Are Hollywood Marriages Just Love Episodes?

Silver Screen

May

10¢

IN CANADA 15 CENTS

CAROLE LOMBARD

WHAT DOES JOAN CRAWFORD WEIGH?
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!

There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps young men away!

Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!

If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.

A dentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."

I wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

It isn't very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANATROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING ... 9:00 P.M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
SILVER SCREEN FOR MAY 1934
"You're Telling Me?"

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

First Prize

WINIFRED LUZMOOR of Lafayette, Colo., writes: "Three of the most charming actors of today are Englishmen—Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard. American males lack those finer qualities that register with women as 'perfect gentleman.' I adore all American heroes, but why can't they have some of this English charm and polish? Or is this 'English trait' born and not made?"

Isn't it their manner of speech?

Second Prize

"MISLEADING" advertising, which has for its only purpose the task of 'pulling them in' to the movie theatre, has lost more friends for the movies than any other one thing," writes B. Alice Burland of San Diego, Calif. "Often when I leave the theatre with that gyped and disgusted feeling, it is not proof that the play was unworthy or poor. It very often means that the play was not suited to my taste or mood. He had been led to expect something different. If the theme and character of the plays were more truthfully advertised, patrons could then make a better selection."

Barman said different.

Third Prize

"WILL somebody put a stop to these 1900 costume pictures?" begs Peggy Castle of Tampa, Fla. "Bustles, wasp waists and pompadours we can swallow once, but gosh, picture after picture is too much. And above all else, if we must have them, leave them to the Mme. H., H. types. Please, oh please, not our suave, sophisticated Kay Francis, who is the very personification of modern beauty. Give her to us as the smooth, sleek, beautiful modern that she is. And, mister, I'm not alone in this opinion."

A cycle lies a-dying.

"PLEASE give us correct pronunciation," writes Mary Manning of Dorchester, Mass. "We demand the final G's in words like 'talking' and 'going.' And verbs that syn-

chronize with subjects as 'It doesn't agree' instead of 'It don't agree.' Furthermore, and herein lies the greatest number of errors, we crave the proper pronouns such as 'It is not he: it is not I.' Instead of 'It is not him, it's only me.'"

Should Stepin Fetchit in "Carolina" really have spoken grammatically? As a matter of fact, we resent cultured speech in one having no culture.

"I PROPOSE, at the end of the show, to repeat upon the screen the part of the film showing the cast of players," writes Helen H. Anderson of Columbia, S. C. "Unless one is an enthusiastic fan, or especially devoted to certain actors, he is likely to read all but one or two of the names too casually to fix them in his mind, before the show. Often the really excellent acting of someone who is not a star attracts attention, and on the way out of the theatre he asks, 'Did you notice who played the part of that old man?' And each one says, 'No, good, wasn't he? Don't know that I ever saw him before.'"

Buy a fan magazine, (ed.)

LUCYBELLE LORTZ of Louisville, Ky., writes: "An evening spent in the front row of any neighborhood theatre, listening to the comments of children upon the pictures, especially Westerns, is enough to convince one that the youngsters of our land are not acquiring high ideals. Blood-thirsty little growls of 'Kill him!' Why don't you kill him? indicate that we may expect more crime than ever when these children grow up."

Don't be silly. Little fellows have no conception of death—nor big fellows either. Did you see Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday?"

"DO some of the stars think they are fooling us when they pretend to sing on the screen?" asks Emile Vaughan. "We hear a beautiful Italian 'T,' but the close-up on the screen does not show the star making that beautiful Italian 'T' with the tip of the tongue, which is the only way possible. We hear a perfect vowel 'a' being sung, but the 'a' could never have that particular color if sung with that silly puckered-up expression on the lips."

It's called "dubbing in" and they're pretty darn clever at it, the dubbers.

"WHAT a relief is the news that nudism is to be presented on the screen in an intelligent and serious manner," writes Mabel Kainer of Louisville, Ky. "While we, ourselves, may be on the fence regarding this new cult, still we are open-minded enough not to resent its presentation to us in a healthy way."

Not while Will Hays has his health.

"I WONDER why some producer does not make a picture around the theme of a young couple getting married and existing on mere thirteen dollars a week. This often forces the wife to work, too. Such a couple cannot afford a maid or housekeeper. It would be interesting to see something different like this," writes Elizabeth Whitley of Lowell, Mass.

You will like "Little Man, What Now?" which Margaret Sullivan is making.

"PERHAPS I have a twisted taste or something, but I always almost find the trailer far more thrilling than the picture itself," writes Mrs. J. Bordor of Toledo, Ohio. "If there were films half as exciting as the trailers, what enjoyable entertainment we fans would have!"

The last that loved a trailer.

HAROLD V. STARK of Clarks Summit, Pa., writes "A controversy has arisen among my friends as to the ranking of some of the screen stars. We have four in question, namely, Kay Francis versus Irene Dunne and Edward G. Robinson vs. Paul Muni. Can you aid us in selecting the most valuable or the highest ranking of these stars?"

We (and the box office) prefer Kay Francis and Paul Muni, but like your others, too.

Lanny Ross, radio singer, and the new Ann Sothern pose for a still in "Melody in Spring."

The Screen Is a Mirror In Which You See the Image of Your Favorite Self.
A discovery of dramatic promise

skin awakens, stirs with renewed life

That's why women are thrilled about this new face cream that does such remarkable things

It was not a beauty expert but a scientist who watched youth fade from women's skins and sought a way to check it.

"It may not work," he said, "but I'll put into a face cream the youthful substance old skins lack . . . and then we'll see what happens."

That's what he did. And today two million women can tell you how skins grow clearer, softer, stir again with renewed life. How age lines and fine wrinkles melt away—and old dry skin undergoes a change in texture.

**Sebisol—a new substance**

This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching substance that makes young skin firm, fresh, alluring. He named it sebisol and put it into the finest cream he could develop.

Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a natural substance that keeps skin soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitely appealing. Whether sebisol alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we know by women's statements: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

**You need no other cream**

As you apply Junis Cream feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our expense. We believe you'll be delighted with results. We believe Junis Cream will thrill you as it has two million other women who have tried it. Send the coupon for a generous test supply.

**FREE—GENEROUS SUPPLY**

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

**JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT**

**Note:** This offer available only to residents of the United States. Only one tube to a family.
ELIZABETH BERGNER, whose “Catherine the Great” immediately established her in America as one of the finest actresses on the screen, is a Viennese, "Ariane," a foreign made picture in which she stars, is also being exhibited here. Miss Bergner is remarkable for the fact that her face is only beautiful by the marvel of her spiritual expression.

WARREN WILLIAM is worried because he has to shave off his mustache to play Gecser in “Cleopatra.” And Jimmy Cagney is worried because he has to keep his silly little mustache to play Flicker in “Without Honor.” And Claudette Colbert is worried because she has to gain six pounds before the cameras can start shooting her in “Cleopatra.” And Freddie March is worried because he just goes from one costume play to another and is sick of having his hair frizzed into curls every day. So we all have our little worries, dear me, yes.

HAVE you had your Gracie Allen tidbit today? Well, here it is, the very latest. "Gracie, Gracie," moaned George Burns holding his head, "what am I going to do with you? The man asked if you were illiterate and you punched him. Was that nice?" "I don't let anybody talk about my family like that," said Gracie, "You know, George, I've seen Mama's and Papa's marriage certificate."

Mae Clarke’s inimitable flair for wisecracking is a constant source of amusement, no matter where she goes. At a theater party recently, Mae, sporting a certain sterling actor famed for his portrayal of Abraham Lincoln for just years and years, piped, "He's played Lincoln so long, poor fellow, he'll die of a broken heart if someone doesn't assassinate him soon."
Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer excels the beauty and allure of her “Divorcee”, and “Strangers May Kiss” fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Robert Montgomery in Riptide

Herbert Marshall
Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Written and Directed by Edmund Goulding
An Irving Thalberg Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Reviews

In a Few Well Chosen Words

ARIAINE—Charming. (UA) Produced abroad, and featuring Elizabeth Bergner, who made a hit as “Catherine Gork.” Modern comedy, with music has much to attract you. Percy Marmont plays opposite.

BEDSIDE—Fair. (Wb) A Park Avenue bedside manner does much for the career of Warren William, a medical quack. (Jean Muir, Allen Jenkins, David Landau.)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Fine. (Monogram) A story of the modern structure, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with green lenzengr, Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis and Chas. Farrell play well together.

BOMBS MAIL—Good. (U) From Calcutta to Bombay is the route taken by this second cousin of mystery “Some Express.” The cast is headed by Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Fine. (U) One of those gossamer Viennese comedies with the gray and charming servants masquerading as nobility—nice, neat, and nifty! Nils Asther, Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi play the leads.

CORNELIA—Excellent. (Fox) That fine southern play, The House of Connelly, provides the theme for this engaging film starring Jeanne Crain, and having Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman and Robert Young in cast.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Charming. (MG M) A tuneful operetta with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro singing and starring together picture-ously. And, just to bring us to earth, Frank Morgan’s here, too!

COMING OUT PARTY—Fine. (Fox) After seeing this recent story of the “delilah racket” you won’t envy society debbies any more. (Frances Dee, Gene Gable)

CONSTANT NYMPH—The—Excellent. (Fox) Gentlemen! A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy’s colorful novel of several years ago, Will Rogers, Fess Parker—one of the leading men for Katharine Cornell in cast.

DAVID HARUM—Enjoyable. (Fox) The classic Yankee novel of this title brought to life by Bob Hope and William Lundigan. It is quietly amusing, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor in support.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Fantastic. (Par) If the grim reaper could always appear to us as a handsome prince at a colorful house party, the hereafter might not sound so forbidding. (Fred, March, Evelyn Venable, and William Lundigan)

DEVIL TIGER—Fine. (Fox) Here’s a sensational adventure film, authentically set in the jungles of Asia. Splendidly acted by Margaret O’Brien, Kane Richmond, Harry Woods. If you crave real excitement, see this!

ENLIGHTEN THY DAUGHTER—Fair. (20th Century Fox) This film seems a bit far-fetched—however, you can take it or leave it. It’s up to you. (Herbert Rawlinson, Beth Barton)

GOOD DAY—Fair. (Kay) Sylvia Sidney as the nice little girlie who tries to make Freddie March, a big bad wolf of a man, straight for her sake.

HAROLD TEE—Just Fair. (WB) This story is woven to give us the famous comic strip and its cast of characters, Hal Le Roy, Rosella Huband and Patricia Ellis.

HEAT LIGHTNING—Good. (WB) A tourist camp in the desert is the locale of this exciting melodrama with comedy touches. Fine cast includes Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh.

Margaret Sullivan, who was frightened while travelling in an airliner during a terrible storm, now is content to remain in Hollywood working on "Little Man, What Now?"

HI, NELLIE—Fine. (WB) Although we prefer Paul Muni in more serious roles, he does a fine job of his role as the newspaper editor who gets demoted to an advice to the lovelorn column. (Glenda Farrell and Ned Sparks.)

HIPS, HIPS, HOO-RAH—Good. (RKO) Even rabid anti-Wheeler-Woolseyites may get some laughs out of this goofy farce. Thelma Todd as heart interest.

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Good. (Fox) Rosemary Ames, a new screen personality, comes to you in this Greenwich Village story, featuring John Boles and Victor Jory.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Fair. (U) The familiar cabaret formula, with Gloria Stuart the histrionic choise, Marlon Marsh the goofy-good girl who wants to be a chorine too, and Roger Pryor the wisecracking salesmen.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Delightful. (Col) Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert are so utterly natural and gay in this that you feel like an interloper peeking in at their window. But what a swell time you have!

I’VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Good. (WB) With such reliable comedians as John Blondell, Pat O’Brien and Allen Jenkins keep this melodramatic farce about telephone repairmen pitched at an interesting key.

JOE PALOOKA—Amazing. (20th Century Fox) A prizefight story that can safely be labeled—(Par). It is punch-full of laughs and enthusiastically performed by Jimmie Durante, Wit Erwin, Bill Cagnney and Lopa Velas.


LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Swell. (20th Century Fox) Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie are a great pair of telephone wire fixers, and Connie Cummings and Arline Judge make it a foursome you will remember.

[Continued on page 10]
What Really Goes On in a NUDIST COLONY?

What do you really think about nudism? Do you know that the answer to this question is the key to understanding why so many people are drawn to this lifestyle? If you are thinking about living a free and natural lifestyle, this book is for you.

We will start by discussing some of the historical and cultural contexts that have shaped nudism. Then we will explore some of the benefits and challenges of living a nudist lifestyle. We will also examine the role of technology and the internet in nudism.

The book concludes with a discussion of the future of nudism and the role of nudists in society. We will also provide some tips and advice for those who are interested in starting their own nudist community.

If you're ready to discover what really goes on in a nudist colony, then this book is a must-read for you. Order your copy today!
LONG LOST FATHER—Good. (RKO) An amiable comedy with John Barrymore, as the proprietor of a London night club, meeting his daughter (Helen Chandler) who is a performer, for the first time.

LOST PATROL—The. (RKO) A slight story, beautifully photographed and acted, concerning a British patrol lost in the desert during the World War. (Reginald Deny, Victor McLaglen, Wallace Ford.)

MEN IN WHITE—Fine. (MGM) Our earnest young doctor has difficulty choosing between love and a career. See which conquers! Beautiful production, with Clark Gable, Elia Allen, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow.

MIDNIGHT—Good. (A) A murder mystery that gets as deeply involved as a spider's web, with an excellent cast trying to unravel the plot (Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie.)

MOULIN ROUGE—Fine. (20th. C.) A spicy French musical with Comte Bennett capturing both Frank Tote and Talio Carminati. And Ena Colombo plays a part just for good measure.

MYSTERY LINER—Interesting. (Monogram) An ingenious murder mystery, with a good climax, the exciting action taking place on a passenger ship. (Noah Beery, Astrid Allwyn.)

NANA—Colorful (UA) Anna Sten has created so much discussion, you won't want to miss this, her first glamorous American film based on Zola's novel, "Nana." (Lionel Atwill, Philip Holmes.)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Good. (20th.) If you're one of those mystery lovers who say the more murders the merrier, then you'll enjoy the masterly production (Genevieve Tobin, Donald Cook, Hardie Albright.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Fair. (Par) Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen, that novelty team which made Cock-Eyed World so popular, stage a comeback in a deep-sea diving yarn. Sally Blaine and Minna Gombell in cast.

ORIENT EXPRESS—Good (Fox) "Shanghai Express" started this cycle. However, the old adage "the last is best of all" does not hold true of this film. Still, it has its moments! (Heather Angel, Ralph Morgan, Norman Foster.)


ROMAN SCANDAL—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, gay tuxes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Fine. (Par) Young America, whether sixteen or sixty, will be enthusiastic about this yarn which is as exhilarating as a diploma at graduation. (James Gleason, Bette Crabbe, Toby Wing.)

SHADOWS OF SINGING—Good. (Col.) Rousing melodrama centered around the love affaire of a big-shot gangster. (Mary Brian, Bruce Cabot.)

SIX OF A KIND—Hilarious farce. (Par) A sure cure for the blues! We past dare you not to laugh when watching these amazing comic performers' W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Alison Skipworth and Barrie Allen.

SORRELL AND SON—Fine. (UA) An English-made version of the famous novel done once more. This time our own H. B. Warner has the lead.

SPEED WINGS—Exciting. (Col.) A breathtaking movie full of hair-raising incidents that make the kids shirk with glee. Adults with a sense of humor may enjoy it too. (Billy Bev- well, Evelyn Keyn.)

TEXAS TORNADO—Fair. (F. D.) The Texas Rangers ride out on the plains once more. The film is as exciting as the hero, Bert H. Hill the heart interest.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—Splendid, (MG) An average day in the life of an average west-of-the-Pecos rancher, full of the action and chum- ingly acted by Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle, etc.

WALTZES FROM VIENNA—Lovely. (Biltmore) The enchanting melodies of Johann Strauss and his father are told by the film of a distinet incident in their lives.

WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?—Just Fair. (Maj.) Sort of a hodge-podge of the night club racket, with Noel Francis, Regis Toomey.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Fine. (MGM) Mary Robson creates an eccentere, thoroughly romantic character reminiscent of the famous Betty Green. Supporting her are Lewis Stone, Jean Parker.

Maurice Chevalier holds in his arms his best bet, Jeanette MacDonald—in silent days "The Merry Widow." The question is whether Maurice supports Jeanette or Jeanette supports Maurice.
He's in the Movies
Now ... Thanks to
WARNER BROS.

See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life...

With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold...

And Lillums in the flesh, played by adorable Rochelle Hudson...

With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee)...

And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!

Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding"...

And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.

It has "universal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.

Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!

With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

For May 1934
Can You Estimate Joan Crawford's Weight?

The Correct Answer Is Known Within The Fraction Of An Ounce.

Joan Crawford consented to pose for Silver Screen's novel weight estimating contest, and her measurements were taken. They appear on this page. You should be able to arrive very closely at the correct total by studying these measurements.

The exact weight was determined by the official Sealer of Weights and Measures. Mr. Charles M. Fuller, the Los Angeles County Sealer, took specially tested scales to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Joan Crawford was on the set, where she was just completing "Sadie McKee," her new picture. After Mr. Fuller had determined the weight of Joan, as she appears in the photograph at the right, her bathing suit and shoes were turned over to Mr. Fuller and were officially weighed by him. The weight of the suit and shoes was 1 lb. 4.49 ozs. or 20.49 ozs. The prizes in Silver Screen's Weight Estimating Contest will be awarded to the persons sending in the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.

MONEY PRIZES FOR THE FORTUNATE WINNERS

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<th>Prize</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
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Watch for Another Weight Estimating Contest in Silver Screen for June.

You Are Familiar With Joan's Beautiful Dancing Figure. Can You Estimate What She Weighs?

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST
1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Joan Crawford's NET weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, May 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelopes to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y.

Joan Crawford: What does she weigh as she stands there, so slim and beautiful?

Weight Contest Editor
Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N.Y.

(Name) (Address) (City & State)

I estimate that Joan Crawford weighs...

I attach my letter telling how I arrived at this total.

Silver Screen
MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"

HANS FALLADA
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!
BLONDES WANTED!

THOUSANDS of blondes— to become actresses, movie stars, secretaries, sweethearts, wives! All men prefer them, but only if their hair is really blonde, with that inner glow that makes you go. If your hair is faded, muddy, darkening, stringy— don’t give up. But don’t dye, either! TRY BLONDEX, the special shampoo designed for light hair, now used by millions of blondes all over the world. BLONDEX is a fine rich-lathering powder that naturally brings a golden color, gleaming brightness to the drabdest of light hairs. Try it and see. Get BLONDEX today at any good drug or dept. store. Two sizes—the economical $1.00 bottle and the Inexpensive 50c package. NEW— Have you tried BLONDEX Wave-Set? Doesn’t darken light hair— 35c.

Here’s a Queer Way to Learn Music!

No teacher— no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes— averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear at a-look. Won’t stress you— won’t let you feel that you have to know the next— yet you’ll soon see that you do know the next. From the start you are playing pieces perfectly. Easily learned— quickly mastered— a fun way to musical instruction— a thrill at home in your spare time. All instruments. FREE Sample for Five Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home-study method fully. Mention instrument preferred.

U. S. School of Music, 115 Broadway Bldg., New York

BLACKHEADS?

Wash with KLEERPlex!

DON’T SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS! CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION. Brookie Blackheads, temporarily! Enlarge Large Pores, Stop Embarrassing Prescriptions!

KLEERPlex is new! Modern, non-tainting, non-tainting power. Gets at the cause QUICKLY. CREATES A NATURALISTIC LOOK. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No stinging home, to bed. No health danger, artistic answer. Approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users— both Men and Women. Stop using ordinary cosmetics— send only $1 TODAY for this unusual skin beauty product.

KLEERPlex (4 oz.)

