Stefan had need of his iron nerve as he listened for he knew the Countess by reputation. But he had to get that candlestick back. The life of his friend depended on it.

All that night he paced his compartment nervously making plans that countless real-life plans with so much depending on chance and uncertainty. It was early morning when the train crossed the border into Poland and he got off at the station at Czakowa where the custom’s inspection was taking place.

It was then he saw the poster on the station wall offering a large reward for information leading to the recovery of property stolen from the Countess Mironova, who was staying at the Golden Crown Hotel. Fate had been good to him after all. Here in his native Poland he was at a better advantage than the Russian woman.

A girl was crying softly in a room of the hotel and the young man watching her threw away his cigarette irritably.

“Stop it, Mitzi!” he ordered. “She’ll hear you.”

The girl looked nervously at the door leading into the Countess’ suite. It had all seemed so easy before with Antone urging her, telling her how easy it would be to “lose” her mistress’ jewels and painting that bright picture of their marriage that would be possible if they could change those jewels into money. But she hadn’t thought it would be like this, with fear rising in a big lump in her throat and her hands icy and trembling.

Her breath came in little (Please turn to page 80)
The romantic Don is above all an able actor, entitled to his rewards—that lovely home at left, with the actor in the foreground, for instance. And glamor girls as screen sweethearts. Right, Loretta Young; center left, with Louise Hovick (who was very famous as Gypsy Rose Lee on the stage), in "You Can't Have Everything!" Oh! no!; lower left, paired with the blondly buoyant Alice Faye. Below, the lucky Don.

Actor's Reward

Don Ameche takes the honors. For grand work in films and radio, pretty leading ladies, a lovely home, and your plaudits are his prizes.
That wayward son of the screen, Leslie Howard, comes back to that so-commercial Hollywood after his long stage tour in "Hamlet," surprisingly ready, willing, and able to resume his picture career.

Lucky Leslie! "It's Love I'm After" is the debonair title of his "comeback" film, with a gay story, a fine director, Archie Mayo, a superlative cast including Eric Blore, and a lovely leading lady, Olivia de Havilland, seen with Messrs. Blore and Howard in a scene at left. Our other candid shots, read from top left, show Mayo describing the next scene to his nonchalant star, Eric Blore leading him on; and two solo views of Mr. Howard all mixed in the mechanics of this so-so story, but oh-so remunerative picture-making! Ah, Art, where is thy swing!
What changes hath time and talkies wrought! Directly above, Lois Moran and Belle Bennett as daughter and mother in the first version of "Stella Dallas." Above, Stanwyck and Anne Shirley in the modern edition, also produced by Sam Goldwyn.

Return of "Stella Dallas"

Remember that first, silent screenplay of "Stella Dallas," produced by Samuel Goldwyn over a decade ago, with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett, shown at left in still from old film, in leading roles! Now Goldwyn brings it all back to us, with Stanwyck as the colorful Stella, Anne Shirley as her daughter, Laurel, John Boles as Stephen—see them in large picture, below. Top center, Stanwyck in one of the phases in Stella's life. Directly above, the young lovers as portrayed by Anne Shirley and Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt; and topping them, the original creators of the same rôle, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lois Moran.

That girl's here again—Stella herself, famous screen heroine of twelve years ago, revived by Barbara Stanwyck.
People are still talking about the characterization achieved by Janet Gaynor, above, as the screen-struck girl who wins stardom in "A Star is Born." Now gaze, right, at new group of girls, cream of the Manhattan model crop, submitting to Hollywood's rigorous training school. Here, the prize mannequins hear Coach Harold Clurman.

It looks enchantingly easy, but is it? Take the latest batch of young hopefuls—new group of girls, cream of the Manhattan model crop, submitting to Hollywood's rigorous training school. Here, the prize mannequins hear Coach Harold Clurman.

Contrast the newcomer, Marla Shelton, right, receiving expert make-up—in Hollywood they believe in painting the lips with a brush—with the two established stars at left and above: Carole Lombard and Ann Sothern. But note also, please, that even Hollywood stardom doesn't insures exclusivity—both Carole and Ann are wearing the same "exclusive" gown, the only difference being a reverse in color. And what these girls be surprised when they see these pictures!
Looking on at the struggles of the hopefuls with a tolerant smile, is Joan Bennett, above, bright particular star of "Vogues of 1938." Below, it doesn't take long for a new girl to learn the gags—Katharine Aldridge poses in a dunce cap as her first contribution to Hollywood gaiety. The lovely girls shown in close-up, center below, are Ida Vollmar and Miss Aldridge.

Every girl's dream, to be transformed by the Hollywood make-up wizards! The Walter Wanger models, all young, pretty, and distinctive, needed careful grooming to measure up to movie standards—and got it. Consider Ida Vollmar, left, getting a new complexion finish and coiffure. Far left, Olive Cawley hopes the powder brush and hair-comb will do their work. Top left, new eyebrows for Dorothy Day, who hopes to stay!
Call 'em smoke dreams if you must, but breathing is a man with soul, or pipe, or cigar, or cigarette so dead that he fails to see sweet images, sweet dreams, and emotions in the curling, swirling smoke? On this page, our smoke-dreamers are Melvyn Douglas, above; Herbert Marshall, center, and Charles Bickford, left. Dream-girls, stymied in center, are Ann Miller and Ada Leonardi. Reading above Bickford, upper second page: Ann Halsey, Terry Walker, Phyllis Brooks. Germaine Assey, Ann Miller, again, and for good reasons; and Mady Correll are visions to challenge the imagination of all good smokers.
Our smoke-dreamer on this page is Raymond Milland. As he puffs the pretty girls make lovely pictures. Beginning with the graceful hula dancer at left, Dorothy Thompson, and Mary Maguire's charming close-up directly above, you'll see, reading up: Leah Ray, Joan Marsh, Armanda, Jane Wyman, Pauline Moore, Joan Woodbury, dancing, and last but far from least, Frances Drake.
Pals of that prince of adventure, Errol Flynn, are his prize dogs, the meek looking fellow with his master above, as well as the lion hunter Errol brought back from his recent journey abroad. Left, Frances Farmer's bull dog makes it very evident that he appreciates her friendship. Below, Terry Walker's companion isn't making snoots at you, but he's mighty proud to be posing with her.

Love Their Dogs
Well, Who Wouldn't?
Hollywood's dog stars! They're canines of quality, and live in luxury too. But it's loyalty to their owners, not royal surroundings, that makes the stars so proud of 'em

Roming all over Basil Rathbone's Hollywood haven are dogs—all types of dogs, but every one a winner, and don't let Basil hear you say otherwise. Have a look at what goes on when Basil and his gang get together. Below, for example: at left, the pranks around the swimming pool; center left—especially look at this—the Rathbone dogs have their own trailer, for trips with their master; and lower left, the terrier doesn't mind the sun, but Basil does, so it's up to him to wheel the lawn lounge into the shade. Lower right, Mara Hunt's favorites are a pair of prize collies.
However they do it, these charming people make us like them. Irene Dunne, and Claudette Colbert, center above and below, for glamor; Joe E. Brown's clowning; Tony Martin's songs; Michael Whalen's and James Ellison's romantic; and George O'Brien's rugged heroism—below with Cecilia Parker—thrill us.
Beauty
In Disguise

Don't worry—Marion Davies may go ugly for some scenes in her current cinema, "Ever Since Eve," but as always, she's beautiful again in time for the final clinch. Marion, left, as is. Above, in deep, dark disguise, with Robert Montgomery, her leading man, and script clerk. Right, a scene.

Gilbert and Sullivan on the Screen!

At last the beloved music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and the immortal lyrics of W. S. Gilbert come to the screen. Enterprising producer Andrew L. Stone interpolates not only the gems from "The Mikado," as at left, but six other classic numbers, in his new film, "The Girl Said No." A gift of gaiety for which—thanks!

Making Up Mama!

And when Mother is none other than Joan Blondell, the four pictures below may be labeled Hot News. Joan's adorable little son Normie decides to gild the lily, and Joan submits while he tidies her hair, applies a touch of lipstick, now a little mascara, and finally, a dab of powder on the nose.
"Turn 'Em Over!"

The more perfect the recording, the more natural the song or dialogue. Here's a look into the sound booth, right, where skilled engineers concentrate on making the delicate machinery record the actors' voices.

Last minute preparations. Right, make-up man touches up Sophie Tucker's lips, a stage hand polishes the floor, and Igor Gorin and male chorus wait for the call "turn 'em over," to make a scene for "Broadway Melody." Left, three pretty chorines while away the time as they rest between dance numbers on the set.

This sound engineer hears only dialogue or music as it comes from the microphones on the stage or set. He advises actors and technicians by telephone. Below, an electrician focuses a spotlight on the action as cameras turn over.
The film goes round and round as cameras turn at the director's command, and it comes out right on your local theatre screen. Have a peep at stars and technicians at work and—the other side of the microphone. Allan Jones records a song you'll hear in "The Firefly." For perfect vocal results singers make separate recordings, later matched up with scenes filmed on the set.

Over the shoulder of the cameraman, we see a closeup being made of Jeanette MacDonald as she goes into her dance for "The Firefly," in view at right. Here, left, is how the travelling microphone is operated. The man at the "tiller" guides the "mike," suspended from the end of the boom, as action progresses.

Left, Binnie Barnes, who must slap George Murphy's face in the impending scene, assures him: "This'll hurt me more than you." Meantime Sophie Tucker and "Broadway Melody of 1938" show girls relax on the sidelines.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane in "Varsity Show."
Beauty on her Own

Anita Louise says farewell to being guided and guarded, in her career and private life as well.

By Dickson Morley

In SIX months Anita Louise goes wholly on her own! The prelude will be over, emphatically done with. She begins, then, truly. All those sacrifices, the constant studying, all her preparations for conquering every possible crisis of career and love will be put to the supreme test.

But when the time literally comes for her to step out, when she does bid farewell to being guided and guarded, it won’t be an abrupt switch. For right now she is, privately, finishing the plans which mean so much to her. The tomorrows must be vital. They must be complete. And so, although she is still under supervision, she is charting her personal course. She is to live her life as she herself sees fit; therefore the familiar theories are being dragged into the strong light of this summer’s obvious facts.

“I don’t believe in luck, or that anything good lasts unless you make it last,” she declares. That is no idle statement, just for an effect. It is the truth, as she has learned it from her experiences.

She has watched what has happened to other ambitious women. She has—and this will astonish the sophisticates even in Hollywood, perhaps—already secretly proved that she can rise triumphantly above slaps.

Slaps? I won’t be surprised if you’d decided that (Please turn to page 91)
CLARK GABLE makes a valiant effort to triumph over miscasting and almost succeeds, in this interesting, if controversial romitization of the career of Ireland’s patriot. Gable gives a sincere and praiseworthy performance, always fully conscious of the demands of his rôle, and ever striving to realize its potentialities; but somehow his attempt never quite conquers the character. Vigorous and ingratiating though he is, Gable is not cast in the heroic mould, to my mind; and Parnell was a giant—or nothing. It is Myrna Loy, to me, who comes closer to achieving a true portrait as Katie O’Shea—or rather, as any woman helplessly, hopelessly in love. Sometimes Miss Loy seems to forget she is playing Parnell’s beloved and permits traces of Mrs. Nick Charles to creep in; but not often. Beguiling in the curiously becoming costumes of the period, Myrna manages to maintain the true romantic mood in most of her scenes, and she invariably presents a perfectly delicious picture. “Parnell” is staged in sumptuous fashion, and John Stahl’s direction seems to squeeze every drop of suspense and emotion from the story. In the fine cast, Edna May Oliver and Alan Marshall score. Now may we have Mr. Gable in another “San Francisco,” and soon?

THE cinema classic of the year, this masterly motion picturization of Kipling’s story should live as long as celluloid lasts. I’m pretty maudlin, I warn you, about this picture. I saw its premiere in Manhattan weeks ago; I caught it again around Gloucester, Mass., practically its spiritual birthplace—where it seemed to me insufficiently appreciated; and I’ve just seen it for the third time—and I find new beauty in it. Perhaps in “Captains Courageous” we have the finest example of a Hollywood picture with no taint of cheap commercialism. If it isn’t art then I can get along without art. From the moment we first meet Freddie Bartholomew as a youthful Jane Withers, through his spoiled-boy spill into the sea and his rescue by the fisherman Manuel, we are completely enthralled, and fail to miss the “romance” hitherto considered inevitable in moviedom. Freddie’s performance as the rich man’s son who is transformed by sun and sea into a real person is a wonderful thing to watch; once again I say this small boy is a great actor. Spencer Tracy as Manuel is marvellously moving. In fact, it’s a perfect cast. Of course the beauty of the scenes at sea is something only a poet should write about. See “Captains Courageous” more than once.

I HOPE you haven’t the idea that this is just another made-to-order romance for the express purpose of co-starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a series of clinches. “This Is My Affair” would have been almost as good entertainment without Taylor and Stanwyck—I say almost. But Taylor and Stanwyck would not be as good entertainment without “This Is My Affair.” These two poor, miscast stars have suffered through mediocre vehicles together and singly, and have surely earned the right to appear together in a hearty, robust film like this. Their best roles in months are given them in this meaty movie of gangster goings-on in President McKinley’s day. It’s really a modern melodrama set in an amusing era, with splendid 1937 suspense against lively turn-of-the-century backgrounds. Taylor is forceful and forthright as the young naval officer who sacrifices a promising career to track down a gang of bank robbers embarrassing to the administration. He succeeds, but is caught in his own net, when McKinley is assassinated—and the nose is near. Is that a situation! But “T.R.,” goaded by Stanwyck, gallops to the rescue. You’ll enjoy Victor McLaglen’s fist-clenchings and Sidney Blackmer’s Roosevelt.
ALL-TIME CLASSIC:
"Captains Courageous"

BEST COSTUME FILM:
"Under the Red Robe"

MOST HILARIOUS COMEDY:
"A Day at the Races"

TOP CO-STARRING TEAM:
Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in "This Is My Affair"

FINEST PERFORMERS:
Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous"
Annabella and Conrad Veidt in "Under the Red Robe"
Victor McLaglen and Sidney Blackmer in "This Is My Affair"
Marxes, just Marxes

**I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount**

CHEER up—Claudette is here again, with no sombre "Maid of Salem" overtones to bother us. Lu Colbert is as we like her best in this current comedy which is, to coin an overworked word, sparkling. Yes, it's gay, too, and sprightly; but the best part of it is not the familiar plot—which it seems to me I've seen Colbert act in at least twice before—but the very engaging spirit of good, not-too-clean fun which pervades the dialogue and the direction. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young are the "him" of the title. Claudette, on a Paris vacation, meets them both, but it proves necessary for the trio to journey to Switzerland to see if they can preserve their delightful "platonic" relationship, or something. I'm glad they went to Sun Valley, Idaho—beg pardon, I mean Switzerland—for the skating and sledding scenes are the most amusing in the picture. You must see Claudette on skates, and Sonja Henie must see her, too, if only to realize how quickly our Hollywood girls can learn new tricks—and besides, no star, not even Sonja, can look more graceful on skates than Colbert. Bob Young has another one of his "at-last-his-big-chance" roles, and as usual, acquires himself nobly. Douglas, dignified and stately, is nevertheless a darling—I think.

**UNDER THE RED ROBE—20th Century-Fox**

WATCH this Annabella—it's no hardship. You remember her, I hope, in "Wings of the Morning," with color and Henry Fonda. Now you're seeing her in one of the better costume pictures, with Conrad Veidt; and it's an excellent chance to become even better acquainted with the young woman who will, in all probability, be a most important Persona in Hollywood before long. This film, I believe, marks Annabella's farewell to British pictures; and it is a suitable swan-song in that it gives the gifted girl opportunity to display the wide range of mood and emotion for which she is famous. Briefly, it's the story of a daring agent of Cardinal Richelieu whose adventures lead him into a dangerous romance with the heroine, whose family political interests are opposed to the Cardinal's. The love scenes in "Under The Red Robe" have a fascination you won't find in Hollywood costume dramas; for the hero, Gil de Berauld, is definitely a mature and menacing swashbuckler, and Annabella as his beloved is both thrilled and chilled by his "Three Musketeers" manners. The result is a believable romance both refreshing and realistic. Conrad Veidt as the bold Gil is supremely convincing. Raymond Massey, Romney Brent, splendid.
You Can't Keep A Good Menjou Down!

Prince of character performers tells his professional secrets in this socko story

By Ida Zeitlin

A SCENE was being rehearsed for "100 Men and One Girl." Deanna Durbin leaned against the piano singing. At the keyboard I recognized Mischa Auer's back in an old red sweater, his shirtsleeve poking through a hole at the elbow. A group of guests—people not overburdened with wealth, to judge from appearances—sat and stood about the boarding house parlor, listening. Henry Koster was directing. Joe Pasternak sat behind him. This is the young duo that made Universal's "Three Smart Girls" the big surprise package of the year.

"Wait," called Koster. "The gentleman beside Mr. Auer is very sad. I don't know why."

"Tell him he'll get his check tonight," Pasternak murmured.

"Now please be a little happy, sir. It's such a nice studio and such a nice little girl you're looking at. Only Mr. Menjou must be sad."

I pricked up my ears. It was Menjou I had come to see. But somehow it had never occurred to me to look for him among these threadbare folk. Unconsciously I'd been keeping my eyes peeled for a natty coat and a pair of knife-edged trousers. As the rehearsal went on, I looked again—and
found him. His trousers were baggy, his coat was shiny, his bowtie struggled toward the four corners of the earth. His hair needed cutting, and one lock fell unhinged over his temple.

Yet it wasn't his getup, so much as his expression and manner that wrought the greatest change. His shoulders sagged, his eyes gazed into space. The girl at the piano was singing to him, her father, her voice urgent, pleading with him to be happy. He looked up and smiled—the gentlest smile, that transformed his face and tugged at your heartstrings.

I had never seen such a Menjou. Neither, I'm sure, have you—not even in "Little Miss Marker" where his tenderest moments were built on a foundation of toughness. This man, you could tell from that one brief glimpse, was fundamentally sweet, an impractical dreamer, probably, but a darling, a man you'd love.

I thought back to the parts he'd played in the last year—the inspired rascal of "Café Metropole," the quietly understanding producer of "A Star is Born," the bluff manager of "One in a Million" with his flashes of brilliance, the screwball of "Sing, Baby, Sing." All different in tempo, all tellingly portrayed. And now he was a down-at-the-heel musician, who with one smile showed up his heart and took yours.

I knew something about Menjou at first hand—more from people better acquainted with him. I tried to piece together what I knew into an explanation of how he had bridged the chasm, on one side of which stood a typed worldling, repeated "till the public and I were both sick of him"—on the other, a succession of varying characters, variously played. There was a time, after he had made his big hit in "A Woman of Paris," when Menjou went around begging for extra work. Today, producers beg him to appear in their pictures on his own terms. In between, lies one of those Hollywood stories which might have ended in heartbreak like so many others, except for the character of the man involved.

He had three things to help him—acting ability, intelligence, and courage. When the typing of actors was still taken as a matter of course, he struggled against it. No use. He'd made his name as a screw sophisticate. He'd have to go on playing suave sophisticates or nothing. Presently it was nothing. He didn't drop his head on his hands and moan. He's too vital and sane to have any patience with that kind of thing. He learned other languages in addition to the French he knew, and played in foreign versions. He had the courage to turn down jobs that would have relieved his financial plight, because they meant playing the same monotonous role. He had the courage to ask for extra work from men who had known him as a star.

That was how he kept going till one fine day he bumped into Lewis Milestone, at his wits' end for someone to play the newspaper owner in "Front Page." Milestone noticed Menjou's resemblance to Osgood Perkins, who had played the part in New York. He went into rehearsal that afternoon. He proved that he could be hardboiled. So they let him be hardboiled, tapering off to soft, in "Little Miss Marker." Thus began the return journey.

Later, at lunch, he presented his own theories—more than theories to me. I've proved them in the school of hard fact. I don't set myself up as Advice to the Stagelorn, I know what I wanted and how I tried to get it. That's all I know."

Menjou is easy to talk to at all times, and a particular delight to interviewers. Give him a hint of what you're after, and he does the rest. His nimble tongue keeps pace in crisp, staccato sentences with his nimble brain. Some players won't talk; others are afraid; still others can't. Menjou is ready, willing, and able.

"First and foremost, I won't (Please turn to page 76)"

Two more memorable performances by Menjou were in "One in a Million" with Sonja Henie, left; and in "A Star is Born," from which we show a still at left, below, with Menjou, Owen Moore, and Lionel Stander. Below, the happy Menjou—he's Vera Teasdale, and a very good actress, too!
A gown for gala evenings is worn by Miss Trevor at left—pale pink net with enormous width shown in the frothy skirt. The jacket is embroidered in apple blossoms made of sequins ranging in shade from deep pink to palest mauve, with deep green for the leaves. A dream dress indeed! Above, an advance fashion note is Claire’s Directoire hostess gown, with coat of blue and silver lamé buttoned over a finely pleated slip of pale blue chiffon.

You can choose your clothes to be practical as well as chic, if you follow Claire Trevor’s fashion example. To be smartly turned out, especially in Summer, is to be cool, comfortable, but never conspicuous, says Claire
Two trim daytime ensembles are pictured at right. First, a printed frock topped with a light-weight woolen jacket. High style notes include: tailored bow of olive-green, pale yellow, and brown velvet ribbon at the throat, matching the green and yellow print on a brown background; slot pockets and shirring on the collarless jacket of oatmeal woolen; and a brand new hat, deep brown straw with a brim that curves up and then sharply down; chamois gloves, dark brown bag and pumps. For right, frock of imported chiffon woolen, henna-colored, with brown velvet bolero. Claire's youthful sombrero is of beige felt; her gloves are beige deerskin, her bag and shoes brown.

At left, Claire's rosette dress of smoke-grey crepe, with tie-on shoulder cape. Her hat is of wine straw, trimmed with pale rose and raspberry velvet ribbon; her shoes and gloves are grey suede. Far left, the Spanish influence in hats is seen in Claire's modified sombrero of beige felt, and her brown bolero worn over a beige and henna dress—excellent choice for a brown-eyed blonde. Claire's current film is "Time Out for Romance," from which she took time out to pose for us in these smart clothes and accessories from the French Room of J. W. Robinson and Co., Los Angeles.
Charm Plus Chic defines June Lang

One of Hollywood's loveliest young players, above, in the last fashion poses of Summer! June Lang wears, at left above, a festive garden party frock of white eyelet embroidery over black taffeta. Above, attractive garden coat of turquoise-blue satin-clot, worn over practical overalls. The coat and hat are lined with bright yellow. At right above, June's bolero dress of navy blue, the jacket braided in geranium red.

To top your tailored suit, your hat should be a brilat felt, styled as Marla Ralston's, at right. To top your afternoon ensemble, select a rose-trimmed suede such as Virginia Bruce wears at far right.

Toppers!
That little French girl brought not only her piquant acting talents to Hollywood, but true Parisian style sense. Simone Simon models for us three exquisite evening gowns. At left above, white crepe gown with a brilliant splash of color in the blue-green girdle, which on cool evenings Simone enhances with ermine bolero and muff. Center, mousseline de soie, strikingly printed in black and white, combined with black faille taffeta—the bodice with long, close sleeves, deep square neckline. Right above, realistic bouquets of red and blue poppies printed on a white crepe background, enlivened by Simone with three white carnations in her hair.

French Flair from Simone Simon

Turbans!

After their fashion exile, turbans have returned to high favor. Doris Nolan's, left, is made of woolen knit, with open crown. Chartreuse crepe and chiffon combine to concoct Virginia Bruce's chic turban, cleverly draped, at far left.
"HERE'S nothing wonderful about my pictures. I take them for fun!" Cary Grant, tall 'n' dark 'n' handsome, glowered at me from his canvas-backed chair on the "Topper" set, and dared me to call him an artist.

"This candid camera stuff is just my way of amusing myself," he assured me, seriously. "I don't think it's fair for actors, who make fairly good money themselves, to take special shots of a production that chaps who earn their living by taking pictures can't get, and then go to work and market those shots. Each fellow should stick to his own job. There's no harm in playing around with a camera. That's all I do.

"I have a little Leica camera. I like it very much, but I've seen quite as good results from other cheaper cameras. Sometimes I think the price is the main difference in cameras—lots of American-made cameras are splendid. Maybe it all depends on the fellow who clicks the shutter."

The set consisted of a strip of woodland, rather dark woodland, with rolling hills and a little brook. Near at hand a modernistic car had crashed into a tree and lay on its side, the broken tree scattered its branches over the rocks and torn grasses.

"That car," observed Cary, "represents illusion. The scene painters have painted the gashes and dents into it so realistically that you don't doubt from where you are sitting that the thing is a complete wreck. Come up closer and you'll see the neat job of paint... I understand the idea came a few months ago when one of the writers on this Hal Roach lot drove up in a new Oldsmobile. He was so proud of the car that he talked of nothing else. All of which was noted by the Roach gag men. They waited till he left the car parked and then fixed it up something like this one.

"You can imagine the man's face when he came back to his beloved Olds! They thought he'd have heart failure. Somebody came rushing out with a cake of soap and a cloth and washed the damage off. Then he went around patting the hood, afraid to believe nothing was hurt.

"As I say, that's illusion. That's the sort of thing an artist gets into his pictures. But I'm an amateur. I go in for candid shots that show my friends when they aren't
"I'm no artist," says the tall, dark and handsome star, when we ask him for tips on how to make good pictures. His camera's for fun, he says, and shows his candid shots to prove it

posing. Most of those are intended only for the eyes of the victim and my own most secret album, but there are a few that I think amusing and don't mind giving you.

"These two of Roland Young under the shower are examples. You can see it's a cold shower. This of Young and Billie Burke, blowing up in their lines and laughing, is another.

"Then there's this one of Baby Patsy May of Our Gang feeding in the commissary. I don't think she knew I was taking it. She's a bit young yet and not inclined as so many people are to freeze into a pose. There's another one of her, reading to Billie Burke. I just waited around while she wiggled this way and that, and then trusted to luck.

"Here's another very young person being directed by Gordon Douglas of Our Gang. The younger they are the less self-conscious, but, alas, their youth makes them difficult. They hate to hold still.

"Talking about kids, there's the Abbe children. The ones who write books. They're doing a book Everybody's Famous in Hollywood and they spent the day here on the set yesterday. Cute kids, too. I took this shot while they were talking to Constance Bennett's dog. They seemed to take it for granted.

"Richard—he's the oldest boy—made a bet with me. I can't remember how the subject of marriage came up, but he was against it. I said: 'You'll change your mind inside fifteen years, old man.'

"'I will not!' said he. 'What'll you bet?' I returned. We got very serious, and pretty soon we had a bet of fifty cents that Richard would—or wouldn't—he married by the time he's twenty-six. He's eleven now. Richard is putting his money up in a bank and writing me a letter, and I'll have to do the same. But I don't think I'll lose.

"That kid's bright. I was going into a scene, and I said: 'Don't be too critical now, kids!' and he said: 'What do you mean by critical? 'Don't pick flaws,' I explained, and then I found he wasn't asking for a definition. He observed that some people might think so, but he believed the meaning should be 'evaluate.' What do you think of that?"

"Kolma Flake, pretty young publicity woman, observed that Patience, the Abbe girl, had announced, on leaving, that Cary Grant was very handsome but didn't know it, as so many actors do.

"Cary blushed. Yes, believe it or not!

"When Cary was twelve, he invented a theatrical lighting effect which he carried to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol, where he installed it and operated it for the show.

"It was nothing wonderful," he scoffed, when I mentioned this. "It was just a device for dimming lights to get a certain effect the scene needed. Yes, maybe they still use it. But it wasn't remarkable.

"I'm still interested in lighting—in my candid shots. These clouds on a stormy evening—and this shot at Yosemite—it was the light that made them appeal to me."

"I often look for shadows, because they make a picture interesting."

As if this were a cue, a stuntman who had been practicing falling from the seat of the overturned car into the little dell below, to the accompaniment of a wind-machine-blown cloud of dust and leaves, gave up and Roland Young took his place amid

(Please turn to page 81)
LANE trees are flowering down Piccadilly and the sun-awnings are up in Park Lane and the grey old Tower of London is the coolest place in town. Mrs. Henry Wilcoxon says so and she should know, because the tall good-looking “Biff” has conscientiously taken his Hollywood bride out to see the sights every day since they arrived on their belated honeymoon. She’s bought a grey chiffon dance frock to set off her auburn curls, old china and books for her California home, and an amusing red lacquer coffee-jug as a present for her great friend Claudette Colbert.

In addition to acting as tourist guide, Biff has also found time to act in a film, Capitol’s new production called “Jericho.” It’s a dramatic story about the negro soldiers who came from America to fight in the European War, with Paul Robeson as a trooper who earns disgrace but manages to escape to the North African deserts. Interior scenes are being made at Pinewood and the lovely woods surrounding the studio buildings present a curious spectacle when hundreds of swarthy Arab extras are strolling around at lunch-time. Sitting under an ancient English oak I saw a strangely-looking desert sheik wrapped in long white robes but with an outsize cigar in the corner of his mouth. “Hello, Toots!” he called. “How are you?”

Salute the inimitable Wallace Ford who is adding complications and comedy to the film as an American salt-smuggler in the heart of the Sahara.

Two more big productions are under way at Pinewood, Anna Neagle’s spectacular film of the life of Queen Victoria and Jessie Matthews’ new musical, “Gangway.” Beautiful blonde Anna and vivacious dark-haired Jessie have been friends ever since the days when they danced together in a revue chorus at the London Pavilion, so they often foregather for tea at four o’clock. Jessie usually knits as she chats. She makes all the gay sweaters worn on the set by her director-husband Sonnie (Please turn to page 74).
WO of France's fairest flowers have been plucked for that greater garden of roses in Hollywood. All of this poetic outburst is about the departure of Annabella and Danielle Darrieux for America to make films in English. Annabella, that's the only name she is known by, first came into prominence when she played the lead in those Rene Clair French masterpieces before he made "The Ghost Goes West." About two years ago she went to Hollywood to do one film in French. It was "Caravan" opposite Charles Boyer. She didn't speak a word of English and it seemed a long, long way from her beloved Paris. Now, she has made two films in London and speaks our language with an enchanting accent. After she had made one film they dreaded for her to come to Paris for fear she would forget her English. She solved the problem by taking a trip to India on an English boat. It was an excellent idea, for anyone who has ever been on one of those boats could not even have a French thought—so smugly English is the atmosphere of them. Well, with that atmosphere and the services of an English guide in India, our Annabella returned with her English in better form than ever and lots of pleasant memories of the trip. Before sailing for America she came to Paris to make her last film in French for a long time, for her contract with 20th Century-Fox is to spend half the year in Hollywood and the other half in London.

So with this in mind I got out to the studio as often as possible to see her. This French film is called "The Citadel of Silence." The scene is laid in Poland at the time of the revolt in 1913. Her leading man is Bernard Lancret, who I feel will soon be snapped up by the Hollywood scouts. He has great charm and talent and speaks "gezeg English" language with a delightful accent. His first film was "Kernmese Heroique," called in English, I believe, "Carnival in Flanders." This film has been such a success in England and America—running in one theatre in London for over eight months. Lancret and Annabella make an ideal pair.

One day I was sitting with Annabella when she suddenly asked me, "How long does it take to go to thees Atlanta?" She had to repeat the question a couple of times and then explain a bit before I gathered the (Please turn to page 95)
Tell-Tale Desires

Veritable dynamos of emotional power, stars reveal their characters in the strength of their likes and dislikes.

By Helen Louise Walker

TIRELESSLY the search for new talent proceeds in Hollywood. Feverishly the talent scouts throughout the country haunt amateur theatricals, church entertainments, department stores, football games, advertising agencies where living models are used for photographs. Thousands of eager youngsters are tested every year ... every month ... in search for the new personalities upon which the success of pictures must depend.

"How do you know it when you see it?" I asked a famous casting director. "How can you tell?"

"We can't be infallible," he smiled. "We do know that beauty and talent and brains are not enough. There is the Unknown Quantity—or call it character, if you like. I think of it rather as a sort of dynamo inside a person which strikes a response from other people."

"And how in the world do you spot that?" I wanted to know.

He grinned. "It isn't too easy! The best way that I know is to study a person when he is off-guard, find out his tastes in small things, how he lives, what he reads and eats and thinks."

Suddenly I recalled what that shrewd showman, Sam Goldwyn, had told me of Merle Oberon. "I knew that she could act," he said. "I knew that she was beautiful. But I didn't know the woman. I arranged to meet her at a small, informal dinner, where she would be at ease, where she would not realize that she was being observed. I wanted to learn something of her tastes in small things. That's how you really judge a person." He wagged his head.

"The day after that dinner, I invited her to the studio to discuss a contract."

"What were her tastes in small things? What gave you your cue?"

Mr. Goldwyn twinkled. "You must talk to her yourself and then you will see. I'll tell you a little of what I learned that evening. There was an eager and spontaneous interest in everything that had to do with show business. She was interested in books and plays but, what was much more important, she was deeply interested in people. I learned that she liked to be near the ocean." He paused and then added, gently, "I learned

Hollywood's shrewdest producers say they can judge the stars' capacity to play certain roles by study of their likes and dislikes. Here are three screen greats whose personal preferences and aversions give you a new understanding of their individuality. Joan Crawford, left, Ronald Colman, above, and Ginger Rogers. Study them off-guard.
that she liked to cook—sometimes. She had never played any parts which were not exotic and artificial. I saw in her a wholesome young woman with an elemental simplicity about her. *You talk with her!*

I investigated Merle’s likes and dislikes a little further, trying to see what Sam had seen.

She does like to cook, but she likes to do it out-of-doors, on the sands where she can hear the surf and where people are helping and laughing when she broils a steak. I can’t imagine her toiling in a hot kitchen to achieve the perfect angel’s food cake! Her tastes in clothes are simple and she cheerfully eneaces her slim form in a $14.95 frock from one of the Boulevard’s inexpensive shops. But she likes to don a luxurious and extremely expensive fur coat over this simple number, and she will embellish the whole with priceless star sapphires and top it off with a hat, the cost of which would have bought at least one of the stars in one of the sapphire’s! As often as not, however, she wears no hat at all. I began to see what Sam had meant.

Consider Joan Crawford: the restless, searching, unpredictable Joan. At first glance, Joan’s tastes would seem a welter of inconsistencies. But if you think about it a bit and sort them out, those tastes, evanescent as they are, will tell you a lot about the woman, and something of why she is the success she is today.

Years ago a despairing press agent told me, “We can never get pictures of Joan’s house because some part of it is always in the process of being done over.” It is true! Joan is always having a wall knocked out, a wing added, or the drapes changed in the guest room. It’s quite exciting to go to Joan’s house. You can never be sure that you won’t find that the swimming pool has been moved to where, if memory serves you, the rose garden was six weeks ago. It’s all a part of Joan’s shifting moods, her changing ideas of what should constitute a proper background for the sort of person she thinks she is at the moment.

Joan shops in the “junior sections” of department stores for the simplest of cotton lingerie, which she wears. Periodically she sorts and gives away the piles of imported, hand-made satin nightgowns and cobwebly wisps of underwear which have been gifts to her. A down-town store keeps on hand bolts of the blue cotton pique from which her house-and-play frocks are made. She employs a by-the-day dressmaker for this sort of thing.

Mostly Joan does not notice what she has to eat. But she can, on occasion, plan and help to prepare a meal which might delight an epicure. Always she must have music—in her dressing-room, in her bedroom, by the swimming pool. The money which she has invested in the gadgets which supply her with constantly changing melody, wherever she may be, would make a satisfactory down payment on a home.

Then there is Gary Cooper, who loves the smell of saddle leather and sage brush. Gary spends contented hours polishing spurs, oiling guns. He treasures etchings of cowboys, hunting trophies, and the friendship of quaint western characters. I’m afraid that the smell of grease paint and the sound of the director’s voice crying “Cut!” leave him cold.

Gary likes gay parties if no one urges him to cavort. He prefers to sit on the sidelines and grin amiably while other people indulge in noisy rumps. He hates to be hurried, cannot bear to make decisions, must be bullied into taking any sort of “stand.” (Please turn to page 89)
LET'S hear no more rumors about the Gary Cooper rift, as we've been doing ever since they were married. Both Sandra and Gary are thrilled to death over the new baby who's to arrive in the family within a few months and they only hope it will convince people they're really married for keeps.

IT'S a deep, dark secret and don't tell a soul, but there's a room in the Bing Crosby mansion that's unoccupied at the moment, but it's all done up in baby blue and pink for a little girl!

MARLENE DIETRICH's chauffeur approached Dick Arlen the other day and reminded him they had met in England while Dick was making a picture for Gaumont British. When Dick looked a little vague, the chauffeur admitted his name wasn't really "Bridges," by which he'd introduced himself, but Miss Dietrich preferred it to his real moniker of "Murphy"!

GOSH, we do have the darndest time trying to keep track of that Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor marriage. And now it's going to be even harder than ever, because Roger is travelling around the country with his band and heaven only knows where he'll light next. He did manage to stop off in Hollywood for a few days, however, which is the first time he's been able to get back to town since they've been married.

SIRLEY TEMPLE went for a ride the other day on her bicycle. As she passed a nearby garden, she saw some beautiful flowers which she didn't recognize. So she rang the lady's doorbell and asked about them. Needless to say, the lady was terrified pleased to receive such an important call and promptly gave her permission for Shirley to pick a bouquet. However—Shirley's bike had been standing all this time in the hot sun and when she started to get on it, it was so hot she scorched her tiny panties something terrible!

With mutual tastes for turkey right off the drumsticks, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur, new screen duo, indulge—let Emily Post say what she will.

BELIEVE it or not, Constance Bennett has two cocker spaniels who are so smart she has to spell out certain words so they won't understand what she's saying. If either of them so much as hear the words "car" or "ride," they make a mad dash for the door and an anticipated motor trip. So, when it isn't convenient to take them, Connie simply spells the words out to avoid a scene!

CLARA BOW and her husband, Rex Bell, and the baby, Toni, are touring the country by motor, because Clara decided it was about time she saw America. They've lived such a quiet life since Clara quit pictures, they've done no travelling at all, and Clara finally came to the conclusion something should be done about it.

WE'VE finally found out what makes Andy Devine's voice "that way." When Andy was a little boy, he fell down with a slate from a window-shade in his hand. The wood penetrated some cord in

Wide World
Sally Eilers, Clark Gable, and Carole Lombard—those latter two you see so frequently together—make three grand company at a recent boxing match.
Bringing you a prize
catch of gossip, news,
and romance notes about
the cinema notables

Wedding woodland streams to trap the wary
tROUT, pretty Anne Nagle proved irresistible
bait for cameramen, so along they went—
with the blessing of studio press agents
—and caught the shots that capture your
eye here at the head of the page.

Andy's throat, producing that "gravel" ef-
fect which was later to make him famous. We also learned today that Andy's first
job in pictures was as a stunt man in
"Divine Lady" in which Corinne Griffith
was featured!

looks as though Dick Foran can put
away those Western, chaps any day
now. Ever since the Warner executives
have been hearing Dick on the radio,
you've been sitting up and taking notice.
But they definitely made up their minds
to do something about bigger and better
parts for Dick when he turned up at the
recent Warner party wearing tails and
looking like ten million dollars! And it
wouldn't surprise me a bit if Dick landed
that coveted rôle as The Red Shadow in
the studio's forthcoming "Desert Song."

director Mitchell Leisen is
up to his old tricks. In the many years
he worked as assistant to Cecil DeMille,
one of his favorite stunts was to re-
arrange the coiffure of various and sundry
young leading women. On the set of "Easy
Living" the other day, Jean Arthur's hair-
dress didn't quite please him. So they
going off to her dressing room, where he
originated an entirely new hair-do, which
pleased Jean immensely. And now he's
sorry he started it at all, because he has
to dress it every morning!

Paul Muni is sick and tired of look-
ing like three other people. For almost
the past two years, Paul has had to wear
a beard, a Chinese mask, or some other
disguise for his picture rôles. Even I, who
have seen him quite frequently during the
past months, was somewhat startled the
other evening when he appeared, smooth-
shaven, at a friend's house. And I can't
say that I blame him for wanting to be
himself in his next rôle.

Romance that led to the altar. Below,
George Brent and his bride, Constance
Worth, Australian actress, after their
marriage in Mexico.
HARD TO ACCOMMODATE the hounds Carole Lombard's chauffeur had to drive them to start a new wood.

THE whole M-G-M commissary was agog when the jubilant Carole Lombard dropped over for lunch with Clark Gable. And we understand that it was none other than little Missy Lombard who's responsible for those twenty pounds Clark dropped after completing work in "Parnell." Seems the studio had been after him to lose weight for months, but it took the iron-hand of Carole to get him to be serious about the situation. And as Gracie Allen would say, he certainly looks beautiful!

HERE'S a touching little tale of two brothers who really feel that way about one another. Years ago, when Gilbert Roland was well up at the top of the star list in Hollywood, he also found jobs for his brother, Chico Alonzo. But now the tables are somewhat changed. Gilbert's career has been pretty hazy but Chico has been quite successful, having worked his way up to assistant directorship. So—when Paramount was looking around for someone to play in "Last Train for Madrid," Chico talked his brother up in a big way. And Gilbert got the part!

OVERHEARD a most amusing bit of conversation between Gary Cooper and his namesake, Gary Evan Crosby, when his mother brought him round to visit on the set of "Souls at Sea." "What's your name?" asked big Gary. "Gary," replied little Gary. "Who's you named for?" Cooper asked. "You," answered the little fellow. "What does papa Bing call you?" Cooper pursued. "Bucket-breeches!" came the astounding reply. And Gary the 1st swore he hadn't been put up to it!

SAW Harriet Hillard looking too lovely for words over on the RKO lot, dressed in a white chiffon gown with a hem of sequins. And Harriet was having to be helped down a short ramp from the stage to the studio street, because her dress was literally carrying her along, the sequins were so heavy.

ROCHELLE HUDSON'S newest heartthrob is Lee Bowman, the attractive young leading man at Paramount. They've been practically inseparable these last weeks.
Summer

Beauty Keeps Cool

COOL as a Summer breeze is the impression Judith Barrett creates even when the sun is shooting burning rays down on us below or we’re sweltering under a dark blanket of pre-thunderstorm clouds.

The art of looking cool on blistering days is one of the greatest beauty assets any girl could have. So tuck this picture of Judith Barrett away in your mind and try to look as fresh and dainty as she does through these Summer months. You’ll find it pays!

I’m going to tell you some secrets of looking cool that I’m sure Judith practises to her own advantage.

Keep busy enough so you won’t think too much about the heat. But don’t rush. Summer is the time above all others when you should make haste slowly. Hurtle and bustle will make you look hot. And you won’t get your day’s work done a bit sooner because you’ll have to take time out to cool off and recuperate after you’ve used up energy too quickly.

You don’t have to be too fussy about your Summer fun. Good brisk tennis, badminton or other games that work up a rosy glow are good for you. Only be sure to follow strenuous sport with a shower or plunge and enough rest to give your vitality a chance to come back before you go on to the next round of entertainment.

Take the time to put on your make-up so it will stay with you, and you won’t have to patch it up every few minutes with repairs. A good foundation cream or lotion is the basis of lasting make-up. It’s our good fortune that we can now get the kind of foundation that protects complexion against sunburn and is waterproof as well. That’s a big help to those of us who want to keep our skin fashionably fair without hiding under broad-brimmed hats or parasols when we stroll, or loll, out of doors.

When you select your lipstick and mascara for hot weather wear, be sure it’s the kind that can stand moisture without smearing.

My foremost rule for applying Summer make-up is “go light.” You need less artificial color in your face because sunlight and outdoor activity give you some of your own. Lips should not be brilliant. If you’ve used a vivid shade of lipstick in Winter to brighten up your dark clothes, change to a lighter color or one with brownish tones that take the glare out of red.

Be careful not to use too much eyeshadow in the daytime. Eyeshadow should do things for your eyes without proclaiming its presence, and sunlight will show it up if you don’t watch out. The best Summer day-time shade is green, as it has a cooling effect on your whole face. It’s especially good with white clothes.

Don’t trust a mirror under electric light to tell you whether you’ve put your make-up on right for sunny days. Get a good look at your face by daylight before you venture out.

Make the most of your hot weather baths. They can contribute much to your beauty. A pleasantly perfumed, tepid bath will do wonders to cool you off and give you a grand relaxed feeling that brings your wilted spirit back to life. I don’t advise cold plunges or icy showers for cooling purposes because they have exactly the opposite effect. They stimulate the circulation so you actually feel warmer after your ablutions than you did before.

Bathe as often as you can in hot weather and don’t be afraid of drying effects on your skin. A mild soap and a good water softener will be your insurance that every
bath you take is really a treatment for body beauty. Among the most refreshing perfumed water softeners are those with a fragrance of pine.

After you step out of the tub and dry yourself thoroughly, treat your skin to a rub-down with eau de Cologne or a dusting with talcum powder. Either one will help to keep you cool for hours afterwards.

You mustn't think of eau de Cologne as merely a diluted perfume. It is much more than that. It contains ingredients distilled from citrus fruits which are definitely beneficial to your skin, as well as a general feeling of well-being. Eau de Cologne keeps you cool because it makes perspiration evaporate more quickly. It lifts up your spirits because it actually relaxes nerves, relieves fatigue and helps to take the soreness out of muscles. The fragrance of true eau de Cologne makes it pleasant to use but is not lasting. However, you can now get perfumed eau de Cologne with an added fragrance that lingers just as long as toilet water and the other lighter forms of perfume.

There's a new type that goes even further, combining eau de Cologne, perfum and dusting powder. It dries immediately when you use it and leaves on the powdery film that doesn't rub off. This powder-cologne performs three important beauty rites. It keeps you cool, deodorizes mis and imparts a delicate fragrance. Your choice of perfume can have a lot to do with producing that cool-as-a-cucumber effect. Wear a fragrance that makes you think of cool things—fresh flowers, ferns or damp moss. Avoid the overpowering, heavy Oriental odors or use them so sparingly that they give just the slightest hint of mystery.

One of the loveliest hot weather perfumes is lavender, and its popularity is coming back in a great big way. It's the country women who have re-discovered lavender as an appealing, fresh fragrance to add to their own femme de charm instead of the ideal gift for Grandmother. In the interests of Summer, you must be especially careful about your under-arm area. A deodorant or talcum powder may be all you need to prevent unpleasant odor and protect your clothes. But for many of us a definite perspiration check is essential.

Among the many efficient cream or liquid anti-perspirants on the market, you can be sure to find one that is just right for you. Stopping the perspiration in that liminal area is not harmful. It simply diverts it to other parts of your body where it evaporates quickly and doesn't leave an odor.

Be sure to keep your under-arms free from hair, even if you're not preparing to get into a bathing suit or evening dress. And that brings us to the subject of legs. Whether they're out in the open or clad in sheer stockings, legs that show a growth of dark hair handicap any girl's beauty. Don't put up with them. You can make them smooth without inconspicuously by bleaching it out. Or keep your legs smooth and hair-free by using a depilatory.

Hot pavements put an extra burden on those poor little feet of yours. Treat them accordingly. You can't afford to let tired or painful feet put a frown in your face, or take the buoyancy out of your walk, or deface your own design over. Or try before you put on stockings and sprinkled into your shoes will help a lot to keep you light on your feet.

If you've had a hard day, give your feet a few minutes of massage before you ask them to see you through an evening of dancing. Foot cream or creamed rubbing alcohol is excellent for massage. I use very same eau de Cologne I consider a Summer beauty essential will put new life into overworked feet.

Dog Days and Beauty

Included a well-kept dog in your fashionable ensemble.

The ideal bath for Summer beauty—new Bathasweet Forest Pine.

Beauty tip from Hollywood—wear Max Factor's Sum'tan Make-up.

Mildly scented or fully perfumed talcum—Mavis offers a choice.

When you've decked yourself out in your smartest togs and made up your face to please the most critical eye, give a thought to the dog that trots along beside you. He knows he can be one of your best beauty assets, and he hopes you realize it, too. Just put yourself in Doggie's place. He's proud of his smart mistress. But there'll be more spirited capers and more ways to his tail if he looks just as well-groomed as you do. Give him a chance to add to your charm by taking the best of care of him these "dog days." Feed him scientifically prepared dog foods to keep up his "pep" and put a healthy lustre in his hair. If his coat's too heavy for hot weather comfort, have it cut into clippers. Shampoo it with a good dog soap and gentle, creamy shampoo. Dog "dresses," specially constructed combs, help a lot to keep his hair as neat and becoming as your own.

Here's a solution to Summer's most distressing beauty problem. It's called "Arrid," and it lives up to its name because it keeps that under-arm area as dry as the Sahara desert! It's a greasless, stainless cream deodorant that actually stops perspiration for from one to three days. It's mild and pleasant to use, and you'll find it soothing even if you have a delicate skin. "Arrid" saves time because you don't have to wait for it to dry before you get into your dress or "nightie." It can't harm clothes, and it can be used even after shaving without fear of irritation.

You'll revel in the refreshing joy of a Summer bath that washes the fresh fragrance of pine up to your nostrils. Bathasweet Forest Pine is the brand new twin to Bathasweet Garden Bouquet, the perfumed warm water softener that won its way straight into the hearts of women who like to make each bath a beauty treatment. Even more important than the "lift" it gives to your spirits is the beautifying effect Bathasweet has on your skin. It leaves your beauty soap lather luxuriously and helps it cleanse the pores more thoroughly. And the withering effects of hard water so you can take as many baths as you want without fear of too much drying. Bathasweet's a grand aid to shampoos and manucures, too.

Finish off your Summer ablutions with a needle spray shower of Max Factor's Sum'tan powder, and that after-the-bath freshness will stay with you. You'll be pleased by the legs whose fully scented talcum powder has been a favorite for years, have just brought out a new type that's a veritable honey. It's mildly scented to fill the needs of women who like a delicate talcum that can be used liberally without stealing the show from their carefully chosen perfume. Mildly Scented Talcum Powder is the same fine quality and texture that made Mavis famous and it has the same delightful fragrance, only much lighter. Its smart new oval can has 33 little holes in the top so the powder sprinkles down like a shower spray, spreading evenly in thin film over your body. It helps keep your skin cool and dry by absorbing perspiration, preserving the freshness of both your clothes and you.

SMART faces in Hollywood and the rest of the world are wearing Max Factor's Sum'tan Tan Make-up this time of the year! Rouge, lipstic, powder and eye cosmetics bring out the best features in complexions shown up by the mid-day sun. And they're equally flattering for evening. If you want to protect your face from sunburn and sun damage, Max Factor's Powder Foundation in the Natural shade. It's both sun-repellent and waterproof, and it holds that make-up place with a binding power that's right. The right shade to be a perfect background for Sun'tan Make-up. To protect your lips, dust them with Max Factor's lip gloss. Comb them into color harmony with your face, smooth on Max Factor's Make-up Blender, Natural shade. It's sunproof and water-proof, too.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Let Ruby Keeler, your lovely hostess this month, divulge her favorite dishes—and Al Jolson's!

By Betty Boone

When you go to see Ruby Keeler, you drive a dozen miles out through San Fernando Valley. Where a great live oak tree spreads its branches in the middle of the road, you turn off the main boulevard, and presently come upon a colorful brick wall in which are set white painted gates. Beside the gates, a copper screen that looks like the enlarged mouth of a microphone awaits your call. You tell the copper screen who you are and what you want and like magic the white gates swing gently open. You drive up a circular roadway, through a young forest of neatly trimmed trees and shrubs, gay with flowers. They are not woodland flowers, but clumps of ranunculus, African daisies, violas, huge columbine and deep blue and red anenomes.

At the crest of the gradual slope, is the Keeler-Jolson home, a rambling white house in English farmhouse style of stucco, brick and frame, with a dark roof. The style of the house is matched by that of the lodge at the left of the white gates, after the manner of English country places, so softly gleaming dishes are California pottery.

"The pool is where we really do our living," said Ruby. "The pool is tiled in turquoise blue, with patio furniture of a darker blue. Al Jolson, burned Indian-bark, lay full length in one of the long chairs; the baby, with his nurse and bodyguard, romped nearby."

"Shake hands with Betty Boone, Sonny," urged Ruby, pushing beside him.

Sonny wasn't in the mood. He did, however, condescend to me a 'Look-loo!' as penetrating, and showed me his smile, before going on with his romp. Insultation hadn't slowed him down.

The turquoise blue of the pool is reflected in the painted paneling of the recreation hall beyond the shining waters. The decorator did this building, too, excelling herself in copper Venetian blinds, copper window frames, lamps and table-tops. The light wood furniture has cushions of glazed chintz in yellows and blues. There are card tables, sofas, easy chairs, an open fireplace just now guarded by two of Sonny's rag dogs.

"I let the decorator have her own way," observed Ruby, lighting a cigarette as we lounged on yellow cushions. "I don't pretend to know how to decorate a house, but I know whether I like it or not when I see the sketches."

"That's the way I am about food. I began work in the chorus when I was thirteen, so I never tried my hand at cooking, but I insist on having a good cook. Ethel is really quite marvellous. But you never find a Keeler who wouldn't think my mother the best cook who ever stepped into a kitchen!"

"Mother's dressing is the only dressing I ever eat. I don't know what it is about her brand, but it's not too dry nor too soggy."

"Oh, let me tell you! Mother has a special dish that she used to give us when we were little, perhaps because it was expensive and nourishing, but we were all still crazy about it. We call it: Tomatoes, crackers, and milk—and that's all it is. You take Heinz's canned tomatoes, heat them, add a quart of milk, and when ready to set on the table, break crisp crackers into it. Sometimes I have it for luncheon. Just that, nothing else."

"Lots of people serve peas and string beans together now, but my mother used to serve them together with the milk. It makes a sort of soup, only quite thick, just as the tomatoes do."

(Please turn to page 96)
Great Lover

Continued from page 21

to actors. 'That guy's got sex appeal,' I said. 'He's no Clark Gable, but he's got sex appeal just a refined way.' I said. 'He's the great lover indoor type. Where Gable's more outdoorsy, and you might as well nab him before Myron Selznick will, one of this slickies tugs him up.' I said. Joe may not be —

Joe cut her short. 'We'd better go tend to the luggage, Toots. See you in the morning,' Schonbauer said. Mrs. Fuller held out her hand, and as the actor touched her lips to it, tried unsuccessfully to look like a lady whose hand has been kissed from the cradle.

"Adios, Herr Baron, Spanish for goodbye," she explained kindly. "Now don't forget. I expect you to give me a ring. You'll find me in the Beverly book —"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "Glady I would give you, but a ring —"

"Oh, you sweet thing." Flitting past him, she tapped his thin cheek, as she'd seen Constance Collier do it in the movies. "That means on the phone. Goodbye."

Ferdinand sat in the train, watching mile after mile of desert slip by. "Tomorrow I will be in Hollywood," he thought. Mag's, terrifying word. He remembered some of his fellow-actors, who had made fortunes and returned to Vienna, their pockets full and their heads aureoled in success. And the others, coming back from Hollywood with empty pockets and bitterness on their tongues. "There is no art in Hollywood—only the prostitution of art." But these had been the detectives.

He had sat through enough American films to know that there was a place for him in Hollywood. I am the romantic type the screen. The Fuller has said it. The Fuller is a little crude, perhaps, but goodhearted. Also she is an American. And a woman. And an expert in movie actors. She knows what American women like in romantic types. She knows it so well that she convinced her husband to send a cable to Hollywood about me."

Ferdinand recalled the agony of suspense through which he and his mother and Annamari had lived before the answer came. They had kept the secret from his father, saving him the strain as they had saved it many another. Then had come the good news. On the strength of Herr Fuller's enthusiasm, the Artfilm Studios would give him a test and a six weeks' contract. Usually such a test would have been made in Vienna. For reasons not quite clear to him, he was going to Hollywood, his travelling expenses paid. "I fixed it," the Fuller had whispered to him, starry-eyed.

Herr Fuller had taken calmly what Ferdinand was a blinding miracle of fortune. He had seized the agent's hand solemnly, his beautiful, nearsighted eyes cloudy with emotion. "I cannot say to you what your presence means in my life, but it is as you who have saved me."

"Save it, Schon. This is a test. They're not sticking you into Bob Taylor's shoes yet awhile."

 himself, he had studied English at the Theresianum—the school which his father and his father's father had attended before him—he found some of Herr Fuller's mannerisms hard to grasp. And if it hadn't been a curbing coolness in the other's attitude, that was only natural. To the agent, he was one of many. Besides, he knew that business men and American business men—considered it good form to hide their feelings. He himself was over-emotional. "Herr Fuller must have faith in me," he assured himself. " Else why should he have advanced the two thousand dollars for my entry into America? To be sure, he lost nothing. I returned the money before the ship docked. But what in God's name was he fretting about? If Herr Fuller had not believed in him, would he have risked his reputation as an agent, which meant more to him than money? Herr Fuller was his discoverer, his sponsor, the herald of his triumph. And he, Ferdinand, was a fool. He looked out at the desert. He should be making the acquaintance of this new land instead of tearing himself apart with senseless hopes and dreads. But the summer sun glared down on a dust-brown waste, and his eyes turned inward again. His mother's last embrace. His father's handclasp.

Sixteen-year-old Annamari dancing round in excited pride over the big brother who was going to a faroff wonderland. Annamari was a buayant spirit, he had stepped into the shoes of the leading man, home in bed with the mumps. Surely it was a good omen that Herr Fuller and his bride had chosen to visit the theatre that week. He had thought at first it was a joke when they came to the dressing room with their fantastic proposal—a joke not in the best of taste. But the joke had landed him here in this train, an ocean between himself and those he loved.

It was all right, though. He had left them money which, in his mother's hands, would last six months. He would send them more. And when the Fuller's prediction came true, as come true it must, he would send for them. His father would find peace in this country where the sun, they said, was a benediction. Annamari would live the normal youth denied to him. And his mother, bless her, should sit in a garden, bask in her family's happiness, and em-

Curves are kind to the eye—artists say, and we echo the idea, especially upon contemplating Mary Carlisle above, revealing a novel swim suit—and such curves!

* * *

"That man called again, Mr. Fuller," Ferdinand said, "What man?" Fuller mumbled, thumbling hurriedly through the papers on his desk.

"The one whose name I can't pronounce," his secretary told him crisply. "With an accent. He kept calling all day yesterday while you were out. Some longwinded tale about Mrs. Fuller and Vienna, I told you about it when you phoned in. You said to have him call back today.

Ful信用 an irrational hand, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, I know all about it. What have I got today?"

She rattled it off from a memorandum. "Paramount at 10:30 on the Eastman contract. Lunch with Margot March. She wants to know why you can't get her top billing over Freddie Bartholomew, because Freddie's only a little boy. Conference on Dawson's life story for the Post at 2:30. Cocktail party at 4 for that new English star. Chamberlain's coming at 5:30 for the radio dope. Preview of Firefly at Grauman's tonight."

"Tell the accent to be here at 6. Phone my wife I'll meet her at the cocktail party. Get me the latest figures on March and Eastman. Find out from Kessler what he'd have
Oh—signed. Hand Ar—home.* films. Coming y be some glamour. That's a lad'll be healthy a on the hour Hills. A twenty-three, she'd be stuck on the street. She motioned toward the inner office, his head jerked Hilda a sammsons to follow them. Seated at his big desk, he seemed somewhat, despite his surface affability, touched by frost from within. "Now, Schony, let's get down to brass tacks, Maybe I oversold you a little. You know how it is—honeymoon, rose-colored glasses, little woman all over me, that kind of thing. Anyway, I called Artfilms a guarantee—told 'em I'd be responsible for your passage if they'd give you a test. Talked 'em into it, though, at the last minute. Because I thought, once you were here, you'd find something, even if the test fails. Took a chance that maybe I shouldn't have, but now we're going through it, I'll try to be there. If not, just go in and give 'em all you've got. How about the name? What name did you give 'em, Hilda?"

"Said I'd phone in tomorrow."

His fingers drummed on the desk. "Schon-bauer—Schonbauer—what's it?

"Mean?" From the set of foreboding in which he felt himself drowning, Ferdinand grasped at this concrete problem.

"Sure—in English. How do you translate it? Schon means pretty, don't it. What's it mean?"

"Farmer," he replied stiffly. "Fulton grew art films. Ferdinand Prettyfarmer is it? What was that you called him? Hilda? Shaylor? Graybar—Maybar— Ferdinand Maybar—how's that sound?"

"Like a Tootsie pop, Hilda."

"Paybar—Waybar—hell! It's gotta be easy and cute to say—like Charles Boyer—Francis Lederer—Maurice Chevalier—Chevalier could pronounce Chevalier."

"Hilda pointed out, and look where he got."

Ferdinand broke in with dignity on this exchange. "My mother was born Gruenwald—which means green wood. Does it help you?"

"Greenwood—Ferdinand Greenwood—not bad. Ferdinand's kind of sissy, but we'll let that go for the moment. Greenwood is O.K. Mr. Greenwood" he rose, suddenly jovial, and held out his hand. "Anything you want, ask Hilda. She knows more about the whole damn business than I do."

"And Madame Fuller?" said Ferdinand, too proud to voice any of the doubts, ask any of the questions that surged within him. "She is well?"

"Daisy—Miss Daisy—swell. Busy packing Off to Honolulu next week. Recover from the honeymoon. His laugh was tinged with wryness. "Give her a ring when she's there. She'll be at home. Get Maxie on the phone before you go, Hilda. See if he can give me a rubdown."

Ferdinand placed the directions Hilda had written out for him in his wallet. He hesitated, then said: "If Herr Fuller will not be present—"

"Don't worry. He'll make it if he can. If not, they'll take care of you at the studio. You're a good actor, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. Or so they told me in Vienna, but I'm with him now, so I'm happy."

"Well, then. Just go in and act. Look here. She picked up from her desk a small paperweight in the shape of a violin. "This thing's made me lucky in America. Stick it in your pocket. Maybe it's silly, but maybe it'll help to know someone's rooting for you."

"You are?"

"Yes," she laughed. "That means I hope you'll go over big—Like this, she appended. "Lots of money, hell. It's a reminder. This thing will root also for you, Miss Hilda Drake. He bowed over her fingers, and was gone."

"Oo-la-la," said Hilda Drake to her Birthing the band he had kissed. "Moving right into high life with Shaylor. Wonder what's going to happen to him next Tuesday."

To be continued.
London
Continued from page 62

Hale and most of her own sports jerseys too.

Nat Pendleton has come over to play one of his typical tough guy parts in "Gangway"—though however such a mild-mannered man took up crime characterization is beyond me. He never drinks anything stronger than orange juice and cocoa. He is passionately fond of music and knows a great deal about the classic composers. His favorite recreation is playing squash-rackets and he isn't even interested in girls, let alone married. "Guess I'm comfortable as I am," is his laconic comment. His ambition is to work in Hollywood until he has saved sufficient money to buy himself a fruit-farm in Southern California and then he'll retire from the studios and devote his life to raising oranges and lemons.

Palatial Pineview is naturally a showplace, for the vacationing folks from Hollywood and its recent visitors have included Skeets Gallagher and scenarist Robert Riskin and the one and only Frank Capra. No, he isn't planning to make a film here. It was just professional curiosity to see how we work this side.

Stocky and olive-skinned, his black hair blowing about, Frank was busily shooting everything and everybody within sight with his little movie camera when I met him outside St. James' Palace. Between answering his staccato questions about the colorful military ceremony of Changing the Guard, I managed to get some information for myself.

"Why do you always introduce this whimsical philosophical slant into your pictures?" I demanded.

"Most famous producers would have taken the opportunity to deliver a high-brow oration about Art but Frank is a realist. "Because it's good box-office," he replied unhesitatingly. "You see, this gentle poking fun at the accepted customs, giving a few good-tempered digs at the more solemn conventions, championing the Little Man who is really Everyman—those things appeal to everybody all over the world. So a film which is made according to that formula is naturally successful.

"I meant to ask Alexander Korda what he thought about that when I went to his DePam studios but he was visiting his latest production, and when Alex appears on the set, with white gloves, silver-headed walking stick, and yellow spectacles, it becomes a Royal Occasion not to be regarded with levity. So I just sat reverently behind the lamps and watched bearded and grumpy Edmund Lowe heroically rescuing pretty Ann Todd, tense scene from "The Squeak" which is a detective film based on the late Edgar Wallace's novel.

Edmund's charming wife sat with me—they're a happy devoted couple who share a tremendous sense of humor, I also met Oliver Garrett, the Hollywood writer. Korda has brought him over specially to adapt "The Four Feathers," the historical adventure film which has Robert Donat as the soldier star. Robert assists with the script himself too. He's a temperamental, highly determined young man behind that rather wistful exterior!

In the fall Robert is due for a new romance partner, co-starring with Merle Oberon in Korda's scintillating film of Merle has now recovered from her car accident and the subsequent shock of her mother's death and has been staying in the country with her friend Lady Morynth Benson. Smart London restaurants have managed her very expensive fashion item of late being provided by Glorja Swanson, dining at the Ritz in purple satin with a green and orange striped jacket. When she wasn't accompanied by Robert, her friends included Paul Boskin, the young producer who has just built an enormous new studio at Elstree. His $250,000 purchase of which was Robert complimented and a bachelor, and accompanied the Gorgeous Gloria most assiduously. "Yes, we're good friends," she announces sweetly.

Most recent in the Korda stable brought George Arliss back to the studios again. His doctors forbade him to work during the old damp winter months as he is subject to asthma. But not even the most serious complications in a man who's nearing seventy. He is playing the title part in "Doctor Syn," story of smuggling exploits in a little Kentish fishing-village over a hundred years ago. As a kindly old clergyman by day and a wily brindly 'bootlegger' after dark, his role is in complete contrast to anything he has previously essayed.

Love interest is supplied by John Loder and blonde Anna Lee as the clergyman's daughter ("Momma," as Edmund describes her). Robert has been giving them both lessons in chess, a hobby he takes almost as seriously as his celebrated collection of old books. He owns a valuable set of the early chess men that came from France two hundred years ago and he and sweet-faced Mrs. Arliss play with them in their old-fashioned flat. It's furnished just in the manner you would suppose, a pleasant homey place with Victorian mahogany and flower-patterned chintzes and scores of silver-framed photographs of his innumerable roles.

Talking of furnishings, the latest London fashion is to have an evening frock in vividly patterned cotton that looks as though you had made it from your window drapery. Demure little Elizabeth Allan went to a theatrical premiere in a full-skirted affair of orange "fifties" cotton, which is even being made up into a party dress for Grace Moore who's giving her annual concert here very soon. Anna Lee can't spare time to appear in that long-promised Korda musical.

Elsa Lanchester was wearing a coat and skirt of ultra-suede purple and a wide white scarf at the preview of Flora Robson's new film "Farewell Again." Flora herself was absent—she hates to see herself on the screen and can't be persuaded to wear those disgraceful costumes. Ruth Chatterton was there, wearing an unusual hat just like a black soup-plate, and Director Raoul Walsh had brought his cigarette girl and stalwart Leslie Banks, who plays the Colonel in the picture, escorted two of his daughters. (Yes, I know he only looks about thirty but actually he has been married over twenty years and possesses four pretty girls in their teens.

After the performance there was an informal gathering with cocktails at the Trocadero, Charles Laughton and Erich Pommer talked long and earnestly with Warner Bros. It is an opinion of the character actor is not going to play for their newly-produced company? Vivien Leigh was gaily displaying the American flag which is her idea of a lucky mascot, and tall Conrad Veidt gave us the latest news of Elisabeth Bergner, still far away in the Swiss Alps and declaring she won't return to fulfill her screen contracts till the Fall.
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9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
You Can’t Keep a Good Menou Down!

Continued from page 55

be typed again. Therefore I sign no term contracts with anyone.’ (I knew that he’d been offered a contract by Selznick which would have allowed him freedom to work for other studios. I knew that after mature consideration he’d refused even that.) ‘I have an agreement to do one a year with Goldwyn. I start in August on ‘The Goldwyn Follies.’ But that’s all right. Mr. Goldwyn doesn’t dominate my career.

‘There’s no value to me in signing a contract just to be paid a salary. I did that once. Look where it landed me. Now I pick my own parts. If they’re not right, then I’m the tool. I have no squawks. I have no grievances. That’s important. You can’t do good work when you feel like a martyr.

‘I’m offered from fifteen to eighteen parts a year. Some of them have to be right. By right. By right, I mean well conceived, well written, suited to you, with sympathy and broad appeal. I read script. I talk it over with my wife. Then I decide. I never make a test till the contract’s signed. It’s unfair to actors. They throw four or five of us on the screen and start arguing: ‘I like him better.’ ‘I like him better.’ Might as well toss ’em in a hat and pick one blindfold! A test should be a scene out of the picture, played with the same characters, in the same costumes. They can’t afford it. All right. A hundred tests, if you want ’em, when the part’s mine. Not before!’

He eyed my plate in consternation. ‘What’s wrong with you? You can’t live on a salmon like that. Well, believe it or not, I’m going to eat this whole chicken. That’s the difference between us. You work with your head. I’m a physical laborer.’ He attacked his food with the same zest he was giving to his theme.

‘Just laid off for nine solid weeks. I was offered five parts and refused them, for this reason and that. One died in the middle of the story. By the end you’d forgotten all about him. After all, I’ve got some business sense. One played opposite a character who had all the good scenes. I’m not that noble. Another role I didn’t play because he was the father of a man of thirty. I’ve just got nothing against fathers. Some of my best friends are fathers. Come to think of it, I’m one myself. But I think I’m miscast as the father of a man of thirty. Maybe I flatter myself. That’s my privilege.

‘Another thing: I wouldn’t play in an unimportant picture. It’s death to a actor. I don’t care what they offer. I wouldn’t touch it. I wouldn’t fool with it. And what I mean by an important picture isn’t a question of money. Money doesn’t make an important picture. What does? An unusual story, unusual characterization, and a feeling on the part of the producer that he’s got something unusual. That, more than all. Producers are always enthusiastic about their stories—they have to be, poor devils. But I’ve been in the business long enough to tell the fake from the real.

‘Understand, I’m not setting myself up as the Lord-High-Everything. I’m telling you my trade secrets because you asked me. And if the average copy and make up man came along and told me to do a part I didn’t like, I’d tell ’em, get the guns out and shoot me against the wall, boys, I can’t do it. I can’t.” His language was light, but his tone wasn’t.

He pointed his fork at me. “I can be wrong, you know! It’s happened. I was frightened to death of ‘Sing, Baby, Sing!’ Mr. Zanuck and Mr. Lanfield knew more about it than I did. I’ve never done anything like it before. I won’t again. Once is fine. Twice, and you’re typed. Though if Zanuck asked me to play Elizabeth the Queen, I’d probably say yes, The man’s a wizard.

“I didn’t think the part in ‘A Star is Born’ was so hot. A good part, but nothing to write home about. The fan reaction’s been amazing. I was wrong again. I said a moment ago that a role, to appeal to me, had to have sympathy. I don’t mean it’s got to go round dripping virtue like a self-sacrificial goat. The manager of Café Metropole was a scoundrel, but a scoundrel with wit and style. That sold him to me, and I’ll keep my promise.”

“When Universal offered me this part, I grabbed it. For two reasons. The second Deanna Durbin picture can’t be first. We know that. The first was a sensation in Europe as well as here. Durbin has everything—freshness, charm, a voice. If she’s lucky in her stories, she’ll be one of the biggest stars in the world. Then the part’s unlike anything I’ve done. I play a trombonist, unemployed for two years. Deanna’s my daughter. I wear this one poor, miserable, shabby suit till the end of the picture. Then I get my old dress suit out of hock—it’s a honey. I’m getting square on that fashionplate, that fellow who wore dress clothes for five years and went sliding down to oblivion on the seat of his stylish pants. I’ll tell you a funny thing about this part, I always let my hair grow between pictures. You never know when you’re going to fall into a part that needs long hair. When the director saw me, he said: ‘Thank God! How did you know?’ ‘Know what?’ ‘The little girl has to cut your hair in the picture!’ I didn’t know! All I know is, this business is 95% bullheaded luck. You have to be ready for your luck when it comes.”

He broke off to exchange a Russian pleasantriness with Mischa Aner. An expert was engaged for Tyrone Power’s accent in “Café Metropole,” Menjou spent more time with the expert than Power did. Bill Robinson appeared on the set one day. When they needed Menjou, they found him off in a corner, trying to get his feet to follow Robinson’s. A publicity man went down to ask him a few questions. He spent an hour instead answering Menjou’s questions about how the publicity business was run. This is no conscious effort on Menjou’s part, but it does well for remote emergencies. It is rather that his inquiring mind instinctively seeks knowledge wher-
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Ruefully, Adolphe Menjou ponders the wisdom of letting Deanna Durbin snip his hair. Our story tells of an amusing back-stage incident connected with this scene.

ever it may be found. The world will never
bore him. It is too full of curious and
interesting phenomena. Conversely, he will
never bore the world. What he learns he
assimilates, and gives it back with the
colour and vivacity his mind added of
his own.

He was talking again, "Maybe another
reason I've gone ahead is this: I don't
know when I'm licked. If you're licked in
the business, and you know it yourself
be. If they don't like you now, they'll like
you later. If they don't like you here, they'll
like you somewhere else. Grace Moore
kicked out, and look at her now. Fred Astaire
had a funny face, they said, and people didn't
give a hoot about watching him dance. Now
they don't! His hair is only made millions.

But write this on the wall in letters of fire.
You can't go on endlessly playing the same
part. They get sick of you. You get sick of
yourself. How many times I've heard people
say: 'He's slipping, he's slipping,' like the fellow in 'Star is Born.' Along
comes Gable and hits it 'It Happened One
Night.' Along comes Montgomery and plays in
'Night Must Fall.' One of the best performances ever done on stage or
screen. Amazing performance. There's
nothing he can't do now.

"You've got to know what you want
and fight for it. Not temperament. That's
not what I believe in. I've never had
trouble with a player or director. You
hear all kinds of stories. This one's a devil
and that one's a bug. They work with them
and you find they're all lies. Katharine
Hepburn's a charming girl and a terrific
worker. She used to wear overalls, you
know, famous for things like that. One
day they stole her overalls, framed them
in a big silver frame, and hung them on
the wall of a beautiful living room set. In
she came and tore hung her pants. Get
sore! She laughed herself sick.

"All this talk about Garbo, mystery
woman and so forth. All nonsense! She's
a woman of reserve, dignity—and to my
mind, the greatest actress on the screen.
I never saw her do a bad piece of work.
Even in the silent days I remember scenes
that were amazing in their simplicity. And
she's better now than she ever was. An
honest artist, an honest woman. If that's
mysterious, then Garbo's a mystery!

"I don't mean, fight just to assert your
self. But don't let people talk you into
things when you're sure they're wrong. I'm
mushyhead. Maybe it's my Irish mouth.

Somebody says: 'This is the greatest part
you've ever played.' I can't swallow that.
How do you know it is? Maybe it isn't.
Wait and see.

'Take my own wife, Miss Teasdale was
on the verge of fame in New York—a
comedian pure and simple. She came
here, and they give her mother roles
sweetness and light. The pictures were
poor. What happens? Oh, it was awful—
the baby layeddeeken drama for the
year. Couldn't work at all. She's fine
now,' and he knocked the table. "She was
offered two or three roles, I wouldn't let
her take them. They'll forget all about
me, she said. 'I'll never get a part.' Yes,
you will. Wait till a part comes along.

Adolphe Moore was the first. His hair
is only made millions."

"If you've got something to sell, your
chance will come. One of the greatest ad-

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Normal Attractive Curves
With New IRONIZED YEAST

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delicately new pep and energy that brings kinds of new
friends, new popularity and good times.

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combined with B yeast, rich iron, and other valuable
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you can get these new "Ironized" Ironized Yeast
tables from your druggist today. Then, day after day,
watch that charm develop and skinny line grow
to natural attractiveness. See better color come. Soon
you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm.

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age of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the sign
on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this
paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on
health, "Iron Facts About Your Body." Remember,
respect your own health and turn no one away.

Special FREE offer!
"When I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me... I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.
Fatal Masquerade
Continued from page 34

gasping sobs as Antone made a small bundle of the jewelry and thrust it in his small bag.

"I'll take this and go ahead," he said, putting on his hat. "And in a few minutes you take that basket with the candlesticks and follow me. And remember, we don't know each other. Get on the train and I'll meet you in the last car, and stop sniveling!"

But Mitzi was still trembling when she walked through the lobby of the hotel and saw the police stopping Antone at the doorway.

Stefan hurried toward the girl as she falttered and almost fell.

"Are you Ill?" he asked. But she only looked at him wide-eyed and shook her head and ran out of the hotel.

Stefan shrugged as he walked to the desk and asked an audience with the Countess and then his heart almost failed him for this woman walking into the hotel office was the woman he had seen walking up the Primrose stairs the afternoon before. But even now, knowing her as his enemy, he was glad of that quick look of recognition that flickered in her eyes for that small moment.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he bowed. "My name is Wolensky.

In spite of herself she almost betrayed her agony.

"Not Stefan Wolensky?" Her hand steadied itself on the back of a chair and there was something in the gesture to give her courage again, and he closed over her nervousness. "So you are Stefan Wolensky." Her words came almost gaily.

"And you the Countess Mironova?" His smile and wariness changed as he looked at her, as we've never met. I happened to read of your loss on the poster at the station and I thought perhaps I could be of service to you.

He disregarded her quick protest.

"You had, I think, a pair of candlesticks?"

Her eyes widened remembering the papers she had hidden in one of them, the papers that might save his man's life if they were found in Russia in her own if they were found here in Poland.

"All my beautiful jewelry is gone," she said in a low voice, ignoring his question, and she fluttered her hands as she had seen other women do. Helpless women, who did not have her resources of wit and courage. "It was entirely the fault of my maid. She discharged her on the spot and now I wish I had. I have no one to do my hair."

"I would be honored if you would permit me to," Stefan began, and then as she raised her eyebrows in consternation, he laughed and went on easily, "I mean, do allow me to look after your belongings for you. For instance, those candlesticks are more precious than you think—"

He stopped as a police official was ushered into the office and he saw the color come back again in Mironova's cheeks as he told her the thief was being held at headquarters and everything seemed to have been recovered.

"Do permit me to undertake this errand for you," Stefan offered. "You must be tired. I'll take care of everything.

"Oh, thank you very much, but I can't dream of accepting.

But Stefan was not to be so easily thwarted.

"Then at least you'll permit me to escort you," he insisted. "I really can't permit you to go to a police station by yourself."

There was nothing for Mironova to do but allow him to take her, and so it was they faced Antone together.

"Everything's there but your old candlesticks," he said defiantly. "You're not going to cry about them, are you?"

He was silent at first as they questioned him, then he crossed his arms belligerently. "You're not going to tell them all over the place," he shouted. "I gave them to a lady, and I won't tell you who she is. You see, I am a gentleman, and gentlemen do not give away ladies. At least the sort of gentleman I am!"

Stefan remembered then, the girl and the basket and her white frightened face as the inspector was taking her in. He could hardly believe it Mironova had gone to her own rooms that he could seek the hotel porter and question him. The man was vague at first but at the sight of the bank note Stefan held out to him he remembered not only her name but her address that had been written on her ticket for Warsaw.

There were a few hours before the next train was leaving and when Stefan saw Mironova descending the stairs in evening clothes he knew suddenly how he was going to spend those hours. It was easier than he had thought it would be, persuading her to have dinner with him, and for a little time it was almost as if they forgot they were enemies. He was not so aware of a woman before. It was as if the whole room had quickened into life just because she had walked into it.

But when the waiter offered to draw the curtain across the little alcove where they were sitting he was almost gauche in his quick refusal. He made her laugh and he laughed with her, and it was almost as if they had always been warm and close like this, laughing together.

"What it is to be a beautiful lady," he shook his head teasingly.

"You forget," Stefan bowed.

"Scarcely. She elbowed him under her chin as she looked at him. "Philandering is a fine art does not necessarily improve the personal appearance."

"I plead, not guilty," he said softly.

"I read my newspaper." Her eyes met his for a moment.

"I never do," he said flatly. "Perhaps you are wise," she parried. "I wish I were," he was looking at her.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

CAST

Baron Stefan Wolensky...........William Powell
Countess Olga Mironowa...........Lilu Rainer
Germaine, her maid.............Greta Gynt
Peter..................Robert Opie, Young Maria.............Lili Damita
O'Neill...................O'Neill Sullivan
Colonel Baron Saroff...........Frank Morgan
Prince Johann..................Henry Stephenson
Mitz.................Donald Meek
Anton....................Myron Heene
Kirum.................Dorothy Dunbar
Clara....................Lillian Farnham
Dr. Malchor..................Charles Waldron
Leon.....................Jan Wulf
Albert....................Barnett Parker
Patloff.....................Frank Reicher
Porter......................Bert Roach
Sovotowksy..............Eino,Juro Nutrition
cashier..............E. E. Clive
Hushekeeper............Emma Dunn
Colonel Rodolf.............Frank Conroy

now as if he could never stop looking at her again. "The wise are never lonely." For a moment she was silent, then her voice came almost shyly.

"Are you lonely?"

"Yes," he leaned toward her across the table. "And so are you, aren't you?" Then he heaved. "Perhaps I'm wrong. That was a stupid thing to say."

"No, it wasn't." Her voice came so low that he could hardly hear it. "I am lonely."

There was that little space that comes sometimes between two people, that forgetting of everything that made only the moment real and this miracle of being together.

Then, "I'm glad," Stefan said slowly. "It's nice to have something in common. I wish we had met before."

"Thank you, Baron Wolensky," she said, and he felt her withdrawing from him again.

"My friends call me Stefan." His voice came almost imploringly, but her eyes did not soften as she listened. It was over, that little moment of forgetting and she was remembering again.

"But I am not your friend." She was still smiling but it was different now, with all the tenderness and sweetness gone.

It was hard to think he might never see her again, even though seeing her might mean his death. But even here on the train on the way to Warsaw he kept thinking of her and the way her eyes had softened and the way she had smiled.

She seemed nearer somehow in this rushing night, nearer than she had been earlier in the evening when she had sat across the table from him; for then her eyes that had been so glowing had suddenly become remote, and here in his memory she was all tenderness and warmth.

The train stopped at a station and he walked out on the platform and bought a basket of food from a vendor, and he was lighting a cigarette as the conductor came up to him.

"They seem to have got busy on that robbery," the man began conversationally. "They've just picked up one of our passengers, orders came through to arrest any woman who might have gotten on at Czakova. I thought there seemed something funny about this one. She might have been the criminal at that, she's got such a pleasant face. But she said she was the Countess Mironova and the way she was dressed I'd have believed it myself."

Stefan had listened wildly in the beginning but now he was all attention.

"Where did they take her?" he demanded, and then as the conductor pointed to the jail across the square, he pretended a casualness he was far from feeling.

"This train stops here for twenty minutes, doesn't it? I think I'll take a stroll."

He tried to tell himself it was for his best interests that Mironova had been ar-

Taking time out from romance, Luise Rainer and William Powell temporarily desert the camera to play hosts to Mme. Lotte Lehmann, famed Metropolitan Opera star.
rested, that fate couldn't have sent him a better break. But he couldn't go on leaving her in this predicament.

For a moment, seeing him, she was too amazed to speak, and then she found she was rather pleasant having a man looking out for her and arguing for her freedom. It was so ridiculous.

"What's this lady got to do with you, anyway?" The jailer became almost offensive.

"She has everything to do with me," Stefan said quickly. "She happens to be my wife."

Mironova made a quick gesture of protest but Stefan pretended not to see her.

"How do you know you're anything alike, then?" the jailer demanded truculently. "Husbands and wives often do. Well, it's lucky you are husband and wife, because that is all the bounty he shouted, and the door banged behind him as he went out.

Stefan pounded on the door as the key grated in the lock and Mironova laughed at his dismay.

"If I may say so, you seem to have made rather a mess of it."

"On the contrary," he swept her a little bow that was not as mocking as he had intended it. "My plans are assisted enormously by the present development. It may not be aware of it, but I am a man of resource. Are you hungry perhaps?"

"I'm starved," she said bitterly, and he laughed as he produced his basket.

"I foresaw that," his voice held a certain pride and in spite of herself she gave him a sudden grudging respect as he spread a loaf of bread and some sausage and cheese on the table in front of them.

"If you mingle the sausage and cheese together it will not be quite so unbearable. He grimaced as he poured wine into a glass and offered it to her.

"If I may ask, how long is this position to continue?" She tried to be withering as she guzzled down the wine but didn't quite succeed.

"I wish I knew," Stefan sighed. "I find it most embarrassing. Here I am an unmarried man—"

"There are times when I find you rather insufferable," her voice broke in exasperation and the whistle of the train at the station across the square sounded almost like a mocking echo.

"Listen!" Stefan held up a cautioning finger. "I think that's my train."

"You're not going to leave me here!" she protested. "You can't leave an unprotected woman in a prison cell."

He looked at her and grinned that strange tenderness for her. She looked so young and so helpless somehow with her dark hair curling out from under the silk scarf she had knotted peasant-fashion under her chin.

"If I take you with me, you'll have to do what you've told."

Funny the glow that came giving her orders like that and seeing her meek before them. Seeing her take off her necklace as docile as a child and putting it beside his wallet on the table and even taking off her shoes without a murmur, when he told her to.

He took off his own shoes then and taking hers placed them under the end of the blanket and covered himself. Seeing how smoothly it looked as if two people were sleeping there on the cot. Then throwing his coat around her he led her behind the door. As they stood there he made a noise as if he were snoring.

It was as he expected it would be, the jailer creeping to the door and looking in and being told to go through the barred window and seeing the necklace and the wallet and wanting them. They waited breathlessly as he cautiously took off his shoes and stepped to the door. They were that quick flurly as they ran out of the door and Stefan turned the key and stopped only long enough to put on the heavy working shoes he had left outside the door.

The snow lay in crisp drifts outside and Stefan picked Mironova up in his arms and carried her, and the walk across the square was all too short with her arms clinging to him and her breath soft on his cheek.

There was only time to board the train waiting at the station, and lift her onto the seat in a compartment when the train started moving. Then Stefan grinned and slammed the door of the compartment shut as he jumped off the moving train that was going back to Czakova. And seeing her white face starting reproachfully at him through the glass the old regret that they might not be friends came to him again.

"Well, sir, we're on our way," the conductor grinned as he swung himself on the Warsaw train. "I'm afraid these waves are rather monotonous."

"Monotonous isn't the word!" said Stefan.

All that night he thought of the woman Mironova, the woman whose wit was as quick as his own. They had played at cross purposes that night, each trying to conceal the other that they knew the identity of the girl who had stolen the candlesticks, and it brought him little solace to think that he had outwitted her in the end.

But they were still to play at cross purposes, for in the morning when he drove to Mitzi's address it was only to discover that she had already pawned the candlesticks. A mad chase began then for he discovered they had been bought by a foreign dealer, and so he went on their trail. First to Paris, and there was that fleeting moment when he saw Mironova dashing into the hotel he had just left when he discovered the purchaser of the candlesticks had already gone; and then he had been to the fashionable auction room where they had been put up for sale.

In the beginning there were many bids against his, but in the end it was only her voice he heard. The auctioneer looked skeptical as the
bids mounted higher and higher. "Now that the bidding has reached this height, I feel that I ought to remind you that an immediate cash payment in full is required at the actual time of sale," he announced.

Stefan looked stricken for he had already gone beyond his limit.

"You'll be sorry," he said. "But I shall be glad to let you have my check for whatever is necessary."

Mironova's little flash of triumph was short-lived, for when she counted her money she did not have enough for her last bid. For a moment they looked at each other, then Stefan had an idea.

"I only want one candlestick," he said. "Why can't we pool our resources and each buy one?"

It was almost too easy, Stefan thought, as he picked the candlestick with the missing leg, and Mironova smiled triumphantly as she took the other one.

"May I drive you to your hotel?" he asked. "I'm at the Castleford."

"No thank you, Baron Wolensky," Her smile came then. "We might find ourselves in a police station by mistake, don't you think?"

"Perhaps you are right," Stefan said gravely. "May I return this candlestick when we get to Petersburg? Remember, the Princess must have her present duly delivered."

Suddenly Mironova remembered the papers she had put in the candlestick.

"Must you go to Petersburg?" she asked tensely. "If—if I could fulfill your mission—"

"That's impossible," he said gravely. Then as her eyes deepened he went on: "You forget I have my duty. I expect we both have."

"That dreadful word," she shuddered. "It is with us always."

"Not quite always," he smiled. "Have you forgotten a somewhat humble little meal? Two people and no other thing in all the wild, wide world, or so it seemed to me."

For a moment she felt tears pressing against her eyes and then somehow she managed to smile.

"And so it seemed to me, dear Baron Wolensky."

She held out her hand to him and he took it and pressed a kiss on its upturned palm.

Tears pressed against her eyelids as she turned away and as she walked through the corridor she was conscious that she was carrying the candlestick. She stopped to put it in its case and then she saw for the first time that a leg was broken on her candlestick too.

She remembered then that Stefan had told her the hotel he was stopping at and she hurried out in the street and hailed a cab.

At that first sight of his drawn face she knew he had discovered her hidden documents and it was then she saw that both candlesticks had been mutilated in the same way.

"You'll see that yours is in order," He spoke dully as he opened the other candlestick and showed her the documents intact in it. Then he opened the other candlestick and took the letter from it. "Will you be good enough to read the contents of mine? You'll realize the life of the Grand Duke is in deadly peril. Our purposes are quite apart, Countess Mironova. Our duties call in different directions. But it appears we both desire the personal safety of His Imperial Highness."

He left her then with that stilted smile that no longer had meaning or life, and she would have called him back but she knew her words no longer had power to move him, even to save his life.

And so she followed him to St. Peters-

---

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Cary Grant's Secret Album

Continued from page 61

the rockstrewn grass as lights blazed on. "Time to materialize, Cary!" said Director Neilson from McLeod. "I'm a ghost, you know," explained Cary. "So is Connie. Watch us materialize." Connie in a red fox cape of beautifully mottled skin, dreamily as she took her place this side of the lights. But when Cary took his place beyond her, his shadow fell, appallingly clear, in the open space.

That wouldn't do. The experts put their heads together and Cary returned to his canvas-backed chair. "We appear and disappear at the will of the technicians," he smiled. "I took this shot of Connie when she had appeared on top of a bookshelf. Not too bad, is it?" Cary got on with his material for developing or printing his pictures.

"No dark room for me!" he waved the idea away. "Too many funny smells around the darkroom. I'd rather get my film to a shop and talk the shots over with the expert there, explaining what I tried to get and how I'd like it treated. You know, sometimes—not often—you get a marvelous cloud effect or a desert sand shot and you think you can do a composite picture that ought to be good—well, then you tell him and he does the trick.

"I have an exposure meter and it tells you what to do about lighting, if you have any sense at all. Chance of going lucky often helps you get a good shot, whether you know what you're doing or not. A lot of it is luck, anyway, and that suits me. I'm not working at random in any case.

"I don't bother much with filters and never use flash bulbs outdoors.

"What I am specially keen about is home movie stuff. That can be really exciting.

Cary Grant's Secret Album

Continued from page 61

a huge room in the Imperial Palace and they saw the man sitting at the far end of it, the man whose face was heavy with the weight of sorrow he carried in his heart.

"Your Majesty," her voice came so low that the Czar could scarcely hear her, "Baron Wolensky saved your son's life. And everyone in this room is demanding his life. I have brought them to you, Your Majesty, instead of the police because—because—"

She faltered, and there were only the tears welling in her eyes to ask for his mercy.

"Baron Wolensky," the Czar's voice came steadily, "I want to save the life of my son that you acted as you did, but to save the life of a Polish traitor. The man Orlich is a revolutionary."

He is also my friend," said Stefan. He said quietly. "Your Majesty, you are the great man in Russia. I am a humble citizen of Poland. But we—we are both patriots!

When the Czar smiled like that some of the sadness went from his face. "Baron Wolensky, you are not a Russian. But you are a man, and that is the next best thing."

The Czar held out his hand. "I will see that you are fully protected in Russia. You may go. You are safe."

They moved slowly out of the room, then walking mechanically as they went, and the Czar was smiling broadly now as he saw their glances steal toward each other as if once again there were only the two of them in all the wide, wide world.

"Once I did a short film about my dog, I thought up a little plot and then I put him through it. He is a smart and he knows how to take orders. Of course he couldn't actually do all the things it looks as if he did in my picture."

"I have him running around the corner, manically, or hopefully, or whatever it was, and then I'd cut to a scene he was supposed to see. His actual expressions came from balls thrown to him, meat dangled at various heights, nice smells, the sight of friends or foes, and then they were all worked into the plot. It came out nice and I think materialised at such times.

"If you use human actors for your home movie pictures, Cary thinks it's best to have them so thoroughly occupied that they can't see the camera.

"My best stuff in this line is usually done down at the beach, where everybody is dashing around in the water," he said, "Then they have to keep their minds on what they're doing and can't worry about how they look."

"I'm interested in color stuff on the home movie just now. I'm going to some grand desert and spring flower pictures, and this beach action stuff I've been telling you of is great in color—the water, the sand, and the whole thing materialises with it."

"I understand there's some home movie sound equipment on the market now. The amateur can get talkies if he has the means, and patience. I've never tried it, but I doubt if it's for me. I couldn't be bothered fiddling around with a mike and a soundbox and a camera. That would be WORK, and I don't do WORK."

Director McLeod loomed up beside us. "Nobody," he informed me, "is permitted to use my name in connection with trick stuff."

"Trick stuff, eh?" said Cary, "Magicians are always touchy about their magic. You know, I never bother with trick stuff on TV and I'm a real magic fan. I suppose it's because these studio experts are too good. Anything I'd do wouldn't look like much."

"The director's glance grew grimmer. He addressed me once more."

"Kindly DE-materialize!" he suggested.
"Panther Woman"
Into Patrician
Continued from page 27

the country's outstanding college girls. She lived at home, but that didn't spoil anything. It merely drew more and more undergraduates over to see the jolly Fitzpatrick.

"I had a passion for red," Gail muses in a reminiscent mood, "I had a red roadster and those were the days when it was considered the height of cleverness to go in for one-shade ensembles. I remember my pet outfit was a red dress, a red hat, and red shoes."

During her junior year the depression hit into the Fitzpatrick bank account. Gail, majoring in law so she could go into politics (the governorship was her goal) went to work to pay for her tuition; she became assistant to the dean of women. Her plan to enter the University of Alabama's law school started to crystallize. But in the meanwhile she enjoyed every one of the proms that were thrown. "I was allowed to go as wide as I wanted so long as I brought home an A-average in my grades!"

You can gather that here is no mental slack. "At home we were told that we could do anything we wanted if we wanted to badly enough. That bit of psychology kept us from feeling overly restrained, and, simultaneously, made us think. We might get away with something, but would the reward be worth it?"

"Then, there was that other method of wisely rearing us my mother and dad had. They encouraged, but never flattered us. 'No matter what you do,' they'd say, 'if you hadn't done it someone else would have. And probably better!' I haven't forgotten either statement."

The turning point in her life was completely unanticipated. The local theatre was cooperating with Paramount in a search for a "Panther Woman" for a spectacular film. It fell to Margaret Fitzpatrick to oversee the affair so far as the Howard College girls were concerned. On the Sunday afternoon when half-a-dozen who'd promised to vie got down to the police station everyone backed down, "I'll have to step up because you all said you'd compete, and somebody has to do right by our alma mater's honor," Gail laughed as she took it upon herself to be the sacrificial goat. But the jolt came when she was chosen as the best bet for the "Panther Woman" in all that vicinity!

"You've read how unimpressed Hollywood is by contest winners," Gail confessed at noon at Lucey's, the quaint French restaurant on Melrose Avenue where the stars are patronizing. "When I arrived I wasn't besieged with offers, I didn't mind, because I'd just graduated and I was ready to go on with my law in the Fall and I'd never visualized myself as an actress. Much less a Panther Woman!"

"The publicity head at Paramount was too busy to waste time on me, so he sent his secretary, Bertha Jancke, to take me to lunch; it had been because of his studio's campaign that I'd stumbled into my trip West. My picture had been in the paper the day after I got here and Universal evidently believed I was somebody. On Saturday morning I phoned Paramount to say goodbye, and chanced to mention—without malice aforesight, honestly—that I was going out to Universal before I left for home. At that Paramount expressed alarm. I wouldn't sign anything before they gave me a test! I promised to hold off. I stayed over at their expense, and the next week they tested me and signed me."

How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"? Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

It would be so much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a rage, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

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2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is an effective germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.

3. Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor... Cleanly, disappears after use.

6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

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Her last name was shortened and her first name was spelled wrong. She was given six months to tone down her Southern accent before she was assigned to a role. But in less than two months, she was so homesick that she wanted to stay and go longer. On a week-end at Lake Arrowhead she was in tears. Cary Grant and Scottie were there on location and Bertha Ancker, the first representative of Paramount she met, had to go up to take publicity stills. Bertha asked Gail to come along and watch Cary and Randy work. Because Gail is so definite and her studio strange, apparent indifference bewildered her. Why stay away from home, from all that was familiar, for this uncertainty? She recalls how Bertha said, "Either make up your mind that you will amount to something, or quit and go home where you have no fight. I’ve seen them come and go and I believe you have what it takes!"

Bertha and Johnny Engstead, the man who posed all the Paramount stars’ portraits, were among the only ones who’d given Gail a second thought. They discovered that she was intelligent and when they observed that she was regular they went out of their way to help her. She went to the coaching school on the lot, and directors couldn’t overlook her eagerness to attempt with whatever parts they’d give her. But she declared that it was Bertha and Johnny who aided her most in improving, in shaping a personality that is distinctly her own. Gail made mention of her Sunday mornings riding with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, now that she has “arrived,” but she is still eternally grateful to those two composite unknowns and sees them often. Even though Bertha is living at Engstead’s, every time Paramount takes up another option on the Patrick contract there is a party attended with Bertha as the special guest.

“Johnny Engstead worked with me on that first test, the one that got me my contract. He then spent hours and hours counselling me. I had to try to acquire poise, first. Johnny slaved over his pictures of me. He taught me how to hold my head, my hands, how to act. I learned that I needed different clothes, for in Hollywood styles are ahead of the rest of the world. I had long hair, that I wore in a chignon. I wore a knob. These things made me feel as if I were coiffures, kept after me continually. They begged the make-up men to show me exactly the most flattering use of cosmetics. They repeated the command that I shouldn’t step out of my apartment unless I was precisely groomed.

“Today I am complimented on my appearance. Well, any woman can be beautiful, or give the effect, when experts tell her how to add to her better points and detract from others. When I reply that I am not beautiful some feel I am being coy. I hate coyness! I know how I look when I get up in the morning.”

“Err,” interrupted, "what about being nominated the other day that can only be by those fraternity boys back in Birmingham?"

“Oh,” smiled Gail, “it took them two years to live that down now. I try to get Travis Banton and Edith Head to design my personal wardrobe as well as the clothes I wear in films. If other girls have this tremendous advantage they’d naturally profit by it. I’d love to..."

Her regal bearing is one of her most praised attributes.

“How I had to struggle to lose my self-consciousness about my height, she sighs. “I’m five feet seven, I always had worn flat-heeled shoes. Hopefully, you know. That was a mistake. After I’d learned more about how to walk, I was perfectly fine. But stopped fussing about what wasn’t a problem after all. Whenever they cry, in casting me for a picture, ‘But you’re so tall!’ I answer, ‘The others are so short, you mean.’ I remember that Garbo, Dietrich, and Kay Francis are the same height as I am."

“I never counted on remaining in Hollywood permanently until I married, last winter. When it was option time they’d say, ‘We guess we won’t renew you.’ Perhaps—if you take a cut—‘I always retorted, truthfully, ‘That’s all right with me. I’ll be leaving you then. But where are you going?’ they’d answer, ‘Home! Back to Alabam!’ They never could catalog me properly. But I wasn’t looking, you see.

“Hollywood is a vibrant world in itself, but I’ve found you can live as you really wish here. I bumped into all the traditional lines. There was the time someone said you’d never be able to act a character contrary to your type deep, deep, until you have lived? Well, the very first bit they gave me to play was the part of a mother, it was told I had a very realistic manner. And I knew I’d never been dead!

“I don’t drink. I’ve had two drinks in my whole life, once I went to the dentist’s and fainted and once when I was plain inquisitive. So, you can imagine, I was in for some joshing for my ‘No’ to all liquor. But I love to hear people say no one stopped drinking because I didn’t drink; I wasn’t cramping anyone in the least. So why drink? One shouldn’t be called a pig-Latin, either, you can’t pretend you haven’t enjoyed it, so long as she has no objections to others doing as they choose.

“I don’t, as a matter of fact, smoke, I’m thinking to myself, why should I if it doesn’t appeal to me?"

“Yes,” she gasped, her ebony eyes dancing. "I didn’t even know about double-talk before I got here. Now I’m cussing and doing pig-Latin, but to the Hollywood habit of saying one thing and meaning another. You’d have to catch on to that.

“But Hollywood has been wonderful to me. I like pictures immensely. I’m not practicing what I’m going to say when they give me the Academy Award; I doubt if I’ll ever rate one. Being the highest background I didn’t try to deliberately act, when I began to get good roles. I knew if I’d seen some hammy, I just attempted to be sincere.

“Every day brings something new here, and such perpetual variety is fascinating. I just can’t get over it—was so accustomed to saying every morning in my early years on the campus at Howard that unconsciously I said hello to everyone on the lot at Paramount also. But it’s not the same.

“On each picture I make new friends and make dates to see them again and then seldom do. In this way Hollywood is like college and being on a team. You’re rushed back to your routine quicker than you expect. But here the routine is excitingly unpredictable.

“Hollywood in America is quite different from what I was used to. In the South everyone is so hospitable, so informally so. Every Sunday night we’d have a big house party. But I’d gone away so long since most stars must be aware of their ‘position,’ they can’t be informal or off-parade often. I don’t care to entertain lavishly. To me, it’s not the values but six people over for the evening and then do whatever occurs to us impromptu.

“I’m just beginning to realize that I’m alone in the lot they’d call stars. Our pay-checks are ready on Wednesdays—I used to dash over on the lot; now I frequently wait until Thursdays to have the check does seem to still be there."

This past winter Gail returned home for the second time. She had only eight hours
in Birmingham, because she was on an official personal appearance tour. But twenty-five-hundred home-towners tramped through the Fitzpatrick house to shake hands with her! She fixed her airplane ride to Hollywood so well that she learned to be a pilot. But "I had to ride into Birmingham on the milk-can limited; all planes were grounded by a storm!"

On this same trip—she covered ten thousand miles in eight days—she saw New York City for the first time. "Jean Edwards, who is an executive secretary at Paramount and who doubles as my companion when I'm supposed to be elegant and have one, went with me. We arrived at 5:30 in the morning and by 6:30 we were doing the sights. I lay on the floor of a taxicab to peer up at the Empire State building; we gazed at Wall Street and Harlem and everything in one day!" She even looked up the girl who was her closest chum in college, "When I was dressing in all red she was forever doing herself up in all purple. We had such crazy times together then. When I looked her up I just had to chuckle at finding her married to a minister."

Gail also managed to meet a good many film exhibitors on this race around the country. "If some Hollywood people would go out and talk to those men they'd be deflated." In Charleston she finished her public appearance and then relaxed by mastering the switchboard in the Paramount office. A long-distance call came through for her from the studio and it was a shock to find that she was right on deck like that! But Gail has gone ahead because she's been so willing to learn. When she went to Hollywood she blandly admitted she'd never been to sea before. "When I remarked that I'd never even been on a boat I was flustered. I wouldn't be impressive!

But if I'd been blasé I couldn't have gone poking all over the ship, which was what I wanted to do. I blurted out the truth so I'd miss none of that adventure.

"You see me in my wedding dress," she commented over our dessert, "I'd just returned from the Eastern trip and it was the only clean dress I had when we decided to get married."

She has found more than success and a glamorous halo, Gail has matured mentally by solving those problems which face a girl interested in a career, as well as developing on the surface. But in addition she has found the love which she knew would someday come to her. Six months ago she married Bob Cobb, the young and handsome president of the Brown Derby cafés. He was long rated an outstanding catch, which makes him a fitting husband for a former Southern belle.

She wouldn't give me any rules for wedded happiness. "Whatever I'd say would be trite. I don't want to sound trite, or coy, or like a know-it-all. I am merely delightfully, and definitely in love!"

She did admit that she is reveling in the plans she and Bob are having drawn for the house they hope to build next year in Brentwood. "Our idea," she amplies brezly, "is to scheme out a floor-plan that'll allow us to get from room to room without having to run outside and climb in through a window."
in it for a change; she is sick to death of gingham and percale. "They actually let me wear a batch of airgettes," Barbara says to Joan, "I felt like the best Marlene Dietrich in seven counties." Betty Furness brings her knitting, she always does, day or night; and soon she is joined by Sandra Cooper (Mrs. Gary). Pat Patterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer), Julie Murphy (Mrs. Ronald Reagan), and later by hostess Joan herself who has become a most assiduous knitter and is at present knitting a pink baby blanket for the Cooper heir who is expected in the early fall. Well, knitting isn't exactly what I would expect to find at a Hollywood party, but the spring of '40 gave up being surprised. Luise Rainer arrives with husband Clifford Odets who immediately goes into a huddle with Franchot over the Group Union situation. They can neither be seen to Joan's before, so right away Joan takes her on a tour of the house beginning with the huge kitchen and ending with the sleeping porch where they are both somewhat bored. The hostess has been living in a candle-lit flat and ...
the evening is nothing less than twelve Mickey Mousees. Let it be said to the glory of Mickey Mouse that everyone piles into the projection room, including the dogs. But the swimmers are not going to be done out of their swim in Joan's glorious pool so while the knitters return to their knitting, and those who have early calls go home, a merry bunch of people plunge into the pool. Joan keeps her baths houses fully equipped, and you can easily find your size in trunks and caps and things without the least bit of trouble. Such jumping on and off of sea dragons and rubber floats as you have never seen, Gary, I notice, is not so venturesome in the water as he is in the saddle. George will jump on or off anything. The best swimmer of them all is Phil Huston, who used to be a swimming instructor and is really something to look at in bathing trunks. Phil, they tell me, lives down near the beach and gets up every morning before dawn and goes for a swim in the Pacific. (I shiver to think of it.) One morning his swim was interrupted by a bevy of rude policemen. It seems that a neighbor had reported him as a prospective suicide.

It must be well after one o'clock when someone suddenly remembers that Franchot has to work tomorrow—and a fine time to remember it—so back into their clothes and into their cars. The lights go out in the Tone garden. The party is over. What a merry romp it was. When better parties are made, I will make them—I hope.

Tell-Tale Desires

Continued from page 65

He is incurably absent-minded and has been known to set forth for someone's house for an important appointment and to drive dreamily past the house, wandering aimlessly, pausing here to admire the view and there to make friends with a stray dog. An hour or two later he may telephone his home, "Now, where was I going?" he inquires.

He enjoys studying the scripts of his pictures and gives them his closest attention. He detects learning lines and means a good deal over this task. But once he has mastered them and has managed to get into his costume and to do his make-up and arrive on the set, he enjoys assuming the identity of the character he is to portray. He becomes, on the set, the small boy who loves to play "let's pretend." That is probably what makes him valuable. Certain it is that all the extravagant details of an acting career bore him almost beyond bearing.

Then there is Claudette Colbert—and I am sure you will see, when I tell you something of her habits, what makes her so lovely, so versatile upon the screen. Claudette has long been known as one of the most luxurious women in pictures. She is one of the few actresses, for instance, who employs a personal maid at home as well as at the studio. Her lingerie is hand-tailored, hand-wrought for her in France. Her perfumes are especially blended for her. Her bedroom is a foamy affair, all satin and frothy lace.

She likes formality and her tastes in food are delicate. She invites a few friends to dinner (rarely more than four), and the always dress. Her imported chef provides, usually, a clear soup, a green salad (tossed in its dressing in the Continental manner), broiled fish, and roast fowl or lamb with accompanying vegetables. You never see red meat on Claudette's table.

When Claudette is working, her secretary-companion arrives at the studio at noon with a hamper containing the daintiest of cream soups, squash-under-glass, puffed

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Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

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Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

SCREENLAND

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Are Movie Men Social Flops?

Continued from page 31

Buddy Rogers has the kind of charm which would make him valuable in my service. But these men, naturally, are unavailable, and the others in Hollywood who presented themselves to me just wouldn't do. For one thing, Hollywood men don't understand feminine psychology—as applied to the guide escort service.

There's such an overwhelming proportion of women to men in this town, (one reason why my service has already been engaged for several large parties), that the men have become spoiled. They think ladies can't get along without them. And I train my men to consider themselves no more than escorts—necessary for getting places—just like taxicabs.

If women want romance, they must go elsewhere. And the men who are a apt to think all women are romance-minded. I don't mind a few spiritual vibrations between the escort and the escorte, but physical vibrations are out.

My men, you see, must be absolutely reliable. They must have good character references, bank references, and I insist they have rear-end employment during the daytime. Lots of Hollywood men don't. They mustn't drink too much. I insist on their sticking to one type of liquor during an evening, and I suggest that they drink either champagne or Scotch. Hollywood men mix their drinks too much.

Escorts must dress conveniently and in good taste. They can't wear, as Hollywood men do, berets, yellow suede shoes, yellow sweaters or white Sarg scarfs around their necks.

Escorts must have their hair cut regularly. Hollywood men wear their hair so long that half the time when you walk down the Boulevard you can't tell whether the person ahead of you is a man or a girl—especially since so many Hollywood girls wear wigs.

Escorts must be able to discuss topics of general interest—world affairs, new books, new songs, pictures, stage shows. Hollywood men are intensely provincial and the fact that their conversation is limited to studio matters is notorious.

Naturally, my business attracts many worthless young men, and therefore I insist that they have regular daytime jobs and that their guide service form only a part of their regular income. They must have excellent character references. I want the women who go out with these men to be assured of every protection.

Escorts must know all the good restaurants and amusing places to go in the vicinity. The word "Guide" in my service really means something. And the men of Hollywood, in their ideas for amusing places to spend an evening, are bounded by one small area including the Troc and a few other night clubs.

Escorts must have slim figures and a certain elegance in their dinner jackets or tails. No woman is going to pay $25 for an escort and then be satisfied with a fellow whose muscles make it look as if he had been juggling wheelbarrows full of cement all day. And Hollywood men, in general, are either over-developed from too much exercise or under-developed from lack of it.

And they don't dance well! At the Troc or the Cocoanut Grove I've seen charming ladies with Hollywood male stars looking wistfully at the dance floor while their escorts maintained a sit-down strike.

Ted Peckham, escort expert, and author of the accompanying story.
Hollywood men are either tired, lazy, or just naturally can't dance well, with a very few exceptions.
It's no wonder that the fellows you read about taking feminine stars out of an evening are not the actors but are the writers, producers, and directors, who show a little more spirit on the dance floor. Louis B. Mayer, for instance, is known as one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic rhumba dancers. Incidentally, I insist on my men being proficient at new steps like the rhumba as they come along.

Turning the tables, I asked several of my men what type of Hollywood star they would prefer if they should be fortunate enough to have their choice.

Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich and Marion Davies are the stars they would prefer because they are not only attractive but they also have something to talk about. Mere beauty, you see, can't make an evening interesting—for an escort. And among the older women, May Robson, with her ready wit, perfect sense of the theatre and her marvelous stories, was elected.

Escorts are naturally chosen for their compatibility with all types of women but they do have preferences. They dislike to date the whining, complaining female, the lady who asks too many questions about their work, the one who drinks too much, or the "rah rah" whoopla type of young woman who insists on racing around the floor every time the orchestra strikes up.

Personally, I've never gone out on "dates," since managing the service and writing has kept me busy. But my own favorite among the Hollywood stars is Carole Lombard and any time she would care to accept an invitation, I'll cancel my price of $5,000 for an evening and take her out for the fun of it.

Beauty on Her Own

Continued from page 51

Anita Louise has never felt a deep hurt. Her pastel exquisiteness may have lulled you, too. Because she has so far always had genteel roles to play, because she seems more like a romantic princess than any real princess we have in the world today, you could have assumed that she is probably pastel in personality.

But let me put you right about her. She isn't! She isn't pastel in character, either. She simply hasn't dramatized her fight for what she wants. She can't—yet. Eventually she will; that's in her plans.

It isn't easy to gain her confidence. She's friendly. She enjoys entertaining and she has a hostess flair. As a guest, at parties, she's fun besides being a superb pictorial asset.

But I have never met anyone with such pride. I don't mean vanity, Anita has taken beauty as a task belonging naturally to women and so she isn't conceited about the impression she makes. Her pride, rather, is a fierce armor against failure. It is the one kind of protection she knows; she hasn't the hard crust of the cynic. Her hopes are away up in the clouds—and she cannot tear open her heart casually when there has been a disappointment.

There was that unpublicized period, I remember, when she couldn't get a picture job. She had spent nearly everything she'd earned, or her mother had, on Anita Louise improvement. For two solid years she'd slaved on the rudiments of acting under Samuel Kayser, the most expensive coach in the movie colony, the man Ann Harding and other veteran players credit for their training. Anita went to him after she had a contract. Which alone distinguishes her from the ordinary aspirant who is content

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT
Leaves no grease on skin or clothes—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

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Experienced Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's health. Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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Send for this true story of a freckled girl who left her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular until one day she saw a Stillman's ad. She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

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Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Special offer with Zip Cream Deodorant both for the price of one.

Buy your dealer or send 50c for this special to Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.
though. I'm still in a transitional period and it would be difficult to pay enough attent- tion to a husband now."

Analytical Anita! And it isn't a last- minute, theoretical summing up of career and love before she takes the helm. For Anita, you see, has been in love. When she was seventeen she and Tom Brown found an ecstatic happiness in one another's company. It was glorious first love. For two years they went together. Many outsiders thought it was Ann Bresford who opposed a marriage. But it wasn't. Whenever Tom came to her about Anita she'd reply, "It's up to Anita."

Ultimately it was Anita herself who understood that she and Tom were too young to cope with marriage in Hollywood. Each had concentrated so on a career. Eloping would have been rushing into a union neither was equipped to handle. It was impetuous and impractical.

Since then there have been other admirers. Anita has sensed that a girl matured considerably faster than a boy. Accustomed to working, she will blend more with some one years her elder. "But not more than ten years older," she laughs.

For the past year she has assumed charge of all chats with her studio. At Warners they are delighted with her business head.

"Next winter, I hope to return to the stage, in New York. If I can so arrange it, I'll do three or four pictures a year and then a play there. In the theatre the repetition will be an education that will help me improve in films. Anyway, I enjoy the stage, too!"

Travel is specifically on her horizon. "I plan to travel between assignments, I have studied here in Hollywood; yes. Yet what is study without a knowledge of how other people live? I don't want to be narrow, or fall into a groove." She has been to Europe three times, but only once since she's grown up.

"Mother has gradually been leaving decisions up to me. We have always talked honestly. About my work. About money and security. About dates. About being ready for whatever dilemma comes along. But she has attended to the 'items' and now I'm not only attempting to decide major points for myself, but I'm becoming acquainted with details. I've never been deliberately selfish, but I'm waking up to the fact that we must consider others and that we get from life what we deserve. I am realizing that the little things can be the most significant. My worst fault is tardiness. I'm by no means cured, but I recognize at last that an apology isn't an ideal solution!"