MAIL COUPON NOW

If I will pay postman plus 30c. P. O. charge. Outlined— 6l. cl. arrival. WHITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARL.
Moving Pictures Have Done More to Glorify Beauty in Women Than All the Poets of All the Ages.

sculpt, leaving it on overnight. Then shampoo the next day. Repeat this about four or five days later, and repeat a third time about a week or more after the second treatment. Each time you do it, try to make the shampoo a little further apart, until you are shampooing only every two weeks. Frequent shampooing encourage oiliness—instead of discouraging it. Don't ask me why more oil helps to eliminate oiliness—because there's a long and technical answer to that question. Just try it yourself and see.

But do use pure soap for your regular shampoo. An olive oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. There are on the market, too, liquid shampoo that are very nice and you will find these easier to use than cake soap. Tar soap is better for brunettes, as it has a slight drying tendency. When you do use cake soap for shampooing, it is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp, which do not rinse off easily. A tablespoonful of lemon juice in the final rinsing water will cut the soap curds and assure you that the hair is clean. Do rinse it out carefully, and, if it is possible, dry your hair by hand, out in the sunlight, and avoid those terrible hot-drying lamps at the average hairdresser's.

Good health, careful brushing, complete cleanliness. These are the things you need for hair beauty!

Ginger Rogers and a bit of her surf board. Ginger has her new bathing suit—1934 model—which reveals the slimmest waist of this generation.

Reduce... YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE . . . or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES

QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days: You Can Be YOUR SLIMMER SELF. . . WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!


These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE at our expense!

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for MAY 1934
"We have to have lovely teeth or we lose our jobs"

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

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No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing twice as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(top) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(left) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.

FRANCES JOYCE has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns. She has also had experience with dentifrices:

"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the delightful fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢

The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.
Mae West has been reliably informed that London has gone for a song dedicated to her and called "If Those Hips Could Only Speak," "What a ta mean 'if they could only speak," Mae cracked, "I can make mine talk any time."

Take Kay Francis' word for it, there is no serious attachment between herself and Maurice Chevalier. "Just old friends," says Kay. "We attended two Hollywood social functions together and that was all." But Kay, how about those luncheons at the Vendome and dinners at the Russian Egg? And Maurice has been known to whisper that he likes brunettes best.

Here's a new way to reduce, girls! And guaranteed to work. Learn to do the "Tequila"-that shimmery shammie dance that Grace Bradley does in the opening sequences of "Come On Marines." Grace lost three pounds a day while she was learning to do that dance.

Janet Gaynor has gone quite social all of a sudden and is seen frequently at the Coconut Grove and Beverly Wilshire. At the Grove the other night she danced a mean tango with Robert Montgomery.

And Marlene Dietrich, who rarely goes out of an evening—except to the movies with little Maria—went to the Grove recently in a party that included Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo. Even the head waiter stared!

Storms couldn't frighten Ruby Keeler, one of those girls who's always in the air. When she found out that her picture was going to be held up three days before production started, she caught a New York plane, arrived on Broadway in time to go to the opening of "Wonder Bar" with husband Al Jolson, and the next day flew back to Hollywood.

To cleanse the skin and tighten it, Dolores Del Rio told us that she puts strained honey into it and allows it to remain for about ten minutes. The honey then is washed off with lukewarm water. The honey is antiseptic as well as healing.

Lanny Ross, the popular and handsome crooner of the "Here comes the Showboat Hour," acquired quite a unique reputation for himself during his six weeks in Hollywood making a picture. He had not one single date during the entire time. And with all those beautiful damsels around, too. Mary Brian must be slipping.

Miriam Hopkins, so they say around the studios, is about the most temperamental of the younger generation of stars. There was the time in "The Story of Temple Drake," so they tell you at the studio, when Miriam told one of the actors that he wasn't answering his cues fast enough. The director quietly went over and stretched himself out in the corner, while Miriam looked on in astonishment. "You're doing my part, Miriam," he said, "so I'm going to play your part."

Of course we really don't believe that Gracie Allen was as dumb as she acted—but something happened the other night that gave us to wonder. Gracie was in one of those very swank clubs, where they don't bother to put doorknobs on the doors, and leaned against the door. Hoopla—there went Gracie suddenly, completely out of the conversation. And the doctor had to take six stitches in her head.

Claude R. Colbert is a great floor sitter. And Kay Francis is another who always prefers to sit on the floor, if the hostess doesn't mind.

When Cary Grant and the new Missus (the former Virginia Cherrill) arrived in Hollywood after three months in London, Cary said, "The first thing I want is a hot dog and a hamburger. They can't be bought any place in London and my mouth is just watering for one." We've often wondered why some enterprising salesman didn't start a chain of hot dog stands in London. At least he'd have for customers all the English people who once made pictures in Hollywood, and got addicted to that awful vice of hamburger and onions before going to bed.

[Continued on page 48]
Clark Gable Sees So Many Women
He's Crazy About Horses.

WHEREVER I go, people say, "Do you know Clark Gable?"
I say, "Sure!"
"What's he like— really?"
I've decided in view of all I owe Clark Gable—who gave me one of the most thrilling moments since I was born—to let you in on a secret. I mean, after all, what's the use of keeping things to yourself all your life? The truth is that Clark Gable is the most attractive man off the screen that we've ever had on the screen—maybe that sounds a little involved, but you know what I mean.

It just happens, because of the way we met and the things that happened, that Clark and I are friends. He is a man capable of friendships—real friendships. That word "friend" means so much to me that I use it very rarely. Life offers few things more splendid than friendship, as most of us know, and so I'd like to tell you the story of a funny thing that happened because I think it's rather nice.

Several years ago I wrote a book called "A Free Soul." It was very close to my heart, that book, and for ten long months I spent a good many hours every day, trying to write it to the very limits of my ability, whatever that may be. Maybe you don't know it, but sometimes writers pour into their work everything they possess, every feeling they have. And the people in that book became very, very real to them.

The hero of "A Free Soul" was a young man named Ace Wilfong and, though I started out to write a story about a girl and her father, somehow Ace grew more important as the book progressed, until I felt I knew him very well, indeed—that he was someone real, and that I wished I had him for a friend. I used to think about him a good deal and wonder if there was anyone like Ace around anywhere.

Well, the book was finished and it ran in "Cosmopolitan" as a serial, and it was a best seller, and as a play it ran on Broadway for quite a while, and then they decided to make a motion picture of it.

Naturally, I wondered a lot about who would play Ace. The young man who had played it on the stage was very good—but he wasn't my Ace. Oh, not at all. And I somehow felt that it would just break my heart if in the picture I didn't see the real Ace.

Now, one day I was walking across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and upon the flower-bordered walk I came face to face with a tall, dark young man, who swung along with a trace of swagger in his walk—a young man who smiled at me as we passed. He had blue-gray eyes in a dark face, and a crest of black hair, and the figure of a guardsman. And when he had passed, I stopped suddenly on the path and said aloud to myself, "Why—that was Ace."

I followed him then, quite shamelessly, and discovered that he was a comparatively unknown young actor named Clark Gable. So, it being strictly none of my business, I flew up to Irving Thalberg, the genius of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and said, "I've just seen a man named Clark Gable."

Irving twinkled at me. "And you want him to play Ace Wilfong," he said. "Well, don't get excited, he's going to."

The other night I was dining with Clark in his dressing room at the Capitol Theatre in New York, where he was making personal appearances and packing them in. And, for the first time, he told me the other side of the story.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said, "how things happen and people drift together. When I was on the stage in New York and not doing any too well—probably because I wasn't a very good stage actor at best—I read "A Free Soul" in a magazine. I was nuts about it. I used to sit and think about that guy Ace and I'd say to myself, 'I'd rather play that part than anything I ever read.' I read the darn book two or three times until I felt I knew Ace—well, like he was a pal of mine. Of course, I never dreamed I'd get a chance to play it—and I used to wonder about the author and
Fans lined up at the box office of the Capitol Theatre in New York City to see Clark Gable.

The filly "Beverly Hills" that Clark owns and races at Caliente.

if I'd ever meet her. "You know how I got into pictures. I'd given up all hope of them—nobody wanted me. And then all of a sudden I was working at M-G-M—and I was going to play Ace in "A Free Soul," and that was actually the most thrilling moment of my career."

When I first saw him on the screen it was one of the most thrilling moments of mine. So you see we started off on a remarkable basis—because there isn't anything an actor likes as well as finding a part that he is crazy to play, and for an author to see a character come alive on the screen is something which happens very seldom.

You become a little hesitant about using the word charm. It has been misused so much. But actually, Clark Gable possesses charm—and something more. There is a vital magnetism about Gable—and I think it is because he is definitely and completely enjoys life, enjoys living. You feel it when you are in a room with him, it fills the room and people turn to him whether they are conscious of it or not. Good or bad, up or down, hot or cold—he has the real joy of living which is born in only a few people out of each generation, and which is irresistible.

We were sitting together, Clark and his beautiful wife and I, on a big green davenport in Rudy Vallee's living room, high over Central Park, where we had all been dining. Clark had been out with Charlie MacArthur all afternoon—you know Charlie, who is married to Helen Hayes and wrote "The Front Page" and is an altogether amusing and delightful person. And Clark was feeling very grand indeed.

He said, "Look—it's your business to write about people, to interview them. Did it ever occur to you what an awful ordeal it is for an ordinary guy like me? Why, the first time I came down to your house to be interviewed I damn near died. I felt as though I was apt to put my foot in it or speak out of turn. No audience ever scared me as much. All day driving down to your house at Malibu I thought, 'Here's a dame who will ask me a lot of questions and look right through me and she can go ahead and write anything she wants to about me.' I remember I intended to be on my best behavior," he stopped to shout with laughter, "and not say anything much. And then I got down there and we had a couple of drinks and [Continued on page 68]"
CAROLE GETS
Her Own Way

By
Dave Keene

Carole Lombard Finds
That Fate Is Kind
to Blondes.

STRUGGLE, determination, push and
perseverance are seldom descriptive of
fragile blonde ladies.

Such sturdy qualities are usually at-
tributed to sturdy sisters with jutting
chins. And, by my observing fans, is
exactly what Carole Lombard's chin does
do, even if you haven't noticed it.

People seem to stop analyzing Carole
when they get to her eyes. They are
round and blue, and truly magnificent
orbs.

Carole's chin, which has had so much
to do with her success in pictures, was
demanded down to her by an ancestor who
beat his way through the wilderness, from
Maryland to Indiana, and helped open the
new west to civilization. He was one of
the founders of a settlement that was
called Fort Wayne, in honor of the block-
house that offered protection from
marauding Indians.

Into a Fort Wayne embellished
with trolley cars, cafeterias and
really good plumbing, Carole was
born on an autumn morning in
early October. Two brothers,
Stuart and Fred, preceded her by
a few years, but they decided
that they rather liked their little
sister, and at four she became a
full fledged member of their
closed corporation for life.

When Carole was seven, her
mother took her three charges off
to Los Angeles, where, she be-
lieved, she could make their gen-
tle poverty look more genteel
and less meagre.

It was not until Carole was in
high school and had her first
shingle that she really felt the
pinch of an undernourished in-
come.

With her first invitation to a
party, the clothes question loomed
largely and darkly in Carole's
horizon. Being an alert and very
determined youngster of thirteen,
she soon learned to do wonders with a
yard of fifty cent material. By the time
she was sixteen, she was considered one of
the most popular girls in the Los Angeles
younger set, and by far the best groomed,
although few knew that every outfit she
wore was designed, cut and stitched with
her own hands.

At no time was she ashamed of
the family fortunes, or rather lack of them,
but she resented the sting, saving and
scheming that was necessary every time she
stepped over the threshold of a shop.

To live graciously became her mania and
fixation. The desire to be surrounded by
casual luxury, free from the worry of ten
day and petty economies drove her finally
from the classroom to the Mack Sennett
studios.

Her only dramatic ventures had been a
little dabbling in dramatic art with Miss
Miriam Nolks, and a few amateur appear-
ces in school plays. Sennett, however,
did not hire her for his slapstick comedies
because she could act. His practiced eye
noted that beneath a mop of blonde hair,
the girl had an intelligent as well as a
prettiness, that her figure was superb and
that she was in the mood to take a dozen
custard pies, where such pastry is usually
taken, for the sake of a career and the
money she was determined to have.

She was assigned to a dressing-room
formerly occupied by Mabel Normand and
Gloria Swanson, and given a dozen or so
flimsy bathing suits.

While Carole was busy dodging pies all
day at the studio, she spent her evenings
evading the disapproval of her mother and
the ire of two brothers, who decided that
for once the kid sister had gone completely
out of hand.

"Back to geometry you must go!" they
shrieked at her nightly, while Carole mois-
tened the run in her only good pair of silk
stockings and refused to be shaken out of
a dignified silence.

When she finally received an offer from
Fox to do a lead in "Me, Gangster," the
family ceased their schoolroom campaign
and decided to let little sister have her way
about that movie nonsense.

It wasn't long before she had the plea-
sure of a sisterly, "I told you so," backed
up by a contract with Pathé. She played

[Continued on page 70]
I never have any luck at parties. I've been going to them all my life hoping to get a dream prince (not a Miliammi) or something, but all I ever got was a cocktail spilled down the front of my new print by a clumsy college boy. But Ricardo Cortez, that sleek and handsome villain of the cinema, has all the luck. Ric doesn't go to parties for months on end, but just by the barest accident he wandered in on one and got Christine Lee, his Dream Girl, and as neat a paragraph in the Social Register as you could ask for. Dear me, it was that old love at first sight business that Bing Crosby sings about, and imagine it popping up in Hollywood, too, of all places!

Ric had sworn that he would never marry again, and he had been sick for months, and he hated playing heels on the screen, and he was getting more and more sensitive, and he wished to heaven people would stop calling up and inviting him to parties. He never went to parties—they should know that. He was pretty sore about it all. And Christine Lee had gotten her divorce in August and had announced definitely to herself and anyone interested that she was through with marriage forever, and love wasn't what it was cracked up to be, and all she wanted was to be left alone. And then the Kentons gave a party. Ric thinks Kenton, the director, is swell, but he'd probably have a lot of dull movie people at his party who'd drink gallons of scotch and rye and talk shop until daybreak—however, he'd read every darned book in the place, and he felt restless, and oh-damn-it-all, he'd just drop in at the Kentons' party for a few minutes. And Christine Lee thought the Kentons were swell, too, but she was tired of Hollywood parties and actors and anchovy paste—however, it was a shame to go to bed so early, she might just as well drop in for a few minutes. So, just by the barest accident, Ric and Chris met and fell in "lurve" (as Toby Wing calls it). And before six months were over, those two young sophisticates, who had denounced marriage and domesticity as not for the likes of them, had said "I do" in Phoenix, Arizona, gone to New York on a honeymoon, and started housekeeping in Beverly Hills. And the moral of all this is: always go to the Kentons' parties.

Now, I am not romantic by nature. In fact I haven't had that Vienna-before-the-War-waltzing-to-the-Blue-Danube feeling since I sat next to my childhood screen lover one night, soon after my arrival in Hollywood, and discovered that his entire dinner conversation consisted of "Haw" and "Huh" and a dirty black-out from the Earl Carroll Vanities of 1923. But I must say that, lunching with Cortez that day in the Warner Brothers' Green Room, I sort of decided that maybe I had underestimated this romance business. Not that Ric was sappy or ga-ga—but no! However, there was a kind of a lift about him—a very dignified lift to be sure—but I had a definite feeling that he was burning his buttons to shout at the world, "I'm in love, and it's a grand and glorious feeling," What a different Ricardo Cortez from the gaunt, sombre, brooding man I met on the set of "Midnight Mary" about a year ago. A mouth in the hospital, flat on his back, and then weak and shaky ("Good Lawd, Mr. Cortez," his own cook said when he came home, "you look just like a ghost") he went back to the studio for another gangster rôle. Draffy stages and an all night session to catch up on schedules, and poor Ric was back in the hospital again with a relapse. He was as blue as Nancy Carroll's eyes.

"Yes, I was rather bitter about it all," Ric told me. "Bad pictures, bad health and bad breaks all around. I decided that life was a pretty dull proposition and hardly worth the effort. What you need, my doctor told me one day, 'is to fall in love and get married.' A nice idea," I said, "but hardly plausible. I would not like to marry an actress because Hollywood marriages are not the most successful in the world—how can they be? With studio calls at all times of the day and night, they don't even know when they are going to have dinner together."

"When I came home after an excruciatingly long day on the set I don't want to find a wife, with frayed nerves, who'll shriek at me over the soup that her director is a pig-headed idiot because he cut out her best close-up, and who, over the coffee, goes into a dramatic scene with tears and superlatives because I'm not being sympathetic enough. No, I want a warm, sweet, poled wife who will listen to me sympathetically while I tell her what a pig-headed idiot my director is. And I don't [Continued on page 56]"
Married life for Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez is a springboard of action—now they’re on, now they’re off.

THE ceremony uniting Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller had just been completed. Johnny held his bride in his arms. Her tears wet the woolly tweed of his lapels. Suddenly, she broke away and stood before Judge Frank Ryan.

"Judge, I want you to answer me a question. Please tell me the truth." The judge nodded solemnly. "Tell me, Judge, are we really married? If we keep it a secret, it can’t matter. Nothing can take Johnny from me."

And when the Judge had assured her, she returned to Johnny. "We belong to each other, now, forever and ever."

Returning to Los Angeles, Lupe snuggled in the bottom of the car, her head upon Johnny's knees. "And we will feel like this always, won't we, Johnny?"

And Johnny answered, solemnly, "Always, my Lupe. My wife!"

The softness that a man uses for that phrase, whenever he first possesses his woman, was in Johnny's voice.

And the rest of us, in that car, offered silent prayers that this sublimity of love might prove to be exactly what they, and other young lovers through the ages, expected. Everlasting. It wasn't. Even as we uttered the prayer, we knew that it...
could not be answered literally. Man and woman do not live on a mountain top with love alone. They live in a world of mortals, and to be remembered have watched the other world. It is good, almost a cloak of loneliness, but still a cloak of loneliness, for the world has not finished with me. Perhaps I have lived for them. For the world is not a matter of locality or profession. Love was the same to Lupe and Johnny; to Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; to Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna; to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; to Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker; to Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; to Gloria Swanson and each of her husbands; to Connie Bennett and Phil Plant and the Marquis, as it is to the average man and woman. Their loves were no less sincere, no less absorbing than other loves. Perhaps they were greater because these men and women must have true depths of emotion for the very nature of their profession.

And their divorces were no less deadly than are other divorces of non-professional people. So many pictures flash through my mind. Joan Crawford, sobbing—not as an actress but as a woman. Joan Crawford dragging weary feet across the same stages over which she once skipped as the "hey, boy" girl of pictures. Joan Crawford with dark circles, chalk skin and drooping mouth corners. All because she was beginning to see that love cannot live upon a pinnacle, alone, forever. Because she was beginning to realize that Doug, Jr., and she were mortal rather than imaginative creatures; that they could not corner love and the all-happiness that they had envisioned.

Joan Crawford suffered at the thought of divorce as all real women must suffer when they find happiness to be an illusion capable of being destroyed by actual existence. Mary Pickford suffered—and is still suffering. Ann Harding was just like any other woman during the turmoil of her suffering. Sally Eilers tried again and again, repeating, "I can't do it. I can't." Long after her separation from Hoot Gibson, she was seen huddled in his arms in a cloak room at a party.

And yet—the first person Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., saw when he returned to Hollywood from England was Joan Crawford. He spent his first evening with her and Franchot Tone. Ann Harding is another new woman, today. She and Harry Bannister have become friends and are seeing each other (Continued on page 58)
Fan Mail Department

DIRECTIONS
1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

The Fan Letter to Maureen O'Sullivan
Dear Maureen O'Sullivan—

To a certain extent we have something in common, and that is the fact that your name is O'Sullivan and my name is Maguiness.

Loretta O'Sullivan, do you happen to know any family by the name of Maguiness in your native country?

Thank you for your time.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Maguiness
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Maureen O'Sullivan’s Answer—
Dear Mr. Maguiness—

Many thanks for your nice letter and good wishes. It is always a particular pleas-
ure to hear from my countrymen. Yes, I know several Maguinesses in Ireland. Perhaps they are your relatives.

Again thanks and many good wishes.