"I'm not going to be too dogmatic, map it too minutely. For instance, I shan't say that I'll never go out when I'm working. I might—for dinner, you know! All I shall try to do is to supervise myself as well as mother has done."

She not only has outgrown youth's habit of taking things for granted, sometimes. She not only has earned everything she has today. She has the memory of a marriage that almost was to counsel her when she comes to the marriage—that is to be.

I wouldn't say that she has changed. Anita hasn't had to learn a fondness for the niceties because her mother has made self-respect and graciousness instinctive in her. But without a doubt, she has demonstrated that her mother's pains have not been in vain.

Here is beauty, unspoiled from any angle. She doesn't wear her soul on her sleeve, but you'd mistake: Anita Louise is in harmony with the better side of Hollywood because she is in harmony with the best in herself. I have no fear of what the future will bring in her case. On her own she'll be terrific, for the prizes go to her kind.
Problem Star

Continued from page 23

ten minutes to pull myself together and go on. It's the same old thing of having to get accustomed to every new thing that comes along—gradually.

We got to talking about Fred's early adventures in Hollywood where he tried to get work as a laborer or just anything at all and finally landed a few extra jobs here and there. During that period, he worked in mob scenes in quite a few big pictures, including "Sally" and a couple of other Warner Bros. pictures. His first one was at Fox. It was a picture called "Girls Gone Wild!"

"Never will forget the first time I saw myself on the screen," he went on. "The casting office told me to be at Fox in the morning. So I borrowed some make-up from my aunt, Fay Holden. She used to do a lot of picture work then. It was very light make-up. You know, like a woman would wear. The scene was on location and I was one of a bunch of boys who came rushing out of a fraternity house when a girl's car broke down out in front. I had to look awfully hard to see myself when I went to see the picture, but what I saw was enough for me! Looked like I had flour all over my face. I was pretty discouraged. Decided I'd never make a movie actor!"

During this hectic period, there were a number of times when the assistant director would single Fred out, asking if he could read lines. Fred would never say "no." But he'd look so darned scared, nothing would ever come of it. It was the same old apprehension about tackling anything new. So his picture career just died a natural death and he got a job playing with the California Collegians at Warners Hollywood Theater and later went on to New York.

"How did you feel when they asked you to take a screen test?" I asked him.

"Funny thing about that," he said, reflectively. "I was scared pink at the idea of it, but when I finally was called into the office of the talent scout at Paramount, Oscar Serlin, I wasn't scared at all. You see, I'd been under-studying Ray Middleton, who had the leading role in 'Robert'. They picked me out on account of my size. Anyway, I'd studied his part for so long, I knew it by heart. So when I got up to make the test, I really had something to say. When I saw the test later, though, I got discouraged all over again. You know it was the old thing all over again—new..."

"How did you make out on your radio program?" I pursued.

"Gosh, that was awful," he admitted gulping at the thought. "I'd keep telling myself that all I had to do was tell a story and sing a song. That was simple enough! I'd finally get all straightened out by the time I got to the radio station. And then the minute I'd find myself on the air, I forget what I started to say completely and call Louella Parsons or one of the studio actors to help me out. Don't think I'd be so scared now. But that's all over. My radio program is finished. Took me to be a whole season to get used to it.

Fred has been criticized from time to time for being so non-committal about his private affairs, among other things. I ask him about it.

"I haven't any 'private life,' in that sense of the word," he said very seriously, "just feel there hasn't been anything in important enough to talk about. You know Lillian has been sick almost ever since we've been married—she's just out of bed today. So we've had to be very quiet about doing anything worth speaking about.

Moved into our new house last week he said, brightening. "Outside isn't quite finished, but we moved in anyway. That one thing Lillian used to worry about—knowing the house was being built and not being able to get out to see it. Used to have a conference every day. She'd do the planning and then I'd go out and look it over and report how things were going along.

"So you see how it's been with us. We're so quiet and do so little, there isn't anything to discuss. If we ever do get around to taking a trip or doing just anything at all, I'll talk about it—plenty! Now this Lillian is better and we're in the house we'll probably begin to have some fun.

"You never did care much about party or night clubs, though, did you, Fred?" asked me.

Fred MacMurray's shyness vanishes when he steps before a camera, as in this scene with Lloyd Nolan, Charles Ruggles and Edward Arnold, from "Exclusive."
"Oh, I like parties all right. Don't like to dance much, so we don't go to night clubs. But parties can be a lot of fun if you're with a nice crowd. Any place can be fun if you're with people you like."

By this time, Fred had gotten away with three large slices of liver and Canadian bacon and a double portion of vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. He slapped the table suddenly and said: "There!"

I jumped. "There—what?"

"Nothing. Just 'there,' I've finished!"

I never did find out whether he was just finished with lunch or with me because at that moment the assistant director came over and tapped Fred on the shoulder.

"We want you on the set of 'Exclusive,'" he said, solemnly.

"Coming right over," Fred grinned, getting suddenly out of his chair and then grinning as he started to limp out of the restaurant.

"Got a kink in my knee," he explained. "Been kneeling down in a scene all morning. Gosh, I can hardly walk!"

I guess he had it all right, though, because the last I saw of him he was headed for the door of Stage 14—big, gangly—his hat on the back of his head—his self-consciousness tucked safely away (for the moment, at least), with the large order of liver and bacon.

Great in a clinch, are John Trent and Marlon March, a new team.

Paris

Continued from page 63

meaning of the question. The darling had read " Gone With the Wind " and was so impressed with the book that she is determined to go to Atlanta, Georgia, and see for herself what still exists of the surroundings of Scarlett O'Hara. When she found out that I had lived in thees Atlanta she spent the rest of the afternoon asking me about Peachtree street, the plantations, and the colored servants. How I'd like to be with her when she goes there, and hope she won't be too disappointed if she finds it all not quite as she imagines. That's the only part of America that really interests her.

Her recent film, "Wings of the Morning," made in color in England with Henry
Inside the Stars' Homes

Confined from page 71

“My very favorite dish—don’t laugh—is fish cakes and beans. Mother showed Helma how to fix them so that I can have them whenever I choose.

“We usually buy the fish ready to use, in flake, and then Helma dips it in beaten egg and flour. It is then fried in a fat of choice. And, don’t care for the white beans, I like those big brown beans—Campbell’s, I think they precipice, so to say, and for good reason.

He was the partner of Simone Simon in most of the films she made before Holly-
day. She was a charming youthful pair and it would be amusing if he joined her in Hollywood and played opposite her in English. In the meantime he is over here and play-
ing on the stage. He was a great success in Noel Coward’s "Design For Living" when it was done in French here. He has just returned from playing in the principal theat-
res in Northern Africa.

The young players over here seem to be better equipped than in America for they are always studying and play as when as possible on the stage for the ex-
périence and the personal contact with the audience that the theatre presents. They have so much more poise and sureness of technique than the English or American players.

Having been so French, I feel that I would wind up with a good solid American name. If only one on the horizon of late has been Ruth Chatterton. On the horizon completely describes her for she has been falling back and forth constantly from London. Between rehearsals she would hop a plane for Paris to have dress fittings for the clothes to be worn in her production of Somerset Maugham’s play, "The Constant Wife." She has been a guest of honor on the stage and anxious to appear in London. Her Frau Dodwirth was such a grand characterization that I’ve been hop-
ing to see her work along the lines of the performance of the same quality, but I sup-
pose such parts are a rarity and aren’t picked up just every day out of a scenario.

Fernand had cut a film Hollywood, "The King and the Chorus Girl" for Warner Bros., is back in Paris to carry out his French contracts. The film has been the subject of much babble in insisting that the theme of "The King and the Chorus Girl" was taken from the drama of their Edward VIII’s step down from the English throne. The film had been planned long before the English real life drama. With a change of title and little cutting they are permitting it to be shown. Fernand was most enthusiastic about Hollywood and the great efficiency of the film city of film cities. He will re-
turn there the end of the summer to make his second film.
**Wake Up Your Liver Bile...**

Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ran in to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile daily in a 24-hour period. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get fatigued. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A natural bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

**Danish Pudding**

Mix 2 cups of breadcrumbs with 2 cups of sugar, the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 1/2 cup of melted butter, 4 well-beaten eggs, and 1 cup of sour cream. Bake. Mix well and pour into a buttered baking pan and bake in a medium oven until nicely browned. Serve with orange sauce.

**Orange Sauce**

Place in a double boiler 1/2 cup milk, 2 level tablespoons of sugar, and the yolks of 2 eggs, beat well, add one tablespoon of grated lemon rind, 1/2 cup of orange juice and whip over the fire until frothy. Serve as soon as removed from the fire.

"I like nice dressings on my salads. If I have hearts of lettuce, for instance, I like chiffonade dressing."

**Chiffonade Dressing**

Mix in a bowl, dressed with a clove of garlic, 2 tablespoons of chopped cooked beets, 2 tablespoons chopped pimientos, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, and 1/2 cup of French dressing (Best Foods). "A rather unusual salad for summertime is served with sour cream dressing. Your best chef, Helma, will tell you about it. We call it melon salad."

**Melon Salad**

Cover cold salad plates with crisp lettuce, on the lettuce add a slice of Dole pineapple, cover the pineapple with alternate slices of orange and grapefruit; sprinkle over match shaped pieces of celery (peeled and sliced). Place on each salad 2 tablespoons sour cream salad dressing and dust with paprika.

**Sour Cream Dressing**

Beat into 1 cup sour cream, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons Hinz' vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon paprika; beat well and keep cold until used. Sonny Johnson, at two, has a wide variety of foods, although he is not given rich dishes.

He's only been to one birthday party in his life," explained Ruby, "that was when he was eighteen months old, and do you know he came home and broke out all over! The doctor had a long name for it, which I don't remember, but it cured me of birthday parties. The doctor said no young children should ever attend them, and when they are old enough—say, at four or five—four children is enough at one time.

"Sonny—he'll probably kill me when he grows up. I'm still calling him that, but he's such a tiny one I can't help it! Sonny always wants me to be with him when he has his supper and to stay with him till he goes to sleep. That's about 6:30 or latest 7, so I seldom miss.

"I brought his nurse with him when he took him from the Cradle, so I'm sure of someone who understands which to do no matter what matters. He was so very little when I got him. Do you know, we didn't have any idea we'd have him when we built the house, so in the came we had to build a wing for him, God love him!

"Al found this place, by good luck. He was driving around in the valley one day when he met Guy Price, who used to be in show business and now is in real estate, and he brought Al here. The people who own it are a small house where ours is now, and they had landscaped everything, just about as it is now, when they lost their money. You can see how lovely it is, so no wonder Al wanted it.

"So we bought it, put up the wall, built the house and here we are!"

---

**T**here is a lure of lustrous hair.

History is crowded with conquests by women who were famous for their fascinating hair. It is easy to have hair that invites romance—by using Colorinz. a pure, harmless rinse that brings out the natural sheen and highlights of your particular coloring. Try it and you'll be amazed at the new glint and sparkle Colorinz brings to your hair. In 1/2 shades. See the Nestle Color Chart at Toilet Goods counters.

**P**roperly lathering your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel. Dissolve Colorinz in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.

**N**estle Colorinz

Wanted At Good

Mother Home

Apothecary

Price.

**S**ong poems

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Alone

Don't delay—

send best poem today for our offer.

RICHARD FROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Learn How to Get Rid of Hair from Face, Legs, Body, Forever!**

YOU can be rid of embarrassing hair forever by new home treatment. Absolutely safe and permanent. No regrowth, no chemicals, no sweating or friction. Screen stars have spent fortunes on this formerly expensive method. Now available to YOU at home at low cost! Have the smooth, lovely skin that even admired! Claim your right to Romance! Only method approved by medical opinion. Test it at our expense! Mail coupon today for FREE illustrated booklet and details of trial offer!

BEAUTIDERM CO., Dept. 148, 1451 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Send FREE booklet "The Secret of Permanent Hair Removal" and details of 30-day FREE trial offer.

Name.

Address.

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**Screenland**

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Hollywood's Hell

Continued from page 29

pocket-book— in fact, no pocket-book at all—made Warner feel that life had no place for his talents. But he kept on. He fought against hard times and the town's seeming indifference. In brief, he went through hell.

Today, Warner is all the better for that early hell in his life. Ask him yourself.

James Dunn will also be glad to give information about his passage through the Hollywood inferno. I remember Jimmy's advent in the movie mecca very well. Of all winners of the inferno prize, he won out over all competitors.

Scared by everyone and everything, he put on a bantering tone to hide the fear he felt. He didn't believe in much. Broadway had knocked ideals sky west, leaving Jimmy with a confused state of mind. Hollywood was to burn the confusion out of him.

The great test was when he met Maureen O'Sullivan. No one knows the exact feelings of either one. Some say Jimmy scoffed at love, and at first didn't take Maureen seriously. Others declare Maureen was very fond of him, but not so fond as she was of John Farrow, to whom she is now happily married.

By the time Maureen no longer cared, Jimmy must have cared a great deal. Perhaps they ought never to have gone together. It was one of those iridescent events. But Hollywood love is dangerous to play with, as amorous cinema boys and girls find out.

Jimmy's heartbreak was the best thing for him. He went through hell at the time, but it helped him, for there's nothing like a nice bit of torment now and then. It certainly changes you, one way or another. Jimmy became more understanding.

The then three-year-old Shirley Temple appeared with him in her first Fox film. This young siren pulled Jimmy out of his decline. He became her godfather, and now believes in quite a lot of things.

Henry Fonda has not had a very sunny existence since he came to Hollywood. He got his break on the stage in "The Farmer Takes A Wife," a short while after his mother's death. She had always wanted to see him on Broadway. Then before the film version was released, his father passed away.

The only friends he had in Hollywood were the late Ross Alexander and his second wife, Aleta Freer. Henry and Aleta had played in the same Little Theatre movement before they went to Broadway. I remember Aleta telling me how happy she and Ross were at Henry's success. Hollywood would surely sign him up, she said, and everything would be wonderful for all of them.

I recall his first five weeks in Hollywood were spent at the Alexanders' tragic hill-top home. If ever there were three jolly young people, they were Henry, Aleta and Ross. They were more like three kids. Their wildness went to the extent of playing with a complicated train system set out on the floor. For outdoor exercise, they shot rabbits by the score.

When Aleta and Ross shot themselves, Henry was bereft of his dearest friends. All these tragedies, which include losing by divorce his first wife Margaret Sullivan, could have caused him to go out at the deep end, if he cared to. But his in-fernal ordeal left him for the better. Henry maintains a steady path through life.

Perhaps no other juvenile went through a more tormenting test in Hollywood than Eric Linden. Eric came to town with flying colors of his own hectic design. At first, he was most ingratiating.

He had been suddenly taken out of nowhere and placed in the gliding limelight of Hollywood adulation—usually a sly jade.

Eric was uncertain of himself and everything else. To cover up his uncertainty, he assumed an arrogant pose. When his skysc. reet came down, he learnt his lesson.

After a couple of plays on Broadway, a new Linden appeared in Hollywood. The pose was gone; the arrogance, nowhere in sight. Instead of the former self-styled "genius," I met a likeable chap, sincere and interesting. "I did not understand Hollywood at first," he recently told me. "I didn't fit into its life. Now I feel differently."

Need I add that he also acts differently—for the better—as "Ah Wilderness" most certainly proved.

Akin to his fellow artist, Eric Linden, Tom Brown suffered all the tortures of the damned. The bright spot in his life was Anita Louise. But Anita grew out of passionate idealism when, as ethereal Thora, she grew from innocence into promiscuity.

Tommy had had an exciting time telling early interviewers all his heartbreaks. From thirteen on, it seemed his life had been shattered by one charmer or another.

When Tom's feelings and emotions were truly shattered by Anita's cruel desertion, he remained dead silent. What would have made a fine story, he refused to give.

He told me later that he was pretty well broken up. If a director corrected a scene, or stopped one while he was in it, he took it as a direct reprimand. At singing lessons, he'd start to sing, but couldn't utter a note, then find himself on the verge of crying. Or he'd feel like laughing. A regular Jekyll and Hyde.

Disillusion came when fair Anita went. His adolescent sadness has made Tom more stable, more definite. But the fires of Hollywood's inferno have still more to burn away. After his love tragedy, he appeared rather bitter and cynical.

A lofty soul, of artistic aspirations, should soar above sorrows. Like Jimmy Dunn, I advise Tom to become godfather to some captivating child, or adopt a baby.

I also advise Robert Taylor to refrain from flightiness and remain on solid earth to fight things out. And I suggest that Tyrone keep as natural as he was when the "Tom Brown of Culver" company locked him in the gentleman's room on the train. To behold Tyrone as a poser would be really ghastly—with a broad "a".

Lew, Warner, Jimmy, Henry, Eric and Tom have passed through Hollywood's hell. Each has become finer, more definite. Let Bob and Tyrone regard their trials, as here related, and save themselves a lot of suffering.

If you do not wise old Omar Khayyam tell us we are ourselves our heavens and hells?

Do you see, Bob and Tyrone, my fine ladies, whatever you do makes your heaven or hell in Hollywood. But, there, you've probably found this out already.
The Happy Moment
— when the show is over

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, rings of performers, clowns, animals, music ‘n’ everything!
Now touring the country. Don’t miss it.

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating, doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsi.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. “Chew with a purpose.”
Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr. aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

Young Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her debut in New York. Travelled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

These distinguished women also prefer Camel’s mild, delicate taste:

MISS JOAN BELMONT, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DARNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels
The Truth about Hollywood Diets!

Robert Taylor tells his own Real-Life Story
"Well, she finally made the grade!"

"So 'B.B.B.' finally put it over!" Dave, the City Editor mused. "Nice scoop for you, Clara."

"'B.B.B.'? That's a new one on me, Dave."

"Bad Breath Bertha. Society's been calling her that behind her back ever since she came out 10 years ago. You know it as well as I do."

"Better! But they can't say it any more."

"How come?"

"About a year ago I told her what her trouble was; felt sorry for her . . . suggested she use Listerine."

"And now she knocks off the prize catch of the town; you had nerve, Clara."

"She thanked me for it. She'd never have landed him but for that hint."

"Say! There's an idea there for the Advice to Women column. 'Control your Breath and you Control your Future.'"

"Not so dumb, Dave. If you met as many men and women as I do you'd realize that most of them have halitosis and never realize it."

"That's the insidious part about it, as the ads say."

"Show me a woman who's careless about her breath and I'll show you a gal that's already on the shelf."

"Right you are, Clara. My girls wouldn't think of going to a party without first using the old Listerine."

"Smart kiddies!"

"By the way, Clara, how's Listerine for that morning after taste and the old next day breath?"

"My husband says it does the trick."

"O.K., Clara, I'll give you a report Monday."

DON'T OFFEND OTHERS

There's no doubt of it: Listerine Antiseptic, with its remarkable deodorant power, is the accepted treatment for halitosis (bad breath) whether caused by excessive eating and drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, or decaying teeth. Use night and morning, and between times before social and business engagements.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. And rightly so! Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and captivating—but not until she learns the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he'll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. "More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums" is the likely verdict—and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don't wait for the warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.T.
Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!

Jeanette MacDonald - Jones

The Firefly

Plus WAREEN WILLIAM
and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

Greta Garbo - Boyer

Marie Walewska

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost— the heart of the great Napoleon!

William Powell - Loy

Double Wedding

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—til Myrna comes along!

Joan Crawford - Tone

The Bride Wore Red

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38
Spend a Real Day with Don Ameche

And until you've spent that day with Don, you've missed a lot of fun. Frankly, we were skeptical about Ameche, who's married and a family man, as the subject of one of our "Real Days," to follow such gay men-about-Hollywood as Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power. But now we've spent that day with Don, and read the story which resulted—and we feel safe in promising you the very best yet in Screenland's exclusive series.

As a radio and screen star, Don Ameche is rapidly climbing to the top these days. As a fellow-worker in screen and radio studios, he is rated very high. But not until we read what just one "Real Day" means in his life did we fully realize just what we, and Hollywood, have in this Don Ameche. You'll want to be among the first to meet the man, get to know him, find out what he's all about. You won't be disappointed. Watch for this and other features in the October issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, on sale September 3rd.

Cover Portrait of Luise Rainer by Marland Stone.

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Heralding John King, whose first big film, "The Road Back," is for him the highway to the Hollywood heights of fame and fortune.

A comparative newcomer, John King, was selected by that great director, James Whale, to portray the leading character in "The Road Back," picturization of Erich Remarque's powerful post-war novel. King brings to his first important rôle a deep sincerity that will endear him to all audiences.

Right, two close-ups. Above, in a scene with Jean Rouverol.

IT'S an old story, perhaps, but there's always a thrill in it. "Young man makes good" has particular poignancy, whether the event occurs on some Main Street or in Hollywood where rewards are highest. Now the spotlight selects John King, tall, personable, gifted young actor, and encourages him to hope for permanence in the motion picture scene. His rôle in "The Road Back" was not an easy part for an inexperienced actor to play—it required depth, conviction, imagination. That John King met the requirements may be mainly due to Whale's direction, but credit must also be given to King himself, who justified his director's faith in him and proved himself worthy of Universal's promised future exploitation of his winning personality.
20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue"... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing"... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live!"

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely... liltin' to new hi-de-hights!

CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!

T.ONY MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!

TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!

RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom... give 'em room... give 'em room!

LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!

Don AMECEHE
Your new heart-throb... now star of radio's biggest show!

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

RUBINOFF
and his Violin... that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!

ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!

Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY
MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

'Fraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'

THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
Ellen F. Randolph Scott is a Virginian. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. When he attended college, he was a football player, a member of the glee club, and greatly interested in musical productions and stringed instrument orchestras. He is fond of all outdoor sports and gives much time and attention to horse racing; and he sure does know his horses!

Helene M. Fernand Gravet was born Christmas morning, 1908, in Belgium; educated in England, toured as an actor in Germany, Romania, and other central European nations, and finally selected France as her permanent residence. He came to the United States to star in his first American picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl," produced by Warner Bros, with whom he has a contract. So you'll be seeing him in another picture soon.

Frances F. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California, for a picture of the late Jean Harlow.

K. E. Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. Her real name is Edna Mae Durbin; she has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 100 pounds. She lives with her parents in Hollywood, and her outstanding interest in life—except for singing—is her cocker spaniel!

M. A. G. Yes, Ginger Rogers is even prettier off the screen than on, believe it or not. Rumor has it that Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele, are to make a picture together. As far as I know, nothing definite has been decided. Read our "London" departure in this issue for news of Adele's British film work.

A MacDonald Fan, "How did she begin her musical career?"—by singing a solo at the age of five at a school recital. When Jeanette was fourteen she appeared in Ned Wayburn's Revue at the same time studying voice and dancing. Her schools have been hard work and study and then more study. Don't miss "Maytime." You'll be sorry if you do! Her next will be "Firefly," with Allan Jones.

Joe L. Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She won two scholarships in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school, after which she appeared in stock. Her first picture for Warners was with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." She scored such a success in this picture that she was given a long term contract.

Jean M. Nino Martini was born in Verona, Italy. He is a noted Metropolitan Opera tenor. His last picture was "The Gay Desperado." Write to RKO Studio, Los Angeles, California, for his picture. His new film for RKO has not yet been titled.

Karolina S. "The Toast of New York" will be Edward Arnold's next picture; as you admire him so greatly, be sure to see him in this.

Jace R. Sylvia Sidney was formerly married to Bennett Ceri, her only marriage.

M. B. John Wayne in "Midnight Court," Born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 198 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. He's married.

E. Sharer Yes, Jean Parker is under contract to Columbia Pictures. Her first picture for them will be released soon. Jean is Mrs. George MacDonald in private life.

(Please turn to page 83)
A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls... music... romance... stars... comedy... fashions... all done in Advanced TECHNICOLOR so dazzling it takes your breath away!

ALAN MOWBRAY—what a riot of laughs this guy gives you!

HELEN VINSON—alluring, but oh!... so aggravating!

WARNER BAXTER
JOAN BENNETT

Walter Wanger's
VOGUES OF 1938
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
Helen VINSON • Mischa AUER
Alan MOWBRAY • Jerome COWAN

Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER
Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

with "The Most Photographed Girls in the World"... those
WALTER WANGER MODELS
WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS
Clothes Last
Longer With
Dress Shields

You can ruin your new frock in an hour—without dress shields! Make a vow, now, never again to wear a dress or blouse without a Kleinert's® Bra-form.

First of all, you'll look better. Bra-forms are carefully fitted to give smooth high rounded lines to both slender and mature figures.

The dress shields are held in exactly the right position and no matter how much you exercise, your clothes will be safe not only from under-arm moisture but friction and harsh under-arm cosmetics, too.

Your favorite Notion Counter will gladly show you a variety of Bra-forms, from a dollar up, in all the popular brassiere materials. Washed in a moment, always ready—without sewing—to wear with any dress. Also, Kleinert's sew-in Dress Shields from 25¢ a pair up.

Kleinert's

Ask for Kleinert's Launderite Shields—25¢ a pair at Notion Counters.

Kleinert's

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Wendy Barrie, British beauty in Hollywood, "discovers" American dishes, especially desserts. Share her enthusiasm—and recipes

By Betty Boone

Wendy greets you at the doorway of her "adopted" home in Beverly Hills. Below, she samples her own favorite dessert, pecan roll.

"I'M THE only prompt person in America!" cried Wendy Barrie, as I put in my appearance at her smart Beverly Hills duplex. "You're fifteen minutes late!"

She wasn't too pleased with me, even when I pointed out that there are two streets with the same name, one about six miles away from the other, and I went to the wrong one first.

"Nobody," she assured me, seriously, "is ever on time in Hollywood. Except me. And that's where all my spare time goes—waiting for people! Where's the cameraman?"

The Universal Pictures cameraman was probably at the other street, but any whitewashing I might have done for him wasn't necessary because the hat arrived just then.

It was a leghorn hat, with three flat flowers on the brim and streamers falling behind. Wendy looked like a dream girl in it. She felt better. It would have made any girl feel better—until she looked at the price, which was twenty-five dollars.

The boy who had brought the hat, Wendy's maid, a pretty young colored girl in blue silk slacks, George, the cook, and I revolved around Wendy in the hat. It was decided that the girl plus the hat were an ideal combination, too good to lose.

Wendy has light brown hair, her blue eyes, heavily fringed with dark lashes, are oddly set; her somewhat plump lips can curve in a most enchanting smile. She has an incredibly slim waist and long legs; she might have been made specially built for this season's styles.

"This place," Wendy informed me, after the affair of the hat had been disposed of, "was decorated and furnished by Arline Jean's mother. There's not a thing in the house, except my clothes and personal belongings, that is actually mine, even to the radio and clocks, but it all might have been designed for me. I love it!"

The duplex is done in white Monterey with upholstery in soft pastels and carpets of a deeper tone. There's a white piano in the living room (with a picture of James Stewart in the place of honor), and today there was a bowl of lilies beside the picture, pink lilies with an odd twisted design.

"Do you see this?" Wendy lifted a silver plaque from the music rack. "The crew of 'Wings Over Honolulu' gave it to me when we finished the picture last week. See the horseshoe—that's for luck. They've all scratched their names on it—the whole cast and the entire crew. Am I flattered!"

The plaque is inscribed to "Wendy (Buck) Barrie."

"All the boys call me 'Buck,' I don't know why," she commented. "My mother is completely horrified. When she hears people call me 'Wendy,' she stiffens. You must not let people call you by your first name," she tells me. "Make them say 'Miss Barrie.' Imagine me upstaging an electrician!"

So Mother stays shocked. But I like it. It's all so informal.

"It's funny for me to be posing at the piano, because I really play very little. But I've sold two songs, I composed them and hummed them to a musician I know, and he wrote the orchestration. This is one: 'I Might As Well Have Tried to Hold the Breeze, Like it?'

"Wendy was born in China and brought up in England. "When I came to this country, I was simply appalled at the food; she confided. 'In England, you know, no one eats salad. At least it's never served there as a luncheon dish. When I saw girls actually eating pineapple and cottage cheese together, I thought Americans are all crazy. But now I'm beginning to discover how amazingly good American dishes can be. "Hot cakes—I never heard of them until I came here. But when I can eat a stack six inches high, George makes such nice thin ones, served with what I call treacle and you call syrup, I think serving bacon or sausage with them is all nonsense."

THIN HOT CAKES

Break two eggs in a bowl and stir. Add a pinch of salt, 1/2 cup flour and 6 tablespoons milk. Beat well until batter is smooth and light. Add 1 cup and 10 tablespoons milk gradually. Bake on griddle greased with butter, making cake very thin.

Cook to light brown on both sides. Serve with Log Cabin Maple Syrup or Brer Rabbit Molasses.

"I'm underweight as a rule," went on Wendy, "so I'm always being urged to build up, I suppose American desserts are a revelation to me because I've never eaten sweets. I've never eaten a chocolate or a piece of candy in my life! Maybe that's why I have nice teeth where so many English girls haven't.

"I haven't the urge for sweets that other girls seem to have, but in the search for extra pounds I've discovered several desserts that appeal to me. "George's special virtue is in serving dainty looking dishes, I can't eat messy food. He can take a potato, scrape the fruit from the skin, leaving a firm shell, then mix the pulp with strawberries, and

(Continued on page 88)
CALLING HOLLYWOOD!
THE READERS TALKING
Now it's your turn to tell Hollywood what you think about pictures and stars! Write your thoughts in letters to this department— all ideas welcome.
Address: Letterm Dept., SCREENLAND, 83 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

New Glory FOR YOUR HAIR
Colorines truly glorifies woman's crowning glory—her hair. This natural-color rinse magically reveals the hidden beauty of your hair and gives it sparkling brilliance. It is neither a dye nor a bleach— but a harmless coloring. Colorines does not interfere with your natural curl or permanent wave. 12 different shades, see the Nestle Color Chart at all counters.

SO SIMPLE TO USE
Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve the contents of a package of Colorine in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and you will see a sparkle and brilliance in your hair that will astonish and delight you.

10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores, 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

CAST FOR THE PERFECT WEDDING
Here's what seems to me the perfect cast for the perfect wedding:

Now wouldn't that be a dream—or just a Hollywood mix-up?

SALUTES and Snubs

THE TROOPER SOUNDS OFF
I'm just a hard-working State Trooper (better known, I fear, as a State "cop.") We don't find clues hanging on every bush and tree, nor are our prisoners the "easy going, trail-give-awayers" shown in too many movies. I'm fed up with such pictures as "Fugitive in the Sky." Let the victim sometimes get away—as he does, despite our very best to have it otherwise, in real life occasionally.

Tpr. J. B. Jack,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

"SOMETHING" IS RIGHT!
They all have Something! Take Garbo, for instance. She's good for love, but not for dancing. How about Jeanette MacDonald? Her singing's swell, but Ruby Keeler beats her all dancing.

Patricia Pritchard,
Buffalo Center, La.

AMERICAN BOY SPEAKS UP
Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Searl, and others—are what we, the youth of the nation (male) have to repre-
sent us on the screen. They’re good, sure. But now we have two boys who play their parts wonderfully, and are very much “just boys" as well. The weaker sex has found its Deanna Durbin; and we of the opposite sex in the twelve-year-old division have discovered two real boys for us—those March chaps, Bobby and Billy—honest-to-goodness boys, ready, willing, and, most important, able to do what seems like the real thing is boy stuff on the screen.

Rucks Martin, Fort Jay, N. Y.

IDEA DEPARTMENT

I approve, heartily, of the suggestion made here by other splendid work writers, that Simone Simon and Robert Taylor be teamed. And I’d also like to make the suggestion that Hollywood turn out a story about a beauty shop operator—lots of color there, you know, (I know, because I’m in the business). The small talk, the gossip, the human interest incidents, to say nothing of demonstrations of how we in the business do make ladies look much nicer—all would be interesting particularly to women. If such a picture has been made, I’ve missed it. Furthermore, it would be a good vehicle for Simone and Bob. How about this, Hollywood?

Josephine Mackie, Newark, N. J.

GOOD MUSIC ALWAYS WELCOME

Why should the subject of opera in pictures continually be under discussion? There would always be a sufficient number of music lovers to make pictures with operatic sequences popular, even if they were not enjoyed by the public in general—which they are—and there’s proof in the tremendous success of “Naughty Marietta," voted one of the best of its year; “Rose Marie," listed among the ten best the following year, and “Maytime," which from present indications is likely to stand equally high this year.


MORE POWER FOR TAYLOR

Being a Taylor fan, naturally I enjoy all of Bob’s pictures. But it would be a grand and welcome change if for once Bob was not a wealthy playboy even though the part seems “Taylor" made for him. In “This Is My Affair" he again gave convincing proof that he is not only handsome but an able actor.

Teresa Tripp, New Bedford, Mass.

POINTING WITH PRIDE TO PARKER

I wish something could be done to make producers see the talent they let languish unhonored by not giving Jean Parker some really substantial acting opportunities. Jean has beauty, talent, and experience in the screen art. But how much chance does she get? Jean must take insignificant parts in mediocre pictures or remain out of the picture altogether—which seems a great pity.

E. Shaver, St. Catharines, Ont.

GAYNOR GOES AHEAD

Not one, but many Salutes to Janet Gaynor for her splendid work in “A Star Is Born." Was that a surprise! Fredric March, of course, was up to expectations. He never lets us down. Hollywood really has something in these two.

Mara Tudor, Redmond, Wash.

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures’ Star

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures’ Star

THEY’RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they’re sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of those delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . . colors bright . . . because they’re pure

SCREENLAND 13
Brawny melodrama, very pictorial with its eye-filling shots of action aboard a barque manned by a rough crew and engaged in slave trading. If you like your melodrama plain and simple, here's something! Warner Baxter, slave trader who reforms, but whose crew mutinies as he tries to make for Jamaica with his bride, shoots and is shot at. Elizabeth Allan Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney are outstanding. Unreal but punchy.

About a pretty girl who can't keep jobs—bosses forget she's a stenographer, and lightly turn to thoughts of romance. So she hides her beauty under an ugly duckling make-up, becomes secretary to a rich novelist—good love is just around the corner. Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery put forth their best, but the story and dialogue fail them. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins fare better. A fair middling show.

Tony Martin and Leah Ray have been teamed to good advantage in this musical, spun around a plot about two rival advertising firms. Berton Churchill heads one—he's Tony's father—and Andrew Toombes—he's Leah's papa—heads the other. Helen Westley is president of the firm whose business is the goal of the advertisers. Tony and Leah between them land the business, and end the business feud.

Hollywood's first concerning the war in Spain. It marks the return to an important part of Gilbert Roland, and offers splendid performances by Olympe Bradna, Lew Ayres, Anthony Quinn and Karen Morley. More or less a "Grand Hotel" technique, always effective, the story is hampered by weak dialogue and sketchy handling of certain situations. It might have been grand entertainment. Even so it's rather good.

An elaborate vaudeville show, concerned with presenting you with specialties by Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Panyakarkalus, a fancy-stepping dancer named Lorraine Kreuger, in addition to Harriet Hillard, Jerome Cowan, William Brady, Thelma Leeds and others. Presumably this is musical comedy, but the individual offerings of the various comedians, dancers and singers, are its chief attractions. Results are fair.

A programmer with plenty of punch and melodrama. Brian Donlevy is hero of a play concerning racketeering in the taxi cab industry. He's good, and helped along by Harry Carey in particular, and Rochelle Hudson, Barton MacLane, Pauline Moore, Chick Chandler, William Pawley, Francis McDonald, George Wakectt and Joseph Crehan. It is action stuff, and exciting.

Bob Burns and Martha Raye are worth seeing, but don't expect too much of this jumble of slapstick and exaggerated force—it goes too slow at times to make entirely satisfactory entertainment. The background pleases in one respect—it fits in with those Arkansas gags. Burns has exploited so amusingly in radio. Otherwise this is hit and miss entertainment. You'll enjoy it if you don't anticipate hilarity.
SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
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The Greatest Romantic Adventure Story of All Time
Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you DAVID COPPERFIELD and A STAR IS BORN
RONALD COLMAN
The Prisoner of ZENDA
Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel
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MARY ASTOR • RAYMOND MASSEY
C. AUBREY SMITH • DAVID NIVEN
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by JOHN CROMWELL
RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS
Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!
DEAR MADGE EVANS:

Come out from under that bushel! Or do you want to make me out a liar? I'm on the spot, Madge Evans, unless you stop being Hollywood's Forgotten Girl. People will think we're cousins and that you won SCREENLAND's highest award, the Honor Page, several years ago, and other nice mentions from time to time, for purely family reasons. Well, it isn't so. But you've got to hurry up and do something great, right away, to make all our predictions come true.

Since "Piccadilly Jim," what have you been doing, anyway? (And I don't mean "The 13th Chair," either.) You haven't done much, have you? So you're going to say it isn't your fault? Well, I admit that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has shown somewhat less than its usual acumen in burying your talents in tepid roles. And because you are one of Hollywood's nicer, better-behaved actresses, you've meekly accepted your fate, you've done good jobs in uninteresting parts, and you've kept on smiling.

Maybe that's the trouble. You've been so darn noble. Do you want to go down—and I mean down—in screen history as "that sweet girl and good little sport," or "that fine little trouper," or "the show-must-go-on-Madge?" I should hope not. No young, good-looking girl with a sense of humor wants to be branded like that. Perhaps with you it's a case of insufficient ego. Can't you borrow some from Hepburn, who can spare at least half of hers? Then go call on Dietrich and pick up some of her haughtiness. A little of Shearer's matchless savoir faire might help. Oh, I know I'm the one who usually laughs loudest and sneers most heartlessly at exhibitions of temperament; but in your case I'm all in favor of a good, lusty case of screaming hysterics right outside the door of Mr. Mayer's office. Deliver, then duck. No? Then, though I hate to suggest 'em, here are other suggestions. Dash off to Europe, a la Bette Davis; adopt a baby; bite Bob Montgomery; congratulate a race horse, like Stanwyck and Bennett; be seen here and there with Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power, or Wayne Morris; wear bright green overalls and drive a station wagon—it's too bad but you'll have to. It's too bad, it really is, when you'd think that after all the grand acting you've done when they've given you any chance at all, and the pretty pictures you've always made, and your recent success on the radio, and the swell sportsmanship you've shown ever since you were a child actress—that Hollywood would wake up and realize what it has. But apparently Hollywood is blind unless you smack it between the eyes. So—no matter what, Madge—do something. I'll be standing by waiting to cheer.

Delight Evans

[Signature]
Let's play that old-fashioned game "Truth" for a moment—truth about you and the "glamor girls" of Hollywood.

First, have you ever wished you had a figure as streamlined and as svelte as Marlene Dietrich's, Joan Crawford's, Carole Lombard's or Claudette Colbert's? If you are under sixty—and human—the answer to that is obviously, "Yes."

Now, do you follow with avid interest, every word that is printed on the care these girls and other Hollywood stars take of themselves, of their supposed "diets," their publicized weights, the freak treatments they are ballyhooed as indulging? And do you, without a word of advice from any authoritative source, immediately start in on what you believe to be your favorite star's diet system?

If you do not—this story is not for you!

But remember we are playing "Truth"—and if you have ever openly or secretly indulged such widely publicized "fad" diets fresh from Hollywood such as "The Eighteen Day," "The Four Day," "The Lamb Chop And Pineapple" and "The Banana And Skimmed Milk," then we have a message directly from Marlene, Joan, Carole, and Claudette directly to you!

During the past week I have talked with each one of them delving for the truth about their weights, what they really eat and do not eat, how they actually keep their world-famous figures, and I think I have uncovered facts that will amaze you. But first, not a single one admitted to ever indulging in a "fad diet," no matter what the publicity to the contrary may have been.

Joan Crawford, looking like a streamlined angel straight from the pages of Vogue or Harper's Bazar said to me on the set of "The Bride Wore Red": "No one has suffered from more erroneous and crazy diet publicity than I. Because I was quite plump when I came to Hollywood—(she weighed 145 pounds!)-it has been said that I have starved myself to death and ruined my health taking off that weight and maintaining my present figure. Once it was printed that I lived for weeks on nothing but crackers and mustard. Another diet I am
supposed to have fostered is the 'nothing but melon' meals.

"I've done everything in my power to correct these stories. Not only because I resent the implication that I would so foolishly endanger my own health—but because I know that so many girls who like me on the screen may have gone out and attempted to follow such silly routines."

Joan continued seriously: "The most dangerous publicity that comes out of Hollywood is the unauthorized, false, and harmful stories purporting to be the truth about the diets of movie stars."

Later, when I talked to Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich, and Claudette—they said the same thing in effect. But like Joan, they have been almost helpless to counteract the silly and harmful ball of publicity, once it starts rolling, for the reason that Joan explains:

"Everyone is so sure Hollywood stars have some magic formula for getting and staying slender! The more foolish the story—the more likely it is to be believed! We can shout from the housetops that we've taken no magic formula route to streamlined figures. I nearly fell over once when I read where I had paid $1000 for my supposed secret mustard-and-crackers-system to thinness! For awhile my fan mail was flooded with requests for this magic recipe. When I insisted that my secretary answer each one of these letters explaining how silly this story was, a great many people believed I was withholding the magic secret!

"I'm glad you've asked me to tell the truth about what I eat, and my system of exercise. Maybe girls everywhere will be disappointed to hear that I have never dieted except under a doctor's care—and that it is just as difficult for movie stars as for anyone else to discipline themselves to slenderness with sanity—but that is the truth."

"But first," Joan went on, "I would like to correct a very false impression about my weight. I do not weigh 110 pounds! I did not reduce from 145 pounds to 110 within two months. In the first place, my true weight varies between

CAROLE LOMBARD TODAY (right)

Weight: 107 pounds
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches

Lombard in her silent film days (left)
127 pounds and 132!

"Surprised?" she laughed as I stared fascinated at the present 128 pounds that represents Joan's completely hipless, stomachless, gloriously graceful figure. There is not one ounce of surplus flesh on her. She looks like a fashion plate.

"But remember," she went on, "I am five feet five inches tall, I have a strong frame, and strong shoulders and bones! When I drop below 125 pounds, I am too thin and I do not feel well. Girls of my bone construction should remember they can't expect to weigh as little as others with small bone structure—even though the heights and ages might be the same.

"Another thing," she continued, "remember that every system is a different chemical laboratory. For instance, I can eat a great deal of butter—and I do because I love it—and it doesn't make me fat. Bread does. It has amused many of my friends to see me eating a dried toast, or a diet wafer loaded down with butter! On the other hand, someone else might be able to eat a loaf of bread without gaining a pound—and just to be in the same room with a pat of butter would send the scales shooting.

"That is why it is so necessary—so imperative to consult your doctor before you go off on a diet tangent just because it has reduced someone else. If it is the wrong food for you, it is possible even to gain weight on a diet that has reduced another person!

"Now that the lecture is over," she laughed, "would you like me to give you a typical day's menu, along with the daily exercise I take?" I said that was exactly what I had come for. "—and I bet I eat more than anybody else who 'diets' in Hollywood," she added.

So here it is, the real Crawford daily routine as Joan wrote it out herself on the set:

Upon awakening: One large glass of fruit juice—orange, grapefruit, grape juice, or tomato juice.

On the way to the studio: My chauffeur drives to a very quiet, unmolested spot between the house and M-G-M—and I run for a mile.

Breakfast: I cook it in my dressing-room here at the studio—and after that mile run I am hungry! A typical breakfast consists of cooked fresh fruit (I like it mixed), two pieces of Melba toast, two strips of very crisp bacon, and a cup of coffee with cream.

Luncheon: Always chicken—because I love it prepared any way, cold sliced, broiled, roasted, creamed anyway except fried. Sliced tomatoes, diet wafer with butter, and iced coffee.

Afternoon: A large glass of cold milk, or tea or coffee on the set about four o'clock. Then home, and a quick plunge into the pool. I usually swim the length of it twice very briskly and then lie in the sun. If Franchot is home we will play a game of Badminton before dinner.

Dinner: We love simple "home" dishes—roasts, or stews with vegetables. I love all fresh vegetables, especially if they are cooked with a lot of butter. I like desserts, particularly (Please turn to page 80)
Olivia Looks at Love

—for future reference, the delightful de Havilland lass assures us in this gay and sprightly interview

By Maude Cheatham

Olivia smilingly recalls how she was a Leslie Howard fan, and now plays one in "It's Love I'm After," scene from which below shows her with Leslie and Patric Knowles during a merry mixup.

This sprightly star, Olivia de Havilland, who is going places, and going at a rapid pace, is a streamline beauty, slim and straight as a young tree, and even lovelier off the screen than on. She's contagiously mischievous and effervescently gay, but she can be serious, too. Back of her youthful merriment is an unusual depth of character, an intelligence that reflects a fine cultural background.

Once, when Olivia was very young, a fortune teller read her palm and told her she was to become a famous writer. She was profoundly influenced by this prophecy and being practical—she prides herself on being practical at all times—she immediately began casting about to see just how she could achieve this goal.

While "playing theatre" with little sister Joan had always been a favorite game, oddly enough, not once did Olivia consider becoming an actress. Perhaps there seemed to be too many obstacles in the way, and Olivia frankly admits she doesn't like to fight obstacles. So she deliberately chose to become a teacher of English, fondly hoping this would lead to authorship.

"Anyway, I liked the idea of teaching," explained Olivia. "Books have been my constant companions ever since I can remember and I could vision myself leading eager pupils along the path to great wisdom. Also, I hoped to help them appreciate the beauty and meaning of words—this being one of my obsessions. I wanted to spur them on to discover that prose gains its strength through expressive verbs, that nouns glorify poetry, and through this knowledge to derive the same thrill that a connoisseur finds in rare gems.

"After I had my life all beautifully mapped out to the last detail, along came that mysterious something we call Destiny, and I suddenly found myself on the screen. So I've decided the palmist got the lines mixed and acting, not writing, is my ordained mode of self-expression. "We all seek the reason for living and to me, it is work. I couldn't sit around and be idle if I had a million dollars. I'm not wildly ambitious but now that I see my goal ahead I must make good and to help me, I've adopted a plan of selectivity. In this crowded age there is so much to do that one has to choose the most important and discard the remainder. Most of us discover that we can't depend upon friends for happiness because too often they fail us. Things, possessions, are pretty empty. But work, and I mean the process itself, not the results, brings the warming satisfaction that makes life truly worth living.

"As a child," Olivia (Please turn to page 100)
Edward Arnold, in a new portrait, top, fought hard to make his way from obscurity to success; believes his son will enjoy the fight to win as an actor, just as he did. Right, the Arnolds at home: the star and his wife with daughters Dorothy Jane and Elizabeth, and Edward Arnold, Jr., as young Bill will be known on the screen. Across page: lower, the Arnolds, father and son, pals and fellow actors. Upper, Ed Arnold co-stars with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland, in "Easy Living."

By Dickson Morley

Edward Arnold's advice to his son, now starting a screen career, unfolds the real-life drama of a star who puts family above fame.
starting reproduction of Edward Arnold as the famous father must have been thirty years ago, but because that magic which we label personality springs also from him.

"But why wouldn't he make the grade with his father teaching him all the tricks of acting? His father has smoothed the way." That is the instant cry of some people in Hollywood, of those people who are always envious and forever jumping at conclusions. They quickly chant, "His father’s introduced him around. His father is rich. The fellow has every advantage."

I don’t think it an unnatural assumption at that. But believe me when I tell you it’s an all wrong one. I have been behind the scenes. That obvious summing-up completely skips the far more surprising truth. It absolutely fails to do justice to an honestly intriguing situation.

"Bill has every advantage I could give him," declares Edward Arnold himself.

"Sure," exclaims Bill when you get him alone—he’s still called that personally in spite of his official re-titling for theatre marquees—"Dad has helped me tremendously!"

But it’s their interpretation that is so astonishing. Edward Arnold isn’t behaving as you, quite possibly, have also suspected. You would have thought that, being newly-rich, the father would have subtly shifted his son into the society strata, wouldn’t you? The average move would have been a grand splurge, a campaign to erase the everyday past and a flurry to acquire a fashionable front. Edward Arnold could have picked out a swanky prep school and directed the boy to Harvard. He could easily have showered the lad with luxuries, given him every accessory that is impressive to the smart set. He might have revamped his own life to present Bill with the "best contacts."

But he’s done none of these things. Deliberately, conscientiously, he’s held strict reins on himself so that there would be no chance of changing his familiar standards. He’s scrupulously done this for Bill, this and so much more that isn’t what you may have supposed!

You will have to recall first what this father’s own childhood and adolescence were to appreciate the ab-
PART II

FERDINAND eyed with respect the modernistic facade of the Arthilm Studios. Then, unconsciously squaring his shoulders, he stepped through the wide door into the ostentatiously simple reception room. Behind the partitioned grille sat four young men, each in his cage, each surrounded by telephones and faced by a line of people. The phones, subdued to harmony with the atmosphere, buzzed instead of shrilling. The young men divided their attention between the mechanical and the human callers.

Ferdinand placed himself at the end of the shortest queue, and watched the proceedings with interest. There were eight ahead of him. One man was promptly admitted, one turned away, one told to come back in an hour. A girl grew hysterical in her effort to gain entrance, and retired in a storm of tears. A wave of sympathy engulfed Ferdinand. He felt an impulse to comfort her as she sat in a corner, furiously repairing her ravaged makeup. She caught his eye, rose, snapped: "Hope you know me next time you see me," and stalked out. Ferdinand shrank behind the broad back of the man ahead.

In ten minutes he was at the grille.

"Ferdinand von—Ferdinand Greenwood," he announced.

"To see whom?"

"Mr. MacAllister." At the spotted mirror in his room, he had repeated the name a hundred times and finally brought it to heel.

"Is he expecting you?"

"Oh yes—he waits for me. I will make a test." If he thought the young man would brighten to that information, he was disappointed. Impassive as the wall behind him, he picked up a phone and dialed. "Mr. Greenwood to see Mr. MacAllister—by appointment." He waited, quieted two buzzes, said: "O.K.," dropped the phone. "Your appointment is for 11. It is now 10:15."

Ferdinand faltered before those hard young eyes. To himself he said: "This is a basilisk." Aloud he said: "I thought it well if I come a little early."

"You'll have to wait."

He sat and waited, while the hands of the clock crept toward 11 and 11:15. He tried by fidgeting a little to attract the young man's eyes. He wanted to remind the young man that he had now caught up with and even passed the hour of his appointment. But he couldn't quite venture a direct attack. He didn't wish to incur the basilisk's enmity. He remembered how the basilisk had routed a far more formidable adversary than himself. Reaching for a cigarette, his hand touched a metal object
Has real romance a fighting chance in Hollywood? This new serial by the noted author of "Grand Hotel" presents the stirring answer to that colorful question, picturing the terrific conflict between the cynicism and the sincerity of Cinema City

By Vicki Baum

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

Please Turn to Page 72 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

in his pocket. The good luck object—Miss Hilda Drake—who rooted for him.

Once more he placed himself at the end of the line. Having reached the grille again, he pointed to a booth in the corner. "I will telephone."

"That's O.K.,"

"I tell you this, in case you wish to find me."

The young man grunted.

Miss Hilda Drake was businesslike, but helpful.

"Where are you now? Front office?"

He spoke cautiously. "There where the young men sit and will not let you in."

"All right. Stay there. I'll phone MacAllister's secretary."

He resumed his seat. He felt he had got the better of the basilisk, but hoped the latter wouldn't find it out. Presently he heard his name called. He was given a slip of paper, and a lanky youth guided him through the sacred portal, along corridors and out into the sunshine of the lot. This was a studio. This was Hollywood. Under other circumstances, his curiosity would have been intense. Now his energies were absorbed in bracing themselves for the fateful experience ahead. He seized no more than an impression of square, sunlit buildings and moving figures.

Turning a corner, he came plump up against a soldier of the French Revolution, his face stained a yellowish-brown. Ferdinand's heart beat faster. Here was one of those fortunate beings—an actor in Hollywood. An instinctive impulse to ally himself with glory brought to his lips a murmured: "Greetings, brother," and he hurried on. The poverty-stricken extra would have been gratified or embittered to learn of the momentary splendor in which he had been clothed.

The test director's secretary, in whom Ferdinand had unconsciously been hoping to find a second Hilda, was a thin, dry woman with a harried air.

"Mr. MacAllister has been detained. He won't get to you till this afternoon. Here are your lines, if you'd like to study them." She indicated a chair, and went about her business.

Ferdinand examined the single sheet she had thrust into his hand. It was a love scene—in language all but incomprehensible to him.

He read:

$Steve$

Listen, kid. How about signin' up with me? I'm nuts about ya.

(Please turn to page 72)
Camera Romance!

Love story told by the candid camera! Gene Raymond, cameraman—and Hollywood's happiest bride-groom. Jeanette MacDonald, his favorite subject—and radiant bride

By
Ruth Tildesley

"JEANETTE and I," said Gene Raymond, poring over an assortment of prints and negatives before him, "use our candid cameras chiefly so that we can preserve a record of our beautiful times together. "Any time in the future, we can pick up our albums and live over the days we've spent with each other. Yes, you can remember them anyway; but if you have a picture you can see exactly how it was, then. Here's a shot at B-Bar-H Ranch last winter when Jeanette and I were down there with Helen Ferguson and her husband—Jeanette, Helen and I walking over the sand. You can see what a whale of a time we were having!"

Gene began taking pictures when he was about thirteen. "I used to take a box camera into the park and hunt squirrels with it," he remembered. "I'd coax the squirrel with nuts until he'd come and sit on my knee, and then I'd snap him. I'd try to catch birds and gophers and various tiny creatures when they were still, and I got some pretty swell stuff, but I've moved so often that I can't find any of it for you.

"I think hunting wild things with a camera is a good hobby for any kid, though. It's more absorbing than shooting them—and talk about Frank Buck! No wild game was any wilder than some of the birds you try to get.

"Talking about wild game, here's some deer pictures I got in Yosemite. I was some distance away when I first saw him grazing. He heard the click and looked up. I froze where I was, and he decided that I was either a tree or dead and went back to his grazing. I crept
nearer and shot again. He heard the click and ran away and I caught him as he went. Afraid they're not good for magazine reproduction, though.

"Now I have a Leica camera, and a small folding camera that can be set up on a tripod. Oh, I've just bought one of those miniature cameras that you can hold in your hand and click with one finger of the same hand, so that no one can see you shoot. It's so new that I haven't learned all its tricks yet, so I can't give you anything taken with it; you see, it's like shooting from the hip after you've learned to shoot by sighting along a rifle barrel.

"Think of the shots you could get with it, after mastering the thing, when no one knew you had it! Unselfconscious-shots of people, forbidden stuff, unusual pictures of action."

Gene admits that when he first became interested in cameras he was really hoping to break into pictures.

"I was a fan, and I wanted to be a screen actor," he confessed, "so I learned everything I could think of that might help, fencing, riding, how to use a camera, what to do with lights, and so on. On the sets now I always talk to the camera crew about shots, why they do this or that; they all have different ideas and different reasons to back 'em, and sometimes they work out for me—and sometimes they don't.

"Actually, it's my opinion that every camera artist or amateur snapshotter has to work some things for himself. Every individual has his own taste in pictures and he has to please himself first. (Please turn to page 98)
The poignant love of a boy and a girl caught in the crossfire of life in city slums, graphically told in a novelized version of a great stage success brought to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn.

DRINA stood for a moment at her window looking up at one of the terraces on the East River Apartments. The one where she lived. The one that was always the gayest of them all, where someone was always laughing and a butler moved about with huge trays of tall glasses and men and women danced at night under the stars.

It had been bad enough before, this street. Bad enough on hot Summer mornings with garbage littering the sidewalks and the tenements huddled together over dingy stores and Tommy getting in with the tough kids and Drina wishing with all the heart in her that she could get him away before it was too late to a house in the country, and clean, windswept fields.

Oh it wasn't so much to ask, she thought desperately, wanting a chance for Tommy who was hardly more than a baby when their mother died. And a chance for her too, and for Dave.

Before the big apartments had been built on the corner overlooking the river it had been different somehow. For then the river that marked the dead end of the street seemed to mark the end of their world too. It was that house going up, that huge beautiful house with its awnings and its servants looking down their noses at the street and the terraces with their trees and flowers that had accent the difference between the very poor and the very rich with this new bitterness.

Drina didn't know when Dave had first met the girl Kay, only that it was weeks now that she had sensed the difference in him. Always before that there had been Dave and her growing up with 'that closeness between them growing too, and managing somehow to keep their
A Melodrama of Manhattan

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

it would mean three fifty more a week and maybe that would be enough to give them a chance somewhere else.

She stiffened and then she forced a smile to her lips as she saw Dave perched on the ladder in front of Pascagili’s place. After all his study and schooling the only job he had been able to get was painting the restaurant that had been a speakeasy in the old days and was making a bid for the patronage of the rich newcomers through the lavish use of red paint and the new sign, Chez Pascagili.

Tommy’s voice came mockingly and shrill and for the first time she saw the new kid who had moved in the day before.

“Listen, you. If you want to belong to our gang you got to have a quarter.”

“A quarter?” Milty’s voice was awed. “Where

Please See Page 92
for Cost and Credits
Once to every woman comes a formal dinner party. Like blood-red nails, sky-rocketing Dietrich eyebrows, a Reno divorce, and champagne mixed with beer, once is enough—but once it has to be. There's something frightfully chic about a formal dinner party given in the grand manner with the right people in bouffant skirts and white ties—and no woman in her right mind with a priceless set of china and an in-between-picture inertia (which is far more upsetting to the morale than being soundly jilted), can resist one—once.

For five long Hollywood years Claudette resisted, and then like the income tax it caught up with her one day when she was feeling suave with undertones of grandeur. She had just seen the newsreel pictures in color of the Coronation and there's something about the late crowning of England's King and Queen that brings out the de rigueur in women, or at least the la-de-da. "I think," said Claudette, thereby disturbing an old Hollywood fallacy anent movie stars, "I think I shall give a formal party." If Claudette hadn't been in her crystal goblet mood she undoubtedly would have declared: "By heck, I'll throw a party." But "give" or "throw," tomato or tomato, Claudette couldn't have made a more startling statement. In fact the Pressman-Colbert household hadn't been so jolted since that night last summer when Claudette gazed serenely over her new home that had just been completed at the tidy sum of $200,000 and remarked, "I don't like it. I think I'll sell it for what I can get." That certainly caused a pretty confusion.