Maureen O'Sullivan

The Fan Letter to Loretta Young
Dear Loretta Young—

Thank you so very much for your nice comment.

Frankly, I do love to play roles which are natural and real, such as "Man's Castle."

In the picture which I have just finished, I wear some very beautiful costumes (1914 period), which rather disguise my thinness, to which you object.

You are quite right, I am thin, but I am drinking lots of milk and absorbing sunshine so much as I can. So maybe the next time you see me on the screen, some curves will be evident. (I sincerely hope so.)

Sincerely,

Evelyn Payne
Neibgh, Neb.

Loretta Young’s Answer—
Dear Evelyn Payne—

Thank you for your poem about your favorite film, “Man’s Castle.” I do love to play roles which are natural and real.

In the picture which I have just finished, I wear some very beautiful costumes (1914 period), which rather disguise my thinness, to which you object.

You are quite right, I am thin, but I am drinking lots of milk and absorbing sunshine so much as I can. So maybe the next time you see me on the screen, some curves will be evident. (I sincerely hope so.)

Sincerely,

R. S. Maguiness
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Mary Pickford appreciates a friend.

The Fan Letter to Mary Pickford
Dear Mary Pickford—

I have long been an admirer of Mary Pickford, and I wrote a poem about her recently that won first prize in a monthly contest conducted by a national publication. Do you think she would care for a copy of this poem?

I would like to see Mary Pickford take the leading role in a sweet, old-fashioned play like those she used to appear in. She is ideally adapted to that type.

Sincerely yours,

Cora May Preble
Compton, Calif.

The Fan Letter to Mary Pickford
Dear Mary Pickford—

The Editor of Silver Screen forwarded your letter to me.

I can’t tell you how much I should like to have a copy of your prize winning poem and how pleased and honored I feel that you should have chosen me for the subject.

I was most kind to you and I can only hope I may live up to all the nice things you said and that my next picture will be the type you prefer me in.

With sincere appreciation and every good wish, I am

Cordially yours,

Mary Pickford
The Fan Letter to Frances Dee
Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:

I have always admired Frances Dee as an actress. I have felt very much as though she were a friend of mine, but since I have learned that her father is a resident of Indianapolis (I have caught a glimpse of him once or twice) I feel that the bonds of friendship have become even more close.

Is Miss Dee a Hoosier? If she is, there is no doubt that she will be acclaimed one of the world’s greatest actresses. A Hoosier can’t fail!

Alberta Daniels
Indianapolis, Ind.

Frances Dee regrets.

Frances Dee’s Answer —
Dear Miss Daniels—
I am sorry I cannot say “yes” to your question as to whether or not I am a Hoosier.

As it happens I am a native Californian, born in Pasadena. When I was a little girl we moved to Chicago. My father is a civil engineer and still lives in the Illinois city.

But I am glad that your interest in my native state prompted you to write to me. It always is interesting to know how audiences react. I do not think there is anything you could have told me that would have pleased me as much as for you to say you felt as if I were a friend of yours.

You might have thought me beautiful or talented and have forgotten I am very quickly, but if I can inspire a feeling of personal warmth and friendship among those who see me on the screen, it will make me very happy.

Thank you for writing to me.

Sincerely, Frances Dee

The Fan Letter to Janet Gaynor
Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:

After seeing “Paddy, the Next Best Thing,” Janet Gaynor is dearer than ever to me. I am glad to note that she is getting roles that really give her a chance to show her acting ability. I would like to know if Janet once wanted to be a business woman?

Yours truly,
Catherine Janecek
Omaha, Neb.

The Fan Letter to Janet Gaynor says “Thank you!”

Janet Gaynor’s Answer—
Dear Catherine:

Thank you for your charming little letter. Am happy to know you are interested in my screen work.

You are right—I did have an idea I wanted to be a “business woman” when I graduated from Poly High in San Francisco, but it was overruled by my interest in pictures shortly afterward.

With best wishes,
Sincerely, Janet Gaynor

The Fan Letter to Eddie Cantor
To Eddie Cantor:

When some people think of the name, Eddie Cantor, they think of a round-eyed comedian; while others think of a kind-hearted man, a friend to all, whose purse is always open to the needy.

Good luck and best wishes to you, Mr. Cantor, and may you never change!

Sincerely,
Helen Bodner
Rochester, N. Y.

Eddie Cantor’s Answer—
My dear Helen Bodner—

Cannot tell you what a great “kick” I got out of your letter. It’s grand knowing that one’s efforts are appreciated. I shall try even harder in the future to be worthy of your kind thoughts.

Thanks—and bless you!

Most sincerely,

Eddie Cantor

Kay Francis’s own handwriting.

The Fan Letter to Kay Francis
Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:

I am a disabled World War Veteran and, like several hundred other war veterans, who have to spend the rest of their lives in soldiers’ homes, am in love with Kay Francis.

Miss Francis, you certainly gave a marvelous performance in that picture “Mary Stevens, M.D.” We (I assume you meant Kay Francis) like pictures of that type, with doctors and nurses and all. Makes us feel at home.

I am anxious to know how Lyle Talbot is since his automobile accident. Can you tell me, Miss Francis?

With kindest regards,
Yours truly,
Alexander C. Mackay
Hot Springs, S. D.

The Fan Letter to Kay Francis

Dear Mr. Mackay—

Many thanks for your kind letter to me. It is always a pleasure to know that my pictures can really bring joy to people. Perhaps you would be interested to know that my next film is also a medical story—“Doctor Monica.”

While Lyle Talbot is fully recovered from his accident he will be unable to work with me this time.

The busy Eddie Cantor gets a kick.

Kay Francis’ Answer—

Miss Francis, you certainly gave a marvelous performance in that picture “Mary Stevens, M.D.” We (I assume you meant Kay Francis) like pictures of that type, with doctors and nurses and all. Makes us feel at home.

I am anxious to know how Lyle Talbot is since his automobile accident. Can you tell me, Miss Francis?

With kindest regards,

Yours truly,

Eddie Cantor

Kay Francis' own handwriting.
"Jimmy and Joan" or "The Maddest Set in Hollywood"

By Elizabeth Wilson

WHAT'Sadder than a Mad Hatter? That's easy—ask me another! Anybody who has been around at all knows that the comedy team of Blondell and Cagney isadder than a Mad Hatter. That's why I made the day I was to visit the set of "Without Honor"—the latest co-starring pitcher of Joan and Jimmy—a red letter day, and awoke with a smile on my usual rather dismal face and recklessly fell off my diet and gouged on little thin hot cakes, simply dripping with butter, and garnished with a sexette of little pig sausages, and felt generally gay and abandoned about the whole thing.

It's not every day a gal gets to visit a Blondell-Cagney set, tra-la-la-la! Usually I draw a Dietrich set, where Mr. Sternberg makes everyone speak in half-tones, even between "takes," and the players have to sit around as cold and immobile as corpses in a morgue; or I draw a Crawford set, where you have to remember you and Edie were a lady and speak only when spoken to, and think only kind thoughts because Joan is psychic and sensitive; or I draw a Garbo set, where I am allowed, if sufficiently humble, to look at a couple of spots where the Great One stood only two days ago—and here, on the rug, you can even see where she crushed a grape.

Well, you can just see for yourself that, after all this boozing and fooey, some good clean fun with madcap Joan and Jimmy on a gay set, where people can yodel at each other, would be a treat. I arrived at the Warner Brothers' Burbank studio simply radiating cheer and good will and maple syrup. Bernie, of the publicity office, and I immediately took off for Stage 2 where once the little Bubsy Berkeley girls cavorted like lambs in the spring on mossy banks, but where now one sees the Portuguese fishing village of Santa Avila with Mother Gardella's funny old-fashioned house all open to the cameras. There was a big "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on the stage door and for a moment, I got quite a start—had Joan developed temperamen? But no, I was assured by Bernie, the sign was left over from Mr. George Arliss' "Voltaire" and meant nothing at all, like a lot of other things in Hollywood.

Once inside there was a sound of accordion, laughter and mad merriment, and I knew I had been right in declaring it a fete day. In Hollywood your friends fall you, your banks fail you, and even the good earth falls you (and does nipups at the most unexpected moments) but thank heavens, Joan and Jimmy never fail you. It seems that on that day Nick Gardella, played by Victor Jory, a Portuguese fisherman, had called all the men and maidens in from the village for a fiesta in honor of his newly arrived fiancé, our Joan. Naturally there was a talented accordion player hired for the musical sequence. But those mangled notes! On closer inspection I discovered that Joan was playing the accordion with gusto, if not talent, and that Jimmy, in a sash he had borrowed from one of the extras, was doing a burlesque of a street singer and yodelling parts of "Santa Lucia," which, of course, had nothing to do with the strange medley that Joan was playing. Jimmy's midway-between, went thence way and thence way. It was so funny, I burst into hilarious laughter and, if Mr. Von Sternberg had ever heard that on his set, he would have fainted dead away. But with dozens of other people, including the director, Frank Lloyd, and the cameraman, George Barnes (Joan's husband, of course), and Sarah Padden, and Victor Jory all going "hows this and hey nonny nonny and nuts to you, I wasn't even noticed.

"Is it going to be a musical?" I asked Bernie. No, it appears
Stage Troupers Are Gayer Than Players Who Have Never Had An Audience, and James Cagney and Joan Blondell Live Up To The Tradition.

that an accordion and a couple of songs in these days of Bing Crosby and Busby Berkeley ensembles don’t make a musical any more than one swallow makes a spring—or a hangover. Believe it or not, “Without Honor” is a serious dramatic play, with Joan and Jimmy both doing a lot of emoting. But you can’t keep those babies serious between set-ups.

There was a momentary lull in the hilarity and Joan shouted to George: “They laughed when I said I could play the accordion.”

“But they cried when I showed them,” finished Jimmy. “You, too, can play the accordion after six easy lessons. You, too, can be the life of the party.”

Jimmy starts an Apache dance while Joan goes into “School Days,” or at least a variant toward it on the goingon accordion, but they are interrupted by a “Ready, kids,” from Director Lloyd.

I hide behind Mother Gardella’s scentless geraniums and patiently wait until the scene is over before I announce my presence. It seems that Jimmy is a bad boy, a safe cracker who ran out on his pals, and is hiding out in Santa Avila. And it seems that, although Joan, a former gal of the streets, has decided to go straight and marry Victor Jory, she is slipping and slipping something awful.

She just can’t resist Mr. Cagney. He has such ways. Joan and Jimmy do a love scene—a rather old-fashioned love scene—which will convince the Warners that Joan is more much more than just a first rate comedienne. The Blondell-Cagney lips touch in as perfect a screen kiss as I have seen in many a day. But don’t get excited, there is an old friendship that has withstood the test of years. Joan never falls in love with her leading men. She’s the little gal who once came out with that delightful crack, “Kissing an actor is like kissing a doorknob.”

The scene over there will be another fifteen minutes or so before the next set-up. Shouting, “I gotta have my sick,” in a perfect impersonation of Lydia Roberti, Jimmy makes a dive for the seventy-five year old melodeon in the corner of Mother Gardella’s homey parlor. That Jimmy can play anything—on or off the set he is about the most music-minded actor in Hollywood.

Joan could make it a duet on the poor old melodeon which probably hadn’t been subjected to anything but hymns in all of its three quarters of a century, I asked quite grandly to be introduced to her. Not that I don’t know Joan—she’s the sort who stood up with her that mad morning in Phoenix when she (fiancée for two years) and George had got married. I’ll never forget almost laughing out loud when I saw the bewildered minister trying to figure out how a poor little girl in five-and-ten-cent store glasses and a ten dollar coat ever got hold of that diamond ring which flashed like the tower of the Chrysler Building in the sunlight. In fact, Claudette and Norman and I had just left Joan and George’s house about eight hours ago—but I saw a Warner Brother hovering around, so I decided to be formal about it all and maybe he’d be impressed with the press and invite us to his previews as again. It turned out, I only impressed Cupcake—who is Joan’s roll-size toy Peke, and the most serious minded looking puppy I have ever seen. He suffers from a Napoleon complexes. George gave Cupcake to Joan (she named him Cupcake and he’s still too young to start resenting it) when she returned after the removal of her appendix, and he is so cute and cute that Joan fell in love with him immediately even though he resisted all efforts toward housebreaking him. Which reminds me of the other night when I was up at Joan’s for dinner (up is right as she lives on the top of a mountain), when Clarence, her butler, (and the best) walked sedately into the living room and with dignity announced—“Ah takes pleasure to announce that Cupcake is at last weaned.”

But to return to that impressive business.

“Miss Blondell,” I said. “I have a message for you from your dear public.”

“Miss Wilson?” said Joan. “I don’t recall your name. Are you by any chance on the staff of the Police Gazette? Do come into my dressing room, and don’t sit on Cupcake.”

“Miss Blondell,” I said. “I had my optic on a Warner Brother whom I hoped to impress. But you spoiled everything by bringing me into your canvas-covered shambles. You should see Joan Crawford’s and Norma Shearer’s elegantly appointed stage dressing rooms. However, I’ll give you the message from your dear public. They are most anxious to know, my darling, when you are going to retire.”

“At ten o’clock tonight, I hope,” said Joan and playfully tossed a handful of powder right in my face.

I was indeed a pretty sight for lunch with powder popping out of my lungs every time I exhaled, but I ordered lobster thermidor and a large order of mashed potatoes and butter—but cause Joan is on a diet and can’t eat mashed potatoes, though they happen to be one of the things she is most fond of. When I wasn’t looking she sneaked some off my plate.

Then Jimmy told George and me about a test he and Joan had made for Fox several years ago in New York, when they were both playing in “Maggie the Magnificent” and making little more than coffee and cakes. (It was after their appearance in “Penny Arcade” that a cagye Warner Brother signed them up and sent them to Hollywood). Well, for the Fox test they had to do a dance routine and sing a funny song, but they didn’t go down, saying that Jimmy was too short and Joan was too tall, and they could neither dance nor sing. They loaned the test out to members of the family just for the laughs.

“Let’s go,” shouted Joan. “Cupcake’s waiting for his carrot. And I want to do “In the Shadows of the night I come to you” on that accordion. George, can I have an accordion for my very own?”
The show of "STAND UP"

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Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue: LEW BROWN

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. Lyrics: LEW BROWN. Music: LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. Dances staged by SAMMY LEE. Dialogue: RALPH SPENCE. Story Idea Suggested by WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!
"We’re Out of the Red"
"Our Last Night Together"
"Baby, Take a Bow"
"I’m Laughin’"
"Broadway’s Gone Hill Billy"
"Stand Up and Cheer!"

for May 1934
THE MAGIC MASTER OF HOLLYWOOD

Long Before Talking Pictures Ramon Novarro Was Singing Songs and Studying Music. The Sound Pictures Were His Great Break.

By Lenore Samuels

Before 1920, when Ramon Novarro was long since called a Hollywood star, and before the talking picture, there was a dashing tenor, handsome and debonair, who was known throughout the world for his beauty, his tenor voice, and his romantic life. He was the boy of the stage, the boy of the screen, and the boy of the world. He was a living legend, a symbol of youth, beauty, and romance. He was the boy who could do anything. He was the boy who could sing, dance, act, and even write music.

Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico in 1902, the son of a wealthy family. He was educated in Europe, where he began to study music and drama. He was a natural performer, with a voice that was both strong and expressive. He was also a handsome man, with dark hair and striking eyes. He was a true romantic, with a passion for love and adventure.

Ramon Novarro was a star of the silent film era, appearing in such classics as "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "A Woman of the Streets." He was known for his charm and his good looks, and he was a favorite of audiences all over the world. He was a symbol of youth and romance, and he was a true star of the silent film era.

Ramon Novarro was also a great lover, with a string of affairs that included such stars as Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. He was a true romantic, with a passion for love and adventure. He was a man who could do anything, and he was a true star of the silent film era.
You Will See Them in the New Pictures

Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing."

BING CROSBY

A crooner can be a regular fellow, and Bing has proved it. His personal appearances were a sensation, and his pictures have made hits and runs. The next one is titled "We're Not Dressing," and Carole Lombard supports Bing with a bang.
"STINGAREE" will soon be out and Irene's army of fans will attack the box office more fiercely than ever. Irene's successful pictures deal with "Back Street" life, but, actually, she is happily married—Mrs. Dr. Griffin, in fact.
NOW that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Jean have reconciled—and how easy it is to make peace when you give the lady her own way—Jean soon will be at work on "The Age of Larceny" and drawing the new fat pay envelope.
IN THE land of Make Believe, they are mourning the loss of the exotic half-caste that Myrna used to be. She's gone native—back to the lovely Montana girl that she really is. Now she is well on her way to stardom. Myrna has the leading spot in support of Clark Gable in "Men in White."
SOME off-stage pictures of the actor who put "Cavalcade" in the top brackets last year. He is next to star in "The Dover Road." This title is an English slang expression, meaning that someone's wife runs away with somebody else's husband. Tch! Tch! Clive Brook, a fine actor—remember Heliotrope?
"BULL Dog Drummond Strikes Back" is the title of Colman's next picture and, of course, it is a sequel to one of his greatest successes. The screen owes much to this Britisher, and every fan pays tribute with sincere admiration to Colman's charm.
SOME actresses reach the peak of their beauty in still portraits, and some appear best on the screen. Beautiful English Madeleine Carroll, who is just starting "The World Moves On," has an aliveness that only the movie camera can catch.
The idea back of a musical is girls—a dam good idea, too—and when the musical is labeled "Stand Up and Cheer" then the original idea has to be carried out with a superlative degree of intriguing curves and luscious charms.
WARNER BAXTER gets the top billing and many brave hearts are stripped for action. The house tops are hardly high enough to satisfy these Follies Girls in their ambitious climb to the heights.
OPERATOR 13," a Civil War story from the gifted pen of the late Robert W. Chambers, is Marion’s next picture, with Gary Cooper opposite—their first appearance together.
THE Vicki Baum story, "I Give My Love," will be Wynne Gibson's great moment. It is a Universal Picture, and perhaps you recall that this is the title which won the recent Silver Screen contest.
but never will he be greater than he was as that reckless English boy in "Today We Live."

IF Anna Sten's "Nana" did not do quite as much for Anna as it was intended to, it gave Mae Clarke a break, and what a gay lady she was! Sin seemed quite attractive.
Her next is "Glamour," but another picture of hers that is still playing is "Looking for Trouble." Some stars make one picture a year, but Connie makes two at a time.
LANNY ROSS

"Melody in Spring" brings the air singer to pictures for the first time.

BETTE DAVIS

Gone visiting, to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage."

ROSE COGHLAN

Her Grandmother made the name famous. Rose starts in "Finishing School."

JIMMIE DURANTE

When you see George White's "Scandals," the Cyrano of the Cinema will surprise you.
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NAME
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In "Harold Teen," when Patricia Ellis sees Harold, she just lets everything go.

They are in "Come On Marines," and for once Dick doesn't seem to have the situation well in hand.
"C'mon 'n' see me som' time," sounded like pretty good advice to Cary Grant. He listened to Mae West attentively in "She Done Him Wrong," and thought about Virginia Cherrill. Mae's slijk in "I'm No Angel" drew crowds (who remembered Cary), but failed to divert our hero, and now Virginia Cherrill is Mrs. Cary Grant! Ulysses S., it is true, may have had his innings in Richmond—but Cary, of the same name, takes in more territory—and Virginia seems to like it!

They were staying at the Algonquin and we had a delightful reunion over the luncheon table, or maybe they just did it with mirrors, because I know I shouldn't have been delighted to see the Press barge into a blissful fete a fete—but Virginia and Cary are just like that. They shake your hand as though they are glad to see you, as if they don't mind your sitting right between them, and they exude young love without getting into your crepe Soirettes. . . "Tell me all about it," I said—just like a mother-in-law!

"Well, we're married," Cary beamed. You know that grand grin which tops off his six feet one and makes you think the beacon has been turned on in the lighthouse.

"We just thought it couldn't be possible!" Virginia added, "because everything seemed to come between us—first Cary was ill in the hospital for weeks, then I decided to do an English picture, then we had just a short time to get married, and they insisted upon having my divorce papers first before they could issue a license, and we got to feeling desperate!"

"You bet!" with great enthusiasm from Cary.

"Wait, you children," I piped up in my smile treble, "tell me ALL—right from the very beginning!"

Of course it didn't come coherently, Virginia would start and Cary would carry on from some point, to have the thread taken up by Virginia again, but you don't care, do you—let's be informal! It's so much fun. I'll never forget the first time I saw Cary," Virginia laughed, "it was on the screen. He didn't make much of an impression on me at all. Of course that was back at the beginning, when he came to Hollywood. And then I saw him in another picture—and I said to whomever was with me at the time, I really forget, 'that's the most attractive man I've ever seen!' And I immediately became a Cary Grant fan! You know, darling, I really was one of your fans," Virginia shot over to him. [Cont. on page 70]
THE new neckline is going to be "high, wide and handsome" according to Travis Banton, who ought to know about such things. And it's all on account of "The Scarlet Empress." Soon we'll be copying those high stiff collars which Marlene Dietrich wears when playing Catharine the Great.

RICARDO CORTEZ, who used to be a doorman at a New York theatre, is now a producer—and it's likely that his play will open in the same theatre where once he rushed out with an umbrella to keep Madame's coiffure from getting wet. The name of the play is "Shoe-string" and Ric is putting up the bankroll.

BOB MONTGOMERY thought he was playing the slot machines at the Clover Club the other day, when he put a nickel in the pay station telephone at Culver City—and suddenly $12.50 in change rolled out. It certainly looked like a jackpot, and Bob was grabbing the coins up gaily when he had a dismal thought. Yes, regretfully but honestly, he turned over the money to the studio to give back to the telephone company.

CARL BRISON, who has the broadest collection ofnewsprint and the most spectacular car and who is a Dane who has acquired fame in Europe and America, thinks that perhaps he gave Greta Garbo her first shave towards the top of the ladder. In 1921 Carl was the owner and stage producer of the Mosebach Theatre in Stockholm, and he hired Greta as a super in a play called "Blue Blondes." Six years later, in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm he met her again, and she sweetly thanked him for giving her the opportunity to break away from the barber shop where she first had to earn her living.

Carl held the amateur middle-weight championship of Europe and Scandinavia for a number of years before he turned to the stage and screen. You probably saw him in "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," and you'll soon see him in "Murder at the Vanities." Carl brought with him to Hollywood a European car, all white and shiny, which is about the most sensational thing Hollywood has seen in the way of buses since the Valentino era. It has an ice-box, a griddle and a bar in it—everything ready to start house-keeping.

When Monsieur Brisson asked Gail Patrick to drop in for a cocktail, the other day, Gail told him she didn't drink. So then he suggested a cigarette, but Gail told him she didn't smoke. So, then he excused himself for a moment, and rushed back with a box of chocolates for her—and on the cover of the box was a picture of Brisson and his greetings. But poor Carl was doomed to disappointment, for Hollywood actresses haven't eaten chocolates in years.

JOAN CRAWFORD started her new picture with a dance number, because it's her pet superstition that if she has a dance sequence it will bring her good luck. And Carole Lombard always tries to wear a slinky beaded dress sometime during her pictures because that is supposed to bring her good luck.

JOHN BARRYMORE claims that he gives little John Barrymore, Jr., a dollar for every word he learns—though dollars interest him not at all at his early age. On the recent fishing trip down in Mexican waters, John says that little John was sitting on deck watching his old man fish. When John pulled in a big swordfish John Junior piped up with "Colossal." He didn't get a dollar for that one—only a dirty look.

"Do your eyes bother you?" one of the Earl Carroll cuties asked Jack Oakie on the set the other day, and before Mrs. Ofield's son could reply, she snapped, "Well, they bother me, big boy." But a batch of Earl Carroll cuties is no treat to our Jack for he used to dance in the chorus of one of New York's most lavish musical revues.

BUSTER KEATON says that the greatest gambler of all times was Lady Godiva—she put everything she had on a horse and rode around the town and bagged a fat purse.

DOLORES DEL RIO always wears coolie hats at the beach, and does she look fascinating in them! She has a collection in vivid Chinese yellows and laquer reds.

NOW that "The Scarlet Empress" is all cut and ready for release, Marlene Dietrich has gotten very sociable with her fellow artists on the Paramount lot and, all in the same day, dropped into their dressing rooms to see Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Ethel Merman and Charlie Ruggles. What—no Mae West! Her "calling" ensemble was a curve-revealing sweater and skirt, topped by a lovely coat.

DAVID SELZNICK, who is about to produce "David Copperfield," has asked the Dickens Clubs of America and England (and they number more than five million members) to cast the picture for him. There are to be sixty-eight characters, including Uriah Heep, Micawber, Aunt Betsey Trotwood—and most important of all, David Copperfield himself. So get busy, if you're a Dickens clubber, and send in your choice.

THE newest beauty bid to hit Hollywood is the vog for applying liquid rouge on the inside of the fingers—between each finger—in delicate shades that blend with the skin tint and with the shade of nail enamel used. GINGER ROGERS thought of this while she was setting on the set one day trying out little tricks with her make-up. Ginger says that fingers treated this way appear more tapering, and the entire hand is given a delicacy and whiteness that is otherwise lacking.

STUART ERWIN, who has made a hit in "Joe Palooka," does not let his success disturb his skeptical viewpoint.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon at the Hollywood Opening of "Queen Christina."
GENE RAYMOND finished up his leave of absence by basking in the sunshine at Palm Beach.

Those irresistible impulses are embarrassing at times. The other night Charlie Ruggles saw Charles Laughton in "Henry VIII." In the picture, when Anne Boleyn is beheaded, a cannon is fired as the axe falls, to notify Henry. Just as the cannon boomed, Charlie burst into song with "Annie doesn't live here any more."

And a Hollywood theatre ran on its marquee recently, "Henry XIII." "Lady Killer."

CHARLOTTE HENRY, since doing personal appearances all over the country with "Alice," is quite used to autograph hunters, but she received rather a jolt the other day when a man in working clothes asked her to autograph a ten dollar bill. When she had finished, the man tipped her hat and said, "Thank you, little lady, that's another ten dollar bill my movie-mad wife won't spend."

RICHARD DIGGS, a Paramount writer, has long been the possessor of the most popular dog on the lot—a water spaniel named Dudley. Dudley has such winning ways that everybody on the lot invariably stops to make a fuss over him. But poor Richard has his troubles with Dudley, for people are always getting him confused with the very dignified and important actor of the same name. The other day a pompous lady telephoned, asking if Dudley Diggs was there. "No," said Richard, a little tired of the whole mistaken identity business. "He's in the garden drinking out of the fish pond." The woman slammed up the receiver in great disgust.

Quickly, the smelling salts! Adolphe Menjou, that muchly publithed best dressed male in Hollywood, arrived at a very swanky cocktail party the other afternoon in sports clothes—and completely minus a tie. Hollywood hadn't received such a jolt since Jack Oakie appeared at the Grove in a tuxedo and a bonetumae. This is the first time Hollywood—even the oldest inhabitants—has seen Monsieur Menjou without a tie, and at first they suspected the gin was doing things to the optic nerves. But no! Is nothing sacred any more?

On the "You're Telling Me" set the other day, W. C. Fields was up to his old tricks of telling, with dramatics, anyone who would listen, lurid tales of his travels in Africa.

"There I was," W. C. exclaimed breathlessly, "facing the tiger, and the tiger was facing me."

"Oh, how terrible for you both," Joan Marsh interrupted, while W. C. retired to sulk.

THE Reporter's New York correspondent tells the one about Kelsey Allen and Sylvia Sidney which struck us as being no end funny. Kelsey Allen is one of New York's oldest dramatic critics and he is having trouble with one of his eyes. At a cocktail party at the Waldorf in New York he walked over to Sylvia Sidney and asked her how she managed to get a mint coat and do so well while she wasn't working. He was very much surprised at the icy glare he got—for he had mistaken her for someone else. And Sylvia, we presume, was very much surprised too. That is what you call a faux pas.

MARY CARLISLE had to celebrate her twentieth birthday in New York—and on a diet too. But her friends celebrated it in Hollywood and wired Mary the menu—all starchy and sweets.

THERE'S a bear in Bing Crosby's next picture, "We're Not Dressing," which throws itself down on the floor and rolls every time Bing begins to sing. But one day, when the director inadvertently began to sing one of Bing's songs, the bear just rolled over and threw him down! You can't fool a bear.

JOAN BLONDELL and her husband, George Barnes, have taken up golf with a bang, and want to form a Century Club with other divot diggers. W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby are rated among the best men golfers in Hollywood, and Jean Harlow is about the best of the gab.

While she was recovering in a desert resort from her recent illness Maureen O'Sullivan made a hook rug using nearly one thousand yards of yarn.
Hap-py days are here again,  
And we’re off to the races! New York’s forgotten, the rain’s coming down in torrents, everything’s just ducky and life rolls along like a beautiful song in a very unexpected key. 

This month we start in the middle (with Twentieth Century) and work to the outer edges—something like one of those puzzles comprised of dots, that give you a starting point and want you to draw a pencil mark through every dot and end up at a given point without repeating yourself. Of course, none of this makes sense—but nobody ever said I made sense.

Over at Twentieth Century
ONE picture shooting at the Messrs. Schenck and Zanuck’s little fun factory, It’s “The Firebrand,” starring Constance Bennett and Fredric March, with Mr. Frank Morgan and Louis Calhern lending able support. This is the first day’s shooting on the picture and everything is in confusion, Miss Bennett has been in bed with a cold, and has had to get up and bring the cold to the studio so’s to start the picture. 

The opening scene is in the throne room of the Duke of Florence (Mr. Morgan). There is an imitation parquet floor made of inlaid linoleum. At one end of the room is a dais with the throne on it. There is a marble table alongside the throne with some jadie bottles on it, and a small chair to the left and front of the throne with a yellow satin cushion on it. Cornices over the throne, and fluted pillars, are trimmed with gold. A little to the left of the throne and behind the small chair is a long marble bench on which five of the duke’s cabinet sit. 

They’re all sitting there, with Mr. Duke Morgan comfortably ensconced in his big chair. He looks blowzy enough for the original Stella Dallas. Sky blue hat with pale pink and blue ostrich feathers in it. His tunic is royal blue velvet and he wears more jewels on his breast than a pawnbroker’s wife. His red velvet cloak is lavishly trimmed with ermine. And his silk tights are a very pale blue. 

They are just trying to decide the fate of Bennett to Cellini (Fredric March)—not present—who it seems, is not only the greatest goldsmith in the world but also the greatest liar and, most important, the greatest lover. 
He has a disconcerting habit of stealing other men’s wives. 

In the midst of the discussion, in marches the Duchess (Constance Bennett). And she’s a vision! Never have I seen her look lovelier. A severely plain black velvet dress is relieved only by the apple-green lining of the sleeves and pompons of the skirt. The sleeves fall away from the arms at the elbow, and above the elbow she wears wide bands of silver leaf. A little black skull cap is set on her head and from it a huge emerald and diamond pendant drops over her forehead. Enormous diamond ear-rings hang from her ears, and about her throat she wears four strands of pearls—two of them longer than the others. From the two long strands hangs one of the largest diamond crosses ever built. 

The men rise at her entrance. 

“We are discussing grave matters of state, my lady,” Morgan explains uneasily. “Mine, too, is a grave matter of state, my lord,” the Duchess answers, giving him her hand to kiss. “Where are the gold service plates?” she explodes sitting down on the small chair and flapping her handkerchief in a most irritated manner. “Plates? Plates? Morgan repeats in a daze. 

“Your excellency,” Calhern offers, “perhaps I can suggest—”

“You can suggest nothing.” Morgan snaps in a fury. “Besides, it’s too late. Wh-what plates are you talking about?” he adds lamely to Constance.

“On Monday the Duchess of Milan arrives,” Constance explains patiently. “For that occasion I have ordered golden service plates.”

“If my lady entrusted the commission to Cellini,” Calhern informs Connie, determined to have his say. “Heaven alone knows whether they will ever be finished.”

“Cellini! Cellini!” Morgan sputters. “Will I never be rid of this—this—this infernal scoundrel—this—this (furiously to Calhern). You shouldn’t have brought this up. This
is not the time to discuss it."

"This is just the time to discuss it," Connie, who has been looking from one to the other in amazement, announces firmly. "Are we to be forced to eat from troughs, like pigs, because some goldsmith neglects his duties? You should have —"

"I should have —" Morgan begins indignantly.

"Certainly you should have —" Connie cuts in on him, drowning out his words.

For a few seconds they go at it hammer and tongs, and then Morgan says he's licked. "This is all very upsetting," he announces getting to his feet and facing the council who have been gaping open-mouthed. "Gentlemen, the council is dismissed —er—for a—a time. The Duchess and I have—er—we have other—well—The council is dismissed!"

I remember once Constance complained to me that she always has to carry the weight of her pictures alone, that she never had all-star casts for her pictures as other studios have provided for their stars. Well, this time she has Fredric March and Frank Morgan and, somehow, I'm just a little fearful that when the picture is shown, although Miss Bennett may receive star billing, Mr. Morgan is going to receive the notices.

At R-K-O

THEY are making pictures over at R-K-O this month, "Of Human Bondage" with Leslie Howard, is on location and so is "Strictly Dynamite." featuring William Gargan, Lupe Vélez, Jimmy Durante, Leila Bennett and Marian Nixon. But they have two other pictures in the works at the studio. One is "The Dover Road," which was a highly successful stage play about twelve years ago, and which has an interesting story in connection with its presentation. I forget which New York manager Guthrie McClinton was working for, but, however it was, he gave it to Guthrie and Katharine Cornell for a wedding present. It turned out to be one of the hits of that season.

It's a simple story. In London, when people are eloping, they take "The Dover Road" which leads from London to Dover, where one catches a boat to Paris—and quick divorce. On the Dover Road lives Mr. Latimer (Clive Brook), a gentleman of charm, whose hobby is preventing unhappy marriages. Reginald Owen and Diana Wynyard (who returned to Hollywood despite my lack of appreciation of her art) are eloping when their car stalls near Clive's place, and they are lucky inside the grounds. To their astonishment they learn they are to be held prisoners there a week to discover the defects in each other's characters.

"How dare you hold my wife and me?" Owen rages.

[Continued on page 59]
Opinions, Frankly Expressed, of Pictures Actually Seen.

**THIS MAN IS MINE**
Rating: As Smart As Kay Francis' New Chapeau—RKO

Not since Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Alice Brady all got together for a good cry in "Should Ladies Meet," have you seen such a thoroughly smart and charming dramatic comedy as this. And as honest as a mirror, too—but with fancy trimmings, so you really won't mind the truth of it.

Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Irene Dunne in "This Man Is Mine."

Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson and Charles Starrett, and Vivian Tobin and Louis Mason are three more or less happily married young couples living in a swanky New York suburban. Irene and Ralph are doing all right except that the ghost of Connie Cummings (Ralph's former sweetheart) is always between them. Finally the ghost materializes in the form of a beautiful, hateful, charming little flirt, and the worst happens. Irene is ready to get a divorce when Sidney Blackmer appears, and all difficulties are beautifully ironed out. The dialogue is clever and the situations smart and amusing, and you're bound to enjoy it tremendously.

**THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCCHILD**
Rating: A Full House And Wins All—Twentieth Century

Followers of George Arliss, and who isn't, should find this the most completely satisfying and perfect picture they have seen since "Disraeli." It's almost all George Arliss, and once more you're convinced that he is the greatest actor on the screen when it comes to sheer artistry.

The story is a meaty one, concerns the history of the House of Rothschild from its humble beginnings in Jew Street, Frankfort, long before Napoleon upset the map of Europe, until the gala day when Nathan Rothschild is made a Baron by the English Court. George Arliss first appears as old Mayer Rothschild, father of five sons, who, on his death bed, imparts to them his scheme for a world-wide banking house, and admonishes the boys to make the world a place in which the Jews may walk in dignity and peace. From then on the picture traces the life of Nathan Rothschild (George Arliss), who has become the head of the house in England. There are many thrilling episodes all leading up to the exciting moment when Arliss promises to support the bankrupt Allies against Napoleon, and thereby bring everlasting glory to the House of Rothschild and dignity and peace to his long-suffering people.

The story is told with such a gentle homeliness and delightful humor, that, instead of being awed, you feel like hugging it to your heart. George Arliss, naturally, is magnificent. And so is Helen Westley who plays the dowager Rothschild, who never leaves Jew Street. There is a charming love story involving the lovely daughter of Nathan Rothschild, played by Loretta Young, who has never looked more beautiful, and Robert Young, an English nobleman attached to the staff of the Duke of Wellington. It's the old story of the love of a Gentle for a Jewess, and beautifully done. C. Aubrey Smith is superb as the very masculine Duke of Wellington, and Boris Karloff, as Ledranz of Prussia, and Reginald Owen, as Metterich, are so natural you find yourself hating them. You musn't miss this one.

**GAMBLING LADY**
Rating: Whoopps—A Jackpot—Warner

You Barbara Stanwyck fans will certainly rally to this one, for Barbara is perfectly cast, which is something that doesn't happen every day of the month in Hollywood. Barbara plays the daughter of Square Mike, who shoots himself rather than join in with racketeers in New York's gambling syndicate. Barbara shares her father's love for honesty and fair play, and also his love for cards, and, backed by the syndicate, she proves to them that she can make money for them by playing poker with rich men without having the cards stacked.

She wins for a while—until she falls in love and marries Joel McCrea, a young Park Avenue blue-blood. Then the picture gets terribly exciting, with Claire Dodd, a former flame of Joel's, returning from Europe and all ready to fight for the man she lost, and with Pat O'Brien, Barbara's one real friend from the syndicate, getting thrown into jail and Barbara going on bond with him. And the pitfalls of the newspapers and Park Avenue.

There's a family row and Joel goes out to beat up Pat, and the next morning Pat's body is found full of lead in a dark alley. Joel is accused of murder, and there's an exciting climax, with Claire getting her inna and Barbara doing the square and noble thing. But Joel's no fool—so there's a happy ending. Barbara gets a chance to change her clothes every scene in this picture, and oh! boy, oh! boy, does Orry Kelly do right by our Barbara. She's beautiful.

**COME ON MARINES**
Rating: And the Situation is Well in Hand—Paramount

That good-looking stalwart Dick Arlen is now a sergeant in the marine corps and my! my! how the dames do go for him. The general's all ready to make him an officer until that little dance hall foosey, Grace Bradley, bursts in on him during inspection, one day, demanding the return of "the flask that grandmother gave my mother for her birthday."

It's back to the tropics for Richard after that harassing scene, and he's sore on the female sex. But his battalion learns, via the radio, that a ship had been sunk off the coast and a boat full of children has landed on the other side of the jungle. Dick and the Marines go to the rescue.

The "children" turn out to be Ida Lupino and Toby Wing and Lona Andre—and you see it all now, don't you? Roscoe Karns, as a combination taxi driver and marine, is very funny, and a big band goes to Grace Bradley's naughty dance called the "Tequila," which makes the rhumba look like a sweet old-fashioned polka.

Robert Young, Loretta Young and George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild."
THE MYSTERY OF MR. X
Rating: MUCH BETTER THAN MOST MYSTERIES—M-G-M

Here's one of those fifty-fifty murder mysteries, where you are in a fog about half of it and the police are in a fog about the other half—but you know what the police don't know. Confusing? Not at all—but take this gal's advice and arrange to see it from the beginning just in case a lot of murdered policemen might be wilder you.

Elizabeth Allan, Robert Montgomery and Ralph Forbes in "The Mystery of Mr. X."

It’s that mysterious Mr. X who goes in for murdering cops, and Scotland Yard decides that Mr. X is none other than our old friend Robert Montgomery, the most charming of the diamond thieves. And in order to prove that he isn’t the murderous Mr. X, handsome Bob has to capture Mr. X himself.

Exciting! You bet! Bob gives a first rate performance of a delightful crook and there’s a swell cast including Elizabeth Allan, Forrester Harvey, Ralph Forbes, Lewis Stone and Ivan Simpson. You old mystery story addicts will gobble it up.