Now everyone who knows Claudette, including her family, knows that Claudette definitely isn't the formal type. Why, she loathes anything formal. Proper little people who put on a lot of chi-chi and sit around making fine talk with a look of boredom bring out the guillotine in her nature. (I'm sure her grandpappies nipped off quite a few aristocratic heads.) And if you ever get the least bit gaga with her and pull an elegant subterfuge out of your sleeve she'll wither you with those black eyes and say, "Don't give me that. You can tell me the truth. I'm Claudette—remember?" And as many a man-on-the-right can report, our Miss Colbert spills more wine than she drinks. Much more. I wonder if the stain ever came out of poor Mr. Robert Benchley's trousers.

So you can well imagine how surprised everyone was when Claudette said she was going to give a formal dinner party. As a matter of fact, she was pretty sur-
prised herself; but she is stubborn, that one; and besides, Travis Banton had just whipped up something for her with flounces and puffed sleeves that would look positively wicked at the head of a table. In it she would undoubtedly be the best-dressed woman who ever raised a fork to an entrée.

But if you've been informally opening your door, falling over your furniture, and spilling your wine over drama critics ("My dear, if Miss Colbert ever returns to the stage—My Gawd"), all your life you can't suddenly up and give a formal party without some kind of an excuse—your conscience won't let you—and a dress isn't exactly excuse enough even if it is an eye-catcher. But an Ambassador is—ah, me, you've really got something when you've got an Ambassador. It wasn't the French Ambassador, and it wasn't the Italian Ambassador, and if you think I'm going to tell you what Ambassador it was you're crazy as a loon because it's little things like that that start a war—but it was an Ambassador, and he was eager to meet Claudette, as who isn't?—and all his life had wanted to see what a Hollywood party was really like, and who doesn't?

For a split second, possibly an entire moment, Claud-
YOUTH

I have no family crest. Whatever stationery I buy will continue to bear my simple initials.

When I am finally ready to build a house, ready to really start that home of my own that I have always wanted, I shall not dig into an old chest and pull out an historic emblem to be carefully reproduced above my living-room mantel.

To be honest, and entirely so about my life as I see it myself, I do not believe very keenly in ancestor gestures. In the legend of blue blood. In boasts about descending directly from William the Conqueror. Modern genealogists say we cannot specifically inherit from any one person further than seven generations back. So there may have been extraordinary folk among my forefathers. I hope so. I hope a big percentage did have an irresistible craving to be worthwhile in their particular sphere. But I don't bother to trace great-greats. I think that our parents—or those who raise us—are the important influences in shaping our character. I hold, however, that ultimately every one of us emphatically makes or breaks himself, that we can escape the commonplace only when we know this truth.

I am plain American and proud of it. Away back my father's people emigrated to Pennsylvania from Holland, and my mother's people came to Wisconsin from Scotland. Both sets of grandparents were pioneers in the Middle West, in the prairie days of Nebraska.

Two figures loom dominant when I reconsider my life—before Hollywood. My mother and father. It is no idle nor fancy compliment to say that whatever success I have been fortunate enough to enjoy is due to their example. I mean it. It's so definite a fact. They did not give me my actual acting opportunity in Hollywood—M-G-M

deserves all credit for that. And the indulgence of theatregoers has allowed me to play leading roles on the screen. But I would never have been eligible for such luck if it hadn't been for my mother and father being the kind they were.

Mother set the pace of our home in Nebraska and she did it so magnificently that I know that I want a wife who can be equally as triumphant over everyday troubles. Over the more than average problems that are liable to assault two sweethearts. I am never discouraged about love, in spite of all the divorces and grief I've heard about, because I know a perfect romance does happen. I don't have to rely on story-book tales, nor trust to muchly-publicized heart dramas. I think of what I remember in our own home. No one can ever disillusion me for I have this memory to guide me. 

Mother and father had to fight for their happiness, besides struggling for security. But they fought gallantly and they won. Along their road they never had a single disagreement! I am sure I, too, can find a lasting, completely satisfying love because I have reason to be positive it is possible.

I hail from a small-town atmosphere. But it wasn't a boring, ugly small town. I never could quite understand those novelists who are scathing towards the genuine America, towards men and women with old-fashioned ideas about sincerity and decency. Perhaps we see what we look for. Anyway, so far as I was concerned, a small town in Nebraska was a fine place to live, a friendly place where neighbors were—exactly that. Neighbors, and not strangers in some mysterious mad whirl.

Every Sunday when I was a child, after church and before we would drive out to visit one set of grandparents—mother was invariably diplomatic in alternating our calls!—we went downtown for dinner at the best restaurant. That was a little shocking to certain relatives, I
This is, positively, the exclusive—and first and only—by-line autobiography ever obtained from Taylor! Here, at last, Bob finally covers his thrilling modern saga himself.

must admit. Going out to eat, and then allowing a mere child to order from a menu as though he were a smart grownup! But mother insisted upon it. She used to patiently explain, "Even after I was married I was embarrassed by a menu. Arlington's not going to be handicapped by any such shyness. He's going to be accustomed to being at ease, so he'll be able to go to any city!"

Of course I remember my grandparents.

My grandfather Stanhope built a large grain elevator in Filley, Nebraska, where I was born. He had studied to be a doctor, but the lure of developing a new land had drawn him on West and South, to that settlement when there were just trails across that part of the nation. He became a grain buyer, a prosperous merchant of the principal product of the soil.

Mother was the middle one of his five girls. Her ambition was to be either a reader or a wonderful pianist. She had talent for each goal, but she was never strong enough physically to go ahead. She had to prepare her lessons outside, for her health's sake.

And yet, even though she generally felt poorly, she officiated regularly at the organ in church. Mother not only has demonstrated to me what the woman's touch in a home should be, what supreme devotion a husband may be blessed with. She has impressed me tremendously with her deep reverence for the divine; it has brought her a warming sympathy for everyone in need.

Father was a farm boy. The farm, near Fremont, Nebraska, was all hot sun and blank horizons and routine drudgery to him. My grandfather Brugh thought everyday living was enough. But my father longed for something more than that. He wanted, somehow, to contribute to the world. He wanted an education so he could. When grandfather Brugh moved his family to a ranch in Colorado, where they stayed for years, father was taken in by an aunt who sympathized with his ambition. She had a daughter of her own, but he was welcomed like another brother. She put him through school.

He met mother there—in school. From the moment they were old enough to realize the other's presence there never was anyone else for either of them. I wish all of us could drift so naturally, so rightly into love. When father was twenty-two he finally persuaded mother, who was then eighteen, to say yes to him. They had so many years together and they couldn't bear to be apart!

But mother's constitutional frailty was forever threatening to mar their happiness. Father went...
the vitality a weak heart lacks. It must have required some stamina to step out of his established business and enroll in a university to begin again. He closed a chapter and retraced, went back to school with classmates a decade younger. But he did that—for love of her. They went to Kirksville, Missouri, and she entered college with him. She loved him so that if he were going to study medicine she would, too. My Hollywood luck has been dramatic in its suddenness and in its complications, but how can my situation touch theirs for drama?

It wasn’t to be easy. After a year grandfather Stanhope could no longer run the grain business alone and father had to return to Filley. Mother was better. In another year or so I was born. After that she was weaker than ever. For a year she could barely be about. Then father struck out at Fate once more. He knew that a he-man will go to any lengths, smash through all odds, for the wife he cherishes. He went back to the university because he had to learn how to make mother well. He was thirty-four when he began to study medicine all over again.

Mother and I went along, but she couldn’t go to any more classes. She hadn’t the energy. And she had me on her hands.

My earliest recollection is of sitting solemnly with father in a terribly sombre room where a tall man talked endlessly. I suppose I fidgeted at first. But I only recall having to remain very still. It was a rare treat I got for being good, to go there. Father, you see, took me to his lectures when I was four. To give mother a chance for more rest!

He graduated, eventually, as a full-fledged doctor. I faintly visualize a most exciting day when the three of us—I’m an only child—were awfully happy about some splendid event. That was the cause of our occasion. But father not only graduated. Through his own research he had mastered remedies for mother. Through him she gained a fresh foothold.

When we were five we moved away from the college and back to Fremont in our own state. In another year father found an opening in Beatrice, so we settled there.

I had everything I wanted as I grew up. A wagon, then a bicycle. I had a barn to play show in. They tell me I was a pretty fair mimic; what I remember, though, is earnestly selling the tickets for the presentations!

I was perfectly happy—no complexes or such things, ever. At home I always (Please turn to page 80)
In costume or modern dress in films, in the style of his expert play at tennis, or rugged individualism in the boxing ring, Errol Flynn does things with dash— and form.
Here, it's Hot and Bothered! All because of Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall, in South Sea romance.

Fair and warmer—and finally downright torrid, is the thermometer's report on "Hurricane," Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming picturization of the novel by the noted authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty." A stalwart new boy, named Jon Hall, meets the girl, Dorothy Lamour, in a Samoan Paradise, as you see at left and below. At bottom of page, the handsome native encounters "civilization" as personified by Mary Astor and Thomas Mitchell.
Thermometer?

Snow Fooling! Cold and ice outdoors, but there’s a Springlike thaw in the hearts of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power as they portray the lovers in new film

Of course Sonja must skate, so "Lovely To Look At" is complete with skis, snow, furs, and firs. But with Tyrone as co-star, la belle Henie is assured of a warm reception nevertheless. Not forgetting that Hollywood still reports the Henie-Power real-life romance is, like a western serial, going on and on.
The old-time magician pulled rabbits out of hats. Paul Muni, leader of movieland's magic workers, does better than that: see, in the three pictures at right, how he performs the artistic miracle in "The Life of Zola," following Zola from youth to old age.

Lower right and across the page, two close-ups of that fine young actor, George Sanders whom you first met in "Lloyds of London" as Madeleine Carroll's raucously husband, remember? Well, here Magician George appears first, as himself in "Life of a Lancer Spy," and then in deep disguise.

There are lovely lady magicians, too—aided by Hollywood's super-magicians, the make-up artists. Consider Beverly Roberts. At left above, as she looks to herself and friends; then, left, in slightly Garbo mood; while, above, she turns into a smart siren, if not before our very eyes. Which Beverly do you like best?
The master magicians of Hollywood are always up to new tricks.

That the gay trio above includes Charles "Buddy Pickford" Rogers, and Betty Grable is no news to you; but we'll wager you won't recognize the girl at left. It's Mary Livingstone with the brand new nose she ordered for herself for "This Way, Please." Both Mary and Mary's husband, Jack Benny, are pleased.

Ah, Napoleon! Characterization craved by every actor, achieved by few. Charles Boyer impersonates the colorful Corsican in the new Garbo picture. Top, Greta as Madame Walewska, Bonaparte's Polish heart. Above left and right, two Napoleonic studies by M. Boyer.

Presto, chango—or how Edward G. Robinson was made up to resemble Napoleon for a Hollywood costume party. Above, a new, more bulbous nose for ambitious Little Caesar. Right above, just before the make-up man added Napoleon's characteristic front-piece. Right, Eddie, all ready to play Nappie—and how he'd like to!
Here's a surprise! First and only pictures of Bette Davis and Henry Fonda dancing for sheer delight. "They Kiss While Dancing" is the alluring title of these action shots, but they look just like the good old reliable waltz to us.

They Keep On Dancing!

One of Hollywood's little pranks was to conceal George Murphy's dancing talents until rather recently. George made his stage success as a dancer, you see. But, below, he comes into his own in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Left, a gay new dancer in the night-club manner is Priscilla Lane in "Varsity Show."
Eleanor Powell's particular lithe and clean-cut modern dancing style is superbly illustrated in the striking poses above. The gal gives us even more speed and spirit and style than usual, if possible, in her new show. Right, how different! The "corny" capers cut by those clever comics, Judy Canova and Ben Blue, in "Artists and Models."

You can't stop 'em! Reason: dance pictures delight not only the performers but the public, and you can't beat box-office.

James Cagney, song-and-dance boy from 'way back, goes to town again in his own inimitable humor in his next picture, "Something To Sing About," a Victor Schertzinger production, in which Cagney will sock 'em with song and fast steps.
A Day in the Life of the Mauch Twins

For some real fun, follow Billy and Bobby Mauch around—if the pace gets too swift, just pause for a breather here or there. Here goes, from top right reading down: to the amusement park for a merry-go-round of thrills, with Bobby picking off the brass ring; followed by a chute down the chutes, in high. Next, to a luncheon to welcome Tommy Kelly to Hollywood—Tommy’s to make his screen début in “Tom Sawyer”—with Jane Withers, newcomer Kelly, Bobby, Freddie Bartholomew, and Billy celebrating. Then to a book shop to autograph copies of “The Prince and the Pauper” for young admirers. After that calling for Errol Flynn, with a pause to make friends with two of his dogs, to go on the Hollywood Hotel radio program conducted by Louella Parsons. Above, all washed up for dinner at home.
Ann and Oakie

There's a team to bring you an intriguing blend of gags and glamor, romance punctuated with a roar of laughter here and there, and—who can tell?—maybe a hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected torrent of the tender emotion from a constitutional comic—as Jack woos svelte Sothern Ann, upper left, seems to be thinking it over, but decides it's all for the best to make up to Jack Oakie in "Super Sleuth." That is all right with Oakie, as you see in the next two sequences at top. But, as whenever boy meets girl, there's an occasional misunderstanding, but soon made up, as indicated in the two stages of this romance at right center and right. Below, everything's happy with Jack and Ann in the close-ups.
Edward Everett Horton sits by the fire in the living room of his home—and plans more home! He tells you, quite seriously, he's been building the house for years—which is true—and that he intends to go on building more of it for years. Meantime he and his mother live in the finished portions which are very comfortable, you'll note.

Hollywood's "Unfinished" Home

Eddie says he is "dippy" about roses, and proves it by raising many fine ones in the garden in which you see him at left. Above: new wing is completed—the home sprouts new wing with every successful new film, it seems—and Eddie climbs the ladder to have a look-see at the job.
Home-building is a steady job with Eddie Horton. Here's his house up to now, with more to come.
Frances Dee and Joel McCrea raise horses as well as hay on their ranch. Above, Frances with one of the mares and a newcomer to the ranch. Below, Frances and Joel and another McCrea steed at the corral. The McCreas know horses—from the standpoint of blood lines as well as the riding saddle.

My Stardom for a Horse!

It takes a horse to keep up the Joneses—all of 'em at once. At left, Allan Jones, his wife, Irene Hervey, daughter Gail, and the family dog, are proudly upheld by Smoky, Allan's fleet and sturdy Arabian.
Thus the cry of Hollywood—and for good reason. It's great sport (also swell "camera") to bestride a cantering steed.

One of Hollywood's best horsemen is Ray Milland, left, taking a high jump with his favorite mount. At lower center, across page, you'll see Ray and the horse having a bit of lunch after the exercise. Next, Allan Jones, on Smoky again. Anne Nagel is learning trick stuff, left below; while in the center Franciska Gaal, Hungarian actress, joins the Hollywood horse enthusiasts. Bottom right, Ramon Novarro makes a screen come-back as a sheik (remember him in "The Arab") and has a horse, of course.
Sovereigns of the screen right now are seen in the royal coach at left: Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll, crowned in "The Prisoner of Zenda" make-believe. Of others on this page, Dick Powell, like Caesar, seems to protest his crown, but would probably be noble and bow to the public's will. Queen it is an old Swedish custom with Garbo. Shirley Temple has surely earned her crown. Joan Crawford stands right up to her coronet while shyly retiring in the lower corner is modest, but royally artistic Luise Rainer.
A Coronation!

Whom would you crown as King and Queen? Pick your Princes and Princesses!

Clark and Carroll wear their crowns as to the purple born, Madeline, you must know, has lately been presented at the Court of St. James. A triumphant triumph is located in the center, with Clark Gable, Paul Muni, and Robert Taylor under crowns but not under wraps. That ermine is so heavy! The lady who radiates regal dignity is Gay Francis; and there, at lower right, you'll find Bette Davis, princess of passionate drama, and Jane Withers, queen of comedy brats.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Paradise Isle"
OPEN in an exclusive Piccadilly restaurant, the scene the green and gold salon where many famous folk are luncheing. Rudy Vallee sits opposite blonde little June Clyde, all in purple, their neighbors being Ruth Chatterton and the Lawrence Tibbettos. Not far away Edmund Lowe is heartily dissecting a Spanish omelette with fried cauliflower, while that glamorous vision in the wine-red frock with a yellow jacket is none other than Merle Oberon, well and happy again now and entertaining a gay party. Her guests include Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester and lovely Vivien Leigh, who's enjoying the peche melba with never a care for her lithe young figure.

Vivien and handsome Laurence Olivier proved such a successful romance team in 'Fire Over England' that they are now making passionate love to each other again in a new film called 'The First and the Last,' based on the late John Galsworthy's novel. It's being produced under Alexander Korda's auspices at Denham—oh, Alex may be paying a flying visit to Hollywood but he doesn't let the details of his studios escape him. Every night he calls up on the transatlantic phone, hears the reports of his executives on the day's work, and issues his comprehensive instructions for the next twenty-four hours. He's passed the scenario for Merle Oberon's coming film in which she will play a Russian ballet-dancer called Tamara and is now busy ordering the preliminaries of his Fall production in which Merle and Robert Donat are to be the stellar lovers.

Next lap shows a stage where Phoenix Films are shooting 'Brief Ecstasy,' with Paul Lukas made up as a middle-aged university professor in love with one of his youthful pupils. Paul's charming smile and warm Hungarian voice thank me as I carry over two cups of coffee and sit down companionably beside him just off-set. He tells me about the new plane he has just bought, a necessity because when he is in California he lives out at Palm Springs and flies to Hollywood for his work. He says that when the orange-groves are in full bloom you can smell their gorgeous perfume as high up as eight thousand feet! He's been buying old glass and china in London, wandering round antique shops in little streets off the beaten track with his characteristic quietness.

Flash of Wallace Ford having twenty darts boards despatched to Hollywood as gifts to his friends including Spencer Tracy, Lew Ayres, and Pat O'Brien. Only one feminine name was on Wally's list, that of Ginger Rogers. "She's a grand guy, y' see," Wally explains, "just like a reg'lar feller."

Flash of Alfred Hitchcock, literally the biggest director in British pictures, busy writing in the shady rose-garden at Pinewood wedged into an enormous chair that would hold two ordinary-sized men quite comfortably. He's approving the dress schedule for his new mystery film starring seventeen-year-old Nova Pilbeam and John Loder.

Flash of George Arliss in his country cottage where he seeks relaxation from London noise these week-ends, his low-ceiled study furnished with old maps, brass candlesticks, and antique oak chairs and tables. They have made a replica of it for his new film 'Doctor Syn' because it is the perfect period room such as would have been used by the old-time parson George portrays with his usual dignity.

George is returning to (Please turn to page 78)
ROMANCE in the grand manner! Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat are to be seen together, at long last, in the widely heralded production of James Hilton's novel—and they will not disappoint you. "Knight Without Armour" calls for superlatives. The direction is by Jacques Feyder, who made the prize-winning "Carnival in Flanders," the co-stars are the costliest romantics on two picture-making continents; the Korda standard of extravagance is maintained in scenery and settings; and the result is rare entertainment of a high order. You should be in a romantic mood to appreciate this picture, however; it is not for those literal-minded critics who scoff at hair-breadth escapes, love under fire, or last-minute rescues. From the time that Donat, as a British secret agent in Russia, is swept by the Revolution to the rescue of the lovely aristocrat, Dietrich, to become her lover and defender through incredible wanderings, captures, and escapes, to the final reunion, "Knight without Armour" held my fascinated attention, thanks to the superb direction, the exquisite performances of Donat and Dietrich, and unusually compelling portrayals by the supporting cast, particularly by John Clements, very fine as the commissar.

THE ROAD BACK—Universal

A GREAT picture gone Hollywood. This sequel to Eric's Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" starts off splendidly, with all of Remarque's peculiar poignancy and director James Whale's particular genius for combining acute characterization and cinema spectacle. But the great theme, a tortured plea for peace, is somehow sidetracked; the human drama degenerates to routine screen stuff; and the tasteless insistence upon slapstick "comedy" throws the whole film off-key. However, the first scenes are fine, with two old friends from "All Quiet," Andy Devine and Slim Summerville, with the remainder of their company, in the trenches just before the armistice. With marvelous skill Whale has pictured for us the last few hours, and then the return home of the twenty-five survivors of the company—pure pantomime art, with the dialogue only an intrusion. Amazingly adroit, too, is the scene of John King's homecoming, in capturing the emotions of a young soldier caught between the two worlds of war and peace. But too soon after "The Road Back" begins to run downhill and my interest with it. King is "discovered," however; and John Emery makes a fine first impression. Better see it.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M

INTRODUCING, ladies and gentlemen, a new Glamor Girl, Mlle. Luise Rainer. Forget all about O-Lon, for there are no traces of "The Good Earth" in the sprightly spy, Countess Mironova, heroine of this Baroness Orczy revival. Here, Rainer has not only a new role but a new personality, totally unrecognizable. Adrian has done her gowns: I don't know who has "done" her hair, her eyes, her pout; but Rainer the actress certainly took a holiday when they assigned her to "The Emperor's Candelsticks." She looks, and is, alluring. She is the most captivating spy since "Mata Hari," and much more coy, though she doesn't dance. She doesn't have to dance; she gets the papers, Mr. William Powell's ardent co-operation, and the Czar's blessing, to say nothing of the candlesticks, simply by swishing and fluttering and opening those eyes very, very wide. The strange part of it is, she manages somehow to be quite irresistible, even though you earnestly hope she will never do it again. It's a pretty thin story, this when-spy-meets-spy thing, with an understandably bored Mr. Powell chasing the baffling Countess all over Europe in pursuit of those papers; but there are bright moments here and there, and it is fine at times.
MOST DARING DRAMA:  
"They Won't Forget"

GREAT ROMANCE:  
"Knight Without Armour"

BEST MELODRAMA:  
"King Solomon's Mines"

LOW BOWS TO:  
Mervyn LeRoy for his courage in producing "They Won't Forget"  
Dietrich and Donat for perfect teamwork in "Knight Without Armour"  
Dick Powell for "different" delivery in "The Singing Marine"  
Doris Weston for charm as Dick's new heroine  
Lana Turner and Marcia Ralston for what we used to call "sex appeal"

THE SINGING MARINE—Warners

YOU may be surprised at this one. Except for one inexpressibly awful Oriental "number" toward the finish, Dick Powell's latest defies formula and provides very good entertainment. For one thing, Mr. Powell is shy: yes, shy; he has to be coaxed to sing, and the girls do not fight over him — in fact, when rather accidentally he wins national fame over a radio amateur hour we are offered the supreme pleasure of being allowed to turn on Mr. Powell and dislike him heartily, for his fame and new fortune go to his handsome head; he neglects his old buddies in the Marines, he lets himself be lured by Marcia Ralston—no mean lurer, by the way—and it takes the combined efforts of Miss Doris Weston, Messrs. Warren and Dubin with their sweet songs such as The Lady Who Wouldn't Be Kissed and Cause My Baby Says It's So, and Allen Jenkin's salutory sermons, to bring Mr. Powell back to himself. Now he's the same sweet fellow he always was, but I liked him better the other way. Mr. Powell is a performer, folks, if you didn't know it before. You'll like, I think, the new Miss Weston, fresh from an actual amateur hour herself, who is natural and refreshing. Larry Adler and his harmonica help.

THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners

The most daring cinema of the current season is Mervyn LeRoy's uncompromising picturization of Ward Greene's novel, "Death in the Deep South." Here is strong fare, decidedly not designed for the squeamish, but definitely worth your while as an example of Hollywood in its most advanced manifestation, shackles shaken off, box-office edicts defied, bigotry challenged. Here is no ordinary murder melodrama, even though the murder of a young girl propels the plot; but a powerful presentation of politics at war with fair play LeRoy, having selected his story at the risk of provoking prejudice and offending tradition, sticks to it with integrity and determination. Briefly, it is the record of a Southern town in the throes of a murder's aftermath. The trial and conviction of a young Northerner provide such terrific drama as you seldom see on the screen. Claude Rains paints the portrait of an ambitious district attorney in brilliant, vicious strokes. LeRoy never flinches as he follows his story to its grim finish, even though his audiences may be left limp with horror. The cast includes four newcomers: Lana Turner, seductive stand-out; Edward Norris and Gloria Dickson; and Allan Joslyn, enormously clever as a reporter.

BEST SOLOMON'S MINES—Gaumont-British

BEST adventure film in a long time! If you're tired of polite pictures, or cinema sermons, or moon-croon-spoon movies, here's your dish and it's good, red meat. Really a super-serial in one sitting. "King Solomon's Mines" has been produced on such a lavish scale that it assumes the proportions of a proper "epic," with its star-studded cast including such distinguished players as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, and Paul Robeson. This British picture is a free but far from easy adaptation of Rider Haggard's story, which concerns the arduous journey, by three Englishmen, an Irish girl, and an African, across the desert wastes in search of diamonds. Nature in her rawest mood is the menace of the piece, and I suspect that the thrills, achieved by the cleverest technical tricks attempted since "King Kong," will be hard for Hollywood to take—or top. Even harder to take, and to follow, will be the Spartan example set by Anna Lee, who as the comely heroine bravely sacrifices artifice to art and actually appears worn and bedraggled, instead of freshly waved, made up, and manicured in the heart of the desert, as usual. The voice of Mr. Robeson is raised in song for the good reason that it's a pleasure to hear.
THE minute that Loretta’s slightly puzzled butler opened the door and catapulted over a huge Donald Duck who squawked nasally, scraped my silken slins on a kiddie kar, causing another run no doubt, and sat down on a decidedly damp bit of zwei-back I knew that all was not as it had been at the Youngs. In Loretta’s Colonial Bel Air home I had always found the most charming and orderly arrangement of furniture and knick-knacks, with never so much as a rose petal out of place. Loretta and her mother are perfect push-overs for the antique, and Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale and Queen Anne, Spode and Wedgewood greet you from every angle. I will never forget the first time I was ushered into the Young living-room some five years ago. “There isn’t a thing you can sit down on comfortably,” said Loretta, “but isn’t it pretty?” No, kiddie kars and damp zwei-back simply didn’t seem to fit into the general scheme of things.

Of course it might just so happen to be the day that Polly Ann had brought her eight-months-old son, and Sally, her year-old daughter, to call on Aunt Loretta—but no, both babies were still too young for belligerent Donald Ducks and kiddie kars. And it couldn’t be Georgianna, long the baby of the Young family, for Georgie had recently taken on the dignity of teens and the tragedies of youth. Georgie’s greatest tragedy of the moment being that someone had told her that she had a nose exactly like Sister Loretta’s. This had brought forth a flood of tears. Imagine how flattered Loretta must have felt! “But my nose can’t be too awful,” said Loretta with some dignity, “after all I have become a movie star, and I don’t act for peanuts exactly.” But Georgianna only cried the harder. No, a young lady worried over her nose wouldn’t leave zwei-back around on chairs. It must be Something Frightfully Important. And so it was.

“Miss Young is bathing Miss Judy in the nursery. I will tell her you are here,” the butler still puzzled by it all announced, and simultaneously a little blonde girl with big blue eyes peered curiously through the upstairs bannisters and inquired, “Who dat?” And having gotten an eyeful of me she fled like mad.

“That would be Miss Jane,” the butler informed me, “she is three years old and very shy. But she has a way with her.”

“Loretta,” I said to myself, “has done it. I knew she would. But two of them—how really magnificent.” I think it was the day I saw Loretta playing with her first and only little niece, Gretchen Foster (Loretta’s real name is Gretchen and Sally and Norman named their offspring after her), that I had a feeling it would only be a matter of weeks before Loretta adopted a child of her own. I was waiting for Sally when Loretta dropped by on her way home from the studio—no matter how hard she worked, or how late, Loretta always managed to drop by for a wet kiss from Gretchen. When the baby in her coop saw Loretta there was such a to-do—my, my,
such gurgles, and arm waving, and big toothless smiles! Loretta beaming like a madonna took it big. Then Sally came into the room and the baby looked at her and dropped Loretta like a hotcake. She would have no more of her. "I suppose," said Loretta keenly disappointed, "that for a moment there she thought I was Sally. We look alike and use the same perfume. It's her mother she loves, not me. Which is as it should be, I guess." Now Loretta is the kind of person, and so am I and so are you, who likes to be first when it comes to love and affection. Yes, I had a hunch that day that it wouldn't be long.

But even at that, it did come as a surprise. For Loretta, as you well know, is one of the most glamorous of the movie stars. In her early twenties, vivacious, beautiful, wealthy, so in her early twenties she was adored by millions of fans all over the world, you'd think, wouldn't you, that Loretta's one idea would be to have a marvellously gay time. And Loretta does like to have a gay time—no stick in the mud is she—she does like to laugh and flirt and wear breathlessly beautiful clothes; after all she is human; but inside that little little figure beats a heart so warm and so big that it is very difficult to speak of it without spilling over. But far be it from me to enumerate Loretta's good deeds; I'm definitely not the type, and besides Loretta wouldn't like it; but I would like to say in passing that while other petted darlings of the screen talk their heads off about all the nice things they are going to do, Loretta ups and does them without a single word of fine talk. Maybe it's because she has been well brought up in a deeply religious family; maybe it's because she remembers too well those first cruel years of extreme poverty in Hollywood; maybe it's because she went into pictures while she was still a child and quickly acquired an adult mind; or maybe it's just because Loretta is Loretta. A giddy young thing, that one, but with the soul of a saint. By the time she's forty she will have adopted an entire orphan asylum. And there'll be jam all over the Chipendale. Remind me to wear something old.

"Aren't they darlings?" said Loretta, removing soap suds from her eyes—Judy's splashing record is unchallenged, even by the Five Dions—"They're the cutest things you've ever seen. Judy is twenty-three months old, and so sweet and affec-

You've read the newspaper accounts, by now, of Loretta Young's divine gesture in adopting two baby girls. But this is the first, only, and authentic story which permits you to watch Loretta at home in her new rôle, to meet the babies, and listen to this young adopted mother's ideas of child-raising. If Loretta ever consents to having Judy and Jane photographed, we'll be the first to show you their pictures.

By Liza
"Vogue" Vinson wears, at left, a gown of black velvet with the most sensational decolletage of the new season, and tops it with a tiny velvet hat. Above, see the sweeping lines of this lovely evening wrap of silvery moire, cut with flaring sections attached to a shallow yoke. The three-quarter-length sleeves have deep cuffs and shoulder decoration of blue fox. She winds a wisp of grey net around her head and knots it at one side. Below, Vinson's pagoda pajamas.
At upper left, Helen Vinson illustrates interesting fashion touches in her boxed coat of black and white plaid with its rolled collar, and her stove-pipe hat of bright green. Center, above, cut-to-the-figure gown of heavy, clinging black crepe, set off with solitary clip at the neckline. Right above, dream negligee of pale pink metallized fabric, cut like a coat, with buttons down the front. Notice that her mules show the new high-tongue lines. At left, sire, sheathed in gold! Miss Vinson might call this costume "Armour without Knight," for it's gold cost-of-mall no less! Don't miss the shallow yoke of black velvet, or the matching skull-cap.

Modern as tomorrow are these exclusive costumes designed especially for Helen Vinson. Daring in line, audacious in movement, they will, we predict, start new style trends here and now!
Anne Shirley, left, shows off with youthful pride in her new street suit of navy and powder blue. Lapels are faced with navy polka dot silk, and there's a scarf to match. Anne's rolled-brim hat is powder blue felt trimmed with navy. At right, little Miss Shirley displays her house coat of ice-blue slipper satin, made with absolutely no revers. The wide three-quarters sleeves are caught in with large square rhinestone studs. Similar buttons fasten the coat at the waist in front.

New Fall Clothes of

At far left, Ann Sothern is shown in a striking black evening ensemble. The black taffeta gown has a fitted waist and a flared skirt which trails on the floor in back, and is banded in a wide floral appliqué of jet beads and black sequins. Over the gown Ann wears a brief taffeta jacket appliqué almost solidly with the sequins. A silver fox collar tops the ensemble. Marsha Hunt, at left, adopts a favorite Hollywood color, stone blue, for her charmingly simple dinner dress of light-weight wool, with its interesting sleeves.
Harriet Hilliard, whom you met in “New Faces of 1937,” and will greet in a new film opposite Gene Raymond, makes her début as a special model for Hollywood fashions at left and right. First, at left, in a pink satin pajama suit. Then, at right, in a costume that fairly cries for technicolor: a typically cinematic but nevertheless becoming suit of azure blue wool, with pale blue fox sleeves. Harriet’s suede skull cap, gloves, handbag, and open-toed oxfords are a matching shade of blue.

Character and Charm

Advance fashion news! At right, Marsha Hunt rushes the season with a dashing new coat of black Persian lamb, which she sets off with a fez cap of powder blue with bold trimming of black braid. Note the cut of the coat, and pay particular attention to the prominent pockets—you’ll see such highlights in winter fur fashions. At far right, Martha Raye, the comedienne, quietens down long enough to model for us a dinner costume of red crepe with brilliant buttons and tailored trimming of sequins, which she wears in “Double or Nothing.”
PARIS

By Stiles Dickenson

"Oh, LA, LA, LA, what will we do?" With shrugs of shoulders and wavings of arms the French exclaim each time Hollywood grabs off another of their favorites.

What with Simone Simon, Fernand Gravet, Annabella, and Danielle Darrieux deserting Paris in one year, you can imagine that the anxiety of the excitable French is not without cause. Rare flowers like these can’t be plucked from every way-side bush. Hollywood is the dream and goal of every person in the Paris Studios from the young and beautiful to the old and hopeful.

Now Georges Rigaud is setting off Hollywoodward. I lunched with him the day he had signed his contract with Paramount. Though, naturally, excited about the contract he was very sensible about his ideas of gaining a foothold on the American ladder of success. Charles Boyer and Fernand Gravet both feared to lose their French public while tempting fate in Hollywood so both have clauses in their contracts permitting them to work in France half the year. Rigaud feels differently about it. He thinks that the American studio will take more interest in building him up if he signs up for all the year round, which seems a reasonable conclusion.

A short time later we met to go to the international tennis matches. Georges was leaping about the place with excitement—not from watching the tennis champions, but because he had just received word that his first assignment at the Paramount studios will be to play opposite Marlene Dietrich. I can’t imagine anyone resting calm and peaceful at the prospect of being Marlene’s partner for a film!

Our Georges was fairly beside himself with glee—
As Hollywood lures leading French stars, the City on the Seine with characteristic charm welcomes our vacationing luminaries.

even the excitement of the semi-finals for the International Championships could not take his mind off Marlene. So between watching the thrilling playing of Von Cramm, Austin, and Madame Sperling I had to answer Georges' avalanche of questions about Marlene. I had often watched her in London making scenes for "Knight Without Armour" so could enlighten him on Marlene's studio ways.

I'm sure all the gals will find Georges' flashing smile and exuberant personality a grand foil to Marlene's languorous type of acting. Rigaud was born in the Argentine but early found his way to Paris and London. After he was well established in Paris he made a great many films in Berlin, so one finds him equally happy chattering away in Spanish, German, English, and French. Then, for good measure, he can shake a fluent tongue in Italian. All these languages have given color to an already colorful personality. One of his first important parts here was in "The 14th of July," that great classic of Rene Clair's in which he played opposite Annabella. His last four French films he has played with Harry Bauer, that grand old French character actor. They make a wonderful pair.

Just when I was wondering where all our stars were hiding themselves this summer and given them up as lost, off the "Normandie" skipped Gladys Swarthout, accompanied by her husband, Frank Chapman. From the first, Paris has been enthusiastic about the golden-voiced Swarthout, so an unusual number of photographers and fans were at the Gare St. Lazare to welcome her.

Somehow one never expects to find friends in the first coach of a boat train. You sort of glance down the line of coaches as the train pulls into the station and really start looking with the second or third coach. Well, that's what happened when Gladys arrived. While the crowds were swarming down the platform toward the other coaches, out of the first coach stepped Gladys and with friend hubby quietly walked out of the station. To make up for it, on the following Sunday at great race day at Chantilly the Swarthout was the center of attraction—starring over the horses at that favorite spot of horse lovers.

After the races she did what all popular and smart people do of a Sunday afternoon: she went to Louis Bromfield's lovely country place near Senlis for cocktails. This delightful author gathers round him every Sunday all the most interesting and brilliant people in Paris. The prima donna was most happy to be in Paris again after an absence of seven years and was busy revisiting favorite haunts. Then after a bit of sun-bathing in the South of France she will hire herself back to America to start her warbling again in front of the cameras, mike, and footlights.

Frank Capra, the great director of "Mr. Deeds" and "Lost Horizon," was at the Crillon and we were sorry he and his attractive wife didn't linger longer. There is a youthful enthusiasm about him that is most interesting. Like the busman on a (Please turn to page 69)
No Amateur Now

How Doris Weston sang and smiled her way from an amateur hour to Dick Powell's new picture

By Brian Herbert

All young actresses have a disconcerting way of answering unimportant questions and neglecting to answer the important ones. Doris Weston is like that. She is nineteen, pretty, talented and outspoken. She was willing enough to be interviewed, even helpful when she could be, but she was much more interested in getting a certain "Bob" on the telephone. She rang him as soon as she had settled herself in a chair.

"Hello," she said, evidently in answer to an answer, "is Bob there?"

Her face fell. "No," she added. "Tell him I called." Then she turned from the telephone.

"I don't know what I can tell you about myself," she said, smiling sweetly. "I really haven't lived much of my life yet, you know. What'll we talk about?"

"About yourself," we suggested for want of a better answer, "and about Major Bowes and Dick Powell and the mysterious 'Bob.' And your opinion of Hollywood."

"Oh," said Miss Weston. "I think Hollywood is wonderful. Why shouldn't I? Will you excuse me, please, while I telephone?"

But "Bob" was not to be found at the new number, either, so we resumed our pleasant, if unexciting, conversation. It has always been difficult for me to get a young girl to say anything important—either yes or no.

"Were you excited about coming to Hollywood?"

"I suppose I was. I was excited over the idea that I would meet Dick Powell and then later I was excited all over again when I found I was to play opposite him in 'The Singing Marine.' I wasn't disappointed. He is very nice. May I use your tel——?"

"How long have you been here?"

"I reported for work on September 11, 1936. We had bought a new Lincoln car (Please turn to page 84)"
Fall Faces
By Elin Neil

AWARDS for Fall, 1937, go to the complexion that can stand a "close-up" without apologies! And that's the kind possessed by lovely Olive Cawley, one of the most photographed girls in the world, who forsook modeling in Manhattan for the lure of Hollywood movies.

The first requirement for a fashionable complexion is velvety smoothness, and the finished effect must look natural. It's perfectly true that make-up can do a lot for beauty. But put it on a rough skin, or one that has its texture marred by bumps, lines, or large pores, and you'll look your best at a distance only.

It's not a hard job to keep your skin smooth and soft if you give it the care it needs—when it needs it. Now that Summer is almost over, you'll probably find your complexion can stand a good deal of repairing, especially if you've gone in for a coat of tan, acquired a crop of freckles, or subjected your skin to a variety of water while you were vacationing.

Sun, wind, and hard or salt water all have a drying, coarsening effect on the skin. If you took your tan with plenty of sun-tan oil or used an anti-sunburn cream to keep you protected against Old Sol's burning rays, you've lessened the need for complexion repairs. But if you've been careless, (as most of us are when the chief object is having fun out in the open), you should start right now to recondition your face.

Summer beauty hazards are hardest on dry or average skin, and these are the types that are most likely to stand in need of end-of-the-Summer repairs. Plenty of lubrication, replacing the natural oils that have been dried out, is the solution to your problem if your skin falls into one of these classes.

The danger signals that show your skin is too dry are easy windburn, patches on your cheeks that catch the powder in visible flakes, and fine lines where you haven't noticed them before. If any of these signs show up on your face, before an honest mirror with a strong light, start your lubrication regime immediately! It's vitally important to your beauty because, besides robbing you of the smoothness that is so necessary to a fresh and lovely skin, excessive dryness forecasts a future of wrinkles.

You can't correct a dry skin overnight or with a single long, drawn-out beauty treatment. There's a limit to the amount of oil your skin can take at any one time. And that's the reason I don't recommend leaving a lubricating cream on your face all night, even if it is labelled "night cream."

Your skin will get all the benefits from this type of cream it can use in ten or (Please turn to page 70)
Here's Hollywood

Camera slants and gossip notes on lively doings around Talkie Town

By Weston East

In addition to coaching Jeanette MacDonald for her dancing début in "The Firefly," we hear Albertina Rasch is also devoting a good deal of her time to Greta Garbo, who, believe it or not, will trip the light fantastic in "Madame Walewska."

Gail Patrick is rapidly acquiring an international household. To date, Gail (who is Irish), has a Hungarian cook, a German housemaid, a Canadian secretary and a Japanese gardener. Well, all we have to say is she doesn't show any favoritism!

The real lowdown on Shirley Ross' flare-up at the studio and her subsequent removal from the cast of "This Way Please" was because Shirley felt she'd had a pretty tough road to hoe in finally being cast in leading roles and when she discovered she was to do the second lead in the film, she flatly refused to comply. So now she's spending all her time rehearsing for her weekly radio broadcasts until such time as she and the studio make up and she's permitted to go to work again.

You'll never guess what Freddie Bartholomew's latest ambition is. It's to possess a star boat. In case you don't know, a star boat is the small type of racing boat popular around the local harbors and it all happened when Freddie spent a day with Buddy Ebsen recently on his boat. Ever since then, Freddie has been saving his allowance so's he can acquire one for himself and Buddy has promised to teach him to run it.

Carole Lombard tells this one on herself. It seems that during the Los Angeles run of "Idiot's Delight," Clark Gable took Carole to see Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in this latest of their plays. Upon being introduced to Carole back-stage after the play, Miss Fontanne asked Carole, quite naively: "Are you to the finish of "The Angel," but she refused to have it attended to until the picture was completed. Finally, the last day of shooting arrived. Marlene drove off at noon to have the troublesome molar extracted. But she was back and feeling most fit in time for the cocktail party Ernst Lubitsch gave for all members of the cast and crew.

Here comes the bride of Dick Foran, escorted by the groom himself. They were married recently in Mexico.

Out to see the polo game, we couldn't watch the play for the beauties that lined the field. Here's what we mean, all right: Anne Shirley and Ginger Rogers, who came to observe, not to be observed. Nevertheless they took our eye and our camera took them.
BY THE time you read this, Jeanette MacDonald will be riding each day on a gorgeous white horse named "White Lady," a surprise birthday gift from Gene Raymond. Gene was chuckling for many weeks before the birthday arrived because Jeanette had expressed a wish for a white horse with black eyes. And the reason he was so pleased was because he'd already thought of it and had the horse staked out with his own mount, "Black Knight."

HOLLYWOOD'S film colony, it seems, are gradually moving out of the former residence districts of the stars. No longer can Beverly Hills and Hollywood boast that all the filmites reside within their gates, because half of them have bought or built homes in more remote sections of the country. Coldwater Canyon seems to be the latest most popular section. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow were the first to discover the beauties of this lovely canyon, while Preston Foster,

Heartily do the Hales, Jack and the Mrs., enter into the spirit of the occasion as they step out to a gay event.

Ginger Rogers, the Charles Starrets and half a dozen others followed suit. Now Martha Raye has her eye on property there while George Raft has already selected his.

THE Pat O'Briens are rapidly becoming the most elusive and exclusive vacationists of our town. Once Pat leaves the studio gates behind, they're off in their car for parts unknown and the funny part of it is the O'Briens themselves never know exactly where they're going. Recently, they set off for a drive to Palm Springs and ended up in San Francisco.

BACK from a honeymoon trip to Hawaii, Vic Orsatti and his bride, June Lang, are prominent at Holly wood gatherings.

IN CASE anyone's been wondering why those guards are gathered around the set of "It's all Yours." It's because Madeleine Carroll is wearing her own real and very gorgeous jewels in the picture. And in case you're wondering just WHICH picture that is, it started out under the title of "Lovers on Parade," then became "Thanks for Everything," then "Thanks for Nothing," and now "It's all Yours." Which is some kind of a record for title-changing, I should say.

Charlie McCarthy, that not-so-dumb who heckles his own boss, Edgar Bergen, as well as W. C. Fields, is getting about in Hollywood celebrity society. Left, you see him with Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, and Bergen, during a brief recess from his radio work.

It's on again—the Tony Martin-Alice Faye romance, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. And here's the proof.

DROPPED around on the set of "Hurricane" to visit Dorothy Lamour, who's playing the lead. And believe me, Dorothy really has the longest and loveliest hair in the film colony. It falls way below her waist and is a lovely deep brown in color. And Dorothy was that burned up, the first day she worked on the set, when someone accused her of wearing a wig—and not a very good one at that! By the way, Dorothy has joined the band-leaders' widows club along with Ann Sothern and Harriet Hillard. Her husband, Herb Kay, is now appearing with his orchestra at the Texas Centennial which has just reopened and will then go on to Chicago to fulfill an engagement there for several months.

THAT Eleanor Whitney-Johnny Downs romance seems to be still flaming in a big way. When he returned from Honolulu recently, Johnny brought Eleanor a very fancy hula skirt and now he's teaching her the real, honest-to-goodness hula as he learned it in the islands.

THE Dick Powells will take off, immediately upon the completion of their work in "The Perfect Specimen" and "Varsity Show" respectively for the last half of their honeymoon. Work, illness, and what not have prevented this happy couple from really having a vacation together, so now they're definitely going. Where, no one knows. It's a secret.

YOUNG Bill Powell, Jr., we've just learned, is looking forward to his summer vacation with a great deal of pleasure. Seems he's done pretty well in school this past term and is therefore assured a pat on the back from Bill, Sr., and his reward. Every month, when his report card is forwarded to papa, he's given 50¢ for his best grade, 25¢ for the second, and a fine for all the bad ones!
AN orchid to Mrs. Leslie Howard who we’ve just learned is one of the mainstays of the Hollywood Assistance League. Mrs. Howard has not only assisted in remodelling the buildings which serve as lunch-room, child’s nursery, and schoolroom, but she never fails to show up a couple of times a month with large groups of her friends for luncheon and a leisurely trip through the gift shop. The Assistance League, as you probably know, is a charity organization which contributes greatly to the needy film folk, and every penny spent there is turned over to its treasurer for distribution.

W E’VE just heard that Bennie Goodman, w.k. orchestra leader, has just turned down a very swell offer from the Cocoanut Grove to play there during the summer in favor of the Palomar Dance Hall. Bennie’s reason is the Palomar caters to the college crowd and he feels the college kids helped put him across, so money or no money, he’s going to be loyal to them.

STROLLED over on the set of “First Lady” the other day, and found a regular hen party in session. Between scenes, Kay Francis, Marjorie Rambeau, Louise Fazenda, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Gateson gathered around in a circle indulging in “women talk” in a big way. Over in another corner, Preston Foster was looking most disconsolate about something. “Don’t tell me you like it!” he challenged. “What?” “The grey hair!” he moaned. “It think it’s terrible, but the studio insisted it made me look distinguished. Don’t they know I’m a juvenile?”

J UST as soon as “High, Wide and Handsome” is “in the can,” (as we say in Hollywood), Randy Scott is off for a vacation to visit Mrs. Randy in Virginia. He’ll be gone as long as the studio lets him.

W E HEARD a rather nice story on Gladys George the other noon over the luncheon table. Seems Gladys has made right a couple of personal ads at Metro, and is rapidly becoming one of their favorite people. And this is one of the reasons why. A gal in the studio was all depressed, for some reason or other. Upon learning the reason why, Gladys rushed right out and had sent over to the gal’s office a gorgeous corsage of gardenias, all done up in huge bows of ribbon. And right in the center of the bow which tied round the box, was a most attractive bottle of her favorite perfume.

S TUDIOS take notice! If you’re looking for another Joan Blondell, just send around for Joan’s own sister, Gloria. Joan arranged a test for her the other day and the studio executives had to say “thumbs down” on account of Gloria looks, talks, and walks like her big sister and they just couldn’t find a spot for the two of them on the same lot. The only difference between the gals is Gloria has dark brown hair.

B ETTY FURNESS has originated a swell new idea for her fall wardrobe which all you gals could imitate, if you were right bright. She’s purchased four (only) of the simplest and smartest frocks she could find. With these, she’ll have dozens of accessory sets—hats, shoes, ties, scarfs, and bags. So every time you see Betty, you’ll think she has a complete new ensemble.

B OB COBB (of the Brown Derby Cobbs) will take off for Rex Bell’s annual cattle roundup any minute now, where they’ll take charge of over 800 head of the animals. Wife Gail Patrick will go along, if her picture work doesn’t interfere.
Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camel's. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"

**WHAT TO WEAR—** Mrs. Warburton (foreground above) looks charmingly cool in white sharkskin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"

**TEA—** Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor:

- Miss Joan Belmont, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Rupert Paine Spalding, III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

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**COSTLIER TOBACCO**

Camels are made from **finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO**...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS!**
THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRLS IN THE WORLD

You'll see them in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938"—lovely Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Ruth Martin. These gorgeous models were born with beauty—but they learned for themselves the priceless trick of using an exciting perfume to dramatize their charm. That's why, in both professional and private life, they always wear—IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

Their fragrant secret can be yours, too. And once you've known the thrill of this luxurious perfume, no other can quite take its place. A floral bouquet—intensely modern, restless, gay, adventurous—everything that its name implies! Add the vivid sparkle of screen celebrities to your own personality with—Irresistible Perfume.

Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores
SMITH BALLEW, that tall, rangy singing star, was completely surrounded by attractive gals at the Clover Club the other eve. But all eyes turned the other way when Cary Grant passed by, we noticed. And we might add we think Cary is pretty swell, with his heavy coat of tan. His partner for the evening was Florence Rice and the rhumba they did was something terrific! Miriam Hopkins with Mady Christians passing by and Sylvia Sidney with a large party, all at the same place on the same evening.

WELL, you'd just never know our hotcha girl friend Martha Raye these days. She's gone that domestic on us. She's spending every spare moment hemming tea towels, doing her own cooking, and working out a budget whereby she and hubby Buddy Westmore can live on his salary exclusively, because they both feel it'll work out much better that way. A smart gal, that, we'd say.

NEWS OF THE YOUNGER SET.
They've organized a new club whose purpose is to end all club-joining between pictures. Members include Helen Mack, Jacqueline Wells, Pat Ellis, Anita Louise, Maurice Murphy, Jimmy Ellison, Bill Henry, Dick Hogan, Spears Russell, Lois January, Evelyn Knapp, James Blakeley and Fritz Leiber, Jr. Bob Hoover has nominated himself for president. Their meeting place each Friday afternoon is at the swimming pool of the Sunset Plaza.

When you see Irene Dunne in her new picture with Cary Grant, "The Awful Truth," you'll see a brand new head-dress. It's one of the long bobs, with plenty of curl at the ends, and a short bunch of curls high on the right side which just shows under her tight-fitting hats. We dropped around to watch her testing for one particular scene, and she's wearing the most stunning clothes, specially run up for her by the Columbia designer, Bobby Colloch. One particular costume is a grey wool suit, having a tight-fitting jacket with a tendency to flare at the hips, with the most divine silver fox collar. Under this, she wears a pale grey embroidered organdie blouse, which is really something!

HERE'S something you'll have fun trying on your next dinner guest. It's all Boris Karloff idea, of all people, and the game is you must "Sing for your supper." And considering there wasn't one really good voice in the party, the first time Boris tried out his gag on his wife's recent birthday, it was really too, too amusing. But the funniest part of it was you didn't get anything to eat unless you warbled a song!

JOHN FARROW has just decided Olivia de Havilland belongs to what he calls the "Wu Girls" whose president is his own wife, Maureen O'Sullivan. A "Wu" girl, for your information, is the sweet young thing who looks up into a man's eyes as he's telling a story and says: "Wu, but I think you're wonderful!"

WHEN you see that great St. Bernard dog in "Life Begins With Love," in which Douglas Montgomery and Jean Parker are featured, you'll never imagine who his stand-in was. It was none other than his own father! And what's more, the tiny Pekinese's own mother stood in for him! All I've got to say is they shouldn't have raised such brilliant children.

All very polite are Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale and Victor Jory in this scene, left, for "First Lady," adaptation of a stage play. Lower left, Margaret Lindsay, Pat O'Brien, and Jean Blondell formed trio in "Back in Circulation." Below, another trio: Esther Brodelt, Tony Martin, and Irene Thompson. Lucky boys, Tony and Pat!
fall fifteen minutes. So leave it on while you clean your teeth and brush your hair at bedtime. Then remove the excess with cleansing tissues—and so to bed, with a clean, non-greasy face that gives your pores a chance to breathe while you sleep.

Faces weren't made to lead a trapped-in-cellophone life, covered up with a foundation and make-up all day and with a lubricating cream all night. They need fresh air and water.

And speaking of water, don't be afraid to wash your face. A good, thorough lathering with one of the modern beauty soaps is an absolute necessity for every type of skin. If your skin is very dry, it doesn't need soap-and-water washing more than two or three times a week. But it certainly should have it then, with an application of lubricating cream afterwards.

There are all-purpose creams that can be used for cleaning, lubricating, and make-you-look-young. In fact, they are gala days for the "one-cream" woman who doesn't want to be bothered with a raft of preparations. Some of the best-known manufacturers put out all-purpose creams that are ideal for the busy woman who has an average skin without serious faults to correct.

When you use a combination cream, spread it over your face and neck and leave it on for a minute or two before you remove it with cleansing tissues. This gives it a chance to do a better cleansing job and it contributes to the soft smoothness of your skin as well. When you give your skin a soap-and-water scrubbing (which should come after the make-up has been removed with cream), smooth on some more of the combination cream and let it stay on ten or fifteen minutes.

So much for correcting dryness, which is the most prevalent end-of-the-Summer complexion ailment. If you find yourself with a legacy of freckles, there are excellent freckle creams to bleach them into oblivion. There are skin-cleaning creams that help to basten the demise of a coat of tan too.

A very important thing to remember while your tan is fading out is to change your face powder accordingly. Don't throw away your sun-tan powder and try to "go light" all at once. Get a box of the shade you normally use in the Fall and Winter Months. Mix a small amount of the two and keep adding more of the lighter shade as your skin bleaches out.

Face powder should be a close match to the color tones of your own skin to achieve the natural "un-powdered" look that is fashionable now. It may be a trifle darker to help disguise blemishes, or it may be a little rosier to give the effect of a healthy glow. But it should never, under any circumstances, be lighter. A lighter-than-skin-face powder always looks artificial and it shows up every little blemish, line, or discoloration.

A new fashion for complexion is the use of two face powders, not mixed, but super-imposed. A bright, rosy tinge of very fine powder is applied first, all over the face and neck but not on the nose. Then a slightly heavier, more adherent powder in a darker shade is set on. This application includes the nose. The excess is then brushed off with a powder brush. The finished effect is that of a "peaches and cream" complexion with a supernaturally natural look. Rouge is applied very sparingly when you make up your face this way, and it should be compact rouge applied after the powder rather than the cream type that goes on before.

New Beauty for Autumn!

A GLAMOROUS past and a glorious future are the attributes of A La Co cardere Eau de Cologne by Delial! This rare fragrance has come across the Atlantic to steal the hearts of American men as it conquered Napoleon when Empress Josephine wore it. Beautiful Jose- phine didn't like the natural odor of eau de Cologne, so she had a new kind created especially for her, subtly scented with Hyacinth. That was the origin of La Cocarde (which means "cocked hat" in English). The sweet fragrance of Hyc inth combined with the spicy perfume of eau de Cologne produces an effect that's as chivalrously fascinating as it was in the Court of Napoleon.

Besides its invigorating qualities, A La Cocarde Eau de Cologne has a fragrance as lasting as that of a perfume extract.

W HETHER or not you're a devotee to Primrose House Chiffon face powder, you should welcome the advent of Chiffon Cream, its brand new companion. This face cream is as fluffy and light as thistledown. Yet it's wonderfully effective for cleansing, softening, and refining the skin. Like all Primrose House preparations, it's made with very little base and whipped to a smooth, airy consistency that makes it a delight to use. It cleanses quickly and thoroughly, leaving the skin soft and refreshed without a trace of greasiness. You'll love its delicate fragrance. Although it's excellent for every type of skin, Chiffon Cream is especially suited to the dry, sensitive, fine-grained type of complexion. Like Chiffon Face Powder, it's surprisingly low-priced.

F RONT page news in the Beauty World is the arrival of "Sno." Cool and pleasant to use as its name implies, Sno is a positive perspiration check that's bringing a flurry of enthusiastic praises wherever women have started using it. In outward appearance, it is so like the older sister, Hus Deodorant Cream, we de- lev you to tell the two apart. There's the same bland consistency, snowy whiteness, and delicate fragrance. Only Husi "Sno" has an added ingre- dient that won't let perspiration seep through to stain or injure the fabric of your clothes.

M ATCHING beauty for your face and neck is the promise Nox- zema Cleansing and Night Cream makes—and keeps! It's mediated with the same ingredients that won Noxzema Skin Styling Cream the name of "The Wonder Cream of Baltimore." Simple as it is to use, this combination cream provides a beauty treat- ment that's marvelously effective in clearing the skin and keeping it in the youthfully smooth condition that prevents age signs from getting a start. For cleaning use only, it with an upward circular motion to the face and with a natural upward and outward motion to the neck, using the first three fingers of each hand until the white Noxzema disappears from the skin. Then remove. Be sure to treat your neck just as you would your face. As a night cream, it makes a second application in the same way, massaging it in slowly and firmly. Its consistency is such that your skin will feel perfectly comfortable and tidy when you leave this cream on all night. The following morning, massage greaseless Noxzema into the skin as a powder foundation.