WHARF ANGEL
Rating: THE WATER-FRONT AGAIN—AND A BIT WET—PARAMOUNT

The story is rather weakish in this one but the photography and atmosphere are superb. If you have a yen for waterfront drama, you'll go for the settings in a big way.

The story's about a big two-fisted human (Preston Foster) who preaches tolerance and brotherly love as he practices his trade along the San Francisco wharves. Victor McLaglen is a big two-fisted stoker and, after he helps Preston escape the cops, the two become fast friends. Until they both discover that they are in love with the same girl—Dorothy Dell—a damsel who hangs around Alison Skipworth's colorful dive. Skippy, as Mother Bright, is the best thing in the picture.

Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth and Victor McLaglen in "Wharf Angel."

SPITFIRE
Rating: WISEBUT INTRIGUING—RKO

The long awaited "Trigger," which came out finally as "Spitfire," has restored Katharine Hepburn to her high place. Let Broadway critics try to tell you that Katie is not one of the greatest actresses that was ever screened, and we will smile indulgently upon them. They just do not know.

The play itself is very slight and no one can say that Katharine wins back because of the great story interest. However, such as it is, it gives Hepburn just the opportunity that her strange ability requires. She has always been able to create visions of compelling reality. In "Morning Glory" she saw a vision of herself as great, and she succeeded in making us see it, too. In "Spitfire," as a mountain girl, uncoy, awkward and poorly dressed, she again fashions, with her wonderful power, a character convincing and beautiful. Her religious ecstasy is her daily ordinary thought and before she is through with you, you almost hear the whir of the wings of angels. "Could you have saved the baby with prayer?" asks Ralph Bellamy. "Yes, sir," says Hepburn, "If you prayed hard enough and was good enough."

A very entertaining, powerful, uplifting picture.

Robert Young and Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire."

CATHERINE THE GREAT
Rating: ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT—LONDON FILMS

This English film is remarkable for the Viennese actress, Elizabeth Bergner. She appears at the court of the great Empress Elizabeth to be married to the Grand Duke Peter, who is an unbalanced person, admirably played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They meet accidentally (shades of Christina) and fall in love.

Peter, however, is haunted by the fear that no one can love him for himself, and so grows suspicious of the Princess (Bergner). They wed, but he subjects her to jealous backings and finally all the nobles plead for Catherine to take the throne. She professes great love for Peter and, while she takes his throne away from him, does so for the good of Russia. There is no reason under the sun why she should not hate him thoroughly, for private reasons, and take his throne from him—anyway she gets it and Peter is killed.

The picture is only Bergner. She is a strange person, who, in appearance, is not at all like any movie star. She has a gift of sympathy, or rather she commands sympathy. Her voice is quite wonderful.

As far as the American screen is concerned, the more we have of Bergner the better it will be.

Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth and Victor McLaglen in "Wharf Angel."

Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth and Victor McLaglen in "Wharf Angel."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great."

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE
Rating: BUT NOT TOO SUCCESSFUL—RKO

Here’s Doug Jr.’s first Hollywood-made picture since he departed for England and English pictures about a year ago, when the Missus decided to divorce him. Unfortunately Doug returns to us in a very preachy story, but his acting far surpasses the film and proves that Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward haven’t hurt his histrionic ability at all. Doug plays a young man, brother of a slang gangster, who is consumed with an insane passion to make money—money—money. And not just little dimes and quarters but millions. He gains his power and money by every unethical manner known to Big Business, with doublecrosses that would make a gangster blush. And then when he’s right on top, he finds that he is the most unhappy man in the world. Giving splendid performances in this modern morality play are Genevieve Tobin, Colleen Moore, and Frank Morgan.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Genevieve Tobin in "Success At Any Price."
NO GREATER GLORY
Rating: UNUSUAL AND CHARMING—AND THE TEARS DO FLOW—Columbia

HERE'S the picture version of Ferenc Molnár's charming "boy" story, originally called "The Paul Street Boys." And it loses none of its beauty, its pathos and quiet humor as directed by Hollywood's famous tear-behind-the-smile director, Frank Borzage.

The story is laid in a European city, but it might just as well be an American city. The schoolboys in town are divided into two "secret societies," known as the Paul Street Boys and the Red Shirts, and the bond of contention is a vacant lot. The story goes on to relate in a beautiful, quiet manner how little George Breakston sacrifices his life for honor and loyalty, and bravely dies on the field of battle—the vacant lot the boys are fighting over.

It's terribly sad, but you'll love it, unless, of course, you're the type who just must have your sex served up with a Busby Berkeley ensemble. There's not one little bit of sex in this entire picture. George Breakston, sort of a miniature Sterling Holloway, is a fine little actor and walks off with all the honors in his first picture. He was "discovered" by Frank Borzage, one day, when he was visiting his mother who works in the wardrobe department at Columbia.

Jimmy Butler, a handsome lad, plays the "terror" of the Paul Street Boys, and Frankie Darro is the leader of the "enemies." Jackie Searle gives a good performance as the "traitor," who asks for another chance and gets it. Lois Wilson and Ralph Morgan play the poor parents of little George. Whether you like this picture or not will all depend on you.

WONDER BAR
Rating: BRILLIANT AND SPARKLING AS ICE—FROM TIFFANY'S—WARNER BROS.

EVERY flattering, sensational adjective you can think up describes "Wonder Bar." It's all that and then some. We're exaggerating? Huh, see for yourself. There's one of the greatest casts ever assembled in movie history, an exciting story in a furiously fascinating background, swell gags and comedy, and a musical sequence called "nigger heaven" (in the manner of "Green Pastures") which is about the cleverest thing you've ever seen on any screen.

The story's about the happenings one night in Paris' most exciting nightclub, the exclusive "Wonder Bar." Al Jolson is the likeable proprietor and master of ceremonies, with a shy secret love for the intoxicating Dolores Del Rio who plays Inez, the dancer, an exot of the exotics. But Inez is madly in love with her dancing partner, Ricardo Cortez, the gigolo of the "Wonder Bar" who is carrying on an affair with Kay Francis, the beautiful wife of the wealthiest man in Paris.

When Dolores, crazed by her love, learns that Ricardo is planning to run away with the rich Kay Francis, she stars him during their famous "Gauchito" dance (which little number is thrilling enough by itself for one picture). It is Al who cleverly disposes of the body without anyone being the wiser—but it is Dick Powell, the orchestra leader, to whom Dolores turns in her grief. Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert, a couple of nuts and bolts manufacturers from America, who are desperately trying to shake their wives, are terrifically funny. Not to mention Louise Fazenda and Ruth Donnelly as the wives—who have a few ideas about Paris too. Oh, see it yourself, and join us in the raves.

REGISTERED NURSE
Rating: CONTINUING THE RUN IN DOCTORS—WARNER BROS.

THE hospital drama is still in its heyday. Ella, smell that ether. This time Bebe Daniels is a former nurse whose husband becomes insane following an automobile accident. She returns to her profession and so capable and efficient and human is she that all the patients and doctors in the hospital fall in love with her. The picture has its exciting moments. In the cast are Lyle Talbot, John Halliday and John Westcott—and Minna Gombell, who walks away with the comedy.

SHE MADE HER BED
Rating: THRILLING—PARAMOUNT

WELL, folks, here we are at the Pomono County Fair, way out in southern California. Sally Eilers and her husband, Robert Armstrong—who fancies himself quite a sheik among the ladies—run an auto camp near the Fair Grounds, and all the country folks for miles around pile in for the Fair.

There's Richard Arlen, the clean-cut young medicine man, and Grace Bradley, who likes anything in pants, and a lot of other people who don't matter. Dick falls for Sally in a nice way and Bob falls for Grace in a bad way and we just know something has to be done about Bob so's Dick and Sally can get married.

Sure enough, in the last reel Bob's tiger cat escapes, and it is making for Sally's baby (whom Sally tucked away in the ice-box), and a fire starts, and the tiger attacks Bob and the baby is saved. And, thank goodness, Dick and Sally can now get married. The baby is Richard Arlen, Jr., and as cute a little kid as you've ever seen. His first picture, but not his last.

SING AND LIKE IT
Rating: AND YOU'LL LIKE IT TOO—RKO

HERE'S a mirthquake for you. Nothing artsy or subtle—just good old riotous fun that would even bring a smile to the face of sourfaced Ned Sparks. Ned, by the way, plays a guy named "Toots" in this picture, the first assistant to Nat Pendleton, the biggest "snatch" king in America (kidnapper to youse).

Ned's got a heart of stone and a penthouse, and a daisy dame, Pet Kelson, nuts about him. But, one night, while he and his gang are pulling off a little job, he hears Zasu Pitts singing a touching little number about "Who's-your-best-friend-your MOTHER" in the Union Bank's Little Theatre Guild's rehearsal hall. It gets him.

So Nat decides to star Zasu, most appropriately named Annie Snodgrass (or Snoddygrass, as Pet calls her), in a musical show on Broadway.

And, using the "Do it—or else" policy, he duads Edward Everett Horton, Broadway's Mad Genius, to fire his leading lady and give poor bewildered, stage-struck Zasu the part. Of course, the play and the snark "sink" (theatrical parlance), but as the critics are all surrounded by gunmen, who prod rods into their ribs and continually demand that they laugh, Annie Snodgrass first night is sensational.

There's a hilarious kidnapping scene, wherein a rank amateur makes a sap out of Nat. And there's a scene where Horton eats his shirt, which is a scream. The lines are clever, especially those of Ned Sparks, and you'll miss the laugh of the century if you miss this.
How Barbara Stanwyck keeps stockings smooth-fitting — cuts down Runs

This Hollywood method will work for YOU

Smooth-fitting stockings that cling to your legs are a delicious bit of flattery any girl can win for herself just as the Hollywood stars do.

Lux care for stockings saves the elasticity they have when new. Then stockings can give under strain, spring right back without breaking. That's why Lux keeps stockings perfect in fit . . . cuts down runs, too!

In fact, Hollywood uses Lux for all lovely washable things. Barbara Stanwyck says: "My maid uses Lux for all my washable things — sweaters, blouses, dresses, negligees, stockings, too. It's so safe — and it keeps things like new twice as long."

Hollywood's 2-minute way to keep stockings lovely

Lux stockings after every wearing. Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali or rubbing with cake soap. These things ruin elasticity . . . stockings get baggy, wrinkle easily . . . the least strain may start a run. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Bros. star of "Gambling Lady," says: "I couldn't get along without Lux! Colors come out perfectly — like new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"We use Lux in this wardrobe department," says N. W. As McKenzie, (right) wardrobe director at Warner Bros. First National Studios, "because it keeps stockings and costumes new longer. They look swell! Lux cuts down drabbing hills, too. As a means of saving real cash, it would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."

Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck TRUST TO LUX
AS THE EARTH TURNS
Rating: Good Clean Fun—M-G-M

If YOU are a “Down Easter” you will have to see this picture, which tells so eloquently the story of the changing seasons and the changing persons on a group of farms in the State of Maine. There are city men who feel the cast of the soil, and for them this picture will have a clear message, and then there are the boys who left the milk pans and the peach tree blossoms and who came away to make their way in the world, and they too, will experience a reminiscent joy in this delightfully presented year among the farmers. Jean Muir heads the cast and gives us a living breathing girl of the New England countryside. The rest of the cast is well selected and gives convincing performances. Mention must be made of Sarah Padden, as the wife of the tailor who tries farming, and Dorothy Appleby, who sexies the thing up a little.

Some like the country and some do not, and that is the theme of this charming picture which gives you a vacation in old New England and an introduction to a group as real as red apples. Here you will find farmers who are not bighed comics—women who make butter and love their babes—and, under all, the grandeur of Nature’s poetry of Winter, Spring, Summer and the Harvest Time.

“A farm picture without the usual crop of Hokum.”

Egon Brecher, Donald Woods, Sarah Padden, Jean Muir and William Janney in “As the Earth Turns.”

THE SHOW-OFF
Rating: Good Clean Fun—M-G-M

HERE’s a new love team for you. Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans, who play so beautifully and naturally together, are a delight to watch, and will be a big hit if you didn’t know about Loreta Young and Tom Gallery you’d begin to suspect things. So, it must be acting—but it’s darned good.

Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans in “The Show-Off.”

LAZY RIVER
Rating: Lots Of Fun—M-G-M

HERE’s a grand little picture with much more plot than you generally meet out these nights, and with some swell humor contributed by Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton that will have you chortling all over the place.

Robert Young plays a good boy, gone bad temporarily, who’s serving time in a jail down in Louisiana, where he meets Ted and Nat, who can make a wall safe open by just looking at it. Out of jail, Bob decides to blackmail the wealthy family of one of his prison mates, who get killed in a prison break. But when he arrives in the little Louisiana parish (where the only business is catching shrimp) he finds that the wealthy family isn’t wealthy at all—but just on the point of being thrown out of their home and little store by the landlord, Sam Kee, a wicked half-breed Chinaman, played by C. Henry Gordon.

In the meantime Bob has fallen hard for Jean Parker, his prison mate’s sister, so he promptly forgets all about his blackmail idea and goes to work to help Jean and her mother save their home.

Ted and Nat appear, just about then, and get all tangled up with Sam Kee and his Chinese boys and his rufian sailors, and a swell time is had by all. There’s lots more plot—but you ought to see it for yourself.

Jean Parker and Robert Young in “Lazy River.”

BOOK WORM!

A LICE BRADY plays the shtik—but so far as we know the’s only vice she has.

However, we watched her read a detective story magazine (her favorite form of reading) on the set one day and were quite intrigued when we saw her tearing out the pages after she read them. “That’s the only way I can keep my place,” she explained.

Elegant but not good.

The Busy Mr. Cortez [Continued from page 21]

want a wife who makes more money than I do: I don’t want a wife who makes money at all.

“When my wife asks me for a new car I want to be able to tell her that I can’t afford it—and then surprise her with it on her birthday. But, if I told a Hollywood wife I couldn’t afford a new car for her, she would buy two for herself the next day just to tell me off. And, it’s the life of single blessedness for me,” I remember telling the doctor all this just about a year ago—so naturally when I fell in love with Chris, he was the very first one I told about it. Chris is all I could ask in a wife. Thank heavens, she is quite content to be Mrs. Ricardo Cortez and doesn’t want a career. And, by the way, she confessed to me last week that I was her favorite screen actor long before she met me. And I still am.”

When you see “Wonder Bar” you’ll notice quite a glow about Mrs. Cortez’ favorite actor. The picture was made during the courtship and, although Ric has to play a professional gigolo and crook, you can just see romance sticking out all over him. You can readily understand why those lovely, luscious ladies, Kay Francis and Dolores Del Rio, would go simply goofy over him—in the picture. The minute “Wonder Bar” was in the can, and Ric could get a vacation, he and Chris dashed off to Phoenix, Arizona (which hadn’t had a screen wedding since Joan Blondell and George Barnes married there last January a year ago) and had the knot tied at the Biltmore Hotel before a sheriff—by request, if you please. Then they went to New York, where both their families live, and what a mad breathless time they had—with everything happening from a taxi strike to a blizzard.

Ric’s two best pals in Hollywood are Gene Markay, screen writer and husband of Joan Bennett, and Gene Fowler, famous author. Before Ric’s wedding Gene Markay decided to throw a shower for Ric—which shower was the talk of the town for days. It was the first time in history—so Gene said—that a shower had ever been given for the prospective bridegroom instead of the bride. And, as it was strictly a stag affair at the Markay home, you can just imagine what some of the presents and gag were. Not for publication, Ella. However, there was one hilarious moment when a huge ham arrived with a card on it reading, “From one ham to another—Al Jolson.” That’s about all Ric, being a
Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair is TOO OILY or TOO DRY

A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment given below.

To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Another version of the “back to charm” movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wavy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment suggested in this column.

Help for DRY hair:
Don’t put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don’t—oh, don’t—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle “emollient” shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer’s Tar Soap. Get Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER’S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

PACKER’S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair
Marriage—Just a Love Episode [Continued from page 23]

as friends, enjoying the mental companionship which they have learned to appreciate. She and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, are seen often in the same group with Hoot Gibson and the soon-to-be Mrs. Gibson. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna are other pals—friends who respect one another. Austin Parker advises Miriam Hopkins about the rearing of her adopted youngster. I was at his home when she telephoned to ask him to hurry over to see what the baby was doing that moment.

Wise people have claimed, for many years, that when the first bloom of marriage pales, many people must develop friendship as the true basis for remaining married. Hollywood has gone a step further. Our actresses and actors are showing, day by day, that a deep friendship may be developed from separation and divorce. They are showing a world, which has long been muddled about it, that marriage may be an interlude in life but a profitable interlude resulting in beauty rather than ugliness.

I cherish a memory of Joan Crawford. She sat sitting in her dressing room waiting for Franchot Tone. I asked her about Douglas. Her eyes lighted—as though I had accidentally touched a match to two cancers. She found friendship with him. I am so happy about Douglas. We see each other, of course. He likes Franchot. Franchot likes him—

Out of marriage they found the friendship which world philosophers claim must come in marriage, if it is to be everlasting. Perhaps, in another marriage, Joan may find more friendship with Franchot. Then, she will have two true friends. If she does, I know she will feel that the interlude with Douglas was as worthwhile as the permanence with, shall we say, Franchot?

"Suffer?" Joan cried. "Of course, I suffered! I didn't think I could live. I thought I must die. But now? Now, we are both happy."

And Miriam Hopkins told me, "It's the little interlude which counts. At least, with me. Oh, the way a person wears a tie. The way he lights his cigarette—

And intimacy shows up the little things, the big things—you can forgive those. You expect to forgive big things. You almost wish for the opportunity to prove you can do it. I would be willing to live in a shack in the desert without any thing but love, if the little things were right. Or a man could commit murder or be unfaithful. Love would enjoy overcoming those things. But if little manners annoy—

And she and Austin Parker are true friends.

I talked with Kay Francis shortly before she went to New York. Indeed, she had no thought of a separation from Kenneth MacKenna. She was emphatic in her statements that they would not allow gossiping friends, work that interfered with individual plans, the necessity of long separations, to interfere with their marriage. "Nothing will spoil the fine respect and friendship that we have."

And then, in New York, the separation. When I read of such prose words, "Nothing will spoil our friendship"—And I know that if those obstacles she mentioned did threaten that friendship, they chose divorce so that they might retain the joy of friendship.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is returning to Hollywood. When I read that headline recently, I sat and thought about Mary and Douglas. No love has been more beautiful: no separation more difficult. And yet it is no secret that Mary and Douglas had been living upon the threads of that love for several years. Instead of discussing it when it began to wear, they clung desperately to the frayed pieces. Especially Mary, Pride, Hope. Fear. Disillusion. All these very human qualities kept those two from facing each other and saying: "Since we cannot be friends in marriage, let us be friends out of it."

But when he returns? Ah, Hollywood is betting upon them. They have been out leaders for so long. They will continue to lead. They will not discard that great respect that they must have for each other. They will find a new basis for their relationship, just as the young Fairbanks' have done. And we will be reading, "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks fought together, yesterday. Both looked radianty happy!" Even as we are now reading those lines about Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, and others.

I had spent almost an entire day with Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer in their luxurious suite in London. They had been in Europe for months; I had just arrived. Just as I was leaving the room, Gloria said, "But you haven't told me anything about Connie Bennett and the Marquis." I looked my surprise. "But I thought it would be tactless—" Gloria laughed: Michael joined her. "You mean because of the publicity that I am supposed to hate them? That's ridiculous. Of course I don't. They are both grand. Michael and I wish them good luck. He's a charming—"

She was so natural as to prove sincerity. She was still a friend of her ex-husband. She told me later, that she always conferred with Mr. Seaborn, her second husband, about their daughter. While he lived, he and little Gloria's mother worked out the problems concerning the child, as friends. And no one mourned his death more than Gloria Swanson. She had lost a true friend—a greater loss, often, than that of a husband.

To build towards a friendship through marriage is not an easy accomplishment. Hurt pride, selfishness, jealousy—nearly all of the injurious elements of life must be forgotten or conquered. You have read of Lupe's and Johnny's recent battle. I say "recent" because it is, by no means, their first. It is one of many. Bitter arguments—yet no more bitter than those that tore at the beauty of the lives of Douglas and Mary and Douglas and Franchot and Miriam and Austin and all of the others. Only Lupe and Johnny are just now going through that first stage of love which we all must endure. The stage of the battle for possession.

Sid by side with the thought, "Until death do us part," comes that contradictory expression, "or he is all mine. Now, I possess her or him."

Love's greatest pride seems to be in that feeling of absolute possession. And when love discovers that it can never possess the object of its passion...

Lupe and Johnny fought, first, about dogs. Eventually, Lupe gave away all six of her pets—pets she loved before she met Johnny. She kept only those he had given her. As a friend, Johnny had not objected to the dogs, or if he had—he had kept silent. But as a husband—

The second battle was about the fights. They chose different favorites. And Lupe could not have Johnny yelling for someone she wanted to see defeated.

Little things, yes! Things that would not matter to friends. But to love... to that egotistical sense of possession...

And if these two cannot learn to grant the rights of friendship to each other in marriage, they will separate and grant those rights through divorce.

These Hollywood folk are business people. Their emotions reach out to an entire world. And most of them realize that. They appreciate, as few people do, that to waste emotion, such as hatred and jealousy and pain and false pride, is to invite ruin. If Lupe and Johnny find they are wasting too much on marriage, they will face the issue squarely, and eventually smile frankly at each other, across a neutral luncheon table. One will say: "Well, it's been a nice interlude. We were honest in our love. Let's be honest in our separation. Let us save what we can. Let's make this count for something.

Let us be friends. Real friends."

And, perhaps, if more young people would realize that Hollywood does not take the marriages and divorces lightly but sanctimoniously, they would appreciate a new viewpoint:

Marriage is neither the beginning nor the end of life—nor the beginning or the end of hell. It is a great experiment, which may prove to be just an interlude—but one which gives to life rather than subtracts from it.
“The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... but in your head!”

Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

“‘Doctor... it’s heart trouble’... these were her first grim words as she walked in.

“And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a nervousness brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!”

“The trouble, Madame,” I said, “is not with your heart but in your head.”

“Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

“The best and simplest technique of marriage hygiene is the “Lysol” method. “Lysol” antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose.”

(Signed) DR. HELENE STOURZH

“Lysol” is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, purges them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

“Lysol” kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to “Lysol.”

To married women, the use of “Lysol” assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

Lysol Disinfectant

“HALL OF FAME” on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E.S.T. . . . WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up
about for the paying customers—if any. Opposite the fireplace is a door leading outside. Over the door is a goat's horn, a sheep's horn and a stuffed fish mounted on a plaque. At the far end of the room is the bar.

Directly in front of the fireplace is a long navy blue bench on which Dix is straddling it and Taree is resting one foot on it. They've just met but Dix is even now starting the kidnapping for Andy Devine (one of Dix's henchmen), with a full growth of beard on his face and disguised in a parson's outfit, is loitering about. Just beyond the bench, at one of the tables, two Australian officers are noted.

They rehearse the scene once but Director Wild Bill Wellman is not pleased. There's a reference in the script to Green Park. "Where is Green Park?" he demands of the technical advisor.


But Bill isn't through directing yet. "Hey, you cops," he bellows at the two officers, "whenever you're shooting this scene you quit loitering, try to get the mugs in the camera. You hear me? All right, let's try it." Dix is in tan riding breeches, a reddish brown rough wool coat, boots, etc. Taree is dressed in the mode of that period. He has on a brown checked suit, piped in darker brown. The prop boy comes and hands them each a glass containing something that looks like liquor and tastes like panther juice. "Your country, sir," Taree offers politely. "Our country," Dix corrects him. "Oh—you're from England?" Conway is sure there with the snappy come on. "I wonder—is that London as thoroughly as I am at this moment?"

"Every moment," says Rich and goes on eagerly. "Tell me—is it all still there? Covent Garden? The violets, wet with rain, in Trafalgar Square. The girls walking Piccadilly-Sunset in Green Park—Gullani's in Soho—the Thames running so reluctantly to the sea—like an Englishman leaving home?"

"You are homesick," Taree rejoins.

"It's so soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and wear Mum immediately."

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

CONWAY TAREE AND RICHARD DIX.

"Stingaree," Richard Dix is a sort of Australian Robin Hood.

"We're Not Dressing!" is still shooting and Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard are still shooting off their mouths—but they're having a lot of fun doing it.

"Come On, Marines!" is finally in the works with Richard Arlen in the top spot. But it's on location so I can't tell you about it.

"You're Telling Me," featuring W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh and Adrienne Ames, is also on location.

"Nobody in Spring!" is still shooting but I told you about that one last month.

The only new one I can connect with is "Murder at the Vanities," for which Paramount has imported Earl Carroll. I can't find out what the story is about. They don't want their mysteries unaveled by outsiders. All I know is that the scene is the bathtub scene in the Earl Carroll Theatre in New York during a performance of the Vanities.

Carl Brisson—Paramount's new importation—is there in a white evening suit of some by-gone period. The trousers are too narrow at the bottom and the coat collar is very wide. Victor McLagen is there in a checkered tuxedo and a derby. Also present is Mrs. Jessie Ralph as the wardrobe woman. She's an elderly lady dressed in nondescript clothes.

The wardrobe Dix's henchmen is tiny. There are a couple of racks standing with costumes on them, a small dressing table with a make-up light on it and in one corner a big four-poster bed where the girls can change costumes for fittings—if they're suffering from an overdose of modesty. But from the looks of things the curtains have never been drawn.

I did manage to find out that one of the girls has been murdered—and the show, of course, is going on—and McLagen is a detective in the story.

"You sent for me?" inquires Mrs. Ralph of Vic.

"Yeah," says Vic. "I thought you killed Rita Ross—but now I know he did."

"He killed Rita Ross?" Mrs. Ralph gasps. "Is she dead?"

"Very," Vic answers calmly, eyeing her. "You don't seem upset much."

"She deserved killing," retorts Mrs. Jessie fiercely, and adds, "but he didn't do it."

"Oh, ho!" Vic cuts in. "So she deserved killing?"

"But it's stupid to think that Eric—that Mr. Lander—he begins hotly.

Well, it goes on to say, something like that and Vic, the old plug-ugly keeps building up a case against Mrs. Ralph because she won't talk and think the reason she won't talk is that she's hard to control. The Brisson's mother and doesn't want people to know he's got an old wardrobe lady for a mother—as if that mattered. Of course, all this is pure surmise on my part. If you don't like my solution figure one out for yourself. Your guess is as good as mine. It wouldn't surprise me to find out Earl Car...
They called Her "Old Maid."
She's Mrs. now!

Roll killed her himself. Chorus girls can be awfully aggravating.
You remember my telling you a few months ago how lovely Irene Hervey
was and that it did me no good because Dean Markham, the sheik of Hollywood,
already had the inside track? Well, here's Dean right on the set of "Murder at
the Vanities." He's still all upset because, apparently, he and Irene <i>phsfl</i> (enough
"'ks," Mr. Winchell!), and he's scouting around over here for someone to take her
place.

At Fox
Fox has only one picture shooting this
month—"Too Many Women" with War-
ner Baxter and Rosamary Ames.

What marvelous parts Rosamary
Ames is getting—she must be good!
She is with Warner Baxter in "Too
Many Women."

Warner is some kind of professional
man—a writer, maybe, who's always getting into
trouble with women. He's in full evening
regalia—tails, white tie, everything. At a
signal from the director he enters the room
and crosses over to the desk, behind which
sits Rosamary Ames in a red wool dress
with a frilled white net collar.
May I have that check?" he asks po-
litely.
"What a pity you got let in for this," is
Miss Ames' reply as she tears out the
check and hands it to him.
"I'm not enjoying it very much myself," he
responds as he takes it and turns away.
"Have Wilson bring in a glass of sherry,
will you? She's pretty much upset," he
goes a few steps farther and pauses once
more: "If I have any more lecture tours,
cancel them." This time he really makes
the door.

What a peach of a room! It is fixed up
for his office, but it would make a swell
den in any home. It seems to me, from my
tours of the studios, that the scene de-
signer at Fox displays more imagination
and ingenuity than at any other film fac-
tory.
There are little touches about this set.
On the studio couch, for instance, is a pil-
low made (of all things!) of the skins of
skunks! A few woodcuts adorn the walls.
There are also a couple of modernistic
tables.

Opposite the desk are French doors lead-
ing to a porch. The porch is covered with
a brightly striped red and white canopy.
A few rubber plants, a cactus, evergreen
and potted plants are all over the place.
There are some easy chairs and a couple
of steamer chairs. Here again the obvious
has been—avoided—there is no porch swing.
"I want you to meet Warner," my guide
plots.
"I've already met him a dozen times," I
assure her. "He's busy. Let's not bother

Lipstick that intensifies natural color
brings the beauty men admire

Like all fastidious women, she refused to
look painted. But for a while, she made
the mistake of using <i>no</i> lipstick... with the
result that her lips were pale, old-maidish.
Every woman should avoid a conspicuous
paint look. Yet you don't need to go to the
opposite extreme and do <i>without</i> lipstick. For
it is now possible to give lips the youthful color
men admire without risking a painted appear-
ance. Tangee Lipstick does the trick. It contains
a magic color-change principle that intensifies
your natural rose coloring!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE
In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it
on and notice how it changes on your lips... it
takes on the one shade of rose most becoming
to your coloring... the natural shade for you!
Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of
a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than
ordinary lipstick.
Moreover, Tangee is made with a special
cream base that soothes and softens lips while
it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or
clapping when you use Tangee. No paint spots
on teeth or handkerchiefs either. Get Tangee
today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical,
a deeper shade for professional use. On sale in
drug and department stores.

Or send 10¢ with coupon for 4-Piece Miracle
Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge
Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.
Breaking all records!

DIVE FROM SKYSCRAPERS! Ride Niagara Falls! Swim the Hellespont! Nothing seems out of reach, you laugh at obstacles, when digestion is good.

Let Beeman's help keep your digestion orderly, your disposition gay, your spirits elated. For Beeman's does aid digestion.

And nothing so beneficial was ever more delicious! The flavor—cool, fragrant, and refreshing. Its freshness unequalled—for the new air-tight wrap triphy guards every bit of its original quality. Chew Beeman's often—start today!

**Chew BEEMAN'S PEP SIN GUM**

**AIDS DIGESTION**

**Silver Screen for May 1934**
Joan in a navy blue wool crepe dress, with a blue calico apron, is sitting on the bed. And Jory in reefer, cap, funnel shirt and corduroy breeches stuffed into his boots, is kneeling before her.

"I don't know how to say very good it makes me glad for you to marry me, Rose," says Vic gazing up at her.

"You say it fine," opines Joan after a pause. "I don't want you, that," she adds, smiling shyly. "Say, Nick--"

"Yes, Rose."

"You sure you're not kidding yourself? I mean about wanting to get married--to me?"

"You don't want to get married?" Vic asks uneasily.

Joan looks hard into his eyes for a long moment. Then she rises, unsmiling and says tensely. "I told you I was glad, didn't I? Well, I am! See? I'll be a good wife to you, Nick! You know I will--"

"I'm glad you say that now, Rose," Vic says gently. "In Frisco when I ask you to marry, I am afraid, because you laugh when I say it makes new start for you."

"I ain't laughing now, am I?" she retorts. "And you ain't afraid, are you?"

"You make me--I don't know how to say--not afraid for anything," he answers, embracing her.

"You're all right, Nick. There is a slight pause and then she says gently, "Beat it downstairs now, will you? I--I better say good night."

It isn't often love scenes sound real on the screen, particularly if they're in a meter with which we're not familiar, but Joan and Vic are both such swell actors you believe them, and it gets under your skin so you don't feel like wise-cracking when it's over. Not even when they come up laughing to shake hands and Joan says, "Some fun, eh?"

"Lookit, Joan," I begin. "There's an auction tonight over at the Beverly Galeries. Cagney and Crosby and I have picked up some nice bargains there. I'm going out to Bing's for dinner but I'm going to leave right afterwards. Would you and George like to come?"

"Sure," Joan agrees readily, "if George will. But, she adds cautiously, "we can't sign any checks. Have you got any money?"

Well, how'da you like that? ? ?

ON THE next stage is a pleasant little thing called "Happy Family" concocted by my good old friend, Gene Markey. It's the best script I've ever turned out," some informs me. "And not only that, it's the first time I've ever been absolutely satisfied with the cast for one of my pictures."

"That's great," I rejoin enthusiastically. "Thanks. Sshh! Watch this scene."

The "Happy Family" all live together in a flat. Helen Lowell is the grandma—a regular old harridan. This particular scene is where she opens the door into the hall to pick up the paper. Not a line of dialogue is spoken and it isn't a terribly important scene in the picture, but she makes every move count.

"It's so confusing," Miss Lowell murmurs when the scene is finished. "I've been all my life on the stage and now I've got to unlearn everything I know and start over."

"You don't have to unlearn anything," I retort. "Women who have been all their lives on the screen could take lessons from you right now."
The set is very simple. There is no furniture. It is just the linden in a hallway. We see stairs leading to an upper floor and stairs leading down to a lower one. At the head of the stairs is a door leading to Powell's rooms.

The camera is mounted on a crane this time, so that it can swing up to the top of the steps and catch Miss Best as she descends the stairs. Just as she reaches the bottom, Powell's door opens and he steps out. He has on an old green felt hat and an overcoat with the collar turned up.

"Norah," he says gently.

Edna stands there a moment, as though waiting to hear his alibi.

"There's a great deal to say, isn't there?" Bill wants to know.

"Is there?" says Edna coolly. "Haven't I heard your complete repertoire of lies?"

"They weren't lies, Norah," Bill goes on shaking his head, "but I'm afraid no woman could understand that. I only want to explain how I could say 'I love you' and mean it—and still never come back."

"I've explained it to my own satisfaction," Edna snaps. "I was silly enough to fall in love with you at one time in my life—and I would have completely forgotten it if my husband hadn't brought you for tea."

"I don't believe that," rejoins Dare-devil Bill. "I don't think you ever quite forgot that fortnight at Branscomb."

William Powell at his inscrutable best in "The Key."

George Cooper and Lyle Talbot make a scene for "The Return of the Terror."

Cooper and Robert Emmett O'Connor. From the presence of the last named, I suspect it's a murder mystery and Mr. O'Connor will have to clear up the mystery—or, at least, help.

I find I'm not far wrong. Halliday is the head of a private sanitarium for mental cases. The place is owned by the immensely wealthy Mary Astor. Halliday has been accused of murdering his patients with arsenic poisoning. Pichel (his lawyer), Mary (his fiancée) and Lyle (his associate) urge him to plead insanity and say that afterwards they can have the case reopened and clear him. He is adjourned insane, sent to an institution, and Lyle takes charge of the place after he's gone.

I wish I had space to describe this set. I have it. It is the office of a scientist (Lyle). Outside the rain is pummeling down. Thunder and lightning effects. Lyle is at his desk when George Cooper enters, crosses the floor and hands him a letter.

"Two gentlemen to see you, sir," he announces.

"All right, Cotton," says Lyle after glancing at the letter.

"Cut," calls the director.

I've never seen a camera mounted like this one before. It is on a very low truck—so low that the camera is only about six inches off the floor. It is also on a universal joint, so it can be tipped back and pointed at the door through which Cooper enters. It is pulled back as he comes toward the desk, so it keeps him in full view all the time, and, when he is standing at the desk opposite Lyle, it is tilted farther back so it takes in both of them. Instead of shooting directly at them as most shots are made, it is shooting up at them which will give them a distorted, mysterious look—unless I miss my guess.

"Dick!" Lyle exclaims catching sight of me and coming forward to shake hands. "When did you get back?"

"About a month ago," I mutter guiltily.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"I did," I answer lamely. "But you were away on location."

"Well, let's get together. Give me a ring and come up for dinner, will you?"

"Sure," I answer gratefully. That's one of the nice things about Lyle. He never pins you down too much. I mean, about my not having 'phoned to say hello."

Just then they go into another "take" and I start nosing around to see what else is on the set. You should see the grounds around the sanitarium. Stone walls (made of beaver-board), shrubs, lawns, a lamp-post, a fountain with a statue in it. But
the weirdest part of all was the rain. High up over the lawn is a pipe full of holes. A couple of garden hoses run from a faucet in the floor to the pipes. At a signal, two men turn the faucets, and water spouts from the holes in the pipes looking exactly like rain. The rain-makers stand off at a little distance and although from where I sit, it would seem they'd be drenched, they're dry as chipmunks.

Mary Astor supporting Lyle Talbot in "The Return of the Terror."

ONE other picture and Warner Brothers and I are through for the month. It's called "One Man Woman" and Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell have the leads.

Pat is a cheap prize-fighter but his wife Glenda, teaches him a few tricks and he becomes popular with the crowds in the cheaper class of boxing clubs. Claire Dodd, a magazine illustrator, looking for something new to play with, picks him up and he goes for her in a big way. Glenda tries to break it up but when she can't, she sticks with him anyhow.

Then comes the night of his big fight. It is with Sullivan (Mushy Callahan) and both of them are after the championship. Mushy is knocked out in the fifth round and he is out so long Pat goes to his dressing room to see if he has killed him. Mushy gives him the laugh and says Pat is nothing but a palooka and if he (Mushy) hadn't been paid to lie down, he'd have knocked Pat for a row of Mahatma Gandhi's safety pins. Pat, in a rage, lunges at Mushy and Mushy does knock him out. When Pat comes to, he's alone. He races along the hall looking for Mushy.

Making "One Man Woman"—Pat O'Brien and Clarence Muse. Glenda Farrell is the woman.

"Sullivan! SULLIVAN!" he yells—but no one answers. Then he bumps into Clarence Muse, one of the porters about the place.

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

6,000,000 Women Already Adopted New Inexpensive Scientific Beauty Plan

- Refines Skin Texture, Ends Large Pores, Pimples, Oiliness, Blackheads, Flakiness.

$5 facials, creams and lotions are out! American women have found an inexpensive, quicker way to skin beauty... a scientific formula that brings noticeable new beauty in only 10 days!

Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

Nurses Discovered It

It's NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin corrector. Now the "miracle" formula that's saving fortunes on beauty care for 6,000,000 delighted women.

Noxzema is not a salve nor ointment. It is snow-white, greaseless, medicated. Noxzema promotes skin beauty Nature's way—through skin health. Its penetrating medication purges away hidden poison that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you all the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer is out of Noxzema, take advantage of this special offer—file out the coupon and send for a FREE 25c trial jar—enough for two weeks' treatment! Simply enclose 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Noxzema Chemical Co.,
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Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. Am enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

Name
Address
City State

GREASELESS NOXZEMA Skin Cream

After you've tried Noxzema, get the now, big money-saving 15c jar.

WONDERFUL FOR RED, ROUGH HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand in Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Rough Hands, Too
The picture is "Glamour" and naturally Constance Cummings is IT. Philip Reed opposite.

"Seen Gavin (Pat's manager)?" he asks. "Now, suh, he ain't here," says Clarence. Pat opens another door and yells to the people inside: "Gavin here?"

"No," says a voice, "but you might find him at Pirroni's."

Well, that's it. And that's life for you. Just when Mr. O'Brien is getting himself established socially, Warner Brothers turn around and make him play a cheap prize-fighter. Now, one of the better fighters like Mr. Tunney might have social position, but whoever heard of a cheap fighter with any social prestige. It's tough, Pat, that's what it is.

At Universal

SOME fun. I've gone through most of my dots and haven't crossed myself up yet. It's a cinch to get from Warner's to Universal without retracing any roads. I find things on a merry-go-round over there. Three pictures, no less, shooting at once.

There's "Glamour" with Constance Cummings, Phillip Reed and Paul Lukas. Paul is a light opera composer and Constance is in the chorus of one of his companies. She finally persuades him to write a song for her, is given the lead in one of his operettas (after he's fallen in love with her) and eventually they are married. She becomes a big hit and then has to go fall in love with Phillip Reed, her leading man. Rather than cause her unhappiness, Paul gives her a divorce. She and Reed marry and go to London where they become the reigning favorites, although his success is greater than hers.