A S YOU'VE probably guessed from what we've said before, we're ardent advocates of "washing your face" for beauty! There's no substitute for soap-and-water lathering to get pores thoroughly clean and keep them out of the lazy habits that lead to blotchy, clouded skin. Personally, we're enthusiastic about Resinol Soap as a daily beauty aid for cleansing the skin and body both. It lathers luxuriously, and it has a distinctive fragrance that smells ever so clean. Blemishes and sallowness are much easier to prevent than to cure. Washing regularly with Resinol Soap is insurance against those "poor-skin" heart- aches. Besides the full size, which department and drug stores carry, Resinol Soap may be purchased at five-and-ten cent stores.
Freshening Up

Does More Than Clean Your Skin—It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners...in her simplest play clothes...or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Dally"...Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter...invigorated."

FRESHENING UP is more than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults...

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes...lives the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

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

Pond's Dept. 75-Cl, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 2 different samples of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose tax to cover postage and packing.

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Screenland
Great Lover
Continued from page 25

THE STORY SO FAR

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer, actor, is "discovered" in a Vienna theatre by Elaine Fuller, frivolous wife of a Hollywood agent. To please her, Fuller arranges for von Schoenbauer to go to Hollywood. He is to receive a small salary for a limited time—but if he succeeds, then he will have money to provide for his father, mother and younger sister. Still hoping, facing the inevitable delays in Hollywood, he finally gets a conference with Fuller—thanks to Fuller's secretary, Hilda Drake. A screen test is arranged, and von Schoenbauer's proud name is changed—Fuller's idea—to Greenwood. English translation of his mother's maiden name. With wishes for good luck—even a good-luck piece, a paperweight in the shape of a four-leafed clover given him by Hilda—the young actor leaves with instructions concerning the time and place of his screen test.

Louise
You've got a funny way of showing it. (She turns from her own work and looks at Steve)

Steve
Yeah, I know. I'm not much on the lingo. But you know how I feel about ya.

Louise
I don't.

Steve
Aw, come on, honey, be yourself.

Louise
First you have to say it.

Steve
Say what?

Louise
Say you love me. Any girl wants to hear that.

Steve (Indignantly)
Well, I just did, didn't I?

On the set, lights and camera were being adjusted. A hearty looking man, at peace with himself and the world, entered, accompanied by a girl in flowery summer clothes.

"All ready?" he called. "Come on. What are we waiting for? You Greenwood? Glad to know you." They shook hands. "This is Miss Pemberton. She plays opposite. Won a beauty contest. And you've got to kiss her. Some fellows have all the luck," Miss Pemberton giggled. "Ready, boys?"

"One moment, if you please, sir," Ferdin- 

Blowing somebody else's horn! Shirley Temple dons the picturesque costume of Switzerland in her next film, "Heidi." Here's an advance flash of the star with Gene Reynolds.


Virginia Bruce enhances a smart two-

piece ensemble of new fall design.
By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances—use it always...

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?"

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today.
ture flowing back all but visibly. He clapped Ferdinand on the shoulder. "Thanks, fella, we'll let you know. You too, honeybunch." Ferdinand opened his mouth, but found no words, and turned away. At the heavy stage door, he paused uncertainly.

He must do something—force his way somehow through this man's lack of comprehension. He started back toward the phone.

"Fuller sent me back," he heard McAllister say, "Elaine told him he had sex appeal."

"She oughtna know," caroled the cameraman.

"Well, this is her one mistake of the year."

Ferdinand stumped on. Miss Pemberton was waiting for him. "My car's being fixed," she cooed. "I wonder if you could give me a lift."

He stared at her blindly. "I ride myself on the bus," he said and left her standing there.

Fuller had the casting director of Artfilm on the phone. "Listen, Pete, you're paying the guy anyhow for six weeks. Give him a bit. Whaddaymean, you don't want to run a scene for him? I know the test was lousy. So what? It wouldn't be the first time you let a comer slip through your fingers on a lousy test. The guy's a foreign handle-with-it accent, and Mac gives him a Cagney part to read—Well, you told me you needed a bit for that big final ball sequence in 'Glorious Lady.' He is experienced, I'm tellin' you. In Vienna they turn hand springs over. Listen, Pete—" he lowered his voice. "Do it as a favor. I'll square it with you some day. No, he's not a relation—it's Elaine. She's gone to Hong Kong in a way. How do I know what dames get hubby about? If I cable her I got this ginj a job, it'll smooth her down. No, nothing like that. She spotted him. He's her pro dace. It'll make her feel like a big shot—"

Ferdinand sat in Hilda's office. Despite his mousy, he couldn't help noting with pleasure how the sunlight picked golden gleams from the short curls clustered round her temples.

"It's a crazy business," she was saying. "There's no sense in it. Sometimes a poor test lands you a job, and a good one lands you nowhere."

He smiled without mirth. "You say this to be kind, and I thank you. But I know that good is good and bad is bad, and from such a test only bad can come."

Fuller's door was flung open. "OK, Schuyler, get a job on you. Report to the casting director at Artfilm right away. Hurry up, pronto. Never mind the questions, they'll tell you all about it there. Here's your opportunity the second, knocks once for every man, but twice for you. What are you waiting for? Here's your hat. Beat it."

He gave him a farewell thump, part imprecation, part he-because-I-have-gained-his-point. "Show 'em how they do it in your country. Vienna go bragh."

Ferdinand found himself outside the door, hat in hand, waiting. He lifted his clutching at the memory of Hilda's smiling face and her: "What did I tell you?"

At 5:30 he was back. Fuller had gone. Ferdinand looked as if a light had been turned on inside him.

"Did you get it?" asked Hilda.

"Yes. Six lines. Not good ones."

The telephone rang. She talked for five minutes. He waited like a child, ready to tug at its mother's skirt. Then: "Six lines, I dance with the stars—hop came in with the wire. She said: "Excuse me," tore a sheet from a telegraph pad and typed an answer. When she turned back to him, his lips were parted, and resolution shone in his eye.

"Miss Drake, you alone in this Hollywood are alive for me. The rest are as shadows, I must talk, or I must—poof!—break in a thousand pieces. Will you be kind to take dinner with me?"

She produced a smile, as she refused all office invitations. "Go out with them," she had told her mother, "and next thing, they want you to sit on Fuller's knee and give me a job."

Why she said yes instead of no to Shaybar—as she continued to call him in the privacy of her mind—she didn't stop to analyze till she was in bed that night.

"Felt sorry for him, I guess," she murmured to her pillow. "Little boy blue alone in the wicked city. Eyes like a setter's, and she drowsed off.

She had phoned to her mother about her change of plan. Meantime Ferdinand dug into his pocket and brought forth §3.20. "This is so much I have," he said, "I'm going to put the slug in his neck."

"Come along," she laughed. "I wasn't born rich either."

"It's free," she leaped to the Pig's Whistle, where they dined on the 63c table d'hote, with a glass of sherry aperitif to celebrate.

She lifted her glass. "To your success."

He lifted his. "To your happiness."

"Go ahead," she prompted. "Six lines, but good ones, and you dance with the star."

"You see, she is in love—not with me, but another. With him she has quarreled."

As at a grande soirée she flirts—she pronounced it heart—and that she may cause the other unhappiness.

"Where have I heard that before?" Hilda murmured.

"Please?"

"Never mind. Go on.

"I am her heart. I ask her to dance—simply with a bow. She accepts. I say: 'This is what I have lived for, mademoiselle.' She says: 'The party? Enchanting, isn't it?' And she smiles always into my eyes, very coquettish, that the other may see she is having pleasure. I say: 'To hold in my arms the one I love above all Paris, though she belongs to another.' She says: 'What would you do if she belonged to you?' I say, quietly, you understand, but with undertones, 'I must know how to hold her bound.' She says: 'Bound? You speak as if you would have a woman your slave.' I say: with a smile of slight triumph: 'You phrase it wrongly. I should be the master.' She says: Where does the difference lie? I say: ‘May I show you?' She lowers her eyes beneath the flame of my glance. 'Once again, the spell is broken. She says: 'Not tonight, Monsieur. Another time, perhaps.'munition. The dance is over. I yield her to the man she holds as a slave over her heart and say: 'I am yours, mademoiselle—to command.' And in this 'command,' you see, there lies a little dance entre deux—the voice and the face. For he is truly cornered, and not to be commanded, as in the traditional phrase. He threw himself back with an air of triumph. 'A good scene, isn't it?'" she lusted.

"Pretty hot," Hilda conceded.

"Hot?"

"What I mean—she grew a little flushed—never could tell what conclusions these foreigners might draw—he gets pretty intimate in words, doesn't he?"

"Ah!" he beamed. "That is why I am happy with this man. Do you get the meaning? A beginning, way, this is the great lover."

He told her about his parents and Annamarie and what he hoped to do for them. She almost wished he hadn't. She didn't.
afford to have her heart torn by the personal woes of all the jobhunting players who stormed Fuller's door. The weight was too much for her shoulders to carry, and instinctively she moved out from under. It wasn't as if she could be of any practical help. She didn't realize it was her very tenderheartedness, hurt by the hurts of others, against which she struggled. She thought she was just being sensible and coolheaded. He asked her about herself, but she answered briefly—partly again to avoid getting involved, partly because she had neither his childlike simplicity nor his need for a listener.

He insisted on leaving her at her door, though she offered to drive him home. "I can get you there in fifteen minutes. It'll take you hours, waiting for busses and cars."

"And then you go home alone? In the dark?"

"Nonsense. We all do that. We American girls."

"But I am still a European. And this I do not permit."

"I see," Bitten by an imp of mischief, she leaned from the car window. "Mine to command?"

He smiled—not a shy smile this. "I am not yet so bold. I command myself—to go. You have made me the first happy evening since I am here. Thank you. Good-night."

"Don't you think it's time I got a look at this fascinating stranger?"

"Worried, darling?"

Hilda was giving her lips a final touch at the bedroom mirror. Her mother lingered over the paper at the breakfast table. "Not a bit. Thank God, I had the sense to bear a sensible child! Just curious. As a rule, you palm them off on me first chance you get. This one's been going on—how long?—and I've yet to set eyes on him."

"Five weeks," Hilda appeared in the doorway. Her mother looked up, a little startled at the promptness and precision of the answer. "Oh, I don't know, mom," she said drawing on her gloves. "Foreigners are different. Bring them home, and you're practically proposing."

"Where did you get all your lore on foreigners?"

"Girlish intuition.—Only I used to think they were all so sophisticated. This one's a babe unborn—"

"Most of the time?"

"—and the rest was imagination."
Carnival Nights
in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

Oh, no, I didn’t mean anything personal—If you want a swing band I can get the
name and address of the one Marion had
—It has a trumpet player you’ll go mad
about—My dear, he’s devine—what?”
“It’s—it’s—formal. Carole, dinner’s at
eight, Thursday.”
“My wonder,” said Claudette, vaguely as
she hung up, “If I should have a swing
band and a tent.”
“Irene,” she said over the phone to Miss
Durne, “this is Claudette. Could you and
the doctor come to dinner Thursday night?
It’s formal and—”
“I’d love to come Friday,” said Irene,
“I’m going to a garden party Thursday
night. Claudette, why don’t you have a
garden party? With that lovely green lawn
and those gorgeous flowers—it would be
too beautiful. Oh, no, we couldn’t have log,
it isn’t the season. That’s right, it was
rather foggy last night. I remember getting
lost in the Glen. But a garden party would
be so lovely—if there wasn’t any fog.”
“I wonder,” said Claudette vaguely, “if
there would be a fog Friday night.”
“Joan,” she said a few minutes later to
Miss Bennett, “this is Claudette. Could you
to come to dinner Friday night? It’s formal
and—”
“I think I have to work Friday night,”
said Joan, “Why don’t you make it Sunday
night? Do you want a good fortune teller?
Ann Sothern had a woman who reads palms
and crystals both the other night and
Claudette, she’s uncanny. She told me
everything I’ve ever done or ever expect to
Do—She said—”
Claudette called up four other people and
of course the four other people also had
very definite ideas about what night it
should be and what kind of entertainment
Claudette should have. “They say Miriam
Hopkins’ Russian party was simply mad,”
said one of them. “Why don’t you have a
Russian party, Claudette? You could have
vodka and caviar and a Russian orchestra,
and my husband adores singing the Volga
Boatman. We could come as peasants—I’m
mad about the peasant dresses at Magnin’s,
aren’t you?” And Claudette wondered if
perhaps she should go mad with the Rus-
sians and hurl glasses at the fireplace after
every toast. “Not my glasses,” she said,
suddenly becoming as house-proud as a
suburban bride, “the servants will break
them soon enough without turning the Rus-
sians loose on them.” And then she added,
“Why did I ever start this anyway?”
But with an Ambassador on your hands
you just can’t say stop it; that causes war
too; so poor Claudette went through the
phone routine again, except that this time
she was terribly, terribly demurred and
said that dinner was at eight on Saturday
night and nuts to Marion Davies’ tent.
Ann Sothern’s fortune teller, and Miriam
Hopkins’ Russians.
“It’s my first formal dinner party,”
Claudette said that evening as she slipped
into the dream of a dress that brought on
the Coronation mood, “and if anything
happens I’ll die of shame. I’ll be all over
Europe next month.” Of course Claudette
wasn’t intimating that the Ambassador was
the gabby sort.
Well, if you’re married to a doctor you
can always be certain that somebody will
get a pain at seven-thirty on the night you
are giving a party. That’s to be expected.
And if you’re a movie star, and very
feminine besides, you can always be sure
that your mirror will turn libelous on you
the night you want to look your best. To-
night was to be no exception. At first she
thought it was jaundice. Then she decided
that it was the new foundation cream. And
why of all nights did she try a new hair-do?
“I look,” she said dismally, “as if the
birds were nesting again. What is it?
Terry? The Ambassador is here! But it
isn’t eight o’clock? Is it eight o’clock?
It can’t be eight o’clock! All the clocks are
wrong. All the money that I spend on this
house and I can’t even have clocks that
keep the right time! Terry, tell mother to
goon down at once and talk to the Ambas-
dor. Willired another pair of boots? What
look at that run. Thank heaven for mother!”
If there had been those there that night
who wished to wisewrack that Miss Colbert
certainly was managed to make an entrance
they would have been justified, but at eight-
thirty when she did finally manage to glide

On the one hand love, on the other encouragement—that’s the situation as Dolores
Del Rio rehearses a scene with Joseph Schildkraut as Director Gregory Ratoff observes.

S C R E E N L A N D
down the stairs looking too divinely beautiful there was no one to notice her except the Ambassador, who was so completely en
raptured by Madame Colbert that he barely lifted his eyebrows. "I did say eight, didn't I?" Claudette muttered sotto voce to her maid. Frantically she tried to recall whether she had said Saturday night or Sunday night—when Carole and Clark Gable arrived. Carole was in pajamas, Gable in a greasepaint, a sweater, and pants that smelled distinctly of the stables.

"We're so sorry," said Carole who quite obviously wasn't sorry at all, "but Clark had to come right from the 'Saratoga' set and didn't have a chance even to wash his hands, and I didn't see much point in dressing if he couldn't—and oh, you didn't get the tent, did you?"

The Ambassador didn't seem to mind at all if Clark smelled of horses and Carole had smeared her lipstick. In fact the Ambassador didn't seem to mind when Irene Dunn dashed in breathlessly from the Columbia studio without removing her makeup. One of the friends had to go to a preview and couldn't come at all, but didn't bother to contribute the information to the Colbert home via phone until nine o'clock. Another friend got lost in the fog. Joan Bennett had gone to two cocktail parties before she arrived and simply hadn't had time to run home and dress.

"Dinner is served," said the maid, and Claudette knew from the tone of her voice that everything was turned to a crisp, the ice cream melted, and the cook bursting with fury. Miss Colbert did some of her best cover-up work. Especially when she discovered that night of all nights the bill under the table did not work. Streaming for servants was just a little too much to expect of any hostess putting her best foot forward. But somehow the maids came and went and Claudette talked a mile a minute. The Ambassador was practically submerged in charm and beauty. He was simply eating it up, literally and figuratively, when suddenly what did he find in his lap, of all unexpected things, but Claudette's chicken!

Well, no matter how you look at it there is something very down-to-earth about a fallen chicken. You can't act that away. So Claudette let out a shriek of laughter, in which the guests joined, particularly Clark and Carole, the Ambassador politely re
turned the chicken, and formality was shot to hell. "A year ago," said Claudette, "if this had happened to me, and in my house, I would simply have died then and there
with mortification. But now—I'm sorry—
but I think it's awfully funny." The Amb
assador did too. The maids arrived with water and towels. Joan Bennett told about the time she had shot a lamb chop covered with mashed potatoes right into the lap of visiting Royalty. Derain, Dalí, Van Gogh, Spain, and "Oi, Mike and Men" were quite
ly forgotten—everybody had an anecdote.

There's nothing that can top a skidding chicken, so the rest of the evening was somewhat of an anti-climax. Nothing hap
dened to the projection machine and Garbo loved Robert Taylor once more quite pleasantly while a couple of guests, and Doctor Pressman, caught up on their back sleep. The Ambassador said that next to Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne and Joan Bennett, Garbo was his favorite ac
trix. He also said that all dinner parties he had to attend in the future would be as watered milk after Miss Colbert's. "And," he added with a wink at Gable, "that was the finest chicken I ever had on my
lap." Everybody thought that was awfully cute of the Ambassador and laughed merrily. Then everybody said goodnight and that they hadn't had so much fun in years. Strange enough, they meant it!

"I'll never do it again," said Claudette, and she meant it too.

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A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely...keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SCREENLAND
Hollywood for the winter months—his doctors have forbidden him to spend them among the English fog and rain. "Shall I be making a film there?" he echoes blandly, "All things are possible in this existence and I must confess that I have already received two—ah, interesting invitations from my producer friends!"

A shot of Jessie Matthews, firmly adopting a fringe and letting her dark hair grow long behind her. She pays that twice-postponed visit to America this Fall and is planning to make the voyage in a Durringer so as to get a well-earned rest.

Dissolve from this brumette fringe into a golden curly one decorating the forehead of Gracie Fields. Our famous comedienne is now working on her first film under the new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox which she signed on her visit to Hollywood last Spring. It's titled "He Was Her Man" and Gracie plays an English girl who emigrates to a gold rush town in Alaska where she becomes a great entertainer.

Her recent Hollywood grooming course seems to have lent Gracie fresh poised for she walks with added swing and takes a completely new-found interest in her clothes. (I've seen her wearing the coat of a tweed street-suit over a satin afternoon frock and not caring a durn who commented!) As soon as this present picture is finished, she returns to California to make her next one there. She's taken a house, with a garden where she can keep her two Pekingese dogs and her parrot, and she intends to give a jolly arrival party there which her friend Charles Chaplin has faithfully promised to attend.

Next item in London's current news reel is really unique, to be appropriately ushered in with a fanfare of trumpets and maybe a jazz orchestra too. Announcing Positively the First Appearance on Any Screen of the Lady Charles Cavendish, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duchess who is Queen Elizabeth's Mistress of the Robes. She's dark, demurely saucy, and can she dance! You see, she used to partner Fred Astaire on the stage because he's her little sister Adele. They still visit each other at least once a year, according to the promise they made when Fred took to the studios and Adele took her aristocratic husband and so their professional roads had to part.

As Adele Astaire, she is playing with Jack Buchanan in a musical comedy film being made at Pinewood. They're a pair of travelling vaudeville artists involved in amusing complications arising out of a fake "murder" they arrange for publicity. Rene Clair, the famous Frenchman, is directing.

Fred is naturally following his adored sister's studio progress with the keenest interest. He trained her to sing and dance when they were beginning their careers so consequently she has much of his easy-seeming style as well as an equally expressive face. She comes to the studio in an impressive Rolls-Royce with a cornet painted on the door-panel, generally wearing a simple brown or rust-red suit with magnificent foxes—she doesn't care about jewels but she says "she goes all crazy" when it comes to furs. Despite the ducal background, she is sweet and friendly and tremendously earnest about establishing herself on the screen. Adaptable Adele I call her. Don't be too surprised if you see her with Fred one of these days soon!

Flash-back for a moment to "Secret Agent," the last British film in which Madeleine Carroll and Peter Lorre ap-

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**Maybelline**

**THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

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**Beauty in her Eyes—Hearts at her Feet BECAUSE SHE KNOWS ONE SIMPLE SECRET**

A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto!—strangely, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe—the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be beauty-wise when choosing your all important eye make-up—**insist** on Maybelline.
peared before Hollywood signed them both up. Close-up of the third featured player, tall aesthetic-looking John Gielgud who has since been playing Hamlet on the American stage. Now he's home again and appearing in "Richard of Bordeaux," a richly dramatic historical picture being made all in color.

Next we show you the interior of a London workroom where several women are sitting comfortably back in their low chairs just knitting. They are creating exclusive sportswear, some models destined for famous Hollywood stars who have been introduced to this individual shop during their London visits. The blue silk jersey is for Miriam Hopkins and that fluffy grey wool will be fashioned into a riding cap and scarf for Margot Grahame. Kay Francis has ordered an orange thread sweater with a white tennis skirt. It's a long way to send for clothes but so nice to have your friends wondering just where you got that new outfit! Even Dolores Del Rio has fallen for a pink knitted swagger coat that looks like delicate lace.

For the final item we must wheel the news reel camera into a modernistic apartment in Park Lane where Anton Walbrook is giving a little party to celebrate the completion of the spectacular "Victoria the Great" in which he appears as Prince Albert while beautiful Anna Neagle is Queen Victoria. Anton naturally entertains in his native Viennese manner, offering tall glasses of golden Tokay wine and baskets of marzipan sweetmeats and tiny cream-filled cakes. He is chatting enthusiastically about golf, to which he has fallen victim during his stay in England.

H. B. Warner is one of Anton's guests, accompanied by his schoolgirl daughter Lorraine. She has spent most of her life in Hollywood but she doesn't want to be in pictures. "Anybody can act," she informs mildly, "I'm going to be a doctor." Producer Herbert Wilcox strolls round happily and Leslie Banks and Tullio Carmi natti are here too, all deliciously diaphanous all in palest blue. She's about to take her annual holiday which will, as usual, be a cruise. Anna's father is a retired sea-captain so the shipboard atmosphere appeals to her automatically.
MEN IGNORED HER
SHE WAS SO SKINNY!
—then she gained
11 POUNDS QUICK
and new popularity

Elia Craig
"When they're skinnier than the fellows, I worry. I tried every
gadget I could get hold of, but no use. I got
11 pounds. Then I had an accident, fell, and
had to stay in bed for 4 weeks. I didn't lose
any more—I hope not. I'm glad I have all the dates I want."
—Elia Craig, Louisville

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets
give thousands 10 to 25 lbs.

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people
who never could put on an ounce before
have recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid,
actually attractive flesh. glorious new pep
and popularity—"in just a few weeks!"

They've taken this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast, which although developed and perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets which cost you only 4 cents a day.

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast nutrients (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the newest means of sustaining health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, Cotula,

thesized for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated in yeast and combined with three kinds of strength-building iron compounds—saponin and yannam iron. Pan

teen, concentrated iron, and phosphorus. These iron compounds are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, the new Yeast Tablets of Ironized Yeast are tested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, rundown ones to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural develop

ments, and extra pep that health denied them.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of new attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, we need the very first page of the very first page—or money refunded. At drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 260, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

Gloria Dickson finds her place in the sun, (please hold that pose, Gloria, while we feast our eyes!), and in the limelight of Hollywood favor as a new cinema star.

My Life

Continued from page 34

experienced a sense of cheer and inner peace. I imagine I hate quarreling because I was inoculated against it, because it was never a familiar habit to me. Mother and father fell more in love as time went on, if that could have been. There never was any bucking or jealousy of any sort. I believe it was because they loved with absolutely no reservations, with no selfishness lurking in the background. Each thought of the other. A golden rule for love, I believe. A brief, but potent rule.

My mother not only kept our house running on oiled wheels—she liked it to be neat and attractive and she liked good manners—but she managed to combine other things to round out our life. She was active in church doings. Yes, I went to Sunday School—at the Methodist Church. I joined the church when it was time. But mother—well, she couldn't be separated from father all day so she acted as his office assistant, also. She assumed charge of his books, aided him in his obstetrical cases, went on calls with him, learned how to do most of his X-raying.

When I was ten I got the pony I had been proposing. I had had a lot of friends, but when the pony materialized I began to ride off alone. Usually I headed south of town, to a farm owned by a couple mother and father particularly liked. I am informed I was exceptionally persevering about that pony. I still don't want to be without a horse!

It appears I displayed persistence as a forethought trait, that my parents had to think fast and furiously as to whether their answ

ers should be "All right." I do know that they often replied, "Now we'll just think a bit." They never said no to me unless they meant it; I wasn't ever whipped, for I recognized that they were wholly serious when they denied me something. I respected their wisdom because they treated me as though I had sense enough to understand whatever arose. And I wanted to exceed their hopes for they never hid the fact that they were centering their lives around me.

Was I spoiled? Some of my relatives, aghast at the advantages I was given, probably thought so. But while it was true that I was given everything a boy could want, I was on my honor in return. My parents firmly believed in a child having every benefit. They bought me the books of knowledge, and subtly pointed my reading. They appreciated music and how much it can add to life; the records they selected made me eager to tackle the piano—and—later—the cello. They allowed me to choose good clothes, not to feel superior in, but because one feels more capable, feels more self-respect in a nice shift. They were keen on high ideals. But they didn't lecture me. Rather, they set the pace by example. I could see how they helped others. We had someone living with us half the time. A cousin from Chicago, whose mother was widowed, lived with us for several years. A woman doctor in San Diego seems like my own sister, for she was with us once. There is another woman doctor in Pasadena whom mother and father helped by having her move in with us. They shared whenever and whatever they could.

When I reported to high school one fall I rode my bicycle up to register. It was a brand new building that year. I don't know why I was elected class president for the freshmen. for I never tried to be a politician. I don't like to attempt to glad-hand. But I was proud of the break!

My particular pal, as it turned out, was Jerry Weber. Soon he was over at our house most of the time. In the summers father and mother asked Gerry along on our vacations. We went up to the lakes of Minnesota, to Lake Okahajbo in Idaho, and twice clear out to Denver. High school was as much fun as grammar school. I wouldn't say that I studied too hard. The subjects I took seemed to come easy for me. For which I was grateful! I liked English and public speaking best.

I was motor-mad next. I had four different cars while I was in high school. The green sport model with the top down
was my favorite. Still, I controlled my impulse to be a second Barney Oldfield.

"There would be no use in giving a boy a car if he were the type who'd rush out and crack it up," my father commented to the dealer within my hearing. I got it, his cleverly phrased advice!

Yes, I did have dates. When you are young and you have a car and you observe that beautiful girls are rather intriguing company indeed—well, you have dates. I can't remember the first one, nor what we did. But the dance hall downtown was the spot where the young crowd flocked. I always liked dance music as well as classical music. But I never cared for double-dating. I never was much for parties, either. I prefer to escort the special girl I ask and to direct my conversation to her alone. That's the man-sized engagement for the evening. I figure. No, I didn't fall in love with any childhood sweetheart.

There were high school plays, of course. I was in them. I wasn't a prodigy, but I was elected president of the dramatic club before I finished. When there were stage events at the moving picture theatre I was occasionally the master of ceremonies. I played cello in the school orchestra.

Then, surprisingly, it was college time for me. I was through in Beatrice. One grew up for a long spell and then like a bull one was up against picking a future. I had intended to study medicine, but now I couldn't be vague any longer. Where should I go to become a graduate doctor as my father was? He had built up an excellent practice. Every one of his patients, everyone who knew him, admired him. He was always jolly; he'd clown away blues. Many folk claimed his smile cured them. He never showed anger—he had an instinctive flair for handling people. He was my Exhibit A, the pattern I wanted to copy.

It was mother who thought of the great scheme. She wanted to feel that I'd have a good room-mate at college. So she consulted father and then they put it squarely up to me, I could go to Northwestern University. That would mean Chicago, seeing a roaring city. Or I could go to Doane College, nearby, and Gerry Weber—my buddy—could go there with me. They had watched him; they knew he only needed an opportunity. They would pay his way.

It was a hard run to the telephone to hurry him over for the marvelous news, but I made it.

I decided I would become an orthopaedic surgeon, correcting the deformities of children. Gerry would become an X-ray specialist. Father would locate in the larger town—when we were ready to join him—and the three of us would knock Nebraska for a loop!

So, in the meanwhile, I went to work in the bank in Beatrice for the summer season.

Summer nights I sat down my hair by glancing into the polish on my roadster's gleaming hood. I dated for the movies, and—I do seem to remember now—then I'd drive into the park. It was a beautiful park. When I looked up, the heavens was full of stars. So bright, so many. I never for an instant imagined I would wind up on a studio lot whose boast is—more stars than there are in heaven!

Next Month! Don't miss the second chapter in "My Life"—Robert Taylor's own story as told to Sam Maddox. "My College Days," which will appear in the next, the October issue of Screenland, and in no other magazine, will tell in Bob's own way what college meant to him; his realization that romance can trip him if he isn't leveled-headed—and the bitterness he ever had to take—which oddly enough made him a movie star

Don't Let This Tragedy Happen To You!...

Starved for life-giving moisture, a flower withers and dies...and your own skin, deprived of its natural moisture, becomes parched and brittle. It begins to have a faded look, spelling the end of beauty, glamour and romance.

As early as 16 your skin starts to dry! Sun and wind steal the natural oils so essential to your beauty. Guard against ruinous "Skin-Thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder—blended with rich Olive Oil to counteract skin dryness.

Like Rain To A Drooping Flower... Is Olive Oil To Your Skin

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Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness approved by beauty experts: Boulevard (naturelle); Palm Beach (rochelle); Lido (warm bronuette); Milano (summer tint); Everglades (ochre); and Flesh. At drug and department stores.

For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick. Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

OUTDOOR GIRL
The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

SCREENLAND 81
Katherine de Mille tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "X"—the original MAVIS, fully scented. Other lovely stars choose "Y"—the new MAVIS, mildly scented.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—lights for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! MAVIS safeguards summer diaphanity and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

FREE Generous size trial package. Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 102, Long Island City, N.Y. Offer not good after Sept. 25. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

Finer Than Most Face Powders

#1 Original MAVIS

MAVIS FOR BODY PROTECTION

#2 New MAVIS MILDLY SCENTED

KATHERINE de Mille tests 2 talcums

Modern Madonna

Continued from page 55

me an old milk of magnesia bottle. " Jane dear," said Loretta patiently, "that belongs to Judy. That lovely blue shoe box is yours." Jane's lips puckered and quivered. Big tears began to form on her long lashes.

She looked at Loretta. And Loretta looked as though catastrophe was just around the corner, and tragedy would stalk the land unless something was done, and immediately, about the milk of magnesia bottle situation.

"Oh, darling!" cried Loretta. "You can have a milk of magnesia bottle too, just like Judy's. Liza, please empty that blue bottle on the shelf—the second one from the end. Of course Jane can have a milk of magnesia bottle too. Oh, dear, and she did seem so pleased with her shoe box yesterday!"

Just in case you, dear reader, don't know tiny tots and have the idea that Loretta was trying to economize in playthings, I must impart to you that Loretta had the entire toy department of Bullocks-Wilshire had been dumped into the Young home. I never saw so many expensive dolls, and animals, and gadgets and things in all my life. But Judy and Jane, it seems, had their own ideas about playthings. Judy would not be parted from a blue bottle, and Jane until the present had given her devoted attention to a shoe box. It made such a nice train. Mr. Bullocks-Wilshire's shoe box model didn't come up to scratch in Jane's opinion.

"Look at their darling little clothes," said Loretta. "In the drawers over there. This used to be Sally and Polly Ann's room, remember, but it makes a grand nursery now."

Loretta loves clothes, and so it was only to be expected that she had bought the sweetest and damnest of everything for her babies. "That coat," she sighed, "cost twenty-two fifty, imagine, and when I showed it to Jan, she didn't even look at it. No, I don't believe that Loretta's youngest is clothes-conscious as yet, but she will be after she has lived with her mother for a while. Jane, being three and getting along in years, is far more appreciative of her new wardrobe. When Loretta shows her new dresses and coats she says, "Goodness me, I'll laugh!" at Loretta when she told me about her shopping tour for the infants. It seems she tried to get Jane a frilly dress but was told by the saleslady that little girls of three no longer wore frills and faces. "They wear tailored things," said the saleslady.

Loretta was irate. "How silly," she said, "you don't let them be babies at all. I suppose by the time Jane is four you'll want to sell her a wedding dress!" It's as plain as the nose on your face what kind of a mother Loretta is going to be.

And none of this new-fangled calling your mother by her first name for Loretta. She is teaching her babies to call her "Mama" and the first one to call her Loretta gets a good spanking. Loretta spent a whole day teaching Judy to say "Mama" and Judy had no objections to saying it, but she simply couldn't coax to look at Loretta when she said it. "She'd look at the dresser, or at Jane, or at Christobel (Loretta's maid)," Loretta said, "but never at me. It was most disheartening."

But Loretta's coaching evidently took effect on Judy over-night for the next morning Loretta was awakened by a terrific jabbering in her ear. Judy had climbed in bed with her for a little morning's fun and was shrieking "Mama!" at the top of her lungs. Loretta is a very casual, genial person usually but she does have her moments of temper, and there is nothing that will make her fly off the handle so effectively as to awaken her in the morning before she is ready to awake. Those mornings when she hasn't a studio call, of course. Everybody in the Young household knows to disturb Loretta for anything less than an earthquake. But Judy is going to make new rules. She's a snappy six o'clock riser. But so long as she looks at Loretta when she says "Mama," and not at the faucet, I'm sure it's okay with Loretta.

And that's not the only upset Judy and Jane have caused. Dinner used to be served promptly at seven every night, but what with the babies getting their purees and things the Youngs are lucky to sit down by eight. The cook who used to prepare three dinners a day now cooks six, and she loves the babies so much herself she doesn't complain. And of course Loretta's young men are having a time of it. They arrive all

[Image of a woman in a dress] It took 75 yards of material to make this gown for Marjorie Lord. It is pale blue, with sleeves of silver, sleek and smart in their dinner jackets ready to go places, only to find Loretta dishing out cold liver oil, boiling over bathtubs, or indulging in a spirited game of hide and seek with no thought whatsoever of getting herself dressed. And the poor family doctor is summoned out to belt Air any time of day or night. The last time Loretta was positive it was scarlet fever—it proved to be a simple diaper irritable.

Little Judy and Jane, both very blonde with big blue eyes and long lashes, are little sisters whose mother and father are dead. Loretta saw them in an orphan asylum where she had gone one day on an errand of mercy, and when Judy gave her a big sticky kiss and Jane slipped her little hand in hers Loretta knew that now was the time to do the thing she had long planned to do. If there are two babies they are not so likely to be spoiled, she thought, and besides they are real sisters and should not be separated. She adopted little girls because she was brought up in a family of four little girls, and she knews little girls. "And besides," said Loretta, "little girls are more affectionate."

Little Jane and Judy may have been born with the odds against them but thanks to a kind-hearted girl they have a gold spool in their mouths now. They will be brought up in a rich and religious home with the greatest love in the world. "Lucky Jane and Judy," I said as I left Loretta's that day. "Lucky Loretta," said Loretta.
Ask Me!
Continued from page 8

Lottie Z. George Raft is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. Incidentally, it might interest you to know, also, that he has a new "hair-do" these days, wind-blown and tousled instead of sleek and shiny! All for "Souls at Sea," in which he appears with Gary Cooper and Frances Dee.

Adie B. Why not look for the answers to queries about Henry Wilcoxen in very recent issues of Screenland? Or at least vary your questions on the aforementioned actor. Seems to me rather dull to answer over and over again the same questions! Yes, you may consider yourself spanked.

Dottie Mae. What a nice letter that was. Guess I'll have to do something extra special for you! And Donald Woods. No, he isn't a native Californian. He was born in Winnipeg, Canada, but now he is a naturalized American. He was educated at King Edward High School, in Vancouver, and after graduation went to the University of California. His first appearance on the stage was in stock in Salt Lake City, after which he toured through the middle west and south-west. His first Broadway play was in Singapore. You know all about his screen career, but perhaps you did not know that he is happily married and has a son and lives in Beverly Hills—and his pet hate is any kind of cheese!

Howard H. Billy and Bobby Mauch were born in Peoria, Ill., July 6, 1924. They began their careers early—

The glamorous gate-keeper is none other than screen girl Ann Sheridan.

to be exact—at the ripe old age of six! The theatrical manager of their hometown engaged them to sing and dance, which led to stage and radio appearances. Billy played the boy Anthony in "Anthony Adverse," "The Prince and the Pauper" is the first picture in which they appear together. A photograph of them? Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California, is the place to make that request.

OH, JANE, I CAN'T GO. MY SKIN'S SO ROUGH FROM RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW A SPECIAL CREAM THAT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH

That was a swell steer about Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now my skin's smooth powder stays on.

Miss Nancy Whitney
"Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths off little roughnesses right away. Make-up looks better."

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Screenland
No Amateur Now

Continued from page 62

and rushed out to Hollywood from New York, my aunt and uncle and I. We hardly stopped to eat because it had been impressed upon us that the studio could hardly wait for me to go to work."

"And then—?"

"Then I sat around for nearly six months with only a few make-up tests and things before I finally was given a part."

"That's happened before."

"I know—but not to me. May I—?"

"Certainly. Go ahead and phone him. This can wait."

But "Bob" didn't answer. So we began again.

"Major Bowes discovered you, didn't he?"

"That's the story and I'm stuck with it."

"Well, what did happen?"

"I had been studying voice with Nicholas Kempner, who is here in Hollywood now, and I wrote Major Bowes and asked for an audition with him to get his opinion of my voice, not to go on his program. But the first thing I knew I had signed the usual contract he asked all his discoveries to sign and was singing on one of his amateur hours."

"A day or so later he called and asked me to come to his office to talk about a possible job at the Rainbow Room. So I went there to sing for a week, it's a nice place, you know, one of the nicest. I sang 'Did He Ask For Me at Night?'"

"Wait a minute, please. Let's get these names down on paper. You went to the Rainbow Room and sang 'Did He Ask For Me At Night?'"

"No, silly. I sang it at night. I sang it the next afternoon, too. And lots of others. I was to stay a week at the Rainbow, but I stayed nine months."

"And, what did Major Bowes think of all this?"

"He was getting his ten percent, so why should he worry? He is still getting it, for that matter—at least it is being held in escrow until we fight it out. And the radio people get some of it, too—and so does my Hollywood agent."

"Does that leave any for you?"

"Oh, yes, I am managing to get along."

"Well, if you came to Hollywood in a Lincoln car and with sixty-odd evening dresses, you would—oh, we say, 'in desperate circumstances' when your chance for movie fame came."

"No. I've never been really poor. Or rich either, for that matter."

"What did you do when you first came to Hollywood and the Warner studio?"

"I reduced. I was told to reduce. I wasn't fat but I was overfed. You're supposed to be 'comfortable' in Hollywood. So I reduced. And made tests, wardrobe tests, singing tests, make-up tests, and still pictures. And then, as I told you, I waited and waited and waited—may I use your telephone just once again?"

"Just once."

But "Bob" hadn't returned.

"And then I got my first break—a big musical picture 'The Singing Marine' opposite Dick Powell. And the chance to sing in it, too. It was worth waiting for."

"Now I suppose you would like to sing opposite Errol Flynn."

"Does Mr. Flynn sing? I've never met the gentleman."

"You mean you've been on the Warner lot for ten months and haven't met Flynn?"

"In fact, I've hardly seen him. He was getting shot at in Spain part of that time, you remember. There's another thing, too—"

"What?"

"Robert Taylor is not my ideal."

With this breath-taking announcement Miss Weston reached for the telephone again, apologetically. "I really must reach him," she explained.

"But it's not Bob Taylor you are calling, is that it?"

"It is not Bob Taylor."

But there was no answer at all to this call.

"I told you I didn't have a story," said Miss Weston after she had banged the receiver back into place. "If you would only tell us about 'Bob', Romance is the best news we can get."

"Don't you dare use his name. Don't you dare!"

"What name do you want us to use?"

"Any name except his own. Call him 'Bob'."

"All right. We'll call him 'Bob'."

(*Note to Miss Weston: We kept our word on that, didn't we?)

"And you can say that I like Hollywood very much."

"Everyone does as long as the options are picked up."

"I'll like it anyway. Isn't that the thing to say?"

"It isn't very original but consider it said."

"Well, what else have you got down there?"

"That you like Hollywood, Dick Powell, and your first picture. That you haven't met Errol Flynn and have not lost your heart to Robert Taylor, that you are not anxious to be known as a Bowes protegee and that you have a remarkable pair of eyes. Sometimes they are grey, sometimes light brown, and sometimes—"

"That ought to be enough for one story," Miss Weston—whose real name is Doris Weston—said with finality.

"I'm a terrible frost at interviews," she said. "But I mean well and I do try. There just hasn't very much happened to me yet."

"They are planning on calling you the 'Rainbow Girl'. What do you think of that?"

"I'll be all right with me—if the pot of gold follows along. Then I can relax and be comfortable again. Goodbye, I wonder could I use your telephone again—just once?"

"If you do I'll use his right name in the story."

"That would be mean. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."
A new and novel presentation of a murder mystery wherein all clues are offered the audience in order that each may solve the crime for himself just prior to the last reel. Akim Tamiroff is outstanding as the magician, central character of the story. John Trent and Marian Marsh please in the romantic roles. Pretty good.

Very human, well-sustained drama of life, love and death in a general hospital. The story has been done before, but fine acting by Franchot Tone as a young doctor, Virginia Bruce as his beautiful but selfish wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan as the nurse married to a worthless man, and in love with Tone, carries it across in good style.

However much you try to avoid comparisons, you can't help seeing Kitty Clancy as a "ringer" for the Shirley Temple of a few years ago. Here you'll also see Warren William in a corking characterization as an adventurous gambler who comes to the rescue of a little girl and her mother, Mady Correll (also a promising newcomer).

Scintillating, mad comedy about a girl who is suddenly thrust into the midst of the most incredible adventures all fantastically funny. Jean Arthur almost succeeds in matching her performance in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and Edward Arnold, in his first comedy role in too long, is magnificent. Ray Milland does a grand job. Luis Alberni is priceless. Lots of real fun here.

**A short, but frequent, story... "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.**

**Judy** and Bill grew up together... were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy".

But... in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake"... But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them both into the world, discovered the real story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman **seldom knows** she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how not to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

**THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"**

1. **NON-CAUSTIC**... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. **EFFECTIVENESS**... "Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. **PENETRATION**... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. **Economy**... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. **Odor**... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. **STABILITY**... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

**FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW**

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The Truth About Hollywood Diets!

Continued from page 26

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those made with eggs and milk like puddings and custards. But I never touch those appetizing little after-dinner peppermints, or chocolates!

Week Ends: I'll eat anything put in front of me—indulging a regular food "bust"—and am I sorry for the next couple of days when I have to exercise a little harder to get all those grand "untouchables" off again? But the next week-end I do it all over again—Chili Con Carne—Popcorn—"party food"—and all the rest of it—Heaven help me!

After taking Joan's grand and honest deposition, I hied over to Paramount, luckily finding Marlene Dietrich looking like the title of her picture, sitting on the sidelines of "The Angel" set. After a little polite chit-chat on my part, and some polite draws from Marlene, I think she was a little surprised when I asked her if she would tell me the truth (not publicity) concerning her weight and height. "I weigh 122 pounds and I am five feet six inches tall," said Glamor Girl No. 1—"is it any secret?" I told her it wasn't, that I just wanted to keep the records authentic. In the back of my mind I was thinking that since Joan is one inch shorter than Marlene and weighs seven pounds more, obviously Marlene's "bones" must be smaller. Hence the difference in the weight between two of the most perfect figures in Hollywood.

At first, Marlene was reluctant to reveal the secrets of her diet—if any—or even what constituted a typical day's menu with her. "So many people follow such advice blindly," she protested, striking at the same point Joan had covered. And then in a slacker, less emphatic way she argued the same diet advice pitfalls we had covered with Crawford. Also like Joan, Marlene was overweight when she first came to Hollywood, but it is interesting that she has reduced almost solely through proper eating, for she goes in for very little exercise.

"When you do not do much exercising to lose weight," said Marlene carefully, "It is very necessary that you eat properly. The system must have something of everything. Otherwise one becomes weak. Dieting incorrectly saps the energy."

Marlene may specialize in listlessness on the screen, but she never permits herself to feel weak and run-down even for the sake of her beautiful figure.

"Every day," she said like a child confessing a secret, "I have a cup of hot chocolate, rich, made with cream here on the set, while the others are having tea!"

Bitter by the pounds for Joan—rich, hot chocolate for svelte Marlene Dietrich—there are two diet believe-it-or-nots for Ripley and the rest of us!

But here is a typical day's diet for Marlene:

**Breakfast:** Fruit juice (not iced). Whole wheat toast with honey. Sometimes rye toast—never white. Coffee without cream or sugar.

**Lunch:** Tea sandwiches of whole wheat bread. Cold sliced roast beef, quite rare. Fruit salad with mineral oil dressing. (And she drinks no liquids with her meals after breakfast.)

**Dinner:** Hot consommé. Green salad with mineral oil. One green vegetable (she loves string beans). Broiled meats, or sliced white meat of chicken or turkey. One roll, no butter. Custard or ice for dessert—but never pastries.

When I asked Dietrich if she had one...
food luxury she indulged, diet or no diet, she laughed when she replied: "Once in a while—cake with chocolate icing. It is so good!"

Carole Lombard, I was disappointed to learn, was not working at the studio that day—so I had to wait to catch her via telephone at her home that evening. "I'm not going to tell you what I eat—because I eat too much," she laughed. "And then—don't you remember I'm the gal who is supposed to have ruined her health by crazy dieting?"

"I know," I argued, "That's just what we are trying to clear up. This time we want the truth to pass on to the waiting public."

"I'm scared of it!" yelled Carole. "What I eat might kill somebody else. I do all right, you know!"

I said: "All right, let's hear the worst!"

It seems the worst is that Carole hasn't any regular routine for meals. She hates habit in eating! That's why her latest two homes have not even had a dining room—or if they had them originally Carole converted them into something else. She hates to think that at nine o'clock every morning she must consume breakfast dishes—just because all the rest of the world is busy with its ham and eggs at that time.

Carole swears she is a "card table" diner. Or she loves for someone to hand her a sandwich as she comes off the tennis court. Or at four o'clock in the afternoon she had just as soon have a small steak, if it is ready.

By promising on our word of honor, we weren't going to recommend her system of eating to anyone. Carole said she would give us a vague idea of what she "snatched at" during the day. Read this over and see if you can still believe the stories that Carole has to "fight weight."

**Breakfast:** Maybe yes, maybe no. Just a nice cold glass of fruit juice will do, if someone will bring it down on the tennis court before the game starts.

**Luncheon:** A nice, husky sandwich of roast beef, or chicken made of any kind of bread, with butter—any kind of a salad—iced tea, or a Coca Cola.

**Afternoon:** Anything from a dish of ice cream to lemonade with cake if it's handy. If it isn't, skip it! Carole won't go looking for food.

**Dinner:** "Oh, I'm very scientific about dinner," she insists. "You may say Miss Lombard eats daintily of one large slice of meat, one generous helping of potatoes (she loves 'em), one green vegetable (if it isn't spinach), and one fancy service of ice cream!"

And sometimes, she swears, he tops it off with a Coca Cola. "But late at night," laughed the glamorous Miss Lombard, "I am very particular. I seldom raid the ice box for anything less than cold fried chicken, or some cheese and crackers!"

Well, that's what Carole told me—and there it is! And oh, by the way, she weighs 105 pounds and she's less than five feet four inches.

Claudette Colbert said she didn't know just what she was doing in a diet story since her great problem is maintaining her weight of 105 pounds! "Believe me," she explained, "it is every bit as difficult to keep up a figure as it is to get down to it!"

"I can't understand it, since I am hardly what one would call the 'active type,'" Claudette laughed. "I can sit for hours without stirring. In fact, exercise of any variety has always been a terrific effort for me. But perhaps I worry off weight!"

She's been called the "Fretting Frog" by her pals, you know. Claudette doesn't have to have anything particular to worry about, but  

**THAT** girl has something.

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they dislike nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

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

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

**Doesn't prevent natural perspiration.** Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day.

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**MUM**

**takes the odor out of perspiration**

Screendland
either. She just worries on general principles. After seeing her in that little ice-skating suit in "I Met Him in Paris" and hearing her private recipe—or a slice this is nothing more than some good worrying. I've tried my best to acquire the habit. So far, nothing has happened.

So unless you're a good natural worrier at heart—maybe you'd better skip Claudette's menu of "up and at 'em" three meals a day.

Breakfast: Never eats when she first gets up. No appetite. But about ten o'clock she loves a dish of nice cold bananas with cream and sugar. Coffee with cream and sugar. Claudette likes cream and sugar!

Lunch: Always a hot lunch beginning with hot soup—(it's the French in her); two large vegetables, a slice of roast or lamb, white bread and a glass of milk. Like Joan, Claudette likes butter and eats lots of it.

Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 11

put it back in the shell, sort of frothing over the top—and oh, it's delicious! "This pecan roll I'm having today is guaranteed to put on pounds. I'll tell you tomorrow whether it does or not."

PECAN ROLL
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup sweet milk
2 egg yolks
½ cup coffee cream
2 egg whites
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla extract
1 ½ cups whipping cream
2 ½ cups chopped pecans
Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add scalded milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler 25 minutes. Stir several times during cooking process. Combine with well-beaten egg yolks. Cook for about 5 minutes or until thick, stirring constantly. Add salt and coffee cream. Mix well, strain and cool. When custard is cool, add vanilla, whipped cream and cold and into custard. Pour into trays and freeze.

Before the dessert has frozen solid enough to cut, remove trays and stir well. Then carefully fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Then put in pecan nuts. Return to refrigerator and freeze.

COFFEE SAUCE
¾ cup strong hot coffee
1 cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons Karo corn syrup
Cook all the ingredients for 10 minutes. Cool. Place in refrigerator to chill. Serve very cold.

By this time, we were in the dining room, where the white Monterey was relieved with red carnations and tall red candles. "I usually eat about six meals a day because I'm always hungry," said Wendy, between forkfuls of pecan roll. "I have orange juice, coffee, toast, and a sandwich first; then when I reach the studio, I send over for some oatmeal. Then there's lunch. I begin with the first item on the menu and go down the list till everything is until I get to black bottom pie. That's another discovery of mine. It's marvelous!"

BLACK BOTTOM PIE
Bake a rich pie crust. Put 1 quart milk in a double boiler, when quite warm, mix 6 tablespoons Bakers chocolate (grated) to a paste with some of it. When milk is scalding hot pour in the chocolate and boil 4 minutes. Cool. Beat the yolks of 4 eggs very light, then beat in ¼ cup of sugar; put a pinch of salt in the whites of 2 eggs and beat slightly, stir into the yolk mixture; add 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla extract; and then add all to the lukewarm milk and pour into a baked shell. Bake until the custard has set, then cover with a meringue of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Return to oven until pale brown.

"In the afternoon, I have tea and little buns. Or else some kind of ice-cream. Ever tasted Frozen Crumb Cake? Try it sometime."

FROZEN CRUMB CAKE
2 cups cake crumbs
1 cup whipping cream
2 ½ cups chopped English walnuts
Whip cream and combine with cake crumbs. Add nuts and pour into tray. Freeze without stirring. Slice for serving. Fruit can be added to above recipe. This is an excellent way of using left-over cakes.

"Then when I come home, I have dinner, and if I go out at night, there's supper and the same sorts of things."

"If I followed my own taste, I'd let desserts alone and eat things like corn beef hash and those funny hot Mexican things—there's the stuff in Ensenada."

"I'm going down to Ensenada with my mother and sister tomorrow to get their papers straightened out so they can stay in this country. They have an apartment near me, but they're in and out all day. We'll have us a time in Mexico, finding new kinds of food. Ever taste Mexican shrimp? I wouldn't know anything about cooking, but you mention any sort of dish to George and he can fix it."

MEXICAN SHRIMPS
Place in pan 4 tablespoons butter (or Crème fraîche and 1 teaspoon garlic; heat well, add 2 cups cleaned shrimps mixed with 2 level teaspoons chili powder, stir in 2 cups milk and simmer 10 minutes; add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.)

Pour over slices buttered toast and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. A crooked stair leads from the living room to the second floor, where are Wendy's bedroom, a Dresden china Bowen in eggshell and beige, and a playroom in light blue. There's a whole rackful of shoes in one closet, and the clothes! Why can't we all be picture stars? Wendy's evening gowns would take the breath away of any normal gal. There's an awning-striped chiffon in varied blues with an enormously full skirt, a brown and pink daisy patterned chiffon, and green and red and blue. Why go on? Everything Wendy has is like, the duplex, exactly right for her.

Afternoon: She loves a glass of milk and a bread and butter sandwich.

Dinner: Cold consumed, or soup again. A green salad—or a sea food salad. Always potatoes, meat (she likes it very well done), and French Pastry!

That's it—all of it in a nutshell! And now that you know the truth about what four of the most glamorous women in the world really eat to keep their figures, this publication wears well, and compiles complications and suits if you put on fifteen pounds attempting to do likewise!

If you can't eat butter, like Joan Crawford; or you can't eat for hot chocolate a la Marlene Dietrich; if "picking at food" all day long ruins your figure as it doesn't Carol Lombard—and if you can't indulge French Pastries, then see your nearest doctor. Maybe hot biscuits and gravy will just roll the pounds off you! Maybe—!
First A Father
Continued from page 23

salvation. Edward Arnold found a bachelor uncle who would give him room and board for $3 a week; he said goodbye to grammar school to start supporting himself.

He had already accustomed himself to a morning and evening paper route, and to delivering meat besides, to aid his mother. The extra hours he was sometimes able to squeeze for himself went for gallery tickets. Ever since he could remember he'd been crazy about shows. More than anything he longed to enter that glamorous world of back-stage. But he was a poor, unpolished kid. All his relatives instructed him to aim for some regular trade. Whenever they heard he'd been to a show they berated him for being stage-struck.

So, at eleven, Edward Arnold turned office boy. He became a bell boy. Then, at fourteen, he tackled the upholstering trade. Its dreariness appalled him. He became an oiler in an engine room at Columbia University and was fired when he forgot to oil the engine in the excitement of dreaming about a rôle he'd won at the Settlement House over by the East River.

For instead of playing with the gang of young roughnecks he'd discovered that amateur theatricals were being sponsored there, and he'd made a niche for himself. When he told the people there that he'd been fired a noted critic sent him to Ben Greet with a letter of recommendation. Greet, a popular Shakespearean actor, hired him. At fifteen Edward Arnold had his feet on the first rung of the ladder he learned to climb. He was paid $25 a week and for two years he tramped the country with Greet, doing bits.

At seventeen, back in New York, he secured his first part on Broadway. He spoke two words in an Ethel Barrymore play. After that he had to put in ten years in stock companies before he could get another Broadway opportunity.

But Bill started off a movie contract with a weekly salary for his first picture that was the same as the peak salary his father ultimately earned as a juvenile on Broadway.

Edward Arnold had to wait until he was forty-two to be recognized by Hollywood. He had to succeed the hard, the slow way against all odds. The only encouragement and advice he ever got was from strangers who had to make up like him.

It's practically a new world, the one Bill has entered. The pace in Hollywood is faster than the theatre his father knew, because everything is speedier nowadays. It's a fantastic world full of temptations for a rich man's son, Hollywood is.

Bill's father has an income on a par with the smoothest residents of Beverly Hills. But Bill isn't living in Beverly. He hasn't because his father isn't.

Although Edward Arnold, Jr. is in pictures he doesn't even have his own car. He borrows his sister's, "I gave her a modestly-priced car when she graduated from high school," explains this remarkably sane father, "and Bill will get one when he graduates. But he doesn't know he will!"

Of course, Bill has to go on studying senior subjects with a tutor. The boy has not been raised to be an actor.

"Strange as it may seem," he told me, "Dad has never coached me at all. He's never once had me read aloud. He hasn't discussed diction with me, or sent me to any special dramatic teachers. He hasn't given me any lessons in acting technique, nor suggested that I go to plays. When I decided I wanted to take up acting as my life work, too, he simply said, "It's a fine business, Bill. You'll love it more and more as you go on. But don't come to me for any pull, for any acting advice, either. You can quit school. But you'll have to swim for yourself. The best way to learn to swim is to be thrown off a dock!"

RKO's NEW FACES choose this
MAKE-UP

Blonde or Brunette! . . . here is a new make-up to accent the color attraction of your type! Note coupon for make-up test.

What a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. This is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Lip Make-Up Lasts for Hours
Because it's super-durable, . . .
Max Factor's Lipstick keeps your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours . . . one dollar.

See the magic of Max Factor's Make-Up in RKO's radio program "NEW FACES FOR 1937" . . . featuring Patricia Wilder, Thelma Leeds, Harriet Hillard

Max Factor * Hollywood
It's getting so even movie stars can't make a love scene, like Joan Marsh and Kenneth Howell, without a candid camera enthusiast snapping it, like George Ernest does here.

"Dad's helped me so much," continues Bill, "by setting such an example. I'm so proud of him. Not because folks clap for him, nor because he plugged away until he got the only thing he needed—his break. Oh, yes, I am proud of his success and his persistence, but what gets me, deep inside, is what a swell man he is.