When this scene opens they're in their room in the hotel—or their apartment.

There is a breakfast tray on the foot of the bed, which Connie has just polished off (the breakfast, I mean, not the bed) and another tray on a small table beside the bed.

Connie in a flesh-colored nightie, with filmy lace around the neck, is lying in bed. Reed, in maroon silk pajamas, with red and white checked collar and cuffs, is sitting at the table, reading aloud the review of their new play which just opened the night before. The reviews were very kind to Reed—not so kind to Connie.

"I never take anything that critic writes seriously," Reed assures her. "The fellow's an idiot!"

Constance continues reading: "She gives the effect of deliberately submerging her own fine talents in order to emphasize those of Valenti (Reed)."

Reed jumps up, snatches the paper out of her hand and hurts it across the room.

"I thought, my love," Connie says in an amused tone, "you didn't take anything he writes seriously."

"That's the devil of it," Reed snaps, striding up and down. "For once he happens to be right."

"That's the fun of it," Connie laughs. "That's the glory of it! I'm not just your co-star. I'm your wife. Think of all the millions of yearning women who are jealous of me (naughtily) who would like to be right here."

She snuggles down in bed and extends her arms to him in invitation. Reed, unable to resist her, leans over the bed and puts his arms around her.

"You—" he begins, and I could just picture Deacon Hays swooning at what would come next but evidently the script writers could, too, because they had him interrupted.

There's a knock at the door and his butler, Ted Cooper, enters. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," begs Ted.

"Never mind," says Connie. "You've already spoilt the scene." Well I should hope so!

And while we're on the subject of Constance Cummings, I just want to add my two bits worth and say if these producers don't stop trying to make her sing, I'm going to commit mayhem—or something.

She's a beautiful girl, a charming person and a swell actress BUT—if she ever tried to sing on the stage — or in a night club.
she'd be missed off, so why try to kid us into believing she's a musical comedy sensation as they did in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," and as they're doing in this

NEXT ladylove and gentelman, as Al Jolson taught me to say, we have "I'll Tell the World" and this is what you've been waiting for. It marks Lee Tracy's return to the screen. They wouldn't tell me the plot—they want to keep it for a surprise. The scene is the office of the Associated Press. Leun Waycoff is sitting at the desk phon- ing. "I haven't been able to locate Brown yet." Just then the door opens and in pops Lee. "He's somewhere in an airplane." Waycoff goes on, "No sooner had the words escaped his lips, Lee announces airily, "than the diligent correspondent entered the door!" "He's Hardwick," Waycoff says to Lee. "He's frying!"

Lee pontonimes wildly to Waycoff to say he can't be found but Waycoff double X's him.

"He just came in," says Waycoff brightly into the phone. After giving Waycoff a dirty look, Lee takes the phone, drops into one of the easy chairs, props his feet on the desk and prepares to talk.

THE third and last of Universal's trio is called "Uncertain Lady." It boasts the presence of Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton and a new English actress, Renee Gadd. Ye gods! The place is so thick with new foreign accessories you find them hiding in your toothbrush.

This is the story of an interior decorator (Toby) who finds her husband (Horton) doing a little plain and fancy chiseling with Gadd. Somehow she's got them into her office—and a very swanky office it is. Then just had tea. Toby looks very chic in a long, navy blue coat dress with a red polka dot slip showing through the opening of the coat and at the neck. Gadd has on a smart looking black wool crepe with frilled organdy collar and cuffs. On a divan by the door, a silver fox and a lady's bag are lying. Horton and Gadd have been sitting on the divan and Toby is standing beside her desk. "Come, Myra," says Horton as he rises. "I told you it was no use." "I'm aching. Does you have an I自有 the hitch," Toby exclaims sweetly, walking towards Gadd. "Would you mind turning around so I can get a good look at it?" "Does she know how to move, Elliot!" says Toby raves to Horton. "I'm beginning to understand many things about Miss Gadd now, Elliot," Toby smiles, "that might have attracted you."

There! That's all there is. And I hope you're not as bored with reading this as I was with writing it. I never saw such a dull lot of pictures in production at one time in the five years I've been out here. If I didn't seem bored, I'm a better actor than I thought. My enthusiasm is all put on. Let's hope for better things next month.

Note to Editor: Dear Elliot: If you think the last paragraph is just too caustic, use this one.

There! That's all there is! I'm safe home once more, I'm friends with Warner Baxter, I'm invited to the Bing Crosby's for dinner, I'm going to an auction sale afterwards with George Barnes and Joan Blondell and I've won my improvised puzzle. I haven't crossed myself once going from the studio to dinner.

(Editor's Note—Mr. Mook will judge a whole picture from one sequence, but what can you do with a genius who never eats dinner at home?)

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"In Person"  
(Continued from page 19)

talked about everything but me." I said, "Well, I was nervous, too. I felt awfully sorry for you. I hate interviewing people, myself. I don't like to write about anybody I don't know really well. How can you?"

Let's see what I can honestly write about Clark Gable now that, after four years, I do know him well.

When we were all on a week-end party at a big California ranch, I noticed one thing about Clark. He was very sociable, and he made everybody laugh, but all about him there was something about so long he would suddenly vanish and be gone for hours. Being naturally curious, that intrigued me. I soon found that Clark was a genuine cowboy. He kept a horse and rode—rode for miles into the hills, rode by himself and came back hot and dusty and tired and very happy.

Nothing ever kept him so bovish a quality. I mean, Clark is not a kid. But he enjoys himself wherever he may be with all the fervor and exuberance of a college freshman. It's one of the grandest and most endearing qualities. I have never yet seen Clark bored. I remember one night we were at a rather dull dinner party, and I said to him, "What name can I name him that can be honest and say it was one of the dullest dinner parties I have ever attended. There were a lot of important people present, and they were all busy and very important, and they didn't say much that was interesting because evidently they were afraid somebody would steal an idea. That happens in Hollywood. After dinner, Clark was again missing. We found him upstairs in the playroom, running the electric train for the small boy and having the time of his life.

On his recent trip to New York—his first in four years, and the first time he has been on Broadway since he made his big bid—he enjoyed himself with the same simplicity that you would expect of an out-of-town buyer from Syracuse. There wasn't any pretense about him. He got a kick out of almost everything. He had a thrill of play every play he saw. Coming out of the Capitol with him one night after the show, he had a secret way through the theater to the mezzanine so that he didn't have to be torn to bits nightly by the girls who waited outside the side entrance—we were instantaneously baited. And whenever he appeared, it was Tony. Tony waited for him in that particular spot every night and took him back to the hotel. The first thing Tony said to Clark, how'd the show go today? And they discussed it all the way back to the Waldorf.

It is literally impossible to make Clark Gable take anything very seriously. Anything. He likes his work, but it is impossible for him to regard it as something sacred, as something the world just couldn't get along without. He thinks it's fun—especially pictures like "Hell-Divers."

But, in the confidence of his friends, he will comment on certain of his performances with rabid and biting criticism. There is one in particular, some time in the past, which causes him most unembarrassed pain. "Oh, yes, I can say, with irresistible grin, 'the worst performance ever given on stage or screen. But you must admit I was miscast.'

On the other hand, he will be boastfully proud and pat himself on the back with glee over something he has done which he really thinks is good. "I knocked that one dead," he will declare.

His stay in New York was slightly hectic. Not since the days of Valentino was any one so besieged by adoring crowds of young ladies. They clustered about the stage door, they waited in the hotel lobby, they followed him wherever he went. He was gracious—he had a lot of fun out of it. Someone said to him, "Oh, isn't that awful? I should think you'd be worn out with it all."

Clark grinned pleasantly. "Look," he said, "the days they stopped getting my autograph I'll know I'm through. And I know it. It takes a little time but I think I'm pretty lucky. After all, why should they want more than a piece of paper unless they really like me?" Clark enjoys his fame, enjoys his popularity, as he enjoys almost everything. The only thing he really dislikes is being misunderstood.

"Hell, I don't kid anybody," he told me, when some paper had printed something about him that he does, because it's a screen star, which he wouldn't do otherwise is to keep dressed up occasionally. His ideal costume is a pair of old cords and a sweat shirt. He doesn't really care much about clothes.

Perhaps one of the most fortunate things in Clark's life is his marriage. Clark Gable is married to a woman a lady who knows the world, who is a charming hostess, who understands Clark Gable as no one else ever can. She fits herself into the limelight with every bit of ease and comfort, she takes things as they come. Everyone likes her—there is a more popular woman in Hollywood and, in comparison, that is always true of the wives of popular actors.

"I wish," Clark said the other night, "you'd write me another story. And give me a good lucky heavy to play. You know, I like to play heavy—nice, likable, violent heavies. That's my ideal."

But he means it, as his wife can tell you.

Do you ever stop to think about the people you know, and wonder, if you were in a bad jam, just which one of them you could turn to? Do you ever wonder which one of them would help you out, without making it too tough, and would know how to do it in the simplest possible way, without startling you? Any good common sense—and make you feel you had really done them a favor in asking for help? I think most of you, and I think, and regard no matter how many friends we have, do stop to think of all that.

Well, of all the men I know, and in my job I have known a lot, I think I'd rather have Clark Gable with me in a pinch than anyone I can think of.
If he liked you, if he was your friend, he wouldn’t ask any questions, he wouldn’t lecture you, and he wouldn’t make any mistakes. And there is another thing about him as a friend that is rare. If you don’t see him for months, you pick the thing up just where you left it. I don’t know whether you feel about this as I do or not—but I rather imagine you do. It’s always a real happiness to me to feel that people admire are worthy of it. I hate having my illusions destroyed. I don’t like to find out that somebody who is thrilling on the screen is a mess off. I hate to think that a man who gives the feeling of strength and manliness and joy of living that Clark Gable does is really pretty much of a weak sister or a nuisance off. I’ve known Clark pretty well for a long time now.

The secret I wanted to tell you is that I’ve had a chance to prove him—and he is even nicer, he is even more Clark Gable “in person” than he is when he’s playing the most heroic role. I hope you’re as pleased about that as I am.

Bill Haines, who has just about given up acting to decorate houses for the movie great in Hollywood, has sailed for Greece, where he expects to pick up bits of the Acropolis and Pantheon for Bill Powell’s magnificent new home, which is rearing its head in the spacious part of Beverly Hills. It’s to be done a la Greque, and will inevitably be the “last word” in something. Carole Lombard is already planning to give a party there as soon as the Acropolis gets moved in.

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Carole Gets Her Own Way  
[Continued from page 20]


After this dizzy start right up to the middle of the ladder, things seemed to fizzle out as they do so mysteriously in Hollywood. Pathe merged with another studio and Carole was not cast in a new picture for weeks.

Came opportunity time, but Carole was not discouraged. She packed up a few trunks and set out for New York, with the stage and new fields to conquer in mind. Before she had unpacked her first trunk, she was invited to star in "Fast and Loose," a Paramount picture produced at the Astoria studios.

When this picture was released, exhibitors sent letters to the studio powers demanding more of the Lombard blonde. The tumult and the shouting developed into another contract, and Carole returned to Hollywood, settled down to a grind of work that would wear down a healthy stevedore.

The first Lombard picture under the Paramount colors was "Man of the World," and William Powell was the star of the piece. The rest is history, which you should know if you be ashamed if you don't.

By the time Carole had eight pictures to her credit, she took time out to become Mrs. Powell and honor the event with a trip to Honolulu.

She is divorced now, but not embittered, and her friendship with her ex-husband has kept her grounded and happy.

And now, for the last six months. No name has been linked with hers romantically since the Reno business, and it looks as though it were Carole's intention to keep love in the background for a while.

At this writing Carole is doing two pictures at once, "Madame No Dressing," with Bing Crosby, and "Twentieth Century." She is also presiding at a series of the smartest little dinners in Hollywood, in her emerald green and salmon-pink dining room. She is seen at every smart function, and often dances until morning at the Coconut Grove. She looks radiant and perfectly happy, although she manages her expenses so carefully that dispensing. She orders, not many but superb clothes and starts new vogue almost every time she discloses a new dress.

She is a 1941 model blonde, one with a firm, square chin, who knows what she wants from life and goes about getting it systematically.

The Grant That Took Virginia  
[Continued from page 4]

"And then one night I was standing in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel, talking to friends, and someone stopped to talk with Ric Cortez, a member of our party. When the visitor left something was mentioned about Cary Grant being a good lead. I told him I felt Call had got a break. I know, of course, that I'm as blind as a bat without my glasses. When I found out it had been Cary Grant and not Call, I almost fell off the curb in excitement!"

"Oh darling, not off the curb!" Cary smiled at her affectionately.

I recalled that in 1949 the Curb and I had a falling out too.

"As you know, Cary and I have been going together for a year and a half and..."
of course Randy Scott has been constantly with us—the three of us get on so well."

"I know. And gosh," Cary added, looking so very worried for a beneficent, "we have a problem already.

"Heaven's alive," I said, "eight children, no food in the house and—"

"No, really," he said, with such seriousness that I just had to believe him, though I had only been a subscriber a few days.

"Well, you see," he confided. "Randy and I have always lived together in Hollywood and we have a lease on the house which I have and which means now that Virginia and I believe the lease expires in a couple of weeks, or a month, but Virginia and I want to go back to the old place, it's home you know. And it's something Randy couldn't possibly be in our way—we wouldn't even know he was there! None of us want to go to a hotel. I wonder whether in your opinion that engagement would be thought—er—unconventional?"

"Of course not," I reassured him. "I think everyone in the world, Hollywood being included, would admire you for being perfectly natural about such a natural thing! One can have a design for living, you know, after all!"

Cary seemed so relieved.

I noticed Virginia wearing a simple plain gold band, and I admitted it because everyone else in Hollywood wears diamond stomachers to play in the sand pile. She confessed that a Carrier engagement ring is waiting for her back in Hollywood, a lovely diamond was the heaviest setting—"almost a man's ring." Virginia, who seems nothing so much as a fragile Dresden china, is nothing of a paradox. She has skin that makes you feel as though you had a touch of enchantment. She has ash blonde hair all curled up and soft and feminine you've seen her even then, and you've loved her, too! But don't be misled. She's all for comfort. Loves old clothes, large roomy coats with huge pockets and not too tall, and not too taller. In fact, she's more than the tall, dark, handsome man, in the rain!

Cary loves the same sort of thing—and Randy has said it too. I don't think it's why they've been such gay and companionably companions. A day of pleasure to this three—some means at least twelve hours of leisurely lunch or dinner. Cary and Randy could keep this routine up indefinitely, though Virginia must have her "eight hours of sleep" too. You say it will take her at least two months to catch up for all she's lost in merry England!

It was Virginia's first trip abroad. She left New York in November. Cary and Randy had been in England, where Cary spent five long weeks in the hospital undergoing three operations! But now he's perfectly well, and, as I think, well, nigh perfect!

When Virginia visited Bristol she expected a nice "small town"—and she was so much surprised to see how well off to his family! She just loved London—thought it so gay and delightful.

The spent time in Paris, too, and Cary said he's seen enough of Art and the galleries to go on along until they are both able to get away together again for another trip. "That, or course, is what they're sayin' for, another year. As a matter of fact, I do hope they'll go to South America, on a freighter! It would set them back almost one day's pay—but perhaps that's a bit of luck."

"What about work, Mrs. Grant?" I laughed. Virginia, "I want to work just as long as I can," she answered. And actually she seemed to have discovered that a work is one of the things that matter to her. But they both want a family "later"—and though they wouldn't buy a home now, they agree that when there are children in the nest, going to go in for real estate and see that

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(What a happy thought, but Eros certainly has been casting a lot of poisoned arrows lately!)

"No, it doesn't," Cary answered. "Of course this is my first love and my first marriage (the third is not a new California earthquake but the combined bodies of Reeds and Marimes)."

But Virginia has been divorced (she was Mrs. Irving Adler)--and there are so many divorces in all walks of life--the people of Hollywood and stage are just publicized more, that's all.

One of the most amazing things about Cary is that he is just as old as he was when he was sixteen--impressionable, ambitious and entirely guileless. He was a young croaker and tight rope walker, who wasted away, but one as an engagement at the Hippodrome--and now he's back after his first trip home, and a honeymoon, married to a lovely person, and living on the street from that famous old theatre. Today he's a face known to millions, and that amazes him and frightens him just a little--which is the reaction for a come-up-'n-see-mom-time-boy.

"It's dreadful," Virginia said, "the way he pulled his hat down over his eyes and tried so hard not to look recognized.

And it astonishes him when people make excuses to look in windows just to get a closer view of him. I tell him that by trying so hard to evade recognition he makes himself even more conspicuous, and she smiled across at him such a nice, frank, affectionate thing that Hollywood hasn't really trained a Kleig on.

"I can so clearly recall when I did the very same thing," Cary admitted. "It was several years ago and I was at a vaudeville and an ardent Garbo fan. One day, coming out of the Paramount Building, I saw Miss Garbo walking up Broadway. I remember that I dashed down 44th Street, through that alley in back of the Shubert theatre, and back to Broadway in time to see her again as she passed the Astor and turned around.

And, as Cary tells that one on himself. Virginia also tells one on him.

"Cary simply dies every time he sees him. He Rushed to a picture, he Meet me as we enter a theatre, 'Virginia, you sit over here on the right side of the theatre. No I don't want to sit next to you, and then he took me out to the left of the house for a few minutes. Pretty soon, just as I'm getting interested in the picture, someone will sit down beside you and, as I turn, I see Cary looking very miserable, and there beside me. And he'll whisper, 'Oh, why did you do it that way?' It looks marvelous to me, but it must be so many other ways he would have liked to have acted it. Once, even, he took one hand and put it over my eyes, while with the other hand he held up the screen.

Not much chance of Hollywood hurting such a pair, I thought.

They were both surprised and pleased at the tremendous ovation which they consistently received in England. They were absolutely mobbed, and Virginia said that even some of her sleep was spoiled when the mornings asking endless questions, such as if she saw Joan Crawford every day and what kind of clothes Mae West wore. I asked them, did they feel they was essential to a happy marriage in Hollywood?

Cary said, "The things that are essential anywhere--a normal perspective and one's feet on the ground. Virginia and I are sincerely, deeply and honestly in love.
We have the things, we believe, which make love permanent and satisfying, mutual interest and respect for each other. But take the facts as they write. They have, these things. A man with a girl in a grocery store in Midport, Iowa, who has a daughter's respect and whom to whom he is devoted, has just as much as we have, and so has every other man who has found the 'right girl,' and each girl who believes she has found the 'right man.'

"As for marriages lasting. They will last as long as love lasts and as long as people continue to be interested in the things which drew them together.

"When Virginia and I have rests between pictures, at the same time, we don't rush each other. New York for admiration or praise—or course everyone who goes to New York doesn't do it with that motive in—the country where we are to enjoy each other's company, take up the loose ends of our private lives, which are temporarily interrupted when one or the other or both is busy in the studios, and find refreshing enjoyment in the things we both take pleasure in. When love asks no more than what is sound and moral, under the understanding, it hasn't asked more than Hollywood or any other place can give, do you think?

"I hope not. Because they're all right with me, those Grants! And so I believe that a license issued recently to a young couple (although its magnificent English means that the impression thing a regiment is considering marriage), reading: Virginia Cherrill Adler to Archie Leach (known as Cary Grant) is going to set up in business a going concern!"

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Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after Ear Drums. He wore them day and night, and stopped his head noises. They are invisible to batteries. Write for WRITING SCIENCE. Also Ear Drums book on Demand.

THE WAY COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

"MEXICAN ORIZABA"
Donaldson, Litho Works, Los Angeles, Calif. Published twice a month. Each copy only 50c. MEXICAN ORIZABA brings you all the news and events and idiosyncrasies of the great and noble Mexican people, the most beautiful and picturesque of the world, and their interesting and colorful customs. The name Orizaba is derived from a beautiful mountain in Mexico. No law can prevent the rights of a free people, and Orizaba will always stand up for its rights in every land.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT
My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Our success rates are 99%. Our delight will bring happiness. Tel. G.1., Chicago. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 9c in stamps for premium.