"He hasn't a hammy trait in him. No temperament, no eccentricities. He isn't the excessive type, seeking an excuse for wine, women, and song—and if I ever say IANTICIPATE a plan, old-style kicking! At home we're never had to adjust ourselves to his being a star, for when he leaves a set at five o'clock he is through with his work for the day. He doesn't have to be pampered, to 'live' a role. He has no false illusions about himself or Hollywood fame. He doesn't aspire for Academy prizes. To him acting is work, the work he loves, and he's eager only to do his job well.

"He has never hammered at me, laid down laws, said I should study this or do that. He's assumed I have intelligence enough to observe and choose for myself.

"Dad is so damn frank, too! He's been saving most all of the money he's getting into trust funds for the family. But he shakes his head, often and confides, 'If all this had happened to me ten or fifteen years ago I doubt if I'd have been able to take it sanely.'"

"The one bit of emphatic advice he repeatedly gives me and my sisters is this: 'When you go out, don't be foolish or bad-mannered. Be careful of your conduct! I want you to have a good home and if you do anything that's not nice people are bound to whisper that you must come from a terrible home.'"

So when Edward Arnold threw Bill off the dock, to sink or swim in Hollywood, he wasn't wholly unemotional. In fact, he is fiercely fond of the boy. That's why he is resolved not to let overnight wealth spoil him.

This son's first camera experience was in a serial at Universal. Edward Arnold was completing "Sutter's Gold" when he overheard a casting director state that half-a-dozen Juniors, name-sakes of established fathers, were to be used in a hair-raising tale. Something within him couldn't be stifled. "Why don't you use my boy too? He hasn't ever acted, but neither have those others!" So Bill got his opportunity.

Bill was fifteen then, the identical age his father had been on starting to tour America with the Ben Greet Players. His father had understudied Shakespearean leads. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had planned a Honolulu vacation and they went ahead, leaving Bill to do whatever he could with the small role he was given. That is the only time Edward Arnold asked for a favor for him, the only time he ever will.

When the Arnolds returned it seemed that Bill wasn't very happy. He was in love and there wasn't any money, and school he was attending. There were snobbish cliques, fast cliques. The exclusive members thought a movie star's heir ought to be rolling up in a costly roadster and hosting at flaming youth parties.

"Bill figured himself out of that predicament," beams Edward Arnold. "All he said to me was that he wanted to transfer to another high school. He's like me, I guess, in wanting to select friends who are sincere, who aren't somebody merely on account of their money. At the other school he's made quite a few nice friends; he picked up stakes and started over, you see.

"It was pleasant news when Bill informed his father that he'd decided to concentrate on dramatics rather than athletics. The taste of acting, in the serial, had apparently been enough. But gradually Bill, left to think things out for himself, discerned how much fun school shows could be. He won the lead in "Captain Applejack." His father had never seen him try to act until that evening when the curtain raised in the high school auditorium. There had been no home coaching. When Bill had to make the transition, in the second act, from shyness to swaggering bravado Edward Arnold clutched the arms of his chair and had a couple of bad moments. Would the kid be able to do it? The kid was able!

There was that brief conference about Bill's future in the library when the triumphant young amateur reached home that night.

"Why shouldn't he quit school and find out now whether he can be worthwhile in the world?" says his father. But Edward Arnold is suddenly grave in discussing his son seriously. "If Bill can get along as easily as I have, he'll be happy at acting. It's given me no regrets. Bill instinctively has a talent. He's naturally really poised and smooth in self-expression. So why shouldn't he have a
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I enclose 10¢ (35¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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**NEW**

**O-O-D-O-NO**

NON-GREASY

Screenland
A Melodrama
of
Manhattan
Continued from page 29
spoke lightly in that soft way that had fooled so many people in those brief, hard years of his, just as that face of his made over by plastic surgery was fooling people now.

"The girl was a fool, he thought, interfering with the boys’ fun, but he thought she was awkwardly nice. Humor soft was not her modus operandi, which reminded her somehow of Francey. Only Francey would never have had the nerve to stand up to the boys that way, for Francey would have given three cents back for the new kid who was crying a little now as he took it. For all her softness, for all the gentle look of her, there was strength in it.

"You look like a nice kid," Drina wiped a smudge off Myly’s face, “Stay away from them. They’re bad.”

And her gesture included Tommy as well as the others as she sat down on the steps in front of Pascaglia’s. Her foot was hurting again and she took her shoe off and fitted the piece of cardboard in it so that it would cover the worn spot again and then she felt the warm blood rush to her cheek as Dave looked down on her.

“I ran up to the roof last night but you hadn’t come home yet,” he said slowly as if he were awkward with her too. “Kay, that is, Kay Burton articles have been put out to the park to hear the music. I wanted you to come along and meet her. I was telling her about you. How when you were a kid I used to go to school and tell you everything I had learnt that day. I was telling her what a swell girl you were and how hard you’ve worked—”

Drina got up quickly.

“Picketing is all day is hard on the shoes and the paper keeps ‘em from wearing out. It may save the shoes but it’s hard on the feet.” She brought in her anxiety to show him nothing of the things she was feeling, talking to him, being so almost close to him again. “I’m complaining, Gee, when I think of them who are on strike. Most of them with big families! I’ve only got me and Tommy to worry about.”

But that was nearer. He was looking up at the terrace and at the girl Kay smiling down at him, and Drina felt alone again as she saw her answering smile come up to her face, and even though he called after her as she walked away it didn’t mean anything.

She looked so little and forlorn. Somehow Dave couldn’t get the thought of her out of his mind as he walked down to the wharf blocking the end of the street. He straightened as he saw the two men come over.

“I know you, don’t I?” he asked casually.

“You’re Martin, Facey Martin.”

The shorter man started but the other smiled a little, as his hand went to his shoulder holster.

“My name’s Johnson, get it? Johnson.”

“Sure!” Dave laughed. “But my name’s Dave Connell. Remember me? I was one of the gang of kids.”

“Yes, Sure.” Baby Face looked at him long and hard. “You weren’t such a bad kid. Still good at keeping your lips buttoned up?”

“It depends on how good you are at keeping your hands buttoned up, Dave. Don’t worry too much about looking for trouble. Had your face fixed up?”

“Yeah.” Baby Face, always pleased at a chance to talk about himself, brightened in spite of that tenacious that had come being recognized. “Been reading about me? Hunk,” he turned to his companion, “go on over and try the address in Brooklyn, and get something for your nerves while you’re there.” He turned back to Dave.

“I’m sending for Francey. Remember, she used to be my girl when we were kids. They don’t make no more like her. You ain’t seen her around here, have you?”

“No.” Dave shook his head. “She moved away a long time ago. Well, you turned into a headliner all right. All over the newspapers, should you be around here? “I can’t here.” Baby Face scowled. “I’m out West. I got kind of a yen to see my old lady and Francey. You know? I ain’t seen my mother for ten years. That’s the day I come out of reform school.”

“You’ve come a long way since then, Dave.”

Dave looked at him straight and hard. “Facey’s the best. Facey’s the worst. What are you trying to do? Tell me off, you—”

No Dave laughed. “You got yourself away from here. I’m jealous of that, I guess.”

“Yeah, Far away, What’s your racket?”

To an architect. I worked like a dog at anything to make enough to get through college. Took me six years. Well, it’s been worth it.” Dave’s laugh came harshly. “I’ve been painting Pascaglia’s place for a month.

DEAD END

CAST
Drina....................Sylvia Sidney
Baby Face Martin........Humphrey Bogart
Dave.....................Joel McCrea
Bony.....................Walter Connell
Frenchy..................Claire Trevor
Tommy...................Billy Halop
Angel....................Bobby Jordan
Tom......................Gabriel Dell
Dippy...................Huntz Hall
Spit.....................Leo Gorcey
Mitty....................Bernard Punsley
Hunch...................Humphrey Bogart
Patronel Mugglen........Hannah Harrigan
Mrs. Connell............Mary Servoss

and he’s going to give me forty bucks for it. And that’s the first dough I earned in a long time.

Baby Face threw her head back at that.

“Six years you worked in a college and what you get now is handouts! That’s a good one. Well, I’m glad I’m not like you. Starving and freezing for what? Peanuts? I got mine. I took it, look!” He pulled at his shirt. “Silk. Twenty bucks. Custom-tailored suit, a hundred and fifty bucks. Another two.”

“Ever get scared?” Dave asked quietly.

“Me? What of?” Baby Face laughed but suddenly, instinctively his hand went up to the face. That new face had so much sure no one would recognize. “You can’t live forever. But sometimes I get the jitters and sometimes I get a terrific yen to see something.”

“But the eight guys won’t let you, huh?” Dave said slowly.

Baby Face jerked angrily.

“Don’t keep talking about those eight guys or there’s going to be nine of them and you and I ain’t going to be friends like we used to. Hear me?” He shrugged his muscled shoulders and the same easier, almost confidential. “I want to see Francey. I wonder what she’s doing. Maybe she got married. Maybe she died.” For a moment he sobered, then he brightened again and grinned. “ Nah, not Francey. She had too much sense.”
Fanny the way he felt, remembering. Francey and that gamin smile of hers and the way she laughed a lot and her eyes looking at him with that eagerness, that faith. Fanny how he could forget her sometimes and then some little thing make him remember again. A bright ribbon or some other girl’s yellow hair or a song played out of tune by a hurdy-gurdy on the corner.

But even now, remembering her in this new vivid way as if it had been yesterday he had seen her instead of ten years, she could slip out of his mind again at the sight of the girl coming out of the apartment house making her way towards him.

She was different, this girl, from the other girls he knew. As different from them as they were from Francey. Her dress was so simple somehow, and yet it looked expensive. She was smiling and excitement hammered in his blood as he smiled back.

Then he saw her smile was for Dave and he shrugged as he looked at him, his shabby clothes dabbed with paint.

“Lots of these dames are real batty,” he thought, and turned his attention to the kids shrieking now and circling around an imperious boy who had just come out of the apartment house.

It must be even more fun on the street than there had been when he was a kid, he decided, with rich, overstuffed little sissies to hector and badger.

Dave turned eagerly as Kay came toward him.

“You’re late,” he said, and the way he said it told how frightened he had been that she wouldn’t come and his smile, how glad he was that she had.

“I meant to be,” the girl looked up at the tall young strength of him and the fair hair so unruly and boyish and the clean blue of his eyes. “I tried hard to be late.”

“Why?” he asked slowly, but he didn’t have to ask that question and she didn’t have to answer it. They knew how it was.

“I’ve been sitting in the sun,” she smiled.

“It’s a nice day.”

“I know, I saw you,” Dave was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again. “Funny, how you people like the sun. We don’t like it much down here.”

“I had a good time last night.” Her voice came breathlessly. “I never knew there were so many places to go that don’t cost anything. I always go to fancy places and have a dull time. I had fun with you. I always have fun with you. Fun for the first time in years.”

“Do you like him?” Dave asked suddenly. “Yes,” Kay said simply. And somehow she was glad that she was being honest with Dave. That she had been honest with him from the beginning. It made her feel cleaner, somehow. “Yes, I like him. He’s been good to me.”

“That’s his boat, isn’t it?” Dave nodded toward the yacht lying at anchor in the river. And then as she nodded, “It’s a beauty. When I was a kid I used to make boats and sail them in the gutter here. Looks as if it’s getting ready to make a trip. You’ll be going with him, won’t you?”

“I don’t know.” Her words came spaced and wild. “I don’t know!”

“I’m to phone about a job this afternoon.” Dave’s eyes were fixed on her eagerly. “It won’t pay much, but it’s my own line and—why am I talking like this? I’m a fool.” He turned away. “I’m sorry you’re going away.”

“I haven’t thought about the trip,” Kay said slowly. “I kept pushing it off because—I suppose because of you. I’ve thought about us a lot, haven’t you?”

“I’ve tried not to,” Dave said, and he turned away for he didn’t want her to see his mouth twisting when he was trying so hard to smile instead. But he was glad that her chauffeur came then and that she was going away.

The day was almost half gone. There was Drina walking, walking desperately and forgetting her hurting feet in thinking about Dave and Tommy and wondering, wondering. There was Dave too getting the half promise of a job at twenty dollars a week and not caring much any more. What was twenty dollars a week to a girl like Kay? And there was Milty the new kid joining the gang with the quarter he’d gotten as Spie had told him to, and there was Tommy learning things from Baby Face, how to win the fight scheduled with the gang from a few blocks downtown and how to whip open a pen knife, deftly with one hand, and use it in that split second of

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**Oh, He’s Wonderful Mary, and I’m So Happy! Thanks to You!**

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"Don't put up with ugly fat, so often due to causes which can be quickly, easily and painlessly relieved. If your figure is too full, your clothes too tight, your stomach bulging, and your hips are spread, and those sturdy, thick ankles weigh you down, bring a morbid unhappiness into your life. And yet you can be happy, and beautiful, and attractive, and have a young appearance in a comparatively short time. Your druggist has a very safe and effective tool to assist you in losing weight, and it is Rapid Diet-Odhs.

"Weight loss can be achieved in a very short period of time. The Rapid Diet-Odhs are a powerful weight-reduction formula and can be taken without any danger of harm or illness. They are safe and effective for all ages and can be used by both men and women. If you are interested in losing weight, I highly recommend the Rapid Diet-Odhs as the best weight-reduction formula available."

"During the past few years, I have tried various weight-reduction methods, but none have been as effective as the Rapid Diet-Odhs. I have lost over 50 lbs. (22.6 kg) in just six months."

"I am now thinner than I have ever been in my life, and I feel great. My clothes fit better, and I am more confident. I highly recommend the Rapid Diet-Odhs to anyone who is looking for a safe and effective way to lose weight."
the pen knife flash as it jagged into the man's wrist.

Tommy ran as the man released him and Drina went over to him as the policeman came. Her heart sank as she heard him tell the officer he was Judge Griswold's brother. That meant the reformatory for Tommy if they got him. She turned quickly and went home, hoping against hope that Tommy would be there too. That somehow they could find a way out of this together.

Baby Face grinned as he joined the crowd, grinned harder as he began talking to the policeman. This was the sort of danger that was fun, a joke that only he could understand. The most sought-after man in America telling to a policeman under the shield of that new face of his; then he turned as Hunk came hurrying towards him and pointed at the girl coming towards them up the street.

"There's your Francye," His face was grim.

Baby Face turned sharply as the girl came up to them.

"Well, who's the important guy wants to see me?" she asked impatiently. "Come on, I'm busy."

"Francye!" he said and he saw the girl pale at his voice and hold on to herself desperately.

"For the love of—Marty!" she whispered, and then, "You did something to your face. They said you were around Colorado, the newspapers. Gee, I'm glad to see you."

The man reached out for her but she pulled away from him quickly.

"What's the matter?" Baby Face demanded. "Ain't I good enough for you?"

"Oh, no. It ain't that." She touched his arm shyly.

"You know, Francye," he was looking at her eagerly now, "I never forgot you. All those other dames never meant nothing. None of 'em. Remember the night on the roof?"

"Yeah, I remember," she nodded. "The sky was full of stars and I was full of dreamy ideas."

"Me too," Baby face said, and then he reached over again and this time she stood there while his arms held her, her face pressed hard against his shoulder.

"A couple of crazy kids we were." Her voice came almost in a sob. "We were going to get married. I bought a ring at the five and dime."

"Yeah!"

He tried to laugh but it wasn't really funny. "Only we didn't have enough money for the license. Gee, it seems like yesterday. We were talking about it right here."

"Yesterday?" Her voice came suddenly deadened. "It seems like a million years."

Suddenly she pulled away from him.

"Listen, what are you doing here anyway?"

"I came back for you," he said then.

For just that moment Francye's eyes lighted and then she remembered too. "It's a dream, I'm having a dream. What I wanted for so long." She looked up at him sharply, defiantly. "I'm tired. Can't you see it? Look at me. You've been looking at me the way I used to be."

He saw her then for the first time as she was. Changed. So that little remained of the old Francye but the blue of her eyes and the sudden quick smile. He saw the dead white of her skin under the thick dabs of rouge, the light silk dress that revealed every line of her figure, the wrinkled stockings streaked with runs. And he had been seeing her as she used to be, sweet and clean and young.

"Why didn't you get a job?" Disgust thickened his voice.

"They don't grow on trees," she said, and her hands twisted.

"Why didn't you starve first?" he demanded.

She looked at him then. "Why didn't you?" she asked quietly.

---

**Screen and Stage Make-Up**

by **Elizabeth Arden**

GRACIOUS, talented, young Miss Farmer has been proclaimed the finest new star of the season. Throughout the new Paramount production of "Ebbtide" in Technicolor, she reaches new dramatic heights both in the ability she displays and in that glamour which every star must possess! But they made another discovery in Hollywood this season! The most distinguished feminine stars of the screen, who use Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden before the cameras, have discovered that its glamorous quality can glorify their private lives.

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<td>Lipstick</td>
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SCREENLAND 95
So that was over too. His mother and Francy and the dreams of them on that long trip home, the dream of the kids he might have had in that safe place he and Francy maybe have found. But even now there was something he could do for Francy. The only thing anyone could ever do for her again.

"Here," contemptuously he peeled off some bills from the large roll he carried in his pocket, and thrust them at her. "It's hot. Be careful, and don't spend them. And keep your mouth buttoned up."

She stuffed the money carefully in her bag.

"I wouldn't tell on you, Marty," she said slowly. "Not if they tie me to wild horses I wouldn't. Do me a favor, will you, Marty? For old times' sake." She pointed to her cheek. "Will you kiss me? Please?"

When he leaned toward her she was sorry she had asked him. It wasn't the way she had thought it was going to be, that quick, direct decision. She had thought maybe it would be nice to remember. But she knew now that it wasn't.

The sun went down over the river in a bright red ball that meant tomorrow would be hot too. But up on Kay's terrace it looked cool with people gathering for cocktails.

Drina knew she would find Dave looking up at the party from the shadow of the sand-hopper.

"Not a sign of Tommy," Dave said as she came over to him.

"I know. I've been all over." Her voice sounded tired. "How could he have done such a thing? Where does he learn about knives? But he's not a bad kid. Not really bad."

The famous Baby Face Martin used to live on this block," Dave said. "He wasn't a bad kid either, at first. He was smart and brave and decent—at first."

"Like Tommy, you mean." Her voice rose on that note of fear. "I've tried so hard to tell him that. I know I kind of got out of the habit of wanting things for myself. I guess I knew I wasn't going to get them. I wanted everything for him. I don't know what to do."

"The sun was up as decent as I could."

"Oh, what chance have they got against all this?" Dave said, his voice suddenly savage. "They've got to fight him. They've got to play, for something to eat, for everything. They get used to fighting. Enemies of society, it says in the papers. Why not? What have they got to be so friendly about?"

"It didn't do those things to you," Drina said slowly.

"It did enough to me." He gave a quick dark glance up at the terrace. "It made me into a fool who wanted too much to be something else. And now I'm used to being myself, and I'm used to being myself, and I'm used to being myself." His head jerked toward the terrace. "That's the farewell party," he laughed. "Come out of the light, Drina. Pigeons like us in their way. Come where it's dark. That's where we belong."

He tried to pull her in the shadow of the sand-hopper but with a quick jerk Drina freed herself.

"No," Her voice was still with fury. "That's not where I belong. You go over there, Stand where she can't see you, and be ashamed. She's made you ashamed. I remember when you felt like trying, too."

She flung her arm toward the street. "All this means to you now is whether you get something for something else. It's more than I ever imagined of the love affair. You used to say you were going to tear this all down and build a decent world where people could live decently. Why don't you just try and do that down just so you won't see them because they're not pretty for her to see. Go on and get her and take her away and forget all this and if you can forget it, it's all you were good for in the first place!"
year of happiness. That's more than I thought I'd get."

"No," Dave felt something break in him again and for the first time he saw things as they really were. He saw Kay and he saw Drina. And he knew what he wanted. "That isn't what I was looking for. I don't want a spree. I don't belong in your world or you in mine. It's good we found out in time."

He saw the policeman then go stealthily over to the fire and collar Tommy. And he saw Drina run toward them and scream just once.

But in a moment he was after her and held her as she struggled to get away to go after them.

"Drina, Drina." His voice came so softly even though now for the first time he knew he was the stronger one of the two of them. "We'll get Tommy off. You'll go down in the morning and get the best lawyer in the city."

"Yeah!" Her voice came wildly, "With a dollar and a quarter in my purse."

"I've got the money."

He was almost shouting now in his happiness. "Plenty of it. The reward money."

"I couldn't do that," She shook her head. "You take your money and go away with her. Even if it's for a little time, that doesn't matter. It's something."

That's not what I want." His arms suddenly found her and held her. "It never was, I found that out. Remember when you moved here? You were just small kid. I never could think of you any other way. But now—oh Drina, Drina."

He hadn't known love could be like this, so sweet and tender and, in spite of Tommy and everything that had happened, so peaceful too. Then they heard the boy's voice calling to them and Drina raised her head from Dave's shoulder and called, "We're coming, Tommy."

And they were both smiling as they walked up the street, away from the dead end where the river was and the noise and the ugliness, up toward the other side that was open to the world.

"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?"

"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles..."

"Her fiancé's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice..."

"'Remember', I said, 'a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base.'..."

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Camera Romance!

Continued from page 27

"I like experimenting with light effects. Oh, that reminds me: Johnny Mack Brown and his wife gave a party not long ago in honor of Jeanette and me. As we arrived, I heard the guests congratulating each other that there was one party where there were no cameramen. Not even Hyman Pink, Hollywood's own!"

"I'll fix that," I informed Jeanette.

"Later, when we were all seated at tables with tall candles, I brought out the Leica."

"It was fun trying to figure out the lighting, because sometimes we had just one candle, sometimes the other lights were on, sometimes there was a big lamp above and to the side. I'd never tried this before, so next time I think the results will be a hundred per cent better. I rather like the single candle one of Jeanette, looking down."

"I love to watch you put on your blackface, Jeanette. Here are a few I shot when she was sitting by the pool at Palm Springs. I did a whole strip of heads, each one just a little different, like those old-fashioned things people used to have done of their kids."

"Now that I've discovered color, I'm so excited about it that the black-and-white time, and I'm always thinking how to make this color shot. For these, you have to get special film and you can't make prints from it. You mount the film itself and somehow get it in your little movie screen. It's simply amazing!"

"At Palm Springs I had Jeanette wear a big black cowboy hat, a red-and-white checked shirt, and then put her my blue handkerchief for her neck, and shot her against a white mountain with a green bush beside her. With her coloring, the result is magnificent!"

"I find the best way to get pictures of Jeanette is to put her where I want her, start kidding until she laughs, then when she can hold still enough to shoot, grab the picture! Once, though, the horse began to laugh too and ruined the shot!"

Gene gave Jeanette a small black Newfoundland pup for Christmas present.

"He looked like a bear cub," says Gene, "and we used to get swell stuff of him, walking bowlegged. Now he's as tall as that table. My dog is a big fan fellow, a much better camera subject because he'll lie down or sit up or do whatever I tell him. He knows he's having his picture made!"

"You can get excellent silhouette stuff on a set. Here's one on the set of 'Life of the Party' with director Farrell and all the parachutists in silhouette while Harriet Hilliard is lighted. This one is rather nice of Harriet with the prop boy in silhouette.

Informationally, according to Gene, is the thing to aim for if you want a really can- did shot. If you can catch your subject when he's absorbed in something else, you have a real treat."

"On a set, people are used to cameras. They don't freeze so easily. Their attention is centered on what they are doing, and you can creep up and snatch an informal without being detected. I have some stuff of Harriet with the director and with various members of the audience that make good informals. Take this, where she's making a face, and this, where Seiter's hand is whirling around while he talks.

"If you can get a group when you're making an informal shot, you usually get less self-consciousness." Gene doesn't do any laboratory work on his pictures, chiefly because he hasn't time.

"I know there are things on the man who takes the picture can do in his own dark room," he commented, "because only the 'artist' knows what he hoped to get. Misty effects in certain shots—which I believe can be managed in the blowing up of the film—butting part dark, part light—framing only a piece of a shot, and so on.

"You can cut down foreground after you get your finished print, or instruct your printer to go after the effect you think you want, but it isn't the same thing as trying out inspirations among the chemicals. Or so they tell me.

"I know picture takers who get their subjects to stand on pedestals and then squat down on the ground and shoot up, making their victim look very tall and as if they were against the sky.

"Trick shots that show just the feet and ankles, or hands or fingers in a bitten apple, or shadows of people lighting cigarettes are often proudly exhibited to me. These are swell, if you're interested. But as far as it's our—Jeanette and I—we take pictures, as I said before, for the sake of keeping happy memories."
holiday Frank had his motion picture camera in his hands at all times, snapping everything he saw. His trip in Russia interested him especially. He wanted to stop there longer and visit more carefully the studios, but he was anxious to move on so as to show his native Italy to his wife. The Paris Exposition, though officially
open, reminded him too much of a movie studio with its scaffolding and unfinished parts to attract him, so Frank and his wife set off for the South to stop a short time with Dick Barthelmess at Cap d'Antibes en route for sunny Italy.

Another power behind the scenes, or in this case one should say power behind the skirts, is looking Paris over. This is Adrian, who has made such a reputation “glamorizing” the gals at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. He is missing nothing in Paris, so soon after his return I am sure you will see the Garbo and Joan Crawford strutting about in creations with that little Parisian touch added to them. Fernand Gravet has been making a French film here but will return soon to make his second film in Hollywood which we all hope will be as good as his gorgeous amusing first one, “The King and the Chorus Girl.”

While Paris is hemoaning, one by one, the loss of her favorites, she dried her tears and turned on her best smiles to greet her prodigal daughter—even though that daughter is over on a short holiday. So a radiant throng greeted a still more radiant Simone Simon when she returned to her own “Seventh Heaven,” the old home town. We have missed her grandly and will, naturally, ask her lots of questions about that big exciting place called Hollywood after she quieted down a bit from the vociferous greetings of her droves of old friends. Speaking of old friends, there arrived on the same boat train that brought Simone an old, old friend of the silent days. This, in the person of Pearl White. To you young things that name may mean nothing, but to the old-timers it will call up fond memories of a startled-faced young girl dangle over the edge of a cliff or dashing along in a motor car driven by the villain—the outcome of the dangle or motor-driving only to be discovered “next week.” My dear, she was the serial queen of the good old silent days! Pearl saved her serial money and is now interested mostly in her racing stables and homes in Paris and Egypt. So here is one star who outwitted the villain!

Simone Simon is just another name for wistful charm in this picture.

___

**Hollywood’s Favorite Powder Puff**

**Autographed for YOU**

JOAN BENNETT
Walter Wanger—United Artists Star

GAIL PATRICIA
In Paramount Picture, "Her Husband Lies"

ANN SOTHERN
RKO Star

FRANCES LANGFORD
M-G-M Star

JOAN MARSH
Paramount Star

IDA LUPINO
Paramount Star

**FREE**

A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappers from Screen Stars Powder Puffs. Don’t wait—act now!

**SCREEN STARS Powder Puffs**

[Announcement for Screenland]
continued, "I was violently intense and everything took on an exaggerated importance. Then, I began to see that the thing we consider so desperately necessary didn't mean so much when once we got them. So when I was about sixteen I seemed to make up to the idea of selecting what I really wanted, letting the rest slip by. After all, we only have twenty-four hours each day in which to live!"

Without doubt, this concentration of interests is the secret of Olivia's amazing success. Following her first sensational triumph as the poetical Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she gave fine dramatic portrayals as the heroine in "Captain Blood," "Anthony Adverse," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Then came her outstanding performance of the love-sick Katherine in "Call It A Day," that revealed a surprising flair for comedy. Now, in "It's Love I'm After," another comedy recently completed, she continues her amusing hero worship in the antics of a rich girl pursuing a matinee idol, portrayed by Leslie Howard. This picture promises to proclaim her as one of the screen's most adept comedians.

"Both of these characters were very real for all young people are hero worshippers," said Olivia. "It's part of those early years when we mix idealism with realism. Adolescence is so terrific, and so funny. I wouldn't want to live those years of my own over again for the joys were too ecstatic, the hurts too unbearable; I suffered untold agonies." "My earliest heroes were characters from books. I vividly recall my violent passion for D'Arlangon of 'The Three Musketeers,' and how I hated Milady. I idolized Keats and declaimed his poems all over the house, and at all hours. To me he was the Chapin of literature. Stage stars always thrilled me and a red letter day in my life was when I saw Eva LeGallienne and Josephine Hutchinson in 'Hedda Gabler' and then haunted the stage door to beg for their autographs. While I was in the convent we were permitted to see the picture, 'Beau Geste,' and Ronald Colman became my idol, and then, there were Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, and several others. The only fan letter I ever wrote in my life was to Leslie Howard after seeing him in a picture. Funny, how things happen! Now, only a few years later, I've played with him—my part being a bothersome fan who keeps on adoring him even after he tries to make me hate him. But," she added, with a gay laugh, "I don't win him in the drama; Bette Davis does that."

"All my screen heroes have been fascinating—Errol Flynn, Fredric March, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Patric Knowles, Leslie Howard, and now, Brian Aherne in 'The Great Garrick.' Later in the summer, Errol Flynn and I will be together for the third time in 'Adventures of Robin Hood,' a Technicolor film. As he's the screen's No. 1 tease, this means a lot of laughs. There is only one thing I can think of that I'm actually afraid of and that is a snake, and while making the exterior scenes along the river for 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' Errol made pets of several harmless water snakes for my benefit. As far as I was concerned, they were boa constrictors!"

During the next half hour luncheon in the famous Green Room Café at Warner Brothers studio, Olivia chatted freely on many subjects, which revealed interesting phases of her radiant personality. She's glad she was born in Tokyo, Japan, and she likes to believe she absorbed some of the Oriental appreciation of the beauty of simplicity. For instance, she adores the idea of a single rose placed to catch a special ray of light, instead of crowding dozens of flowers into a huge vase.

When she was four she was brought to San Francisco for the very unromantic purpose of having her tonsils removed. The family went to the nearby town of Saratoga for her to recuperate and decide to remain, and here in the sunshine and mild climate she grew into a sturdy, beautiful girl. In looking back over her twenty-one years, Olivia says she has been sharply divided into two parts. B.B.—meaning before Hollywood, she was a dreamer, spending long hours alone in her room with her books being ray of light among the growing ranks of persons who carry the weight of the world on their shoulders. Now that she's launched on a movie career, she is learning to laugh at the things that go along with being an exciting whirlpool of activity with little time for dreaming.

Her one big dream at the moment is to go to England. She hopes to become acquainted with her relatives, whom she has never even met; she wants to see where her father and her mother spent their childhood, and visit the places that have held so much about. Then she'll "prowl" through the Shakespeare and "Lorna Dooone" countries, and explore Dickens' London.

Olivia's mother and sister call her Lively! This may be a shock to those who know her only as the glamorous heroine of film romances but in real life, the funny name seems exactly suited. For because she is so down-to-earth, so girlishly real and unspoiled.

She confided that she had always been in a hurry to grow up; she wanted to live her own life, be independent, and decide her own questions. During her boarding school she lived under the described rules that governed every movement; she hated the "must" that made her hang her nightgown on a certain peg; that forced her to fold her stockings inside out and place them in the top left drawer, when the lower right drawer would have been more convenient. But her deepest grievance was when she was forbidden to keep a diary. She wanted one terribly; wanted it to guard her poems. She admits the poems were pretty awful, but precious, and she was always talking about bees and buttercups and moonbeams.

Olivia is radiant with pride over the screen success of sister Joan Fontaine, which parallels her own, just as a year younger and they are unusually close friends; like the gay Musketeers, it is all for one and one for all. There'll never be any rivalry among this family.

Olivia is going forth to meet fame with some curiosity. She has an intuitive awareness and fully understands that success comes to many with the help of a well-timed element of high pressure, a satisfaction that may harbor an element of fear, an abnormal independence that unites one for any other life. However, to her, there should always be a boy she would fall in love with; he should be smart and sweet; she has no inhibitions and is finding only happiness in her work.

Questions about love and romance always amuse her. She says that everybody seems to feel she should have a love-life but as she has never been in love, never had a romance, she doesn't see what she can say. But when she is beginning to turn over a new leaf for recently, after being strictly a stay-at-home girl, Olivia has made several surprise appearances at social affairs in company with the charming bachelors at David Niven, John Arledge, and Phil Huston. Believe me, this caused excitement!

With a wholly disarming laugh, she met my questions: "Nothing serious, nothing at all," she insisted. "Just having a few good times to see what others call romance, real love is something every girl hopes for sooner or later, but right now, honestly, I'm too busy for romance or many dates or any such thing." Then, with one of her sudden changes in mood, Olivia slowly added, "I'm only twenty-one, I hope love doesn't come too soon. I have so much I want to do—first!"

Welcome to a new leading lady! Guy Kibbee and Cara Witherspoon wish pretty Dorothy Moore the best of luck as she essays her first leading role in a film with them.
WARNER BROS.' STARS OFFICIALLY APPROVE CALOX TOOTH POWDER

...show you the way to a "starry smile"... sparkling teeth

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND—"Calox has always seemed gentle and soft. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."

GLORIA DICKSON—Here is a candid camera shot of her taken on the set of her new picture—"THEY WONT FORGET!" Gloria Dickson says, "I don't expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox."

JOAN BLONDELL—now starring in "HACK IN CIRCULATION." Joan says: "Calox Tooth Powder has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood for keeping teeth sparkling and clean."

"CAMERA," shouts the director...and powerful 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star's face and teeth. The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to sparkle naturally. That is why the choice of a dentifrice is a matter of vital importance in Hollywood.

It is significant that the glamorous Warner Bros. stars have chosen Calox Tooth Powder.

"TOPS," SAYS DICK POWELL. This famous star, now appearing in "The Singing Marine," states: "I've never heard of any dentifrice that cleans the teeth better than Calox. Here in Hollywood it's considered 'tops.'"

PAT O'BRIEN—"I like a tooth powder that makes the teeth glisten. Calox is ideal for screen stars—or for anyone who wants 'starry teeth.'"

CALOX—FOR TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K." TO CALOX

1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH. Calox contains five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT'S... DOUBLE-SIFTED. It cannot contain grit.
3. RELEASES OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.
Chesterfields will give you more pleasure

They Satisfy
Drift on the moonlit waters of the dusky Grand Canal. Dance in the blue-bathed beauty of a Mediterranean night. Seek romance and youth and laughter anywhere in far places. And there...gay and fresh and charming...you'll find fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is known, adored, this romantic world around. In Paris or Peiping, in Nassau or Nice, it's the lovely woman's prelude to intimate evenings-for-two or the season's most formal moments.

Around the world it winds your way. Now in America at your own perfume counter, see the glamour ensemble...everything you need for perfect grooming, from face lotion to lipstick...all in that single thread of fragrance Gemey.

by

RICHARD HUDNUT
New York Paris
She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm...She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her lovely line, that steals away her charm. That thief is her dull, dingy and unattractive smile. Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—a penalty she could have avoided.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.
**A Week-End with Bing Crosby**

Catching up with Crosby is no mean feat, but our writer has accomplished it, and you'll read the entertaining results in the next issue. It seems Bing, while most democratic and half-fellow-well-met of all the important picture personalities, fails to take himself sufficiently seriously to spend much time on interview appointments and such. The result is that only those who know him well can "get to him." He is, actually, more aloof and elusive than Garbo herself.

"A Week-End with Bing Crosby" is no mere attractive title. *Screenland*'s representative did, definitely, journey out to the Crosby ranch, where he was received cordially by the First Crooner, amused by the Crosby kids, and graciously welcomed by Dixie Lee Crosby. You will feel you really know Bing and Company after reading this frank article, lavishly illustrated with candid camera shots of Bing at the ranch. It's a *Screenland* Special Feature, and you'd better look for it, in the November issue, on sale October 5th.

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Cover Portrait of Joan Bennett by Marland Stone.
She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!
Paul Muni's portrayal of Zola ranges from fiery youth, as close-upped at far left, through rich maturity, to the grandeur and dignity of impressive old age, as in the picture at left. The scene directly below is from the photoplay and shows Muni, in the middle-aged period of his characterization of the great French writer, in his Paris home with Madame Zola, skilfully played by Gloria Holden.

To Muni, for his magnificent performance in "The Life of Emile Zola"

We honor Paul Muni above all other Hollywood actors because he has given us, in "The Life of Emile Zola," more than a mere performance—he has, in this new motion picture, created a character. You have seen Muni in many good pictures, and a few fine ones; you have respected his artistic integrity, and applauded his devotion to detail. But this time, you will—if you are anything like the first audiences in New York and Hollywood—cheer him to the echo; for Muni has become Zola—a complete realization of a great man from ideals to idiosyncrasies; from inspiration to whiskers! Muni is Zola not only in make-up but in mind. He is great in the part—perhaps he understands Zola so well because he, even as Emile, puts his work—his art—above everything.
Warner Bros.
take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul MUNI
this year’s Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard... Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O’Brien-Moore • Henry O’Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle • Screenplay by Norman Raeb, Rainer, Haines, Harold and Grace Herseg

International Premiere Engagement

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY: Matinees 2:40 • Evenings 8:40

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HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
BROADWAY at 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance • All Seats Reserved

Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax
Matinees — Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees — Saturday and Sunday and
6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax. • Mail orders accepted.

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.
Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, mildly scented. Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, fully scented.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts! MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcum was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.

Salutes and Snubs

That riding, romant- ing, singing star of the open ranges, Gene Autry, is top man with letter writers this month. So here we have genial Gene himself, making a command appearance and telling you all his thoughts for your applause with a typical Autry serenade.

CHOICE COMPANIONS

If my favorite screen stars were also my close friends, I'd choose Jeannette MacDonald for my pal and confidante, Joan Blondell when I felt in a gay, irresponsible mood; Virginia Bruce when I wished to be quiet and least my companions of all—a cozy, companionable evening of conversation, I choose Horace Marriott.

ETHEL DORR
Hollywood, Calif.

TAYLOR-MADE STORIES

Period plays, costume stories, wealthy playboy roles, good as they were with Robert Taylor playing them, still are not the best style of vehicle for him. Hollywood made a gift to the world by giving Clark Gable rugged characters to portray, now let it do the same for Taylor. Put Bob up in the lumber country with his home a log cabin, plenty of the virile atmosphere of the great out-of-doors as background for an exciting play and—and then we'll have him at his very best.

E. O'MALLEY
Cleveland, O.

ROMANCE TEAM DE LUXE

My idea of the ideal romantic couple: Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Surely this pair has never been surpassed as screen sweethearts. In a review of "Café Metropole," Delight Evans asked: "If Loretta isn't the prettiest girl in pictures, I wish you would kindly tell this department who is." Well, there's no answer to that one—because Loretta is the screen's prettiest.

ROSE MARIAN

MORE, NOT LESS MUSIC

Mourna Harris, of Wichita, Kansas, recently protested against background music for dialogue in films. Well, I am entering a volley of Salutes and cheers to such musicians as Wolfgang Korngold, Franz Waxman, Herbert Stothart, Max Steiner, Arthur Benjamin, Boris Morros, and many others whose musical scores have added to the delights of motion pictures. In my opinion their musical contributions to movies deserve the highest honors.

OLGA FELD
Indianapolis, Ind.

ROMEO OF THE RANGE

Let me test your knowledge of who's who on the screen!
He's handsome, sings beautifully, rides a horse like a champion, and his acting is good, too. Now have you guessed? If not, you're not up on your movies. It's Gene Autry, the king of cowboys.

CARMELITA IAMPETRO
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO FILMS—NO FUN

A town without a theater is as far from as a man without a country. Imagine being without movies (which happen to be our one amusement) for five months. When the new theater was completed, I stood in line four nights straight and finally saw a Western. And gloriously glad to see it, too!

VIRGINIA H. McDOWELL
Ronceverte, W. Va.

Talk About the Talkies

Talk it over with Hollywood, by sending us your ideas for pictures, Salutes or Snubs for recent films or performances—in fact whatever is on your mind regarding the screen and its glamorous people. All letters are welcome. Please limit each comment to fifty words or less, but send as many as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
THEY CALLED HER "HORSE-TOOTH" HELEN UNTIL-

Miss Carroll Brady, lovely New York model, says:

I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping teeth really white and gleaming.

They never look really clean, why don’t you tip Helen off?

LATER

Why it’s simply working wonders—this Listerine Tooth Paste—my teeth are so white!

Jane gives Helen a gentle hint.

I’ve brought you a wonderful tooth paste, Helen, the kind Broadway models use. I thought my teeth were perfect but it has improved their looks 20% why don’t you try it?

I will, maybe it will get rid of that yellow look my teeth have.

They called her "Horse-Tooth" Helen until—

They never ask me anywhere.

Okey dokey, it’s a grand picture.

The lovely models in our New York studios can not take chances with the looks of their teeth, for the camera doesn’t lie, it shows them just as they are. By experience, models have found that Listerine Tooth Paste gives exceptional whiteness and marvelous lustre, yet never damages delicate enamel. They call it the beauty bath for teeth.

Jane gives Helen a gentle hint.

I’ve brought you a wonderful tooth paste, Helen, the kind Broadway models use. I thought my teeth were perfect but it has improved their looks 20% why don’t you try it?

I will, maybe it will get rid of that yellow look my teeth have.

I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping teeth really white and gleaming.

Jane gives Helen a gentle hint.

I’ve brought you a wonderful tooth paste, Helen, the kind Broadway models use. I thought my teeth were perfect but it has improved their looks 20% why don’t you try it?

I will, maybe it will get rid of that yellow look my teeth have.

Delightfully refreshing as Listerine itself

You will be delighted with the after-effect of Listerine Tooth Paste. The gums and the entire mouth feel wonderfully refreshed and invigorated—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Do not overlook the economy of Listerine Tooth Paste. Remember, more than a quarter of a pound of it in the big double size tube for 40¢. Regular size tube, 25¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
THE last day of shooting "Nothing Sacred," William Wellman, who directed the opus, was most pleased to find a large package had been sent around from Carole Lombard. Upon opening it, however, he found a specially constructed straight-jacket! Just Carole's way of telling him he was slightly mad, of course.

IRENE DUNNE may be a perfect lady, but she's certainly no sissy. We were watching a scene out on location of "The Awful Truth." Irene was supposed to release the brakes on a car and let it roll down hill. Actually, the car was held back by half-a-dozen grips who had a rope securely fastened to the rear end. But the car was heavier than they realized, and it started to pull them down the hill. Without thinking twice, Irene grabbed the rope, as did a couple of other members of the troupe, pulling it to a stop. And entirely forgetting she was wearing a pair of frail black lace gloves!

CARY GRANT is still carrying that torch around for Ginger Rogers, who's been stepping high, wide and handsome with Gregory La Cava this past month.

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor want to dance, they don't go to any of the popular night spots, but instead frequent the Palomar Dance Hall—hang-out of the college crowd. Reason is they don't like to be conspicuous and they do like the swing bands the place specializes in. We also heard Bob was refused admittance, the other eye, because he was wearing a turtle-neck sweater instead of the conventional collar and tie.

SIRLIE TEMPLE, obliged to milk a goat for certain scenes, in "Heidi," complained violently because the milk spurted up in her face each time. "Don't be a baby, Shirley," her mother admonished, "it's part of your job." So Shirley obediently went on with the scene. As she had anticipated, the milk squirted all over her face. When the scene was completed, Shirley puckered up her face, muttering to herself, "Even if it were pasteurized milk, I wouldn't like it!"

SIGRID GURIE, playing her first role in "Marco Polo," comes to work each morning on a bus, brings her own lunch, and is still completely fascinated with the idea that none other than Gary Cooper makes love to her every day on the set!

THERE'S no truth to the rumor that there's a romance between Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland. Fact is, Olivia was most astonished when Brian arranged an informal luncheon party for a foursome on the day of her twenty-first birthday. It's just that Brian, like everyone who knows Olivia, was completely captivated by her youth and freshness and wanted to do some-

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

A dream brings a welcome awakening for Charles Boyer, as he opens his eyes to discover his co-star in a film version of the Broadway stage hit, "Tovarich," is Claudette Colbert.
thing nice for her. And Olivia, who is such a little girl at heart, was thrilled beyond words at being noticed by such an attractive older man.

MARIE BLAKE, who has just been given a contract at M-G-M, is none other than Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Blossom.

DON AMECE was offered a lift by Rubinoff in his roadster. Thanking him, Don started to climb in beside the violinist. "Oh, no," Rubinoff expostulated, "only my violin rides beside me. You must occupy the rumble seat!" And he meant it!

BEN BURNS has installed a dictophone in his home so he can record each weekly radio broadcast and then find out how it'll sound by listening to the playback. If his gage sound good, he lets them stay. If he isn't satisfied, he substitutes new ones. In this way, he's assured of their success before going on the air.

DICK ARLEN sports probably the fanciest boat in the Santa Monica harbor. It not only is stream-lined in design, but has every conceivable modern gadget, including Venetian blinds throughout and a wireless telephone. Dick, Joxy, and little Ricky recently spent a most comfortable week aboard and agreed there wasn't a single thing lacking they wouldn't have enjoyed in their own home.

WHEN you see Billie Burke in "The Bride Wore Red," she'll be a blonde. Claudette Colbert has also lightened her tresses for her rôle in "Tovarich" on account. Claudette told me, she'd always wanted to be a blonde Russian!

ON the set of "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn had to submit to being thoroughly soaked with water for scenes in the picture, in spite of the fact he had a terrible cold. Who says actors don't have any hardships? Incidentally, Errol is off on his new boat for Ensenada and some fishing immediately upon the completion of the picture.

THEY were running some pictures in the projection room at the Crawford-Tone home. Joan's small niece sat through them all, including some very amusing short subjects and a couple of Joan's and Franchot's more recent films. At the end of the last feature, the youngster piped: "Auntie Joan, couldn't we just have funny pictures after this?"

YOU'LL never guess what Fred MacMurray's newest hobby is—it's making toys! And Fred has had the most elaborate of tool shops built into his garage, just so's he can cut little gadgets out of wood for his own amusement. And they're good!

(Please turn to page 14)

OH STOP! I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN

HELEN:
The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:
I hate riddles!

HELEN:
Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time...
SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN:—Studio was trying to decide whether Tyrone Power should develop a mustache and if so, what kind. So they invited a party of some two hundred women for lunch in the studio commissary, whilst Tyrone paraded back and forth, wearing a different type lip-piece, so they could help decide. Gosh, it must be fun to be an actor!

RED KEATING has solved the problem of coping with theater chattering. Fred sat behind a couple one night who buzzed away consistently through the most interesting scenes, completely drowning out the dialogue. Finally, he leaned over and tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Would you mind repeating that last remark?" he said, "I missed it." The conversation ceased!

DOROTHY LAMOUR is not to be a band-leader’s widow, after all. Her hubby, Herb Kay, has just succeeded in lining up an engagement which will keep him on the coast for the rest of the year, so they won’t have to be separated.

VICTOR McLAGLEN’s son, Andrew, has been confined to his bed for the past few weeks with a broken leg. When he finally was up and about, it was discovered he’d grown three inches during his illness and is now exactly Vic’s height—six foot three. And the kid is only fifteen!

SINCE Will Rogers’ untimely death, Fred Stone has become a veritable foster-father to Will’s son, Bill Jr. He not only takes the boy on hunting and fishing trips, but advises him about all his business investments. As you know, Fred and Will Sr., had been close friends for years.

JACK HALEY pulled one of the best gags of the season on Charlie Ruggles the other evening when he showed up at one of Charlie’s parties with his dog, fancily attired in dinner clothes! It was all because Charlie is so proud of his own dogs and his elaborate kennels, the finest in these parts.

IF YOU’RE planning on visiting Mynna Loy in her new home, you mustn’t park in the spot with the red curb which is marked plainly “Do Not Park Here,” because that’s Mynna’s own special parking place. The rest of the courtyard is marked off with the regulation white lines, indicating each parking space.

"Nothing Sacred"—In Editor Fredric March’s sanctum. An advance flash giving you an idea of Freddie’s new film, in which Carole Lombard co-stars.

OF ALL things—Bruce Cabot is about to buy a circus! Seems Bill Hart (former big Western star) talked him into the idea and they’re pooling their resources to take on a collection of animals and acrobats so they can open up in the fall.

WE COULDN’T believe our eyes when little Shirley Ross, at the luncheon table in the Derby the other day, dragged out a sack of tobacco, some cigarette papers, and started to “roll her own!” Somehow, she didn’t seem to be making a very good job of it. “What goes on?” I asked her. "Oh, gosh," she complained, “I have to do this all the way through my next picture, and I don’t think I’ll ever get the technique. That’s why I’m practicing every chance I have.” Just then, the whole thing fell in her coffee, much to her disgust.

JUST before he left on his extended bear-hunting expedition, Clark Gable had a short wave radio set installed in his car. You’d never guess whom he wants to keep in touch with during his trip, would you?

April Showers Talc

It’s thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It’s exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth"... And it’s satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price... 28¢.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world! April Showers Perfume in purse-sizes—28¢, 50¢, $1.

Success hint! Make your work a hobby. It’s a cinch. Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett prove that, as Joan acts and Hank films for fun on location for “I Met My Love Again.”
Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.

Ramon NOVARRO

in

The SHEIK STEPS OUT

with LOLA LANE - GENE LOCKHART - KATHLEEN BURKE - STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN . . .
directed by Irving Pichel - original story and screen play by Adele Buffington
Associate Producer Herman Schlem
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Shirley Temple in a new locale—as a Kipling character in India, whither she and her widowed mother, June Lang, go to live with her grandfather, commander of a British army post. The gruff grandfather, a tough sergeant, the soldiers, and even a hostile native chieftain all come under her spell—and so does the audience. Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith and Cesar Romero, excellent. You'll like it.

Joan Blondell, sob-sister reporter, is in love with Pat O'Brien, managing editor. But he's too much in love with his job to take time out for romance. It takes an involved murder mystery, ending in a wedding and honeymoon trip, to force the issue. Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, Eddie Acuff, Walter Byron and Regis Toomey appear to good advantage in supporting roles. Mildly entertaining film.

Story about a reporter who, sent on a wild-goose chase by rival news-hawks, runs across a human interest yarn dealing with a white child being raised by a negro, who claims the child as her own. Claire Trevor turns in a creditable performance as the reporter. Bill Robinson and Fredi Washington are outstanding in dramatic parts. Sally Blane, Douglas Fowley, and Ralf Hardele round out a good cast.

Pleasing romance to the accompaniment of South Seas serenades and eye-fetching camera work. Movita, whom you may remember as Franchot Tone's native wife in "Mutiny on the Bounty," decorates her part in the play with visual appeal and real charm. She falls in love with the white man, Warren Hull, who is washed up on shore after a shipwreck. Hull and the others act their parts with skill. Appealing.

Not since "Of Human Bondage" has Bette Davis given such an emotionally stirring performance, and you're advised to take along an extra hanky when you see her in this role of a self-sacrificing wife and mother, who triumphs in spite of tragedy and persecution. Ian Hunter as her friend and employer is splendid, and Henry Fonda is excellent as the man she loves. Donald Crisp and Anita Louise, also fine.

"High Finance" in Civil War days. Edward Arnold is striking in a characteristically vigorous role as the ruthless Jon Fisk. Jack Oakie just about steals every scene he plays, and Cary Grant registers favorably. But Frances Farmer is unable to overcome the artificialities of her role. Comedy helps to make this busy but far from subtle melodrama entertaining. It is lavishly staged and visually very impressive.
Jean Harlow's last film, and a memorable swan song. This is also a picture of action with the excitement of the race track as background for a romance wherein the heroine must decide whether to follow the dictates of her heart and marry the bookmaker or adhere to a promise to break away from horse racing. Clark Gable has the best suited role in some time, and makes the most of it. Pleasing.

One you can miss without regrets. There is a plot—more's the pity—and it deals with a lazy but good-humored lout who is squatting with his family in a rustic home owned by a former bootlegger. The owner is now a kidnapper or something, and wants to hide out there, but prefers to pay board to the squatter—who gets the hundred thousand the gang is fighting for. Fred Stone and Emma Dunn are wasted.

Obviously designed for the second half of a double bill, this mild little film involves the private life of a race-track tout, his wife and her family, and a girl friend who has faith in him to the bitter end. Performances of Barton MacLane, Dick Purcell, Peggy Bates and Charley Foy are adequate. Ann Sheridan proves again that she'll soon be ready for more important roles. Pretty mediocre entertainment, this.

John Lodge essays the celebrated chap known as Bulldog Drummond, and proves he isn't the type. Even so, Lodge is better than his story, and so are Victor Iory, Dorothy Mackaill and others in this British film. The expected excitement fails to materialize as the story unfolds a plot involving international war racketeers, mystery airplanes and other engines of death. It sums up as much too-mild melodrama.

LOVELY FASHION MODEL
REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"

18 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT

This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle...its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soaps that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up at once! Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES
Helen Vinson Perry invites you to a "Little Dinner" in her gracious home

Helen Vinson’s home is a red-roofed, white house in Beverly Hills, with a big pepper tree dripping its lucy branches over a wide green lawn. A winding walk leads up to the tiny twin trees that guard the entrance, each in its formal white box.

The entrance hall is tiled in dark red, varnished so that it gleams, and this tile is repeated in the dining-room.

"It's a California house," said my hostess. "I'm doing it over—or rather William Haines is doing it for me—and I think we'll really have something if it's ever finished. Poor Bill, I put it in his hands, but you know— he fights every step of the way! I know what I want, and he knows what he thinks I should have, and there we are!"

"He'll bring in a piece of furniture or drapery or a lamp and say: 'This is the answer, my dear.' It belongs to this room,' and I will say: 'Take it away! I can't bear it!' It's a wonder we have anything to sit on, so far. As it is, I found these dining-room chairs in his basement: it was all I could do to persuade him to let me have them, but aren't they perfect?"

The chairs are of satin-smooth dark wood, low-backed, with seats covered in a glazed flowered chintz to match the draperies.

"When we came here, this dining-room was in dark blue—all indigo, walls, ceiling, woodwork, and all, with heavy dark shutters, heavy ornate furniture of antique Spanish, mirrors on the walls, diamond-shaped, with huge arms to hold candles sticking out some eighteen inches. The effect was that of a black room, probably quite marvelous as a background for Lilian Tashman, who was very fair. She lived here, you know.

"I must have light. Dark rooms make me unhappy. So we had the walls and ceilings done in white, took down the shutters, put up the draperies with their white ground and light flowers, and took down the mirrors and candelabra. It's not a large room, and my idea is that it should be as simple as possible."

On the wall above the buffet is an array of Wedgewood plaques, in that special blue used by Josiah Wedgwood, one at least being dated at the time Bentley was Josiah's partner, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

"It's a nice room for little dinners—four to six people—and that's the sort of entertaining I like doing," Helen observed. "If you have interesting guests, who enjoy talking, it's ideal."

"Tonight, I'm having a menu that Screenland readers may like to try, if they care for unusual dishes. We built the dinner around the special dish, of course. I don't
know the first thing about cooling, but I plan all my meals. My cook will give you the recipes.

MENU
Oyster Bouillon
Sweetbreads in Black Walnuts
Grilled Bacon on Tomato Green Peas
Romaine Salad Cheese
Champagne Coffee

"We serve coffee in the living-room or out on the patio, if it's warm enough. I know how they fix the sweetbreads — crush the walnuts, cut the sweetbreads up into small pieces, roll them in the nuts and saute them."

OYSTER BOUILLON
Chop 1 pint of oysters, add to their liquor, and cook slowly five minutes. Add 3 cupfuls hot water, a small blade of Burnett's mace and ½ teaspoon celery salt. Bring to the boiling point and strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Reheat and serve in cups with a spoonful of whipped cream. Garnish cream with a shake of paprika. (It may be necessary to season with salt, but oysters when fresh will often be sufficiently salt in themselves.)

If you don't care for romaine salad, Helen suggests endive and roquefort instead.

ENDIVE AND ROQUEFORT SALAD
In making the salad, after washing the endive, loosen the center leaves and stuff with Roquefort cheese which has been mashed soft, with a little French dressing. Serve sliced on dark-green lettuce leaves with French dressing.

"Do you see this Irish lace?" The young actress pointed out the plate doilies of delicate hand-made lace. "My husband brought them to me from Ireland, where he went to play tennis. He brought another set, too, which is equally lovely. I am mad about them!"

As you know, the husband's name is Fred Perry, tennis champion. She stood by the rosy drapery, tall and fair in her deep coral hostess gown, with its flowing sleeves and small gold clip at the neck. Sandals in the same coral shade crossed her feet.

"Omar Kiam designed it for me. He did all the gorgeous clothes I wear in Walter Wanger's Vogue Pictures. Quite lovely, isn't it?" It brought out the warm tints in her skin, made her hair seem more golden, her eyes a richer brown.

"We had a most successful little dinner last week. Maybe you'd like to hear about it. "First there was cream of leek soup, then salmon soufflé, which I adore, then leg of lamb with green peas and new potatoes, a green salad, and for dessert a ripe pineapple cut lengthwise. In the shell there were long bits of the pineapple mixed with halved strawberries, with Kirsch liqueur on the fruit. And of course coffee later."

CREAM OF LEEK SOUP
Chop 1 bunch of leeks, cover with boiling water and boil 10 minutes. Drain well, place in a sauce pan, add 3 tablespoons butter and fry lightly; sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sifted Flour's flour, season with salt, pepper and Burnett's nutmeg and pour over 3 cups milk and 3 cups veal stock. Cook 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Rub all through a sieve into a clean pan, reheat, add ¼ teaspoon sugar and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Serve with croutons.

SALMON SOUFFLÉ
Mix 2 cups of boned and flaked cooked salmon with 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 cup milk, seasoning of salt, paprika, chopped parsley and 2 well beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered earthenware dish or glass baking dish, set in the oven until heated through. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until light and lemon colored with ½ teaspoon salt and mix with the stiffly beaten white of 2 eggs seasoned with ¼ teaspoon paprika. Pour over the heated fish mixture and brown nicely in the oven. (Sealtest Dairy products are always good.)

(Please turn to page 78)
Your eyes
will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day
you'd see... lovely to look at, lovelier
still as you listen! A musical romance
gay and magnificent, skimming in shi-
mering delight along the silvery Alpine
slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty
so breath-taking that it's all you've ever
longed for in entertainment... as your
"One In A Million" girl finds the boy
in a million!

SONJA HENIE • TYRONE POWER

ARThUR TReACHEr
RADMONd WALbURN
JOAN DAViS

SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
... who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing",
"One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Your guarantee of the best
in entertainment!
DEAR F. F. H.:  

That stands for the First Family of Hollywood. I know you must be, from the way you act. Or even from the way you don't act, as in "The Toast of New York." It takes somebody very, very snooty to stand stock still and let some of the best actors in Hollywood act rings all around her, as you did as Josie Mansfield. Why, when I think of what Gypsy Rose Lee—beg her pardon, Louise Hovick—could have done with the rôle of Josie, I could cry. "The Toast of New York" would have been a far different picture, and I would be in a much better humor; and you, I have no doubt at all, would be a brighter and happier girl—at least I hope so; certainly playing Josie must have been too sick-making for you—if you can be said to have played the part at all. To me, you just stood off from the unfortunate Josie, holding her at arms' length as though she had a slightly bad smell. Oh, no—you wouldn't mess up your Art by seizing that part by the teeth and giving it a good, thorough mauling—not the aloof Miss Farmer. Not you.

Well, I would like to ask you something. Just who do you think you are, anyway? I think, though you didn't ask me, that you are the most ungrateful young woman who ever won sudden success in Hollywood. You appeared one day, a handsome newcomer; practically the next, you were given an attention-calling lead opposite Bing Crosby; and then you were handed one of the best rôles of the season, in "Come and Get It," an important picture; made much of by directorial technique and camera magic, with luscious costumes and close-ups. Result: acclaim; you were "discovered," by this magazine's Honor Page and others—one of the very few times that Screenland has guessed wrong. What happened then? Was it that you thought, "Well, if Hollywood is this easy, I say it's spinach, and to hell with it?" Did you decide in that handsome and, I've still no doubt, high-minded head of yours, that what is so quickly won is not worth winning? It would seem so; for in "Exclusive" you played a newspaper girl with all the fire of a Kitty Clancy; and Josie Mansfield in "The Toast of New York" with all the appeal of a road-company Mary Carlisle.

And now what? Why, a sojourn in a "summer theatre" in the East, "for experience." Of course, you can't get experience, I mean good experience, in Hollywood? You permitted no photographs to be made at the Manhattan train; but not a ticket-purchaser was turned away from the theatre because he might have come to see Frances Farmer of the movies. You packed 'em in, I hear—whether because of your art, or because of your Hollywood build-up, there's no telling. Perhaps you're doing a deliberate Hepburn—without her color and verve. All the camera-ducking points to it. On the other hand, you may be merely a serious-minded young actress who honestly hates the motion picture medium and yearns for the stage—all right, who's stopping you?

Delight Evans

21
"YOU'VE got to have zing!"

It sounds like the title of a Fred Astaire song, but it's serious business in Hollywood. It's the boys and girls with the hot-cha personalities who get somewhere and who stay there (for a while), in this business. Pep and personality count. From the first screen test to the big "take" in the super-colossal epic, there is some quality of fire, vitality, call it what you will—which must register if a player is to go on to bigger and better salaries.

The industry which spends hundreds of thousands of dollars every year searching for it cannot tell you what it is. Directors, despairing of defining it, just sigh and call it "Zing!" It has little to do with looks. The most beauteous damsel or the handsomest young man may be totally devoid of it. It took them a while, you know, to discover that Fred Astaire had it and that Fred's zing, paired with Ginger Rogers' zing made something which could be described at the box-office as "zing-issimo." This to the profit of everyone concerned.

When Robert Taylor was working at Metro for an almost invisible salary, someone looked at one of the "Crime Doesn't Pay" short subjects and cried, "My gosh! That boy has 'zing!'" And look where Bob is today.

So it isn't surprising that when people find that they possess this elusive and valuable quality, they will go to almost any lengths to increase it and retain it. I was interested, for instance, to learn that Dolores Del Rio makes a practice of walking a-top a high board fence almost every day. She really does. She says that for her it is important. It gives her a physical poise, a sense of balance and perspective; it sends blood rushing to those centers of consciousness (somewhere at the back of her brain), which make her fit for a day's work. In other words, that exercise gives her zing.
It may seem a trifle elaborate to you. (It certainly did to me when I first heard about it!) But a bit of investigation convinced me that Dolores' recipe was not fantastic at all, so far as Hollywood is concerned. It is rather on the mild side. Everyone here has a recipe for attaining and keeping zing. Some of them will amaze you. Some of them you may find useful.

Dolores' idea seemed positively restful to me when I found out about Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. If they are to keep up that terrific tempo which is so important in their pictures, they daren't "let down" for even a moment between shots. They daren't relax even when they are rehearsing. A pause in the activities on the set usually finds Fred at the piano, playing away like everything while Ginger sings and sways. Some time Hermes Pan takes a turn at the piano, especially if it is during rehearsals, and Fred and Ginger do spirited burlesques of whatever number they have been practicing.

Their burlesque of one number which they did just for their own amusement, resulted in the "All My Eggs in One Basket" number in "Follow the Fleet." They have done some sort of burlesque in every picture since, mostly worked up while they were "relaxing" between shots. Wouldn't you think that they would just want to go and lie down somewhere and maybe have a nice cup of tea when they are not cavorting before the camera? Both of them agree that if they did any such thing, the "zing" would leave them. So they keep moving.

Jeanette McDonald lies down. She has the blessed knack of being able to knock off twenty minutes' sleep (with witch-hazel packs on the eyes) and come up filled with vim and renewed energy. But Jeanette has her Spartan qualities, too. Last winter when everyone was draining his swimming pool and saying, "Oh, let's wait for some swimming weather!" Jeanette was up with the mocking birds and splashing about in the icy pool every single morning, rain or shine. "It gives me whoosh!" she said.

Oh, dear! Sometimes I wish I didn't know any (Please turn to page 75)

By Helen Louise Walker

What is this thing called Zing? Read all about it here, and why all our Hollywood stars must have it

Dolores Del Rio has more Zing of the Latin variety than any other star in screenland. Joan Crawford, for left, gets her supply of Zing from sun-bathing, she says. Oh, well!
Sonja Goes American

First saw her flying across milk-white ice like a winging snowbird. Then she lighted on a chair beside me with a breezy: "Phew! Oh, my God, it's hot out there!"

Hot? In congealed astonishment I buttoned up my overcoat against the chilling air as Sonja Henie waved a hand matching her rosy cheeks toward the vast expanse of studio-created rink where, with hundreds of other skaters, she had been rehearsing an enchanting ballet flashing black-and-white figures in waltz rhythm for her second picture, "Thin Ice."

"But sometimes," she added, "I'm not so hot. All day for seven days I sit in the snow. A machine here makes it out of ice. Brr-r-r-r! Did you ever sit in the snow for a week and try to be romantic? That's what I did in a scene with Tyrone—Mista' Power, you know. But I didn't mind."

What I minded, with keen amusement, was that the lively Sonja talked as fast as she can skate. Her ringing laugh speeded up her racing words. Good nature kept pace with good health. Meanwhile her perky nose seemed to be keeping tabs on her leaping smiles, at the same time dodging her record-breaking dimples.

Nice girl. Likewise good girl. From good stock, honest and sturdy. No mistaking that. Compared to her, eudeptic, charming, vital as she is—shredded Hollywood stars, dietetic to desperation, seemed pale and anemic, their blood turned to water while hers was rich in its capacity for work and achievement.

"Hot and cold, hot and cold, that's me," she rushed on, still running to temperatures. "But people don't know it. They see me skating and they think I am cool like the cucumber. Ha! After a number I am all wet. Then for two weeks I feel the effect. It lets me down. The cold dead air gets under my skin and I can't get it out. That makes me very, very tired, so tired I don't want to move, just stay in bed with the blankets pulled up to here."

She chucked herself under the chin, as I wondered whether her effortless skating meant killing work to her.

Found — In America, fame, fortune, romance, love! For details see Sonja Henie, who tells us here, for the first time, her hitherto secret plans for the future.

By Charles Darnton

"Skating," she solemnly declared, "is the hardest sport in the world. But," brightening, "I love it. If not I just as well quit it. I could not give the same performance. This is possible only when I am fresh. And love of what you do keeps you fresh—oh, yes! If I am stale the people would know it right away, so it is better I stop before I die on my feet."

Though no immediate danger of this threatened the champion of them all, I was curious to know the professional term of life of a skater.

"Years," was her indefinite answer, with a wide sweep of the arms. "And it takes years to make a skater. I started at eight and I'm now twenty-four, and all the time I am..."

Most famous skater in the world is still only twenty-four! Sonja Henie in her second picture, "Thin Ice," shows screen audiences still more of her amazing skill. Above, in action. Across the page at right, a love scene with Tyrone Power, and a full-length portrait.
improving. It is good for me that I am very strong. I have only to keep in condition by exercising, and that is easy, for I do not smoke or drink and I eat with great success. That is good for my legs. If I go on a diet my legs would go out from under me. I must be strong because in pictures I work from nine to seven and I am on skates all the time.—well, anyway, if I don’t sit down in the snow with Tyrone. But for me there must be two months between pictures, and then I sit in the sun—you like the sun here, yes? But maybe you don’t like to skate, no? You would in Norway, for that is the life there. You feel it in the air, which outside is bracing, and that makes all the difference. When I was ten I felt I would be world champion. At thirteen I was.

She wasn’t boasting, just making a simple statement of fact. A daughter of her native fjords, Sonja Henie had glided over their frozen surface naturally and swiftly to her gleaming destiny. It was all as much a part of her as her wind-swept eyes and her sunny hair. But did she still feel her first fine enthusiasm?

“I am crazy about it all the time,” she gloweringly assured me. “When I skate I feel very free, full of the joy of freedom. It’s like I am master of my own world and can do anything I want in it. It is even better than ever now because in pictures I have dancing. Before it was just spins and jumps. I am still doing this, but they put music to it and that makes it dancing. I have done as many as forty-five spins, and now there is a little bit of skating in all I do. But I think of it as dancing. Shall I tell you a long-time secret? All right. Every time I put on a new pair of skates I have looked at them and talked to them and asked them: ‘Where will you carry me? To what new place will you take me? To what great change in my life will you bring me?’ For me America has answered all those questions. Maybe it is funny what I do, but perhaps other girls are like that, too, only they talk to their new dancing slippers and wonder what they will lead to, hoping it may be romance waiting for them that very night in a ballroom. But with me it has always been skates, just two shining blades of steel that might cut a new path through life for me.”

That, no doubt, was the Norwegian of it. But instantly she flashed:

“Skating, like love, is not a matter of geography. It depends upon the sincerity of the person, whether the girl or the boy has the patience, vitality and endurance to keep practicing for perfection. A good skater can be developed in any country where water freezes, and many good ice skaters have been developed in America. Every place I go girls and boys come to me and say they want to be skaters. But you know how it is—people will say, ‘I want to be a writer,’ but they never set to work trying to be one, they just dream about it. You can’t get anywhere with your ambitions by sitting and dreaming, can you? So I never know if the girls and boys who talk to me about wanting to be skaters ever do anything about it. But I do know from my fan mail that ‘everyone’ wants to skate. Some ask to be given lessons in figure skating, others ask about exercises to get into condition, and many tell me to make more skating pictures. Well, I will make them so long as I draw, but not more than two a year. They are too hard, even if they do look easy. I never made a picture in Europe, and it was only here that I turned professional.”

It has been said that Miss Henie has since become more interested in acting than in skating. But she emphatically protested:

“No! I would rather be a great skater than a great actress. Why? All right, I tell you. If you really want to compete with people to see who’s the best you can’t do it in acting. But you can do (Please turn to page 75)
radio, you see. In private life I've discovered that he forgets his super-work schedule. He proceeds to Live, Love, and Laugh in capital letters. By comparison all the other screen males seem sad, frustrated souls.

Actually, it's Meche who's able to have a keen marriage, a family, and Fun to boot. It's he who hates to go to bed until dawn and ham and eggs; who's a ringleader in larks and gags. But only by catching him unawares, entirely away from the studios, did I find out about his sweeping impuliveness, learn from him exactly what he's thinking.

He happened to be at the Troc with Honore, his wife. They were the center of a blithe crowd, but he spied me and cried, "Come on out to the country tomorrow and have a swim!" Little did I suspect I'd be literally thrown into his pool, clothes and all. But then neither did he suppose I'd go to press with these intimate details of a true day with him—and of the unrivaled night that followed. (He hasn't heard yet that Hollywood's old stuffies imagine they're in a nine o'clock town.)

The Ameche home is a rambling, semi-Spanish affair in a flowering orange grove. It's away out in the rolling foothills of Encino. Honore met me at the door. "Yes, it's eleven already; but Don isn't up. We didn't get in until four this morning and milord and master is again being roused when it isn't urgent!"

Honore—she's always plain Honey to Meche and he's Don to her because that's the abbreviation of Dominic, his original title—is a tall, slim ash-blonde who looks and reasons like Ann Harding and has, in addition, the wit of Myrna Loy. In brief, Don chose a wife who'd rather be natural and skip gooey make-ups and trailing gowns.

Before we had time to discuss him, however, he strolled leisurely in from his bedroom, in white duck pants and sandals and a tan. "Honey," he questioned, "where's the shorts you were going to buy me?" He had her there; for once she hadn't been the perfect mate. Meche didn't crab, though. Instead he strolled out for a minute and returned with a large pair of scissors. Clip-clip-dip and he was in shorts!

He had breakfast of orange juice—"Fresh from the tree to him," Honore ad-libbed—eggs, toast, and coffee.

"We came out here to live," he informed me, "for the children's sake. Back in Chicago elevator riding was their one sport. So of course we wanted a house and Beverly Hills was too foggy for them."

I was careful not to prompt him in any way; you get an accurate idea of a person only when he's being strictly himself.

"Mind if I glance through the papers?" He smiled. At first you don't consider him exceptional in appearance. But as soon as he speaks his voice gets you. Then he smiles and his friendliness is so obvious that you immediately feel like a pal from away back. He read, I observed, just the movie and sport columnists. "I like to dream I'm on the inside," he confessed, "I've only been to one major league baseball game in my life, but I check the scores!"

Two blond boys tumbled in on us then—Donny, almost four, and Ronny, who's a year and a half old. They had to clamber over Daddy, and the baby nearly lost his securities in the process. Daddy agreed happily that we'd go swimming.

Next in walked Gabriel, who's Meche's own age (twelve-seventy) and who's been a chum ever since coming as a Belgian refugee to the Catholic grammar school Don attended. When Donny was born Meche recalled that Gabriel was as kind as he was efficient; presto—Donny had a special pal and Daddy got a secretary.

I quickly noticed that Don can take as good a ribbing as he can give. Frequently he'll telephone Honore and attempt to fool her. He'll alter his voice, go into an accent, and usually she's wondering if she may really
have told Mr. Zanuck to "Stop it, Zanny!"

Gabriel's face was seriousness itself. "I wanted to get in touch with you at the studio yesterday, Don. But I didn't want to disturb you."

"What do you mean—disturb me?" mumbled Don, partially untangling himself from baby legs that were threatening to strangle him.

"Well," said Gabriel innocently, "you were asleep in Alice Faye's dressing-room, and so—.

"I was what—where?" hollered Don. "Why, why—!" He choked. Honore rocked, seemingly crushed. "Honey, I've never so much as—." He waved the baby's foot helplessly. "Honey, so help me you know I—Honey, listen to me—Gabriel, who dared to say that?"

"Nobody said you were in Alice Faye's dressing-room," continued the dead-pan Gabriel. And, as an aside to me, "Don does fall asleep most anywhere!" Gabriel suddenly realized he'd evidently made a great error. "But I phoned everywhere else you might be," he fumbled, "and—."

Then Meche got it. He roared. When he laughs you bubble. Honore roared, Gabriel fell off his chair in mad glee. The baby was tossed up in the air.

"I've no sympathy for you," declared Honore as severely as she could make it. "My poor father! He was so gullible." To me: "Dom used to rib him so and father (Please turn to page 66)"
Princess of Politics

Gay and lively fictionization of "First Lady," the new Kay Francis picture of romance and intrigue in Washington, from the famous stage play

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

The first time Lucy Wayne and Irene Hibbard met they smiled much too brightly and murmured "darling," with exclamation points in their voices and Washington thrilled to the new feud. For Washington knows sparring when it sees it.

There were a few preliminary skirmishes and then the official bout started. Over a man, of course. It wasn't a husband, for according to feminine Washington's bright code that would have been fair enough and what anybody would expect. No, Irene went further than that—and took Lucy's colored chef who had made her Sunday breakfasts the most potent political force in the capital. For presidents had been made and unmade right between the popovers.

It was Lucy's first defeat, and a bitter pill to swallow. For she was former President Chase's granddaughter and even now, years and years and years afterwards, very much grown up and married to Stephen Wayne, Secretary of State, she was still the White House Baby. Out of all the children who had ever slid down White House hannisters she was the only one to have bounced on to fame because of it.

If Irene Hibbard hadn't been such a buccaneer she'd hardly have started anything with Lucy. But she had millions behind her, the ones her father had made in the early automobile days before too many of his Baker Steamers had blown up, and she always had thought her marriage to a foreign prince gave her prestige even if she had divorced him and at the moment she was thinking her marriage to Carter Hibbard, Supreme Court Justice, meant something, too. So she was riding high and felt...
she'd as soon take on the White House Baby as anyone.

Gordon Keane was the latest bone to be flung between them. Not that Lucy was interested in the new senator from the West the way Irene was, but she decided he could be as useful to Stephen’s interests as he was to Irene’s and the western crowd she was mixed up with.

So Lucy beamed with sweet malice and tossed a smile to Irene across the crowded Senate gallery where they sat listening to Gordon’s speech, for it wasn’t the speech Irene expected to hear at all. Irene had practically written that one and Lucy had practically written this one.

Lucy would have liked to draw her triumph out to its full sweet content if it hadn’t been her afternoon at home and if her secretary Sophy Prescott hadn’t telephoned that urgent summons reminding her of it. Sophy was a treasure really and Lucy adored her but there were times, like this, when she could have cheerfully throttled her.

The house was so filled with flowers it looked like the gardens at Mount Vernon when she hurried in, her quick smile flashing as Stephen’s niece came hurrying toward her.

“Emmy child, you look charming!” Her eyes approved the girl’s gold and pink and white perfection. “Everything looks so lovely. I never saw so many flowers. Looks like a gangster’s funeral!” Her words came rushing furiously as Sophy advanced relentlessly toward her. “Now Sophy, darling, don’t say it! You’ll only be sorry—and besides, I can take the words right out of your mouth. Such an unhygienic phrase, I always think. Don’t look so grim, can’t you ever forget you were General Prescott’s daughter? You shouldn’t scold me. I’ve been saving the country.”

Her words kept pace with her running feet as she went to her room to dress, Sophy and Emmy close behind.

“Do you know what he was going to do?” she demanded. “Keane, I mean. He was going to make a speech that was most unfriendly to Stephen’s treaties if I hadn’t headed him off.”

“I saw Senator Keane once,” Emmy said breathlessly. “He’s awfully good-looking. He’s the boy senator from that old state out West.”

“Emmy, go and fix your hair!” Sophy said with that note of asperity in her voice that was so unmistakably Sophy, and with a little moué at her aunt Emmy left reluctantly.

“Boy senator!” Lucy giggled. “That’s really just what he is, Sophy. Look out for him this afternoon if I’m tied up when he gets here.”

“Now Lucy, hadn’t you better go easy with Keane?” Sophy demanded. “Irene Hibbard’s entirely too close to him. And here’s something from the W. P. P. P. and you’ve got to wear it.”

Gingerly she held out a corsage and Lucy cringed as she touched the red, white, and blue ribbon it was tied with.

“Peace, Purity, and Patriotism!” She laughed a little as she scanned the card. “My dear, they’re priceless. The capitol just teemed with them this morning. They were riding herd on all the senators. Their president was a large, dovey lady, an absolute symbol of peace. I suppose this is she.” She looked down on the signature on the card. “Mrs. Creevey.” “Lavinia May Creevey.”

She turned eagerly as the door opened and Stephen came in. Even now after years of marriage there was still something exciting and breath-taking when she saw him. Even cynical Sophy could see that and she smiled as she closed the door behind her.

“Stephen, darling!” Lucy took his hand and held it against her cheek for a moment, and the man’s gray eyes darkened as he stood looking down on her. “You look tired. That miserable state department is wearing you out.”

“It’s only a little while.” He sat down beside her stretching out his long legs. “This is a special occasion.”

“It’s always a special occasion.” Her eyes brooded over the fatigue lines etched across his forehead. She leaned over impetuously and kissed him. “By the way, before I forget, I think I’ve got a new senator for you. He made a good speech this afternoon. I practically wrote it.”

“Now darling,” Stephen laughed easily. “I do wish you’d give up ghost-writing for senators. You know it always gets you in trouble.”

“But you can’t (Please turn to page 78)
Lombard, Then and Now

SOME eight years ago good old Pathé Studio—the studio that puts on a beautiful white Colonial front out on Washington Boulevard in Culver City—had a gold mine cooped up in two of its most undesirable dressing-rooms, and thought nothing of it. Just imagine having a Carole Lombard and a Clark Gable on your roster and not giving it a passing thought! Why, there are producers today who would part with their eye-teeth for the opportunity of co-starring Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable. They break into cold sweats just thinking how terrific it would be. Millions, but millions, in the box-office! Pathé could have turned the trick neatly and simply by merely dialing the casting director.

But don't blame Pathé too harshly for its lack of foresight, for after all some eight years ago our glamorous Miss Lombard was but a "mere slip of a girl," rather shy, who had recently lost her job and needed another one something awful; while our screen Lover Number One was but a hulk of a guy from Ohio who hadn't done anything more sensational in the films than a bit in "The Merry Widow" at $7.50 a day. And besides Hollywood at that time was still in its Gay Nineties Period, depression hadn't struck its cruel blow, and little men with red ink versed in the art of subtracting hadnt poured in from Wall Street—oh my, and la la, it was all so gay and riotous. The old Pathé lot was simply lousy with allure girls, hatted and coated with sables and dripping diamond bracelets as they stepped out of aristocratic town cars in the season's best skirt. There were the two Queens, Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett, and those two artistes from the New York theatre, Ann Harding and Ina Claire, and those two lovely blondies, Jeanette Loff and Helen Twelvetrees, and also Sally Rand. Now after all, what with La Swanson and La Bennett feuding over the Marquis de la Falaise, (Connie ripped him from Gloria, you remember), and the Misses Harding and Claire putting art into the movies, and Miss Twelvetrees looking wistful and Miss Rand planning things to do with a fan, you can readily understand why in the luscious excitement of it all Pathé might have overlooked a couple of struggling youngsters.

In fact, Carole and Clark themselves were so unimpressed with themselves and the whole set-up that they didn't even bother to get acquainted, but merely nodded absently as they passed each other at the long, long flight of stairs that led to the undesirable dressing-rooms. Pathé gave Gable his first featured part in "The Painted Desert," starring Helen Twelvetrees, and that stint done he left the studio—no one begged him to stay—and soon afterwards turned up at Metro where "The Secret Six" with Jean Harlow began making him a star practically "overnight."

Carole, under a long-term contract, maintained a discreet silence while the Misses Swanson, Bennett, Harding, and Claire fought it out in the arena; and usually teamed with William Boyd Carole made such goodies as "Power," "High Voltage," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "Big News," "Racketeer," and a whole slate of gangster pictures. She lingered on until Pathé—the termite with the red ink from the East had moved in by then—folded. Having been in on the folding of Mack Sennett's a few years before Carole knew exactly what to do under the circumstances—she gathered up her make-up case and personal belongings, whistled to Fieldsie, and went for a long ride in the country. Carole was beginning to think that she would go down in cinema history as the mysterious blonde who closed studios. But Walter Wanger had picked her for a winner some years before, and the minute she was without a contract he grabbed her off for Paramount where after a session at the Astoria Studio in New York she returned to the home lot and met and married and divorced William Powell. And somewhere along the way she became one of the most glamorous and popular of the movie stars, with a salary today that would make the Misses Swanson, Bennett, Harding, and Claire's eyes pop clean out of their heads.

It was June 7, 1928, that Carole signed a contract with the Cecil B. DeMille Pictures Corporation to make pictures at the Pathé Studio, and for heaven's sake don't ask me what DeMille was doing at Pathé; I only work here. (Even if she did ignore Gable at the time she became friendly with DeMille's art director, Mitchell Leisen, who later at Paramount directed her in two of her best pictures, "Hands Across the Table" and "Swing High, Swing Low") And Gregory La Cava who catapulted her right into the higher brackets with "My Man Godfrey" directed her in a little number called "Big News" at dear old Pathé, if you want to make anything out of it.) It was in June of this year that Carole signed a contract with Selznick-International Pictures to
Want the thrill of dramatic contrasts, highlighted by spirited gaiety? Then read these hitherto unwritten chapters in Carole Lombard's life

By
Liza

make pictures once more at the Pathé Studio out on Washington Boulevard, ten minutes drive from Louis B. Mayer's Gold Guleh. Which sort of rounds things out and makes for good success-story reading. From "Show Folks" with Eddie Quillen in June, 1928, to "Nothing Sacred" with Freddie March in June, 1937, is the gamut.

It's a grand and glorious feeling to be able to return as a Queen to the place where once you worked as a hired girl, and you may be sure that Carole, who gets the most fun out of life, enjoyed the situation thoroughly. But her triumphant re-entry into the citadel lacked the flourish that a Bennett or a Swanson would have given it, for Carole arrived in slacks and in a Ford! "I used to do it better in 1928," said Carole, "for I had a very snappy sports phaeton then and an Alaskan husky, and I would drive up with much grinding of brakes and honking of French horns. But—I was made to park outside the gates." Only the glamorous ones were allowed to park on the lot then, and despite the Alaskan husky and the French horns our Carole didn't make the grade. But now when her Ford roadster drives up to the gate the chains drop with electrifying quickness, and figuratively a red carpet is thrown down with "Welcome" done in rose petals, and the entire studio stops work and says "Yes, Miss Lombard!" What a hell of a difference a few years can make!

When Carole first signed up with Pathé, (for peanuts as we say in the trade), she was given a small dressing-room way up under the eaves which could only be reached by steps, steps, dozens of steps, and Carole took one look at her new quarters and rushed for the paint brush. Always handy with a paint brush, that one. The ambition of her life at that time was to possess Gloria Swanson's dressing-room, which she thought the most beautiful thing ever. It was red and black and silver, the modernistic movement having descended upon Hollywood in all its horror. Gloria took one look at the dressing-room that had been specially decorated for her when she arrived at the studio amid much fanfare and decided that she preferred a bungalow, so one was built for her promptly, but even then they didn't give Carole the red and black and silver. Even as yours and mine, Carole's tastes have changed with the years and she no longer covets the Swanson dressing-room—she could certainly have it now if she wanted it, but she's perfectly happy in a five-room bungalow fully equipped as a model (Please turn to page 77)
Fourth Dimensional Stars

By William H. McKegg

Here's something new and daringly different! Read this stimulating feature for unusual facts and fancies about your cinema enthusiasms.

Our movie favorites defy Time and Space! Instead of trying to reduce their ages, erase from cinematic annals the exact date of their entry into pictures, the stars ought to pat themselves on the back and feel secure in the knowledge that they are furthering science not by theory but by fact!

To glance casually at popular players, if this is permissible, then cast your mind back to the day they made their celluloid debuts, causes you to wonder.

Scientists talk constantly of the Fourth Dimension. These old wise-acs declare time and space do not exist. And now with Television about to astound us, what will become of mere talkies? What an age we live in!

The movie great have exemplified this scientific discovery for years, and say they should worry. For gazing enraptured at them, year in, year out, time and space become non-existent.

Beulah Bondi told me something very pertinent for this supposition. I dropped over to Paramount, to see her. As usual, her talk was most interesting.

"It is remarkable," she said, "How an actor can hold the public mind with his power of acting. The people never notice the space between the player and themselves. Bernhardt played Camille at seventy, and entranced audiences with her apparent youth, with the radiance of soul she projected."

I asked her which Hollywood star she deemed worthy to fit this strange ability, to hold people by magic. Without hesitation, Miss Bondi named Garbo, whom she greatly
admires as a splendid actress and a remarkable woman.

Of course Garbo is not so young. Yet while watching her, we become quite oblivious of the miles between us, and forget that the Swedish Bernhardt has been seventeen years in pictures—eleven of which have been spent in Hollywood.

Garbo is one star always near her admirers. Though in private she is seclusive and aloof, her pictures project her shadow over time and space. She never seems to grow older.

Miss Bondi had an explanation for this. “When you love a person, or have a deep affection for someone, that person seems quite close to you, even though actually far away. You might say,” she added, “that Love banishes time and space.”

On the other hand, if you hate a person you feel a wide gulf between you, even if he chances to be standing right next to you.

But we must keep the love motif in mind. Especially our love for Garbo. Her long standing in pictures means nothing to us. We forget hard facts and revel in her artistry, at her magic in making time and space disappear.

Though Tom Brown is only twenty-four, he is an old-timer in movies, having started his career fifteen years ago, at the age of nine, playing in a film with Lionel Barrymore. As things look, it seems Tom has another fifteen years’ acting ahead of him before he starts to direct—as he hopes to do.

Lionel Barrymore came into his own as a movie actor when talkies appeared. But he was an old hand at the game, having started way back in 1910, with Biograph.

Brother John made his movie début in 1911, in comedy. Pictures have always held the youngest of the Barrymore trio. Today, no longer the dashingly handsome hero, John is revealing a new phase of acting—character portrayals of remarkable force and individuality, as his fine performances in “Romeo and Juliet,” and in “Maytime” so plainly prove.

Ginger Rogers seems still a newcomer, sprung into notice with Astaire. In a way this is true, but Ginger has some eight years of picture work and struggle behind her. The fans seem to forget that for several years Ginger floundered in Hollywood, and was overlooked by unwise movie moguls. Today, her “struggle” years have disappeared. We see only Ginger the glamorous girl, dancing on air.

Many years ago—twenty in all—I saw a film production of “La Bohème” in Europe, with an American actress, Alice Brady. I thought of la Brady for long enough, for her death scene was so touchingly real. She was a big movie star from 1916 till 1924. A stage star, too. The stage claimed her until
With a firm background of picture work—a background of fifteen years—Richard Arlen knows all about Hollywood. I recall back in 1924 when Dick used to long for bits of Paramount, where he was then under contract as a newcomer, at seventy-five dollars a week. Dick has been seventeen years in Hollywood. The first two years were spent in starving and striving. Then came fifteen years of film fame. And he's still popular.

There's no denying the fact, Norma Shearer is a leading figure of Hollywood. She is a fine actress, need I add? She should be, I must add, for she's been in pictures lo! these twenty years.

With the appearance of "A Star Is Born" the entire country declared Janet Gaynor had entered a new phase of screen acting. For twelve years, Janet has made picture after picture. She has become a household word.

From extra work, in 1924, when Clark Gable also worked with her, Janet has learned the business. Since 1926, she has held the fans by her stardom. In looks she seems always the same. Of all the fourth dimensional stars, Janet seems to defy time. She is still a comparative youngster in years—but a new Gaynor.

Clark Gable has done picture work, on and off, for fourteen years. The stage, of course, claimed him for a time. And as Hal K. Dawson he trod the boards of Broadway, playing opposite Zita Johann in "Machinal," in the season 1928-29. From that time on, Clark has been one of our leading stars. He makes us quite forget his fourteen years of high emotion.

Myrna Loy has been in shadow-land for thirteen years. An odd-looking gal in studio make-up, her yesterdays with Warners presented her as an exotic. Oriental parts were her assignments. Myrna flourished, fell in love, and married. Today, she is designated as "the perfect wife." Since she is a perfect actress, I'm sure Mr. Hornblow finds her wifehood perfection itself.

When Myrna was a be-

(Please turn to page 70)
The mad gyrations on this page give you some hint of the wild spirit of enthusiasm permeating the entire cast of "Varsity Show," in which Dick Powell not only sings, but dances, assisted by Fred Waring and his band, the talented Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, Lee Dixon, and chorus.

Dick Powell and Fred Waring's boys and girls cut collegian capers for "Varsity Show"
Co-starring with Leslie Howard for the third time in "It's Love I'm After," a rousing comedy romance, Bette recalls her previous Howard hits, "Of Human Bondage" and "The Petrified Forest." Above and below, slightly goofy scenes between Bette and Leslie. At bottom of page, the three-times-a-hit co-stars converse between scenes with the assistant director. At left, Bette in close-up as she looks ahead—this time to future co-starring with Dick Powell in a forthcoming singing-and-dancing film.

What Next?

We're asking Bette Davis that question! For she has turned from deepest drama to uproarious comedy; and next she'll do a movie musical.
We like Fred MacMurray. Like the rest of the picture-going world, we can't help it. He's genial, sincere; he's natural. Which is all very well for Fred MacMurray. What we hope is that he hasn't started a cycle of winsome masculinity. Other actors lacking Fred's appeal should stick to technique. Our portraits of MacMurray above and at right shout "Success" in its most masterful Hollywood manifestation. Below, Fred with a current heroine, Frances Farmer—a "natural actress."

The MacMurray Menace

Suppose Fred, who has won screen popularity by being "just himself," sets a dangerous precedent and encourages all Hollywood actors to start "acting natural"? Where will it all end?
"The Life of Emile Zola" is one of the few great pictures. One reason for its impressiveness is the devotion to detail which distinguishes every scene. The sequence for which the elaborate street set in falling snow was created, for example, (at right), occupies the screen for only a few seconds; yet it is as faithfully reproduced as though a long and important sequence were to be enacted in it.

No "tank stuff" or "trick miniature shots" for "Submarine D-1." On the contrary—the broad Pacific off San Diego provides the background for the outstanding outdoor scenes; and the U. S. Navy cooperated. At right you see the camera crew, aboard the U. S. S. Oreolan, filming a scene in the life-saving buoy alongside, with Pat O'Brien, wearing cap, about to descend, and two sailors assisting. Don't miss the microphone. Above, a close-up, just to prove it! This time George Brent has joined O'Brien in the buoy. This is when Hollywood actors really earn those big pay-checks!
Picture public demands realism, and Hollywood spares neither research nor expense to give it to ‘em! And here it is...

"The Hurricane," Samuel Goldwyn’s picturization of the book by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty," promises to be an exceptional production. Part of it was actually filmed in the South Seas; but those scenes requiring the principal actors had to be filmed in and around a huge tank on the Goldwyn "lot." Powerful rain and wind machines beat down the actors as they portrayed the terror induced by nature’s deluge. At left, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, and a native girl battle the elements. Above, Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, and native actors in an exciting close-up.
Toasts of the Town!

Talk about Art, talk about realism. But the real secret of Hollywood’s success is—its lovely ladies. Glamor-gals, to you!

Devastating Dietrich, left, a symphony in white chiffon, feathers, and rare jewels. Dolores Del Rio, below, most beautiful of all Hollywood’s little Latin imports. Ida Lupino, right, indulges in a new hair-do for more glamor.
Rochelle Hudson, above, still screenland's most adorable débutante. Gail Patrick, right, as out special Dark Lady of the kleig lights. Below, a charming newcomer, Dorothy Haas, who makes her bow in "Artists and Models," the Jack Benny show. Upper right, another "Model" young lady, Sandra Storme, "Artists"' delight. No charm collection, of course, would be complete without Irene Dunne, lower right.
New Teams

When New Boy meets New Girl, Hollywood history is often made. Movie mating of strangers adds excitement to your picture-going—and keeps stars amused and directors busy!

Top, new team, created by Mervyn LeRoy: Olivia de Havilland meets Brian Aherne in "The Great Garrick" with the usual romantic results—on the screen, we mean. Nino Martini sings sweet nothings to Olivia's sister, Joan Fontaine, in "Music for Madame," in which they do a "Romeo and Juliet" sequence, at left above. Center, Dolores Del Rio encounters George Sanders, making life gayer for a "Lancer Spy." Metro's best new team is the Spencer Tracy-Luise Rainer inspiration, at right above, for "Big City." Gary Cooper, with a courtly bow, greets Sigrid Gurie, right, for "The Adventures of Marco Polo."
Wayne Morris is frankly thrilled at his sudden success and new home, first pictured here.

The nicest thing about "Kid Galahad's" sensational success is his own enjoyment of it. He's having a wonderful time! Screenland is first, as usual, to show the new rave in his brand new home. Reading down from top left: Wayne's first car; his first big bundle of fan mail; his first fireplace; and, lower left and below, exterior of his home and the living room. Right—didn't know he could sing and play the piano, did you? Well, he can; and Warners will let him prove it from the screen soon.
Not-So-Dumb Waiters

Ginger Rogers, right, "holds it" while the technical man holds the sequence number to be photographed with her, to keep the scenes straight for "Stage Door."

Sylvia Sidney, at left above with Joel McCrea and director Wyler on the "Dead End" set, enjoys acting but hates the waits between scenes. Anita Louise, above, kills time on the set with some needlepoint embroidery. It's a current Hollywood custom.

Clark Gable, with director Conway and Lionel Barrymore at left above, sends out for lunch while the crew sets the next scene. Right, Joan Fontaine is still new enough to pictures to be interested in everything going on in the studio.
Highest-paid "waiters" in the world are the movie stars, part of whose work is just waiting around the sets while technicians toil with lights, cameras, props, sound equipment.

Errol Flynn, May Robson, and Joan Blondell wait more or less patiently for the cameraman to focus on them for a location scene in "The Perfect Specimen."

Measuring the shot—right, above, Francis sits just outside camera range while a steel tape measure checks distance from camera lens to the faces of Verree Teadale and Victor Jory for a close-up for "First Lady." Above, is Hugh Herbert dozing.

Of course Ronald Colman, at right above, isn't really bored with vivacious Mary Astor to talk to, as both await their calls to the set to emote in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Chester Morris, left, talks polo with Whitney Bourne.
That old "We-want-Cantor" refrain has an echo which seems to say, "And let him be silly." Ever one to strive to please, Eddie launches into the business of making you laugh with "Ali Baba Goes To Town." Right, Cantor has the ladies—June Lang and Louise Hovick—with him. But June likes tenors as well as Cantors, as her scene below with Tony Martin shows. Far right, Eddie sings of love; and Louise again, center right, seems to find it soulful.

The Silly Cycle

With a ho-ho-ho and a ha-ha-ha, goofiness, gags, and giddiness are on the up-beat. What, do we hear a "Ho hum"?

One of the perpetrators of the silly cycle starting with "My Man Godfrey" is the facetious fellow below, Mischa Auer, tuning up for a symphony of silliness in "100 Men and A Girl." Mischa seems to find that flute appetizing as well as amazing.
Ann Sothern and Jack Haley, left, are not so silly as they look—we hope. They're just toiling for laughs in "Danger—Love At Work." Extreme left, a new scream team—Ella Logan and Sid Silvers, of "52nd Street." Below, the rioting Ritz Brothers shoot for a new high in film fooling.

Even Wendy Barrie casts away dull care for the silly cycle, as she joins up with the comedy boys known as the Three Diamond Brothers, all for "A Young Man's Fancy." Left: for tricks that are supremely silly, but high art in pantomime, there's silent Harpo Marx always ready to oblige. The dog would rather be in a Garbo picture.
The Technique of Hands

Trained in European acting technique, Dietrich, shown above with Herbert Marshall in "Angel," has long, artistically expressive fingers. The long, pointed, painted nails may help! Errol Flynn, at left in group below, and Dick Foran at right, express humor as they listen to trainer Callahan's joke. Gertrude Michael, right, uses black gloves as aids to emotion.

Mary Livingstone Benny's hand, above, is chiefly expressive of her expensive star sapphire. But Verree Teasdale and Anita Louise, below, are linguists in the language of hands. The gals are just chatting on the set, but there's a good week's salary's worth of acting in their fluent hands, especially Miss Teasdale's.
Critics say a great artiste may be judged by the power of hands to express mood and emotion. How expressive are the priceless paws pictured here?

Sylvia Sidney, one of the few real actresses on the screen, uses her hands to great advantage in her highly dramatic role in "Dead End"—above. Alice Faye, right, has delightful digits expressing allure. Below, what does Hepburn think she is expressing as she spreads her thin hands? However, Constance Collier's really talk.

The importance of picturesque hands in a scene is illustrated above by Loretta Young and Warner Baxter in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse." As Loretta yields to "Dr. Baxter's" ministrations her hands express complete complacence. Below, the lovely hands of Kay Francis, in quiet mood.
Joan likes her role in her new picture better than any part she has played in a long time. She impersonates a water-front waif who becomes a great lady. Above, a close-up of Crawford in this Cinderella characterization. Below, with Franchot Tone, one of her two leading men; and at bottom of page, with Robert Young, the other.

Photographed exclusively for SCREENLAND on location in the high Sierras by Frank Tanner, M-G-M.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Joan Crawford in "The Bride Wore Red"
Once a Coalminer

Allan Jones, handsome singing star of today, is the hero of a real-life success story that will inspire you

By Ida Zeitlin

"IT LOOKS like sunburn, but it's mostly dirt," said Allan Jones, with a glance at his muscular brown arms.

His boots were muddy, his blue denim trousers the worse for wear, his short-sleeved shirt was open at the throat. There was nothing to suggest the silken Ravenel of "Showboat," till your gaze traveled upward to the firmly chiselled features, the brown eyes and turbulent mop of hair. But where Ravenel's eyes had held mocking glints, Jones's shine steadily, and his poise seems to proceed from a deeper serenity than poor Ravenel ever knew.

Another man might have deprecated his appearance. Not Jones. He has a gift for ignoring non-essentials. Or rather, non-essentials don't exist for him. He brushes unseemingly past them to the point. "I've been digging a roadbed in front of the stables," he explained. "I like to do things myself and get them done."

Which sentiment, if you opened his heart, you'd probably find engraved inside it. From the time he was eleven, he's been doing things himself and getting them done. He had a voice and meant to train it. He knew his parents couldn't afford to do it for him. The idea of wealthy backers never entered his head. He went to work.

Two portraits hang in the Jones living-room—fair-haired little Gail, Irene Hervey's daughter and Jones's by adoption. The other is that of a rugged-faced man, with kindly, quiet eyes. "My dad," said his son. "He's been helping me with the roadbed. I persuaded him to retire from the mines, but he doesn't take to idling."

Looking at the father's face, you understand more readily why Allan Jones is what he is—a young man of fibre and purpose who, from his earliest thinking days, envisioned a goal and drove his way toward it. His grandfather, a Welshman, had been a musician. With no money to leave his son, he left him instead a love for music. That son worked in the coal mines of Scranton, until he became foreman of a colliery. Himself the possessor of a good singing voice, he recognized the same gift in his four-year-old boy and taught him what he could. Allan soon acquired a logical, realistic view of life. He meant to be a singer; he'd need money, his father's salary wouldn't cover (Please turn to page 62)
THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Warner

BY FAR the most distinguished production on current screens, this dignified dramatization of the career of France’s great literary crusader is something to be seen, cherished, and long remembered. Certainly it is Muni’s finest contribution to screen portraiture—a supreme example of a great actor’s complete submergence in his rôle. Muni’s is a magnificent characterization of Emile Zola, who believed in the brotherhood of man and, when the time came to defend Dreyfus and confound his accusers, practiced what he wrote. A superb, full-length portrait, this of Zola—painted in bold and brilliant strokes as his true friend Cezanne might have painted it. The story, after a slow start, holds your interest to the end. The Dreyfus Case, of course, provides the stirring climax, with Zola’s great speech in court the high spot of the film. No mawkish sentiment or manufactured romance is intruded upon the sublime human drama. The Thorne episode is sincerely and sympathetically treated; scenes of Zola’s early struggles, his later successes and prosperity, and always his burning zeal for reform and above all, his utter conviction of Dreyfus’ innocence—are never in doubt. Joseph Schildkraut as Dreyfus is a revelation in fine acting.

TOPPER—M-G-M

NOVELTY of the month! Here’s piquant entertainment for all of you who have been crying—yes, I could hear your pitiful sobs above all the noise the Ritz Brothers have to make to be funny in “You Can’t Have Everything”—for more real sophistication in your cinemas. “Topper” is by, of, for, to, etc., sophisticated; so if you’re one, or even two, you can see if you can take it by tripping out to “Topper.” But don’t take the children. They’d understand it, all right—all too well; but it just might give them the idea that drunken driving is very, very funny, and then when would you, and the family, be? But for those who can take it, and not too hard, and appreciate it, “Topper” is truly tops. Thorne Smith’s mad, bad tale of two charming corpses who appear and disappear in and out of their usual earthly haunts to taunt a tired banker into becoming a wicked man of the world, has been deliciously done, with all sorts of camera tricks to delight you. The enchanting ectoplasmic couple, played by Connie Bennett in her merriest, most mocking mood, and Cary Grant, float about in gay abandon until their “good deed,” demoralizing Mr. Topper, is done. Roland Young in the title rôle is the real star, stealing scenes right and left.

CONFESSION—Warners

HAVING laughed until we cried at several of the movies this month I suppose it is only fair that we should have at least one film to make us cry until we laugh. The new Kay Francis picture is something like that. It’s a maudlin melodrama of mother love, but more in the “Madame X” manner than the “Stella Dallas.” What, are we in for a sob cycle? Fortunately for the Francis film, it is a movie from first to last—Joe May, famous European director, guides its dubious destinations with such pictorial piety that “Confession” is always absorbing to the eye even when it is busy insulting the higher intelligence. It has, at least, a flourish and a flavor that distinguish it from the Hollywood dramas of its genre; and it affords its star an opportunity to emote with fine fervor, and offers a big chance to little Jane Bryan—and if you recall her from “Kid Galahad” you won’t be surprised to hear that she jumps at that chance by turning in a splendidly sensitive performance of a young girl in the throes of infatuation for a fascinating older man—and perhaps you won’t even be surprised when I tell you that she is saved from worse-than-that by Miss Francis, just in the nick of time, too. Basil Rathbone is the very sinister satan.
INSTEAD of "Artists and Models," with Jack Benny, the title of this gorgeous and glittering musical movie should be "Jack Benny"—with Artists and Models. For Mr. Benny is the whole show. He has always been a great clown, with increasing popularity as the public taste has been educated by radio to appreciate his drolleries; but he has never before had the material with which to prove it on the screen. Here, with a chance to be charming as well as comic, his quiet art triumphs over and above big girl numbers, the antics of other clowns at their best, including Ben Blue and Judy Canova, spectacular settings, and spirited competition from a star-studded cast. In his fascinating, casual fashion Jack Benny becomes with this one picture the important comedian of the screen; and I venture to predict that, if his material can be made to measure up, he will set a new style in screen humor that will start a fresh cycle, no less. I hope so. Mr. Jack Benny is my favorite entertainer. If he doesn't happen to be yours—you—see this show anyway. You will also like Rube Goldberg, one of the authentic "artists," for whom Mr. Benny obligingly acts as stooge, to hilarious effect. You'll like Gail Patrick, Ida Lupino, Dick Arlen.

THE screen's classic tear-jerker in its new, 1937-38 dress is "Stella Dallas" still. Did I say "new dress"? Well, it's an elaborate new production, with handsome settings and lavish trimmings; but poor Stella, herself, worries along in pretty much the same old style, wearing clothes which look little different from those worn by the first Stella in the silent screen version—a caricature of bad taste, in costume, manners, and general messiness. This is not the fault, I feel sure, of Barbara Stanwyck, today's Stella Dallas. She's a poignant picture, always, as the ambitious mill-town girl who marries the dignified and stately Stephen, only to become a thorough nuisance as a wife, but a slavishly devoted mother to their baby girl, "Stella Dallas" dates from the start, and throughout; but once Laurel, the daughter, grows up to be Anne Shirley, the picture takes on fresh interest, thanks to her exquisitely realized performance of the bewildered child whose devotion to her mother wars with her naturally nice instincts, until she is forced to choose. There are some unforgettable scenes in which Stanwyck rises to heights of emotion; and little Miss Shirley never fails to impress with her delicate and movingly poetic portrayal.

OH, BUT you can—you have everything right here to make up the maddest and merriest movie of the month. Make it two or three months. You have supremely silly entertainment, and you will laugh yourself sick at the Ritz Brothers, at their best; and you will get runs in your stockings and elbows in your ribs trying to fight your way in to see it, as I did at the Rivoli in New York; but heigh-ho, it was worth it. An hour with Harry Ritz and Don Ameche makes up for everything. They are not "everything," though, to this big and brilliant show; Alice Faye is the singing siren, looking particularly luscious and even giving off bright sparks of acting ability now and then; Louise Hovick, née Gypsy R. Lee, is the sultry siren, who teases, but does not strip; Phyllis Brooks is blondely decorative as a dumb prima donna; and Charles Winninger and Tony Martin are valuable aids. You'll enjoy Don Ameche as a Broadway celebrity who likes, but too well, to look upon the wine and the spaghetti when it is red, until he reforms to please the radiant Miss Faye. Gordon-Revel hit songs are introduced at crucial moments, the staging is casually clever, and the Ritz Brothers never looked lovelier, especially in their long underwear.

THIS way to the Big Show, folks! Fun for all, and all for fun—and Randy Scott, and Irene Dunne. Sorry, sorry; but "High, Wide and Handsome" takes me right back to the old days when Mr. Griffith was making pictures and a movie wasn't a movie unless it had a love scene among the apple blossoms, in which a petal floats slowly downstream; and a rise to the rescue before the hero is beaten quite to a pulp—although the elephants are a new touch. Oh, yes, elephants, too—this is no quickie; this is an epic, and don't you forget it: a huge cinema circus directed by ex-Theatre Guild Mamoulian; tuned by Jerome "Show Boat" Kern; and produced by Paramount in its most lavish mood. Miss Dunne is a carnival girl befriended by Randy and his nice old crockety grandma, Elizabeth Patterson. Before she knows what's happening she is married to Scott; but then the big oil rush rears its ugly derrick, and "High, Wide and Handsome" goes melodrama, with Charles Bickford running berserk with villainy, Mr. Scott muscling his Marcel protecting the farmers' oil from the big city fellers—and neglecting Irene so that she rejoins the carnival, aided by Dorothy Lamour. Nothing lacking except Bill Fields and Charlie McCarthy.
Great Lover

A famous novelist captures the exciting contrasts of glamorous Hollywood in a great serial story of love and reality behind the glitter of studio life

By Vicki Baum

PART III.

HILDA had dinner with Ferdinand that evening at a little French restaurant, where the furniture was shabby, the food excellent, and travel posters beckoned them to Brittany and the Loire.

Ferdinand was gay—with a child's elation before a party. He vetoed all talk of the preview. "I have been too troubling, and you too patient. Besides, all has been said. Will it be good? Will it be bad? Will they say: 'All my life I wait for this man.' Will they say: 'Bah!' Tonight we shall know. And for this hour, let us laugh. I find it pleasant to laugh with you, Miss Hilda. Before, I have laughed only with Annamarie, who is a child."

Ferdinand was unable to accommodate himself to the Hollywood tradition of first names on a three hours' acquaintance. He still "mistered" and "missed" meticulously. As a compromise between over-formality and intimacy, Hilda now openly called him Shaybar. This he found mildly curious, but agreeable.

"All right," she agreed. "But before we drop it, my mother said to wish you good luck."

"Will you give her my hearty thanks?" Hilda wriggled with secret pleasure. She was making a collection of what she called Shaybarisms. "I have also this." He drew from his pocket her four-leaf clover.

When the cheery little waiter had left with their order, he leaned toward her. "This man has two children."

"How do you know?"

"All Frenchmen have two children. Occasionally three, but by mistake. Two is a more sedate figure. The boy will learn the business of papa. The girl will promenade with maman. She will drop her eyes modestly before all men, and in her eighteenth year, she will marry modestly."

"How many French families do you know?" she demanded.

"Not any. It is, so to speak, an impression."

The waiter returned with a soup tureen and served them both. "Pardon, monsieur," Ferdinand addressed him in French. He broke into smiles and speech, bobbing, gesticulating, holding up two fingers with an air of unmistakable pride, finally bowing himself off in a glow.

"You see?" Ferdinand held up two fingers in the same gesture. "One son. One daughter. He will have trouble to find the girl a dot. When I am a star, we will make him our steward on long-term contract. Once every week we will take his option with a raise."

Hilda glanced up, startled. But he looked so completely unconscious that she decided the plural had been a slip of his Austrian tongue and held no significance. "Take up his option," she murmured, and returned to her soup to hide a slight confusion.

But as they drove toward Pasadena, he fell silent. The festival mood gave way to one of tension. Seeking to distract him, she pointed out the shafts of white light that cut through the blue evening haze. "Preview searchlights," she told him. His brown eyes followed them obediently, but he said nothing.

Then they were passing through the roped-off lobby, eager-faced crowds, autograph books in their hands, pressing against the ropes. Ferdinand, ordinarily curious about all phenomena of the film world, stared unheedingly ahead. Once in their seats, he turned to Hilda and managed something distantly related to a smile. "If I do
not speak, you will forgive me. There is here a ball,” he
touched his throat, “which makes it difficult.”
She nodded; then to her astonishment, felt surging
within her a sudden fierce wave of protectiveness. “Say,
what is this, woman?” she admonished herself sternly.
“Don’t you go maternal on me.”
The house lights went on. In the block of seats reserved
by the studio, summer furs were adjusted. Here and there
a film celebrity sat, some with eyes downcast, genuinely
anxious to avoid the limelight; others rustling selfcon-
sciuously, chattering to their neighbors, trying to discover
out of the corners of their eyes how much notice they
were attracting. From other parts of the house necks
craned. A stir of excited whispers marked the public’s
discovery of a favorite in the flesh.
At one point heads turned toward the door, where a
generously curved woman had started a sprightly mono-
logue, her victim an usher. “What a splendid
house!” she boomed. “Do you always have
such crowds? Now you watch this picture,
young man, and when it’s over, I want your
frank opinion of my performance. I don’t
give that for reviews. It’s the common people,
and I’m one of them, thank the Lord, who
make us or break us. Don’t forget now. It’s a
date.” She tapped his shoulder and sailed
happily down the aisle.
Baleful-eyed, he glared after her. “So help
me, next time she pulls that stunt, I’ll sock her
one,” he muttered to a grinning fellow-worker.

The house darkened, the curtains parted. On the screen
were flashed the words: “This theater is proud to pre-
sent—” The title drew applause. So did each name in
the long list of those who had contributed to the picture,
an explosive burst from this quarter or that betraying the
whereabouts of each contributor’s friends.
The names of the cast appeared. It was a large cast.
Hilda’s practised eyes darted to the bottom of the screen.
Failing to find what she sought there, she ran frantically
over the list from top to bottom. It wasn’t there. Her
mind churned in a chaos of wild surmises. Was it a slip of
some kind? Could they have changed his name? Could
she have missed it in her haste? Could they—but no, they
couldn’t have done that. His scene was a pivotal point in
the picture.
She turned to meet a pair of bewildered eyes, pleading
for reassurance. With a swift (Please turn to page 73)

Please Turn
to Page 73 for Synopsis
of Preceding Chapters

An occasional tightening of his grip was the
only suggestion of nervous strain, as Ferdinand
and Hilda watched the film on the screen.
Above: Olivia's most amusing Winter outfit—a baronaki fur sports coat topped by an off-face beret of black felt, with handbag and gloves of black suede. Far left, for a California football game, a three-piece spectator sports suit of raspberry wool. Olivia's brimmed felt hat and suede pull-on gloves are several shades darker in the same tone, while her shoes and bag are glazed brown alligator. At left, a truly charming frock of black chiffon, its sombreness relieved by a double sash of salmon and powder-blue taffeta ribbon. The colors are repeated in the beaded motif in the bodice.
Hollywood's loveliest and most unspoiled young actress gives us first exclusive glimpses of her new Winter wardrobe, with particular emphasis upon practicality as well as real fashion importance, especially in furs and accessories.

Black Alaska sealskin, once worn only by the more mature, is now a favorite "younger" fur. Above, Olivia de Havilland chose a coat with turn-down collar and broad shoulder line, to wear over a frock of black wool relieved by bright embroidery. Her black felt pill box has brilliant red, blue, and green grosgrain ribbon trim. For right, one of the new season's best little dresses, with tucks at the shoulder line to give width, and gold braid trim for a military air. Right, a pleasant paradox: evening dress of peasant inspiration, ivory satin splashed with water lilies, with brown velvet cummerbund and square neckline.
A MID a leitmotif of exploding cameras and whirring electric arc lights (theatres and meat markets on the West Coast copy-cat the movie premieres, if it means anything to you besides a bad pun on the word ham), and accompanied by the swish of organza and summer furs, the howling of enthusiastic fans whooping it up for their cinema favorites, and the caustic comments of John Caliban Barrymore, the New York Theatre Guild came to Hollywood in the summer of 1937 along with a heat wave. Despite the fanfaronade it was the most refined first night there has ever been West of the Rockies.

If we must be accurate, though it isn’t half as much fun really, the Biltmore Theatre is in Los Angeles, not Hollywood, but at times like this Hollywood simply overlooks a little thing like mileage, though as anyone can tell you—perhaps there are a few stick-in-the-muds who can’t but I don’t know them—from the Trocadero Bar in Hollywood to the Biltmore Bar in Los Angeles is a long time between drinks. And of course the highly delightful and pleasantly insane “Amphytrion 38” wasn’t the first Theatre Guild production to play Hollywood—Los Angeles—but it was the first time the Guild has deigned, albeit dared, to open a play here before taking it in to New York. Sensitive producers just don’t try out plays on Hollywood. It simply isn’t done. Movie stars are supposed to be a very tough audience. They usually put on a far more triumphant performance in the orchestra than the actors do on the stage. They come to be seen, they come late, they never pat their little mitts, and their sole thought is, “This would make a grand picture for me. Adrian could make me something utterly mad for the second act. I’ll tell Sam to...
buy it in the morning. If he lets Colbert get this one I'll break his neck." Some Broadway actors and actresses have been known to take six aspirins, a soupcon of spirits of ammonia, and a slug of straight gin as a bracer before having the nerve to face a Hollywood audience.

But something happened, something most mysterious, at Hollywood's biggest and best first night. The film celebrities let down their hair, in a nice way of course, and applauded so loudly and so enthusiastically that they must have cracked their nail polish. I have never witnessed a more hearty welcome than they gave Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne that night; in fact, it was so hearty that after the steenth curtain call Mr. Lunt was moved to make a speech. "You are supposed to be the toughest audience in the world," he said, "—but you aren't." Yes, I'm afraid Hollywood is slipping.

But I guess it was only inevitable that the Theatre Guild should cause a renaissance of culture in Hollywood, for there is something so frightfully re-finned about the Geeld. The night of the opening most of the the place fairly dripped with culture and beau arts and stars went into their stained glass window mood, and Theatre Guild alumnae. And a fragrant suspicion of Haig and Haig. The fans who jammed the Biltmore lobby didn't give a row of haricots for the alumnae, but were mighty pleased to see Myrna Loy and Janet Gaynor and Jack Oakie. Before the curtain went up the stars were feeling so subdued and intellectual they were delving promiscuously about in Greek mythology desperately trying to recall the family trees of the gods and goddesses. And, my dear, Hollywood hasn't been interested in family trees for years. Believe me, they were so intent on geneology that they completely forgot to

The Charles Boyers—she's Pat Patterson—don't mind a little camera notice, as you can see at left. While Connie Bennett, below, revels in it.

The Jack Oakies, all dressed up and a place to go. Sophie Tucker, above, laves premieres, whether in Hollywood, Manhattan, or London—and admits it.

comment on the fact that Miriam Hopkins had worn that same dress before.

"If Jupiter was the father of Mercury, who was the mother?" asked Madge Evans. "She was an Akron girl," flipped Una Merkel, "Jupiter came to her disguised as a rubber tire." Madge giggled, the alumnae looked (Please turn to page 69)
Typical American boy who has made good in a big way, Bob tells, in his own words, his real-life story, exclusively for Screenland. Here's the colorful second chapter.

QUIT my summer job in the bank at home to go to college.

Vacation work ended abruptly. Those lazy evenings and their moonlight dates were suddenly a finished chapter. It was Fall with a bang—and the first autumn that stands out strongly in my mind. Because, I suppose, I felt I was a man at last and now it was plain to everyone else.

My parents thought I was going to Europe! We were always so close, mother and father and I, that their excitement increased mine. Not that I went around whooping it up in a rah-rah fashion—as a matter of fact, it is hard for me to let myself go and show exactly how deeply I am really reacting. But I was off on my own to become a doctor who would make Nebraska famous. And they were not only sending me, but my buddy, Gerry Weber, too.

It was all of forty miles from Beatrice to the campus at Crete. I drove Gerry in my new roadster, and the folks brought up the rear with all our baggage piled in their car. We made a swoop through the grounds of my alma mater and then headed for the place where Gerry and I were to room. There's nothing like trying to make a furnished place look swell. It's a triumph you have to struggle for. We changed the furniture about half-a-dozen times, hung pic-
tures, tacked pennants, and finally I was sure we were unmistakably men of the world. Suave old bachelors with undisguised aplomb! As soon as the folks left I rushed Gerry uptown. There we each bought a pipe, being choosy with all the self-possession the most bored boulevardier could have possibly mustered.

It was unadulterated fun to be grown up. I had all the advantages and none of the drawbacks. No worries then. No doubts as to whether or not I was doing the right thing. Life was simple. You could be quite mathematical about every situation. Black could never shade into white and I certainly could trust everything I read and heard to be genuine gospel.

I didn't get a parting lecture from my parents on how to behave. They realized that you can't put blinders on an individual who is going to have to make his own way. They didn't attempt to hide the uncouth. Rather, they conscientiously set an example. Father had never shirked and he'd become a success. Mother had high ideals and they'd made her happy. They gave me credit for having good sense.

So Doane College days were great ones even though, actually, I was not plunged into any terrific adventures. The college was a small, church-endowed institution on the edge of a small town. I remember how we were away from the bustle and problems of big cities and how I liked that isolation. Our buildings were a comfortable red brick and classes were a pleasant diversion. I never exerted myself too much in my studies. The countryside was too rolling; there were too many beautiful elms and maples, and there was that winding river that was a keen spot for canoeing. I ate whatever I wanted, slept like a log whenever the spirit moved me. Gerry was the kind of companion I prefer still. I found him congenial, the instigator of flocks of laughs, and curious about what was going on in a balanced way. I had no difficulty in getting acquainted; soon everyone was knowing everyone else. There were fraternities and I was thrilled when I was asked to join what I thought was the best gang. It was important, of course, to "rate." Slyly, then, I watched the big-shot seniors and wondered if I'd ever be as confident and as impressive as they were. The fraternities were, in reality, athletic clubs, and none had houses. But our clubroom was wonderful enough.

For extra-curricular activity I decided on oratory and the college plays. I didn't make any credits for either, but they were more profitable as well as more kick than the regular courses. Oratory netted me my first trip to a metropolis. Contests were held in a number of colleges for the best speech on some topic I can't recall now, and the winner at each school was awarded a visit to Detroit. I won at Doane and I was speeding to Lincoln to meet the others there. Then we were even taken across the border to see a bit of Canada. The people in Detroit looked as though they had lived in apartments all their life and didn't go to the country often enough. But when I returned I knew I was a seasoned traveler!

Directly above, The Harmony Boys of Filley, Nebraska, of which Bob Taylor was a member when he was at Doane College. Bob is shown at the right in the picture—he played the cello; the other two boys played the violin and piano. Top, conquering hero visits his alma mater—Bob has a reunion with his professors at Pomona College.

The college plays were a lot of rehearsals, which took up at least four evenings a week, and ultimately the magnificent performance. It was excellent training, yet I didn't have the slightest suspicion of that then. I never once thought of those plays as the initial (Please turn to page 71)
Vocation for Madeline Carroll, seen here as she arrived in New York.

Vacation for Madeleine Carroll, seen here as she arrived in New York.
Shubert came to him one day, "I've got a terrific opera here for you, Allan. This is really going to make you." Allan read it. It was the "Life of Stephen Foster." "It's a grand idea," he said, "but badly written." "I wrote it," announced the producer.

This exchange did little to promote good feeling between the two. Metro had been trying to get Jones, but had found themselves balked by the Shubert contract. When "Stephen Foster" flopped in Boston, Allan bought his release and went to the coast.

He arrived at 7:30 one morning. At 10:30 he was learning a song for "Reckless." You may have seen the picture without ever seeing Allan Jones. You had only to blink your eyes at a certain point and zip! he was gone.

Then came "A Night at the Opera," a singing sequence in "Rose Marie," and at last the operetta that was his best substantial impression. But even after that impression had been made, weary weeks dragged by while he twiddled his thumbs. "We've got to find the right thing for you," he was told.

Finally Hunt Stromberg sent for him. "I've found it, Allan," and told him the story of "Firefly." I asked him about his marriage. He smiled and went to the door. "Irene," he called. "You'd better come and help me with this."

Irene came, a slender, chestnut-haired girl in skyblue pajamas. With a grimace for her husband, she tucked herself into a corner of the sofa.

"I first saw her the fifth day I was here," he began. "Betty Furness took me to a studio play and Irene had the lead. I asked Betty who she was. After that I saw her on the lot now and then, but she never saw me and didn't know who I was."

"Till I went to the preview of "Night at the Opera,"" she chimed in. "Then it was my turn to ask: 'Who's that?'"

She had taken a fancy to the song he sang in that picture—a song called "Alone." Crossing the lot one day, she began singing it softly to herself.

Suddenly a voice behind her, a man's voice, picked up.

She stopped in her tracks, and turned and saw Allan Jones. She was a little confused. "Hello," she smiled. "Hello," he smiled, and then they went their separate ways.

Again he went to a party with Betty Furness. Irene was there with Cesar Romero, known to his friends as Butch. Betty didn't see much of Allan, nor Butch of Irene.

"Look," said understanding Betty to Allan as the party broke up. "You don't want to take me home, do you?"


They've changed the script on us. You're taking me home."

"From there," said Jones, "it went steadily on." He lifted his eyes with their quiet smile to his wife. "Until we became enganged, b'gosh."

Her eyes smiled back. "And married, b'gosh."

"And that's all," they chorused. "It's true, you want to come down and see the governess cart Gail's getting for her birthday."

We saw the governess cart, carefully stored in the garage. We saw the four horses, one an enchanting, month-old colt. The garden was brilliant with flowers. The sky stretched blue over two young people, happy in each other, in the midst of a frisking colt, in the pleasure they were planning for a little girl's birthday. In his coining days Allan Jones had set him self a goal for his ambition. In reaching it, he had reached a goal for his heart as well.

Femi-nifties

Your Beauty at its Best!

Let Kurlash turn up your eyelashes into an alluring sweep!

The belle of the ball will wear Hudson's new R.S.V.P. perfume.

Don't envy milkmaid complexion—use Duart Creme of Milk yourself.

ALL through the ages there have been tales of famous beauties who bathed in milk. The skin-beautifying qualities of this dairy product have long been recognized. But it remained for the Duart Company to extract the glandular oils from fresh milk and put them into an inexpensive and easily used face cream called "Creme of Milk." The very first time you use Duart Creme of Milk, you'll be thrilled with its effect on your complexion! It made its debut only a few months ago, and we're told that already a million women rely upon it for complete beauty care. It's an excellent skin conditioner, leaving your skin smooth and soft, without a trace of greasiness. It softens rough skin and eases the kind of inclined to be sallow or blotchy. Daily use of Creme of Milk re- finances the body with Vitality. Now, you'll find it's a dandy make-up base, too.

A New Invitation to romance is the best description we can find for Richard Hudnut's new R.S.V.P. perfume. It has that indefinable something that arouses curiosity but is never too obvious. It's slightly heady, deviously haunting, and we suspect it of having a come-latcher quality, too well disguised to prove as an entirely from the most conservative. We're convinced it's a perfume after a man's heart because we've tried it out on the nostrils of several and the unanimous verdict was "I like it." Hudnut's R.S.V.P. would be a success at any party. Yet it's not too heavy for day-time.

A GREAT big vote of thanks goes to the five Westmores, famous Hollywood make-up artists, for passing their secrets of loveliness along to us! They've already won their laurels for making movie stars glamorous. Now they've launched the House of Westmore's new Lan- zed Cosmetics to help you "star" your own good looks. A complete combination of make-up, (powder base, powder, rouge, lipstick, and eye make-up boxes are gold and jade. And the powder box looks like a treasure chest of pure gold. Each bears the famous family crest of the House of Westmore.

What a world of difference curling eyelashes make in a girl's attractiveness! If you don't believe us, just watch how the men at a party flock around the girl whose lashes curl up in a piquant sweep. And the best of it is, this beauty asset is one anybody can have, thanks to Kurlash, the tricky little gadget that curling eyelashes in a jiffy. There's something about curling lashes that lends beauty to every pair of eyes. The upsweping frame makes eyes seem larger and brighter, and it adds a lot to that pro- fessional look. We've found that the best time to use Kurlash is after you've applied your Mascara, for then your eyelashes stay curled 12 to 14 hours, or even longer.

You'll have a perfect right to be proud of your fingernails in best condition with Brit-Tex! You can't expect polish to go on smoothly or "stay put" if the nails themselves are brittle or ridged, or if the cuticles surrounding them is rough and split. Give your fingernails a chance to look their loveliest by massaging Brit-Tex into them before you go to bed, and, if possible, after each time you wash your hands. It's a fine pink cream, rich in oils, but

65
LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

1. We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2. Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother," "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths and powder. Put it briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blisters; smooth out lines, make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax “the ideal laxative.”... “Ex-Lax is everything a good laxative should be!” they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as “good enough.” Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products better! And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the “impossible” has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to improve Ex-Lax... to make it even better than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- TASTES BETTER THAN EVER! No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

- ACTS BETTER THAN EVER! Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even more effective! It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

- MORE GENTLE THAN EVER! Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the “Gentle Nudge” system. It simply gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but easily and comfortably.

Ex-Lax won’t upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won’t cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, bullishness, or that dull “blue” feeling so often caused by constipation—you’ll feel better after taking Ex-Lax! And you’ll be grateful for the absence of “forcing” and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. 5107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

A Real Day With Don Ameche
Continued from page 27

could become a wild Irishman so easily!”

“Let’s go down to Grandma’s,” interposed the heir of the family, “Bert’s home.”

So Don, his elder son, and I sallied forth in the noon-day calm for the half-mile hike. When Meche knew he wouldn’t be merely

a flash in the Hollywood pan he moved his parents from Kenosha, Wisconsin, to Encino, too. Bert is his youngest brother, whom he’s sending to college. He’s starting East for the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., shortly. He’s majoring in architecture and he got straight A’s last year.

Don himself tried four universities, including Georgetown at the capital. “My parents were patient. They expected me to be a lawyer. But somehow I had so much fun. I was pretty busy on the football, basketball, and baseball teams. And in college plays; they were swell. I went from one college to another in the hope..."

I wanted to meet Grandma and Don’s father, but they weren’t in. Bert, a husky fellow for so excellent a student, accompanied us back to headquarters. For an hour and a half we played tennis, with Honore joining us to make it doubles. It was then and there I began to learn that Meche is charm plus action.

Jimmy, the younger brother who’s a radio name, and his bride appeared on the scene so we stopped for lemonade.

“Keep the preview of You Can’t Have Everything?!” queried Jimmy. Don shook his head. “It’s downright amusing but I wish I’d been better!” Having seen it myself, I could truthfully reassure them that he’d done nobly. “Honey won’t go to my previews with me, so I never know,” Don stated with a mock moan.

“I went to his first picture with him,” Honore retorted. “I want me to be honest. Until the middle of that effort I thought we’d pack the next day and go back to Chicago and the radio alone. In the last half he overcame his greenness, though. But then and there I decided I wouldn’t go to any more of his pictures with him.”

“You should have seen my prized critic when I was about to go into my first important movie love scene,” interrupted Don. “We made ‘Ramona’ on location, and Honey and I slipped off to the beach at La Jolla to swim. In the Atlantic the stingaries floated, so you can see them coming; in the Pacific they lurk where you can step on them. Yes; I stepped!”

Honey took the tale away from him. “The director didn’t believe he could get any working, but I bathed his foot most of the night, and we split his mocassin so he could get it on for a ‘take.’ Two men carried him down a wooded hill. He was in terrible pain, but he joked. ‘All I need now is a snazzy rattlesnake!’ Well, I raised my head and I saw a rattlesnake about three yards long. I ran the other way. ‘When she got to the top of the hill she turned around and screamed, ‘Somebody go get him. He can’t walk!’ Don exclaimed indignantly.”

“I’ll concede that I thought of myself first,” Honore shot back. “But if that snake had come where near you’d have risen and run very snappily!”

Don topped her off by doing a jack-knife dive into the pool. When Bert was napping,
Don shoved him in the water. The two of them yelled with glee. Jimmy was their marked victim. They chased him until they threw him in. And I—yes, clothes and all! Honore was next, the marked woman. Urged on by Don, we started after her, no doubt looking for all the world like the Marx Brothers after a blonde. “This dress cost $30!” she cried. “I’ll buy you another!” Don yelled. “But this giraffe—it’s a jewel—it’s a—” and with a final shriek she made the front door, skidded inside, and locked it triumphantly.

The Ameche clan drifted away. Gabriel garnered the kiddies, and Don pondered a matter which has been puzzling him for some time. Apparently his studio has the notion that his marriage should be soft-pedaled. Presumably picture-goers will not be like him quite so much if they know that he has been so happily married for almost five years.

But theirs is the kind of marriage everyone dreams of having. “We have known one another since we were high-school age. Neither of us ever cared for anyone else. And, Ben, she’s an integral part of me—of whatever I have or can achieve. She’s a wonderful mother; but more—she’s a wife who’s an ideal companion. I have more fun with her than with any woman or man I’ve ever known.”

He was sitting now, alone in the living-room with me. It’s a comfortable, homely room where children will inevitably romp and grow up and bring in their friends.

So it wasn’t the man who is receiving the most fan mail of any male star at 20th Century-Fox who was talking. It was Meche, the royal, unaffected husband.

“Frankly I don’t believe people who like my work will resent my personal luck in getting a girl like I got. Of course, I’m new at the picture game; I acknowledge that I’m a novice out here. Still, when I stood before an altar and exchanged vows I wasn’t fooling. And it’s my own opinion that my wife deserves to share every break, every privilege I can earn. I’m proud as punch of her and—” For the only time Don’s spirits touched an approach to low ebb. I told him what I thought, that I was glad to know a screen hero had that much respect for the woman he married before sudden fame was splattered on him. You would please him, I’m sure, if you’d write him your attitude on this perplexing situation he’s stumbled into.

His brown eyes lighted, his lips leaped into the widest smile as Honore returned to us. “Where are we eating tonight?” she demanded.

“Oh, for a gal who could cook,” sighed Meche, and dodged a pillow.

“Cook indeed! He may be living out here like a gentleman farmer, but don’t let that deceive you. Every evening Don wants to go into Hollywood for dinner. Whereupon Honore hastened to explain that anyone who maintains the extraordinary work schedule that Don does is deserving of a whim once in a while. In addition to acting in pictures, he has to rehearse his radio show several evenings a week. The previous Saturday night he’d been at his radio rehearsal from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Then on Sundays he reports to the broadcasting studio at 11 in the morning and rehearses until 4, when he goes on the air. “It relaxes Dom to run away from routines, to eat in a popular restaurant. He likes the bustle, the sense of being in the midst of things; he likes to be with friends.”

The object of our conversation interrupted. “You must come to dinner with us, Ben! And, Honey how about getting Toughy and Liz to join us?” Toughy and Liz materialized as Abner (of Lum ’n’ Abner radio fame) and his attractive brunette wife; they live next door to the Ameches and have been chums since Chi-

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Lady in danger...

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special lingering quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the loveliest way to avoid offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢
of all drug, department, and variety stores

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiant clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SCREENLAND

67
**a word to the wise from Bruce Cabot**

**GOOD MORNING, MARY. WHERE’S THAT USUAL BRIGHT SMILE OF YOURS?**

**I’M SUNK, MR. CABOT. I’VE TRIED AND TRIED TO GET INTO PICTURES, BUT NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE. GUESS I’M JUST A FAILURE!**

**YOU’RE A PRETTY GIRL, MARY, BUT CASTING DIRECTORS ARE THE SAME AS OTHER MEN THEY LIKE TO SEE SMOOTH, YOUNG LIPS. THERE’S A LIPSTICK WITH A BEAUTY-CREAM BASE...**

**OH, MR. CABOT. IT WAS GRAND OF YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT KISSPROOF! I’VE LANDED A PART IN THIS NEW PICTURE!**

**EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR “LIP APPEAL” HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG**

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The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl’s most precious aid to loveliness. Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores. 50c (Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 106 stores.

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cago radio days. Toughly greeted Don as “You—ol!” yard-dog.”

Soon all five of us were off in one ear to the city. The two celebrities were faultlessly attired—Don appreciates nice tailoring—except for polo shirts to match mine. We headed for the swank Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, debating whether we could get in without ties. “Can we?” Meche asked the doorman, the elevator boy, the hat-check girl. Each nodded yes. But the head-waiter shook his head no! We exited. At the entrance we ran into Mack Gordon, the plump song-writer, learning our predicament. Mack calmly stepped into the lobby and in a tone that must have knocked every one inside agast bellowed, “Phoeey on you!” He walked back, shook hands solemnly with all of us. All except Honore and Mrs. Abner, who had disappeared. Presently they returned and suggested we try the Beverly Brown Derby.

“But I am so sorry, Mr. Ameche. So sorry, sir; but we do not serve unless you have a tie on!”

Meche eyed this head-waiter despondently. “Honey,” he groaned, “where do I find some food.”

Honore win.ed at the waiter, whose pompousness vanished. Once more mild and master had been framed. We ate. “Why not go to Venice?” Don demanded over black coffee. “Honey wants to ride the whip.”

We collected Claire Trevor and Billy Binkle and Polly Ann (sister of Loretta) Young and her husband en route. At the beach Honore nudged me. “If he isn’t a great kid, I’d like to see one!” Meche was ecstatic, trying to decide where we’d begin. We settled for the roller coaster, and he wasn’t satisfied until we’d had three rides. We shot rifles, raced rabbits, chased goldfish with paper nets.

Then nothing would do but the nickel dance-hall. A lot of people were on the verge of recognizing Don but they concluded he couldn’t be a celebrity. No one enjoying himself so much could be.

Half an hour of dancing and Meche had another inspiration. “The Bubblekhi!” he exclaimed. I thought that some secret police must be after us, but he was only referring to a Russian night-spot he’d located on Sunset Boulevard, two blocks west of the Troc. “There’s a marvelous fiddle player there,” Meche raved. “He’s taught many of the finest violinists!” And so we whirled it from Venice and had midnight supper at the Bubblekhi. The proprietor played the guitar, we all started to sing with the rest of the crowd and Don’s beautiful voice was outstanding. “He doesn’t take voice lessons,” Honore told me. “Back in Chicago he went to a man who knows much about singing, and Dom was advised not to spoil his natural tones as long as he wasn’t aiming for opera. That teacher is partly blind, and Dom thinks a lot of him. Every week Dom looks forward to the letter of criticism he gets from him on his radio program.”

At 3 a.m. we left, but not to call it a day. Meche had one more vacation day and so why go to bed so early? The five of us who started could tarry at the Abners’ for some penny-poker. “I guess I had my fill of routine when I was in boarding-school,” Don reminisced as we drove countrywards. “Now my working hours are comparatively irregular, and so are my non-working hours. I like it this way!”

Penny-poker and ham and eggs at the neighbors at dawn! I went back to the Ameches for my car, Sheila and Bridget and Lady, their handsome dogs, bounded furiously. Energy extends even to the dogs in that household. Arm in arm, Dom and Honore stood by my car door. “I hope we can stay in Hollywood,” he said. He pulled her closer and kissed her good-morning.
horrified, a huge blew, Myrna's cute little retousse nose went further up in the air, Sophie Tucker and her orchids got in under the wire, the lights went out, and the curtain went up.

Word had gotten about that it was an eight-thirty curtain and that no one would be seated during the prologue. Hollywood has had threats like this before and thought nothing of them—the play always waits for Hollywood. But on the evening the Lunts came to town there has never been such scurrying through souvlies, such gulping of artichokes; why, it's a wonder the whole town didn't die of acute indigestion.

It's one of the unwritten laws that film celebrities will be late for an opening, and Connie Bennett and other glamorous girls have often been put on the pan by the press for their tardiness. But I'll have you know that not a single star was late for the first night of "Amphytrion 36."

Madame Ouspenskaya who made such a hit in "Dodsworth" and who is about to repeat it in the new Garbo picture was the first to arrive. Then came Rouben Mamoulian, famous director, with Theresa Helburn, member of the board of directors of the Guild, who flew out from New York to catch the opening. Then a whole bevy of alumni. The first authentic cheering from the fans and visiting tourists was for Myrna Loy who arrived with her husband Arthur Hornblow, producer, and they were soon followed by Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak.

There was Joan Crawford with Franchot Tone bowing gravely to the Group and the Guild. And John Beal with Olivia de Havilland, the prettiest member of the younger set. There was John Barrymore with his tempestuous Ariel, on his arm. Came Janet Gaynor, the star who was re-born in technicolor, with a middle-aged man who turned out to be her uncle, H. L. Buhl of Chicago, and not a new romance. But speaking of romance, they do say that Janet and Tyrone Power are carrying on like a couple of mad young things, since Tyrone's affair with that skating girl, the initials are B. H.), has become as cold as the ice she skates on. Amidst a round of applause from the lady fans in the lobby handsome Charles Boyer, who has that something that the French are famous for besides omelets, (the initials are S. A.), arrived with his pretty wife, Pat Paterson, and the party-throwing Basil Rathbone.

There was Douglas Montgomery who used to play neurotic young men in Guild plays, with an L.A. society girl. And Claudette Colbert, who made the Guild once with a Eugene O'Neill number called "Dynamo" in which she wore a bright red scarf and fell in love with a machine and the machine fell in love with her. I'm a bit vague about it. And Norma Shearer all in white with Brian Aherne—who didn't marry Merle Oberon after all that publicity. Then came the Norman Posters (Sally Blake) with the Jack Oakie (Venita Varden) and both Sally and Venita being beautiful girls were mistaken for Loretta Young by the T. G., Alumnae who aren't awfully bright about things like that. And the Joe E. Brown who had dashed up from the opening of Bing Crosby's racetrack, and the Stu Irwins. And Irene Dunne, frightfully chic in black, and Gary Cooper, so handsome, and the Fred Astaires with the Irving Berlin's, and Constance Collier, Beulah Bondi, Randolph Scott, Tilly Losch, Helen Westley, Cora

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DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white.

LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR! Just taste Dentyne for yourself — that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature) — made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.
A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, that girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of under-arm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways. The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care, Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you’re dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It’s soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don’t label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you’ll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you’ll never have a moment’s worry about this source of unpleasantness.

Witherspoon, and tall Arthur Treacher with his tiny mother.

When Alfred Lunt as Jupiter came on in the last act with his beautiful blue curls and whiskers, his godlike raincoat and his eye-shadow, the women in the audience fairly swooned in the aisles. In fact, the husbands and boy friends were only too glad when the last act curtain fell and Mr. Lunt made his curtain speech so they could get their womenfolk as far away from Jupiter as possible. "I wonder why I never met Jupiter," sighed Claudette. "Isn’t he beautiful?" Dr. Pressman gave her an extra shoe through the crowd and said that he would grow a beard and dye it blue if it would make her any happier.

Janet Gaynor wondered if perhaps David Selznick could sign Jupiter for the leading man in her next technicolor picture. "He would be a dream in color," sighed Janet.

"And where do we go from here?" said Madge Evans’ escort gayly. "The Troc, or the Cocoanut Grove and catch Charlie MacCarthy’s midnight show?"


Fourth Dimensional Stars

Continued from page 34

ginner at Warners, Louise Fazenda was also present. Everyone knows Louise. She has been in Hollywood’s hectic industry for twenty-two years. In 1916, a school girl, Louise decided to make extra money by making people laugh. People said she could do the funniest things. So why not be paid for entertaining? Louise is still being paid.

Grand National have Rod La Rocque under contract. I mention this because Rod, still in his thirties, also began his film career with Essanay in silent days.

Lew Ayres was a lad of eighteen when he turned up in Hollywood. No other young player made such an instant impression on the fans. He had something others lacked. Although he might not seem to change in the estimation of his admirers, his decade of film fame speaks for itself.

Warner Baxter is another with something like seventeen years of picture work to his credit. Of all male stars, he seems foremost in holding the public interest. "William Powell has given us his witty, snappy conversations since talkies came. He also held us in silence. Twelve years of picture work, and he is still going strong.

Ronald Colman vies with Warner Baxter in having something like seventeen years of film fame. Only twelve of them have been passed in America. He and Garbo and Baxter hit the same record. But we do not think of time when Mr. Colman emotes.

Neil Hamilton is no newcomer to movies. A career of twenty years is behind him. Neil turned up at the old Fort Lee studio, back east, in 1917. Today, at thirty-seven, he returns to Hollywood, after spending a holiday of two years in England, where he made pictures, holiday or no holiday.

Of all the fourth dimensional stars, Paul Kelly caps the lot. For thirty years he has done picture and stage work. A valiant old man of seven, he started with Vitagraph, in 1907. Today, at thirty-seven, he is still one of the younger players. A fine actor. But with thirty years’ experience—well, he’d better be good!

So you see now how the screen and its stars epitomize science’s so-called “new discovery,” the Fourth Dimension, which proves Time and Space to be non-existent. The years come and go, but the stars remain. It is up to us to forget the years and the miles separating us from them in reality.
Why Aren't Babies Born With Blackheads?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

by Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2622 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream: also ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

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

Address..............................................................................

City..................................................................................

State..................................................................................

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)
This New 3-Way Treatment Has Put on Solid Pounds for Thousands of Skinny People

Quick Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. Reported with New Ironized Yeast

Now thousands of the skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to haggard, unhealthy looks that rob them of needed attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, look at people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normal, good-looking flesh—in just a few weeks!

Why it builds

Scientists have discovered that normally this substance is used up simply because they do not get enough high-vitality (vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of vitamin B is the specially selected and processed Ironized Ale Yeast, word-remourned for its national properties.

Now by a new process, the vitamin B content of the yeast is concentrated to 7 times its strength in ordinary yeast! This T-power vitamin-B concentrate is then combined with 3 kinds of strength-building rice, tomatoes, sorghum and branflour broth, Passing the English ale yeast process, these added ingredients are then added, finally, for your protection and to suit your particular health needs. Most people need more strength and less sensitivity to disease. And that's what it is here to do.

The result is the perfect way to take little ironized yeast tablets which will build your strength and keep you fit. People quickly gain normal attractiveness and normal physical development and poppy health.

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Pomona was pure luck. I've been grateful, believe me! The planets must have been smiling when I was finally born. It seemed it was this way. Just before the Christmas holidays, in my senior year, we gave "Journey's End" and I had an excellent part. The next afternoon I got a telephone call from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios! They wished me to come over and talk to them. I didn't tell a soul. I thought it was a new sort of a gag, I wandered around until I located the studio and there I was informed that a scout had been in the audience at our performance and he had reported favorably on me. I could attend the studio's training school.

But I'd never considered acting! I wouldn't quit college when I had only six months more to go to graduate. Yet I had no interest in anything any other field. The school plays had been fun, for a fact. I arranged to drive over three afternoons a week for instruction from their coach.

But I didn't step right into roles. Oh, no. It was more than a year before I was given a contract. A whole year before I started to earn a movie acting salary—of $35 a week!

Two months of commuting and I didn't feel I was getting anywhere. It didn't look as though anybody was going to give a hoot whether I became an actor, and if something wasn't concerned about me what was the use of trying to get anywhere in this complex business?

I graduated. College was over with as sudden a bang as it had begun. Everyone now, though, was going somewhere to be something. There were promises to keep in touch. But what on earth was I going to make of myself?

Mother and father had come out for the ceremonies and they were ready to drive home. Mother had beamed when she saw me playing the cello on the platform. My father said, "Well, son—so you're not going on to medical school?

I don't know what seized me, but I answered, "I want to stay out here for a month or so longer. I had one nibble from the movies. I might get another!"

They left. I moved into a rooming-house in Hollywood. I didn't have any friends. Daytimes I wondered how I was going to flatter Fate into a second chance at some studio. Evenings I walked the Boulevard, and then up the steep steps at the Bowl. Summer evenings once more, and I was looking up at the stars in the heavens as I'd looked four years before when I'd finished high school back in Beatrice. Only now I didn't have a girl to take driving

Next Month: Robert Taylor's Un- known Hollywood Days.
Great Lover

THE STORY SO FAR

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer, brought to Hollywood from Vienna, by an actor's agent—chiefly because the agent's frivolous wife insists—finds but one person who seems real to him. This is Hilda Drake, secretary to Fuller, the agent. Her encouragement, and help, eventually make it possible for the handsome foreigner to obtain a small part in a film. As the arrangement is that Ferdinand—whose name has been changed from von Schoenbauer to Greenwood—is to draw a small salary for six weeks pending trials, it is vital that he make good in this first opportunity. The picture completed, a preview is to be held, and Hilda has accepted Ferdinand's earnest invitation to attend the showing with him. Now go on with the story.

Continued from page 55

gesture, she drew his head down to her lips. "It's all right. They never use the names of bit players." He nodded gratefully. "Why do I lie like this?" she thought, and slipped her warm hand into his. His fingers closed over it.

The picture proceeded. Ferdinand watched quietly, an occasional tightening of his grip the only suggestion of nervous strain. An hour passed. Here was the ballroom scene. "Now," he said, unaware that he said anything. "It will be now." A woman in the row ahead turned to frown at him, Hilda winced as a ring bit into her finger under the unconscious pressure of his large brown hand.

The leading lady was dancing with her lover. They were quarreling. There—there was Ferdinand now, leaning against a column. Her heart leaped. They hadn't cut him out then, as she'd been too fool enough to fear. How nice he looked! Her hand, still in his, thumped his knee in delight, and she caught a radiant glance before turning back to the screen. He was still leaning against the column. Now he would ask her to dance—simply with a bow.

But he didn't. There was a close-up. The eyes of the leading lady blazed, she slapped the leading man's face and ran from the room. In the long shot that followed Ferdin-

and he didn't. There was a close-up. The eyes of the leading lady blazed, she slapped the leading man's face and ran from the room. In the long shot that followed Ferdin-

and the picture ended.

* * *

They said good-night at her door. "We'll talk to Fuller in the morning." Hilda was telling him for the tenth time. "He'll do something about it."

"Yes. You are so kind, Miss Hilda, to me, a stranger, I am ashamed that I lean on you like a child, Tomorrow I will be gay."

"Lean away, Shaybar. I'll let you know when I'm tired." In the moon-drenched street he lifted his eyes to hers. Her heart contracted at what she saw there. She felt a wild yearning to comfort him. From the step above him she stooped, and planted a light kiss on his cheek. "There—that's from your mother. Good-night, Shaybar."

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The Smart Manicure
Sonja Goes American

Continued from page 25

it in skating. The only thing the two have in common is audiences. I've found American audiences much the same as those in England and on the Continent, judging from exhibitions I've given in New York, London, Paris, Brussels, and other cities. All have been cordial and enthusiastic.

Like you, perhaps, I then wanted to know what America meant to her.

"Everything," was her generous response. "Here I have found all those things for which I had longed, the only things that make life worth living, and they have brought me happiness."

She was getting "warm," so I mentioned romance.

"Help!" she pleaded, throwing up her hands. "It's no good keeping it back any longer. All right, I say it—I am in love."

The next thing, I took it for granted, would be to find a husband.

"Sure," she assented. "Why not? Naturally, I want to marry and have children. I love a home and children and all the romance of family life. You know, there is romance in bringing up a family.

And if I had a daughter I'd teach her to skate. It would make me very proud to be the mother of an American Sonja who became world champion."

It only remained to wish more Power to the dream-champ. Bowing with mocking gravity, the potential mother suddenly was silent and really grave for a moment. Then:

"There is something more to tell, but I am not sure I ought to tell it. Oh, well, you might as well know! America means so much to me, my whole world, that I have made up my mind to become an American. Already I have talked with officials here about taking out my citizenship papers. But this must wait for a while. So must marriage. As soon as I finish this picture I am going to Norway and tell the King of my plan. It is only right I should, for the King was a good friend to my father and always sent me flowers. And a greeting when I took part in a skating competition. So I would not do anything to make him think me ungrateful. But when I have explained everything, I am sure the King will understand that all my love and all my future are in this country. I will go American more completely than I have already done, with all my heart and soul."

You've Got to Have Zing!

Continued from page 23

movie stars! If you're not in the mood— Ann Sothern is a soothing soul, though. (Although rather trying to property men.) Ann simply will not start to work on a picture unless she is provided with a real, old-fashioned rocking chair on the set. She never rushes off to her dressing-room. She sits in her rocking chair and—guess what? She knits. Rocks and knits, as ever was. She knits sweaters and usually she is working on two or three which are in various stages of completion. She knits them for relatives, directors, and property men with a lavish lack of favoritism.

"It relaxes me!" she told me, rocking placidly. "The hairdresser and the make-up man come to me. If I had to rush off and snatch coca-colas and patch make-up, I'd be exhausted. When I do this, I am rested ready for the next scene. But I must have my rocking chair—the old-fashioned kind
with big rockers and long, high arms."

When Myrna Loy finds her nerves a bit on edge she reads, "I can't read anything heavy or sustained," she said. "I want short stories—as exciting and as absorbing as I can find. There aren't enough of them, really, for my purpose. I want to be diverted — taken out of myself—for a very brief period. I don't want anything which I will have to put down and then pick up later and try to pull the threads together."

That, of course, brings us to Alice Brady, whose passion is detective stories. She doesn't enjoy what she terms "good ones."

She likes the cheap, blood-and-thunder tales — and many a prop boy will testify that she has snatched his favorite thriller from under his nose. "I'll buy you another copy, son," says Miss Brady thumbing the pages.

Luise Rainer says, "When I work in a picture I suffer all kinds of pain, so hard. When I am not working I must make fun, or else I shall grow old too soon. I shall lose that—what did you call it?—that zing thing."

Luise's idea of making fun is to walk or drive for miles and miles and wear no hat while doing it. She prefers a windy day for these activities. But even better she likes to "make a joke" on some one. A practical joke. If she could arrange to come into your garden while you were away for a week-end and transplant all your trees and shrubs and bulbs to new and unexpected places—to surprise you when you returned—she would be full with zing for weeks and weeks.

Then there are the people who think that food or the lack of it or the combinations of it have everything to do with zing. Constance Bennett is convinced that she maintains her box-office appeal by drinking fruit juice—a glass of hot tomato juice and then a glass of cold pineapple juice. An hour later, a glass of cold tomato juice and then—well, you get the idea. This isn't, I am assured, supposed to have anything to do with Connie's keeping her figure. She's never had to worry about that. It is all in the interests of energy, alertness and—zing.

Greta Garbo has a similar theory, (and goodness knows she doesn't have to worry about keeping thin.) Working on the "Conquest" set, Garbo busily drank pine-apple juice—hot or cold—with an occasional variation of sauerkraut juice if she had a trying scene to undertake.

She shares a conviction with Crawford that sun baths are absolutely essential to the preservation of this valuable quality—the one which lures the customers into the box-office. Joan was the first to hold the most important conference with executives if she thinks that she can run away and have an hour in the sun. Years ago, she told me, she used to turn on the victory dance, all by herself, to restore her sense of rhythm and balance. Now she lies in the sun, sings and—

Oh, yes! Joan has a favorite food to assist her. It is artichokes. Artichokes, treated with a soufflé of sweet, drawn butter and a dibble of chopped, fresh parsley. These, Joan says, are simply packed with zing.

Maybe you don't like artichokes. In that case, consider Eleanor Powell, who nibbles and nibbles and nibbles chocolate between her strenuous dance routines. "Nothing gives me such a lift," she declares. "Exploring the Arctic depends upon it, don't they? It can't make you fat if you burn up energy as fast as I do. Besides, I like it! If I can't get chocolate, an apple will do."

I'm sure that I'm not going to follow Chester Morris' recipe for zing! He says that he rises each morning, chins himself five times, hops aboard his youngster's kiddie car and darts around the block, crying, "Sque-dunk!"

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Lombard, Then and Now

Continued from page 31

house with frigidaire, Venetian blinds, a phone in every room, and everything. It's done in blue and white and handsomely furnished. The flowers, and they are all over the place, are compliments of Mr. Gable—the same Mr. Gable who once nodded absently as he passed her on the long flight of steps to the undesirable dressing-rooms.

"There's not a thing to paint," said Carole, rather mournfully looking over her delirious suite, "and not a thing to complain about." "But you are supposed to complain, Miss Lombard," said one of the studio people. "You're a great star, and Mr. Selznick will expect you to complain about something. They all do, you know." Well, Carole didn't want to break up any precedents so she straightforwardly visited the prop department and picked out some of the oldest garden furniture you may ever hope to see. Big tears here, rust there, and decidedly sunbaked and wind-blown. She had it placed on her front lawn and then she called Mr. Selznick, "Who do you think I am? How dare you?" etc., etc.

Being a very feminine person Carole recalls as a high spot in her first Pathé sojourn the day the wardrobe department presented her with her first extreme evening gown. It was for a sequence in "Racketeer" and it was made specially for her, and it cost $150! She was that excited she couldn't eat. For it seems that in those days our little Carole had to wear hand-me-downs, how dreadful, with never a bead to call her own. After one of the Queens had finished a picture her clothes went back to the wardrobe where they were cut down and re-made for Carole who had to wear them whether they were becoming or not. This is an old Hollywood custom. Gail Patrick today is wearing in her Paramount pictures little numbers that have been discarded by Miss Dietrich. In "Nothing Sacred" you'll see Carole in a dress that cost $1500, and when the studio saw the bill they didn't even bat an eyelash. $1500 is nothing for a gown for the glamorous Miss Lombard today—yes, indeed, what a hell of a lot of difference a few years can make.

When Carole was giving her all to "Power" and "High Voltage" she had to work when the director said work, even if it was from eight in the morning until far into the night, for unless you were important in those days your pictures were only in production a couple of weeks. But not today, dearie. It is written into the Lombard contract that she works from nine until six—and comes six o'clock Miss Lombard can pick up her train and go home to a nice hot dinner, or for a romp on the roller coasters at Venice with Mr. Gable, if she's in the mood. If they get under the wire for less than a million somebody made a mistake. The Lombard pictures are not quickies now.

Of course it would make a much better story if we could say that during the run of her first Pathé contract poor Carole sat in her orchid and green dressing-room biting her nails while Connie and Gloria and Jeanette and Sally were besieged by all the great lovers and playboys of Hollywood. (As a matter of fact Ina Claire did snare John Gilbert about that time.) Sort of an Alice-at-the-fire or Cinderella Girl or something. As a matter of fact, just to make things difficult for my success story, Carole was even more popular at that time than the Queens, and had more playboys and handsome young leading men calling her up and tossing orchids at her.

But if she did all right then, she does even better now—for as soon as he can get away from work or if a director such as Clark Gable drives over from Metro and seats himself on the floor in Carole's dressing-room with a cheese sandwich in one hand and a can of beer in the other. Mr. Gable, it may be interesting to note, has no difficulty driving on the lot now either, (during "The Painted Desert" he too had to park outside with Carole's Alaskan husky), and the "Welcome" on the red carpet thrown out for him is done in petit point,
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 19

By this time, we were in the living-room, an oblong-shaped room with an iron-railed stair going up at one end, and doors opening into a sun-room at the other. Beyond the sun-room, in the garden, Free-Perry could play, tended in trimly fitting riding clothes, waiting for young Mrs. Perry to come for a canter before the “little dinner.” I remember the living-room as quite dark, but then most California houses were dark some years ago. You came in out of the bright sunshine and left your way about. Now there was a silver-green carpet, the screen is green, too; there are no shutters, and the sun comes blithely in.

“I said to Billy Haines,” recounted Helen, sinking in the plush half-way up into the divan, “I want this living-room to be a happy room, a livable place. Besides that, I like a little formality and reserve, but I don’t want anything stately, or unmovable. I like to feel when I come in tired that I can put my feet up under me on the couch or in a big chair, and my guests won’t be worried about handkerchiefs or pillows. That was all I asked. Billy looked a trifle bitter, but he said, ‘Oh yes, that will be easy!’ and presently he returned with his ideas of my arrangements. This,” he stated, firmly, “is a happy chair!”

“Take it away!” I moaned, ‘it makes me miserable.”

“Don’t be so exacting for this right room,” he’d argue. And I wouldn’t have it. Poor Bill, I felt so sorry for him. But after all, I have to live here.

The young husband knocked on the garden door, pantomimed to indicate his riding togs, the descending sun, and Helen in her hostess gown.

“Poor darling!” smiled Helen, “he’s playing tennis tonight and I promised to go riding with him before dinner. I must rush and change. I’ve arranged for four different times today, so three more times will be good practice! Coming, darling?”

Princess of Politics

Continued from page 29

let senators write their own speeches,” Lucy giggled.

“Well, give them a chance once in a while,” he smiled, in that special way he had for Lucy. “Remember what happened with the soldier’s bonus when you almost disrupted the navy by getting old Senator Whozit to come out for a soldier’s bonus?”

“Well, I still think it was a good idea,” Lucy pushed back her hair complacently.

“They work so much harder than the soldiers, polishing that brass all the time. And I was always getting the brass people to pay the bonus.”

“You know it’s really a good thing you weren’t around when the constitution was written,” Stephen laughed. “Lord knows what you’d have done to that!”

“Well, if I had been it wouldn’t need so much work today,” Lucy’s assurance could amaze everyone who had been married to her all these years. “Darling, you look all done in. I’ll bet you didn’t have a bite of lunch, did you?”

“I certainly did. I had lunch with the president.”

“Really? What did he say?” Lucy demanded eagerly. Then as she saw his lips tighten in that instinctive way they had of doing when he was keeping things from her, she rushed on headlong. “Oh, I don’t

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mean state secrets, Stephen. What did the President say about you? And it was about you. I know it. He wants you to be nominated as his successor." Her voice softened to meet the new depth in her eyes. "We've never talked about it, Stephen; all these long years, it's been too deep down to talk about. Whenever anybody's mentioned it, your being president, I mean, we've just laughed. We've never really talked about it."

Stephen reached over then and took her hand and held it hard in his. "And we never must talk about it, Lucy," she said quietly. "Why not?" Suddenly she was trembling, and now that it had been spoken at last the dream became almost a reality. "You've worked, Stephen. You're brilliant. You're the logical man and you're good, Stephen, so good."

**FIRST LADY**
A Warner Bros. Picture

**CAST**
Lucy Chase Wayne .......... Kay Francis
Stephen Wayne ................ Preston Foster
Emmy Page .................. Anita Louise
Carter Hubbard .............. Walter Connolly
Irene Hubbard ............... Verree Teasdale
GordonKeene ................. Victor Jory
Lydia May Grant ............. Louise Fazenda
Sophy Preacock .............. Marjorie Gateson
Belle Hardwick ............. Marjorie Rambeau
Ella Hibbard ............... Henry O'Neill
Elsworth T. Canning ........ Grant Mitchell
Tom Hardwick ............... Eric Stanley
Mrs. Ives .................. Lucille Gleason
Mrs. Mason .................. Sara Haden
Charles ..................... Harry Davenport
Gregoravitch ............... Gregory guy
Gleeker ..................... Olaf Hytton

Screen play by Rowland Leigh.
From the play by George S. Kaufman & Katherine Dayton. Directed by Stanley Logan.

She had never seemed so like a child before, so defenseless with that supercilious air of hers suddenly gone. He leaned over and kissed her. "Do you want it so very much, my dear?" he asked gently.

"Oh, not for myself. There was no mistaking the truth in her words. "I'd be no treat for me. I know what mother went through, I wish it for you. They need you, Stephen."

"Oh, I think they'll stagger along, even without me," Stephen smiled. "On the other hand, I doubt if our guests can. Come on, darling, let's face them."

The reception was a brilliant one as Lucy's receptions always were. For besides all the usual climbers that were at all the parties and the minor diplomatic and post office officials and congressmen's wives that any hostess could get were the really great names of Washington circles.

Lucy suppressed a giggle as she saw one of the lesser guests slip an ash tray in her purse and blessed Sophy for the foresight that had made her substitute Woolworth's for the usual jade smoking sets. She moved easily among her guests and anyone observing Lucy knew just how important or unimportant every one present was by the tilt of her eyebrows or the quirk of her smile as she spoke to them.

She congratulated herself on sidestepping Mrs. Crewey and the six million American women laden with her soap and smiled as she realized she could not have turned the trick so neatly if the six million had really been there instead of on their president's tongue. And then at last she joined Stephen and her own little group of intimates in the study.

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Belle's eyes were fixed on her. "Only—First Lady," she said.

You're out of your mind, Belle." Lucy protested. "Mom, just look. She saw that the older woman was right.

Belle couldn't be first lady. She couldn't! Not Lucy. She could help it. And Lucy could. For in a flash there came one of her bright ideas and Lucy acted on it as she always did. Impulsively and forcefuly. She couldn't wait to find Sophie and tell her. "Now," she said to Sophie. When Irene thought her own husband had a chance to be president, a bigger chance than Keane, who was she to do? She'd stick to him, wouldn't she? You bet she would.

You, Lucy?" Sophie's voice had all the sharp edge it had always had when she was frightened of Lucy's ideas.

"But that's what we've got to do, Sophie!" Lucy laughed triumphantly. "Make Irene think that Carter's the president. We're going to launch a presidential boom. For Carter Hibbard! Get it?"

"But they'd never think of picking Carter."

"Of course they wouldn't!" Lucy looked almost pitifully at her. 'That's the whole point. But we've got to make Irene think they would. Once she's convinced she'll never realize that her husband won't have a chance in a million of being elected or

WILL YOUR EYES thrill you?

so sorry.

"I'm afraid Gordon and I have no choice," Irene's smile flashed as she produced her trump card. "We're driving over into Maryland to the Hendricks."

"There's plenty of time. Isn't there?" Keane protested. "Mrs. Wayne was going to show me some old photographs."

"Not really. Irene's voice rose in her excitement. "Drugging him in the memoirs again, Lucy? 'My Life and Times in the White House.' Oh, you can see those any time, Gordon. Can't be, Lucy? They're always on exhibits and I'm just dying of him missing those photographs! Will you come in bloomers, playing basketball or riding piggies? Will you, good-bye, everybody?" Her tripped included the whole room. "We just must run. Good-bye, Lucy. You're so fortunate to have a past, my dear. It gives you something to talk about."

There was an awful silence as she left. Lucy detached! It was too much.

"Count ten, Lucy!" Belle Hardwick broke the silence at last. "Count ten before you say a word."

"Tough luck, Lucy," Tom Hardwick said as he pushed on the shoulder. "I thought I had her going for a while there. I would have put two to one on you. Something's happened to your footprint."

"Finger marks, Lucy exploded. "Did you hear that? What about her picture in one of those Baker steamers that bucked up the back? The nerve of her!"

"Well, what do you expect?" Belle asked reasonably enough.

"But in my own house, Belle!" Lucy flung out her small exasperated hands. "She came right into my own house and took him. As if he were flat silver!"

"You're not surprised, are you?" Belle protested. "You ought to be able to guess what's back of this. It is a presidential year."

"Presidential—Keane?" Lucy was stunned. "But where does Irene come in?" she persisted. "That's what she got up to it with."

"Everything," Belle assured her. "That Western crowd would jump through hoops for her. I tell you I know what I'm talking about. She's steering for the White House."

"Keane in the White House!" Lucy's voice fell. "But I still don't see what Irene would get out of it."

Belle's eyes were fixed on her. "Only—First Lady," she said.

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even nominated. Thank heaven she has no sense of the ridiculous, otherwise she would never have married Carter. And I know how to start it, Sophy. That Mrs. What’s-her-name, that overstuffed dove, Peggy Purvey. They dined that afternoon, Peggieck, eh? She’ll wish she were piggy-back before I get through with her!

It was just too easy. Lucy could have laughed at them all out of the room, for she had propped the subject at lunch with Mrs. Creevey and Mrs. Mason whose husband was a colleague of Hibbard’s, it was really masterly the way she did it. I take my hat off to her, and if softly that both ladies thought it was their own idea and that she had nothing to do with it.

I haven’t counted on Mrs. Creevey! After all, how could Lucy know that the club women hadn’t the backing of Ellsworth T. Gunning, whose newspapers agitated across the border for a gigantic chain?

Lucy smiled when she saw Carter Hibbard and his “life everywhere together; and Gordon Keane, deserted by his sponsor now and - loose ends, did not waste any time. It was Emmy he turned to. Little, young, golden-haired, blue-eyed Emmy.

They had gone to the theatre that evening, Lucy and Emmy and Keane because Stephen w: - giving a stag dinner, and wise Lucy knew how useless a woman could be at a political dinner. But she knew something portentous was underway and she left before the last act to hurry home.

The men were still in the dining-room and she went on a restless search for Sophy.

“I’d give my eye-teeth to know what they’re talking about in there. Her eyes were dancing with excitement. “You know what I think."

“T know what you hope,” Sophy said quietly.

And why not?” Lucy was defiant now.

“What’s better qualifie: than Stephen? I know the President wants him to succeed him. He’s the obvious man and the right man. Gordon Keane is out of the running now, and who else is there, Sophy? Who else?"

It was Tom Hardwick who told her. He sought her out as the men came out of the dining-room.

“There just seems to be a lot of Hibbary sympathy, Lucy. We don’t know how it started. You know, Lucy, I wasn’t going to say anything about it unless it came out, but a good many of our hearts set on swing this for Stephen. Hadn’t been for this Hibbard business he could have done it. Even had he been President with us. Then God forbid that we should crash through with all these club women behind him. God! I wish women would keep out of politics!"

“So do I.” Lucy said quietly, her face a tragic mask. But she didn’t give way to her tears until she was alone with Sophy.

“How could I, Sophy? How could I have done it,” she moaned. “That’s what I can’t forgive myself. What I’ve done to Stephen. But I couldn’t have known that Ganning with all his newspapers would be there just to pounce on my little joke and turn it into a national campaign!”

It was harder facing Stephen in their room that night. Stephen so fine and honorable who was talking it all like the true sportsman he was and blaming himself for not making Lucy the First Lady.

And Lucy, Lucy, who was pressing to go to the dinner the next evening that Emmy told her of her engagement to Gordon Keane. Oh, if she had only let it to foolish little Lucy! Away from Stephen and his hopes of being President! But how could she have foreseen that?

Stephen called to say he would be a little late as Prince Gregoravitch, the new envoy from Trans-Bulgaria, had arrived, and he was busy with him."

“Gregoravitch!” Something clicked in Lucy’s memory. “Isn’t he that prince Irene was married to?” She demanded, and then as Stephen assented her words raced on. “My dear, you must bring him over right away, we can’t be late at Belle’s tonight. It would be too ungracious. I’ll entertain the Prince with a nice cocktail while you’re changing and —” Her face clouded as Stephen argued, then she went on briskly: “Nonsense, Stephen, you bring him right over. You know the torture I’ve got to go through tonight and even the condemned murderer is allowed to choose his last meal. Well, I choose Gregoravitch!"

Lucy was very gay that evening. All through dinner she was cleverly kept everyone amused, and there wasn’t one even Irene could have taken exception to. Even afterwards, when she had contrived to be alone with Irene, Lucy was determined to be amusing.

“Well, Irene, feeling excited?” she asked.

Lynn Gilbert, above, has turned from writing fiction to acting in films.

"Not particularly," Irene managed to achieve just the right degree of boredom. "Although I must say it’s a real challenge, a challenge to any woman. Because I don’t think the White House has ever been done properly, do you? Oh, I don’t mean any reflection, my dear. Of course you won’t be remaining in Washington. And Stephen too. Freed from the pressure of public life. I do hope he’ll find something to interest him. But really I don’t know what we’re going to do without the monument, because to most people you have become a monument."

"Why, that’s sweet of you, Irene," Lucy said with dangerious sugar in her voice. "It’ll be so restful for you just to be nobody," Irene smiled. "Where you can do anything you like without having it matter. Where every, that is. Sometimes says anything won’t be attributed to you. Unjustly, of course."

"How charmingly you put it." Lucy leered at her, invincibly. "Didn’t I hear the doorbell?" she asked. "A man has to see Stephen on business and I suggested he stop by for us. It’s Prince Gregoravitch,"

Irene’s dismay was solace to her wounded spirits and when the Prince was ushered in she tried to keep the wild triumph from her eyes. She had schemed against this man but this time it was different. This time it was going to be all right.

It was all going as she had planned it. Gregoravitch’s exaggerated joy and European gallantry when he saw Irene.

"My dear, you’ll be so happy," Lucy breathed. "As I said to the Prince over cocktails this afternoon, you are having a great time with those statesmen. So that tomorrow when we will recognize your laws and you will recognize ours, ma chere, you will be free. Free at last of our marriage dear. And our divorce will become legal in America."

Irene stared at him speechlessly, Lucy said quickly: “And the Prince thought it wise thing she wanted to I haven’t any idea. Of course it’s a technically but wait until the opposition papers come out with the names and places. And after that nothing will mar the harmony and the Prince is going to run as President of the United States there mustn’t be even a whisper about him or his wife."

"Nothing but a dirty politician!" Irene meant to say at last in a strained voice, and Lucy laughed lightly.

"You bet I am, or you’d be in the White House."

Lucy had never seemed more like a child, gay and carefree and guileless, than when she offered her regrets when Carter Hibbard after a hurried consultation with his wife withdrew his candidacy for the Presidency. Lucy was simply delighted.

"But this is monstrous!" Ganning remonstrated after Hibbard had left. "What are we going to do?"

"Wait does sort of leave you out on a limb, doesn’t it?” Hardwick drawled. "A king maker and no king. But you know perfectly well what we’re going to do. They ... your campaign to the right there?" And he pointed to Stephen.

Lucy had never been so happy or so proud as Stephen in his calm gracious way accepted the nomination. Afterwards, alone in the room, he asked Irene to nurse his aching head and Stephen’s and whispered, "All this has taught me a great lesson. I’m through fancying myself as the great politician. I’m like my father. I confine my activities to opening bazaars and arranging sputoons and never, never again will I meddle in — she stopped suddenly and thought hard for a moment."

"Stephen! Nebraska’s a doubtful state isn’t it?" Then as Stephen listened apprehensively, "Senator Gough’s Nebraska, isn’t he? Oh, dear, I wish I’d been more gracious to his monstrous wife. You know, Stephen, the one with teeth like the keyboard of a spinet! It mightn’t be a bad thing to try and make me a favorite with the ladies."

"Theoretically on a holiday, of course, and we could stop over in Chicago and Omaha, old Sam Blodgett’s frightfully influential there, and if I could entertain Mrs. Blodgett after his fashion and listen to the endless tales of his particularly dreary boyhood—"

Stephen smiled in the darkness. She was at last a grown-up, planned the marriage, old incorrigible Lucy. He reached out for her hand and held it against his cheek for a moment. Funny how much he loved her. He said nothing after all he had wanted to. There was something almost like a prayer in his heart, a prayer of thankfulness that at last he had been able to give her the things she wanted above everything else. For he, Stephen Wayne, was making Lucy the First Lady of all the land!"
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