SONGS for TALKING PICTURES
BIG ROYALTY
paid by Motion Picture Producers for commercials in which our songs are used.

G. J. MANLEY CO., Dept. 306, Providence, R. I.

Have you found where the things, which make love permanent and satisfying, mutual interest and respect for each other? But take the facts as they write. They have, these things. A man with a girl in a grocery store in Midport, Iowa, who has a daughter's respect and whom to whom he is devoted, has just as much as we have, and so has every other man who has found the ‘right girl,’ and each girl who believes she has found the ‘right man.’

"As for marriages lasting. They will last as long as love lasts and as long as people continue to be interested in the things which drew them together.

"When Virginia and I have rests between pictures, at the same time, we don't rush each other. New York for admiration or praise—or course everyone who goes to New York doesn't do it with that motive in—the country where we are to enjoy each other's company, take up the loose ends of our private lives, which are temporarily interrupted when one or the other or both is busy in the studios, and find refreshing enjoyment in the things we both take pleasure in. When love asks no more than what is sound and moral, under the understanding, it hasn't asked more than Hollywood or any other place can give, do you think?

"I hope not. Because they're all right with me, those Grants! And so I believe that a license issued recently to a young couple (although its magnificent English means that the impression thing a regiment is considering marriage), reading: Virginia Cherrill Adler to Archie Leach (known as Cary Grant) is going to set up in business a going concern!"

No joke TO Be DEAF
Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after Ear Drums. He wore them day and night, and stopped his head noises. They are invisible to batteries. Write for WRITING SCIENCE. Also Ear Drums book on Demand.

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**The Famous Thing**

We wish they would hurry up and get television finished, for as soon as radio listeners can see as well as hear, they will lose all their interest in the programs. Then these millions, who now are entertained at home, will turn off their dials and go to the movies and once more thrill to real entertainment. We know that television will kill the radio because we took a few friends who are habitual broadcast absorbers, to see a program being put on the air. We saw the actors read from their manuscripts, saw the “effects” man open and close a false door, and saw the man read his piece about the great curative powers of the physic that failed it all. When next we saw our friends, we learned that now they never listen to that particular program any more, because the glamour of the scene previously imagined is now dispelled. The fact is we are only entertained when we can “imagine” part of the show.

When sound came to pictures the audience decreased. There are some great minds who think sound pictures can never enthral the public as silent movies did. To prove how dooms are just not awake to what is going on, there are some of the smartest people in the world at work on this angle, and they have solved it too.

We will tell you how they have brought back YOUR imagination into the movie show. An excellent example is “It Happened One Night,” the picture Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable made for Columbia. We heard a theatre manager exclaim delightedly that he had not heard such a happy audience in his theatre for a long time, as on the night when this picture was shown.

The reason why it entertained thoroughly was because it demanded that the audience use imagination. A portion of the entertainment HAD to be supplied by the minds of the listeners. So they loved it. To be more explicit, when Claudette enters the bus, and Gable is not in awe of her, he thinks she is poor, but the audience knows she is a movie heiress. When he tells the auto camp folks that they are married, the audience knows they are not. Therefore we all entered the picture because we supplied much of the story ourselves. This particular picture demanded more mental operation than any we have seen for some time, so the public liked it more. For example, Karns spots the heiress and she doesn’t know she is recognized—we do. Gable scares the wits out of Karns by referring to “The Killer,” yet we know he is only a newspaper man. Gable goes singing down the road to his love, and we know her father has already taken her fiancé—she doesn’t know she is in love with a new comer—“Nana” —in spite of the charm of Anna Sten. “Nana” was supposed to be a demi-mondaine, and she was. Mr. Bennett appeared as a theatrical manager, and he was. Phillips was supposed to fall in love with her and he did just that. Nana gave way to Atwell, and that was what the picture showed us. Result—an unsuccessful dramatic effort.

But creative minds can intrigue our interest in spite of sound or any other necessary condition, and they have found the way. Congratulations to Robert Riskin who made the adaptation of “It Happened One Night.”

The Editor

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**A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle**

By Charlotte Herbert

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<td>The star of “Nana”</td>
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<td>The prizefighter in “King of a Night”</td>
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<td>The poppy dance hall girl in “The Bowery”</td>
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<td>The peppy dance hall girl in “The Bowery”</td>
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<td>He played with Lillian Gish in “His Double Life”</td>
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<td>An instrument for removing the core from fruit</td>
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<td>A well known stage actor</td>
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<td>A male sheep</td>
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<td>One of the “Havana Widows”</td>
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<td>Lillian’s latest picture is “Owen’s Night Out”</td>
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<td>Large</td>
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<td>A southern state (abbr.)</td>
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<td>A powerful politician</td>
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<td>The star of “A Man of Two Worlds”</td>
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<td>Irene Dunne’s husband in “This Man Is Mine”</td>
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<td>A lover</td>
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<td>The former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)</td>
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<td>An exclamation of applause</td>
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<td>A lion</td>
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<td>He was the star in “I Am Saranac”</td>
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<td>One of the “Havana Widows”</td>
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<td>A thrill</td>
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<td>He has just signed a contract with Metro</td>
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<td>He is one of the heroes of western films</td>
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**Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle**

**BOW DIRECTORS CAV**

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Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes... lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes... Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.
"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER"

Miss Ruth Dodd of New York, says:
"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys - traffic whistles - trucks and taxis bearing down on you - it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder - and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:
"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs - tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling, hair-mussing, pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on your habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

You'll find Camels rich in flavor - yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment ... the full, satisfying taste ... the pleasure of smoking at its best!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend. Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don't! It’s far safer to assume that it isn’t, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the cause of 90% of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves—deodorizes hours longer, too.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Do they need to tell you?
Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Slim, buoyant, and carefree ... with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes bread, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

FASCINATING NEW USES FOR BREAD SUGGESTED BY BETTY CROCKER

Free! This clever new book, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)" ... a host of tempting new recipes and menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking expert. Suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make attractive, correctly balanced meals. Ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, soup and salad accompaniments, etc. ... using the delicious, wholesome breads and other baked wheat products supplied you in appetizing variety by your baker. Include broads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name
Street or R.F.D. No.
City
State

Offer good only within continental limits of U.S.A.
Copr. 1934, General Mills, Inc. Series 6.34

Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!
I N THE John Barrymore-Carole Lombard picture, “Twentieth Century,” the plot requires that the heroine’s picture be on the cover of a popular movie magazine—well!

OSTRICHES need no longer hang their heads in shame, for Mae West has introduced them socially once more. More than five hundred plumes are being used in “It Ain’t No Sin.” One gown that Mae wears has a long train of green ostrich, and with it she wears an ostrich feather hat and a huge feather boa.

IT’S all a matter of location. When “Carolina” was running in Harlem the sign on the marquee read: Stepin Fetchit in CAROLINA with Janet Gaynor.

WHILE Alice White was making a purchase in a ten cent store on Hollywood Boulevard, the clerk remarked that she looked like Alice White.

“I am,” said Alice with a smile. “You can’t fool me,” retorted the salesgirl. “I know Alice White very well. You better look out going around saying you are Alice. You might get into trouble.”

WHO was the man in the very false whiskers who saw Katherine Hepburn off when she sailed from New York last month? No one seems to know. Also, no one seems to know why Katie arrived in Paris one day and decided to leave the next—and just when everybody was so sure that she was going to get a Paris divorce.

IRENE DUNNE is sending her maid to business college so that she can become her secretary as well. And Dolores Del Rio has been the beautiful Dolores’ “stand-in,” and so when Dolores heard that she was getting married she asked her to allow her to be the matron of Honor. Carmen La Rue has been the beautiful Dolores’ “stand-in,” and so when Dolores heard that she was getting married she asked her to allow her to be the matron of Honor.
YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
HOLLYWOOD PARTY
R.S.V.P. - Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium

A LAUREL TO LUIPE-AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!

IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO? WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC.

THE "BARON" SAID MEET PING PONG - THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE.

SCHNAIZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.

HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.

WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? A WISE CRACKER.

for JUNE 1934
A VERY HONORABLE GUY—Amusing. (FB) Even if you've always said "nuts" to Joe E. Brown, you'll laugh heartily when you see the hilarious predicament he gets himself into in this film.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fair. (Fox) The stirring story of Helen Tolovetskee and Hugh Williams—but later they meet again and the sparks of their romance flar into flames once more.

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Excellent. (WB) Last year's best seller turned into one of this year's best films. It gives you an idea of what life on a farm actually means. (Dorothy Petersen David Landau, Jean Marx.)

BEDSIDE—Fair. (WB) A Park Avenue bed-sitting room does much for the career of Warren William, a medical quack. (Jean Muir, Allen Jenkins.)

BULERO—Good. (Par) Here we find George Raft and Carole Lombard creating drama and romance as the glamorous dancing team which achieved fame during the tempestuous war years.

BOTTOMS UP—Good. (Fox) A musical that may enliven a dull hour for you has a good story, an operetta, and a fine cast, including Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, John Boles and Herbert Mundin.

CATANDEM Thistle—Charming. (MGM) A tuneful tale with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro singing and starring together pleasantly. Almost brings us to earth: Frank Morgan's here, too.

COMING OUT PARTY—Fine. (Fox) After several revealing story of the "debutante racket" maybe you won't envy society debbies all that much. (Frances Dee, Gene Raymond.)

COME ON MARINERS—Amusing. (Par) A racy farce in the operetta comedy, with the marine base as a target for laughs. Dick Allen as a light-hearted sergeant who mixes with trouble-makers like Ida Lupino and Grace Bradley.

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Excellent. (RKO) A splendid film fashioned from Mrs. J. P. Marquand's latest, a novel of several years ago, Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) in all-engaging cast.

COUNTLESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Fair. (U) This has nothing to do with Dumas tale. It is modern, a continental farce, featuring Paul Lukas, Fay Wray, Reginald Owen.

CROSBY CASE, THE—Fair. (U) This follows the usual run of mystery-murder plots. In it, the cast--Wynne Gibson, Sceetis Gallagher, William Collier.

EVER SINCE EVIE—Just so-so (Fox) George O'Brien dolfs his soprano in favor of a high silk hat and fine clothes, with Mary Brian as the society girl who becomes his wife.

GAMBLING LADY—Fine. (WB) Barbara Stanwyck's seamy professional gamblin' gal is in a picture of excitement and trouble when she marries a Park Avenue blood (Joel McCrea).

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Entertaining. (Fox) An amusing, if not particularly original, musical extravaganza, featuring Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Alice Faye, Adrienne Ames, Gregory Ratoff.

GUN JUSTICE—Good. (U) A horse story with hard-riding Key Marland in the lead and Gail Patrick romancing feminine allure.

HEAT LIGHTNING—Good. (WB) A tourist camp in the desert is the locale of this exciting new comedy with comedy touches. Fine cast includes Alice MacMahan, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh.

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fair. (Fox) From this you learn that a girl's life is packed with intrigue and melodrama. Away with your expectations of this one here it b--plus! (Clare Trevor, James Dunn.)

HOUSE OF ROTHCHILD—Superb. (UA) The most colorful family in financial history becomes a one-screen in comedy touches. Fine cast includes George Arliss, Loreta Young, Robert Young.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Good. (WB) Such reliable ingredients as Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins keep this melodramatic farce about telephone repairman pitched at an interesting key.

JIMMY THE GENT—Good aperitive. (FB) James Cagney in the rough and ready, and we're not surprised to expect from him, Alice White, George Bancroft, Robert Lowery and Allen Jenkins in the cast.

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Grand. A rip-rapping, blood and thunder Western with Ina Claire and Claude Rains. The kids will eat it up.

LADY FRIEND—Marvelous. (WB) A timely story, Robert Montgomery tries hard to be a big bad hombre but the sleek boys of Louisiana and the unhappily married of John Porter (Bette Davis) turn his better nature to triumph.

LETS BE RITZY—Fair. (U) Mallory wins and Patricia Ellis in an earthy little comedy about a young couple trying to get along on a small income—even as young as 1.

LOVE PAST THIRTY—Fair. (Mon.) It's never too late to get your kicks! Here Phyllis Barry is forced into a love affair with Eddie Foy Jr., Pringle steps out to recuperate Theodore Von Eltz, the lover of her friend (Nancy Kelly).

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Song—Fair. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Reduced circumstances force two society girls (Dixie Lee and Helen Fleet) into menial positions in their own Park Avenue home.

MEN IN WHITE—Good. (MGM) Our nest young doctor has difficulty choosing between love and a career. See which conquers! Beautiful performance, with Clark Gable, Edna Allen, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt.

MYSTERY OF MR. X—Excellent. (MGM) Here's Scotland Yard murder mystery simply over with (Mon.)—that's it. The cast--Gaston Glass and so do Lewis Stone and Elizabeth Allen.

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—(U) Of the highest comedy value in a comedy genre. Excellent new star Betty Davis makes her debut in this picture, which is delightful throughout, and his arrival.

NO GREATER GLORY—(Col) An unusual film, portraying a conflict between two rival gangs of businessmen, with James Cagney and Bette Davis as the leaders.

OCR ALL THE WAY—Fair. (WB) A grimy realistic hospital story. There are some appealing characters in the cast, and plot is a good one.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Fine. (U) A grimy realistic hospital story. There are some appealing characters in the cast, and plot is a good one.

ONE WAS GUILTY—Just Fair. (Col) Ralph Bellamy, in his first film, is an old trick of unraveling murder mysteries. But this one is not so baffling.

PALOOKA—Amusing. (20th Century Fox) A prize-fight story that can safely be labeled "lite". It is amusing and has been expertly performed by Jimmy Durante, Stan Erwin, Bill Cagney and Jerry Desmonde.

QUIETTER THE—Fair. (Castleford) This points to a sad moral: don't be the type of mother who makes sacrifices to send her sons to college! (Emma Dunn, Win. Bakewell, Barbara Weeks."

Norma Shearer's next picture will be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Fredric March and Charles Laughton!

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

REGISTERED NURSE—Good. (WB) Stories center around the personal lives of doctors and nurses are having a great vogue this season. This one has many entertaining qualities. (Bebe Daniels, Lyk Tashman.)

SHE MADE HER BED—Fine. (Par) A typical counterplot which is ending diversion to added city folk. Dick Powell, Sally Eilers and Bob Armstrong play leads, with little Dick Arlen, Jr., making his pictures debut.

SHOW-UP THE—Fine. (MGM) Spencer Tracy as the smart-dick who brags so naturally he even convinces himself. Mudge Evans is his loyal but long-suffering spouse.

SING AND LIKE IT—Amusing. (RKO) Can you imagine Zsa Zsa as a musical comedy star? In addition we have Rex Sparkes as a gangster, Ed. Everett Horton as a impresario and Pat Kelly as a devil.

SORREL AND SON—Fine. (UA) An English adaptation of the famous novel done once in silent days, now enjoyable. Very lovely. H. B. Warner has the lead.

SPEED WINGS—Good. (Col) If you like to get up in the world of aerial warfare, this thrilling刺激 featuring Tim McCoy and Evelyn Knapp.

TAKE THE STAND—(MGM) A drama which a half dozen characters have puesto a column (a is Winchell) out of the way of the world. Here is a cast very well written for this tense melodrama, played by Jack Oakie and Thelma Todd.

THIS MAN IS MINE—Fine. (RKO) Marital infidelity among the upper classes generally supplies sparking, sophisticated movie fare, this is a swing tale with special exception to the rule. (Irene Dunne, Ralph Clanton, Cumme Cummings.)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—Splendid. (MGM) An average well-done drama through life of a father of a average well-do-to American family from the days of childhood to adulthood. (Bebe Daniels, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth.

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Good. (U) The Saturday and Sunday matinee contingent (meanless the youngsters) will be thrilled with this running thrill out of this western featuring the Gold Rush days and the building of the transcontinental.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Fair. (Chadwick) One of those back-stage tom stories with a whiff of a siren, enemployer who willingly sacrifices life itself to save her innocent daughter from Lew Cody.

WONDER BAR—Good. (WB) Laid in a Parisian cabaret and restaurant. Al Jolson, Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez, this enganging musical promises exhilarating entertaiment for all.

Silver Screen
Mae West in "IT AIN'T. NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown. Duke Ellington & Band...Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!

for JUNE 1934
"You're Telling Me?"

We Have the Last Word.

First Prize

"I WONDER! If Garbo suddenly discarded her mantle of mystery, if Dietrich avoided all things bizarre, if Hepburn left off posing as an eccentric enigma, and they all settled down to becoming ordinary girls, who would then be acknowledged as the greatest actress on the screen? Well, there are two of them. Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer. These two ladies are innately artists. While the others achieve their great popularity with glamour, subtle hypnotism of the masses, the charm of Helen and Norma lies in their histrionic ability alone," write J. Minesheimer of Brooklyn, N. Y.

But honestly, don't you like 'em kind of crazy?

Second Prize

E. G. HUDTMAN of Sinclair Avenue, Providence, R. I., writes: "Miss Shearer should be cast in a picture in which she could face the camera showing the front view of her gown and hat, slowly turning around and showing the back, then a left side profile followed by the right side, and then a close-up sitting down, standing up, lying down, etc. She should do this eight or nine times with different costumes. Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery and a few other people could say a few words between the close-ups and the title should be 'Riptide.'"

Clever sarcasm; but blame the director, not Norma.

Third Prize

"WHAT the public wants is more and more pictures like 'Back Street' and 'Only Yesterday,' not such pictures as 'Mama Loves Papa' or 'Close Harmony,'" writes Stella Bronko of Belmont St., Hamtramck, Mich. "Although comedies are very funny and enjoyable while we are seeing them, they are quickly forgotten. But 'Back Street' and 'Only Yesterday'—they can't be forgotten."

Oh, women love to be martyred.

"WE used to have theme songs, now we have theme dances," writes Ann Hall of Mississippi St., Lawrence, Kan. "George Raft and Carole Lombard were certainly good in 'Bela.' To say nothing of Sally Rand and her—or—fans."

Yes, Sally did them very good.

"Why not try out the brilliant new scenery trends in pictures, as they are doing on the Continent?" asks L. Nelson of Coro-

nado Ave., Long Beach, Calif. "It seems a shame to confine the skill of designer and cameraman to musical extravaganzas. A beautifully simplified background would do much to dramatize the line acting of our great ones of the screen."

Backgrounds that are Art? Maybe—remember 'The Golfer'?

"I AM still talking about 'Flying Down to Rio' and Fred Astaire," writes Alice Anne Shue of Brexter St., Providence, R. I. "In a letter he wrote me from London, Fred said that he always had considered himself very doubtful picture material, and that he came to Hollywood with the understanding that he would not have to assume a top billing. Well, perhaps Fred thinks he isn't good picture material, but we fans know that he is. He has personality."

O. K. Alice. Fred is signed for "The Gay Divorcee."

MARIE R. CAMP of Huntington Road, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I wonder if the producers, and the stars themselves realize how much our children do toward taking our whole families to the movies much more often than we used to go?"

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Yes, and it discourages them. Does the baby like Noel Coward's play?

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, was a wonderful picture," writes Jane Johnston of Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga. "The faces of the people who came out of that show were all beaming, smiling contentedly. Personally the mood of the picture carried me for several days—a mood of youthfulness, romance and gaiety.

New word—Moodies not movies.

"HURRAY for Popeye! Since he has appeared on the screen eating spinach, several of my young friends have tried eating it. Much to my surprise they now ask for this vegetable. Let us have more of Popeye and his vegetable menu," writes Beatrice Suchan of So. Peoria St., Chicago, III.

And crusts make the hair curl.

"I SHOULD like to say that of all the hospital pictures I have ever seen, 'Once to Every Woman' was the only one that was truly realistic," writes Ross Landman, R.N., of Garden St., New Haven, Conn. "Every scene was perfect, and I'm glad that at last the movie people are beginning to realize what hospital life is really like."

The producers have been quite sick.

ENID L. MAWHINNIE of Lincoln Ave., Winchendon, Mass., writes: "Is this column just a lot of hooey or do they really give prizes?"

Yes, Enid, all magazines pay their prizes.

Lupe Velez about to tell Norman Foster a secret— it's just on the tip of her tongue—in "Strictly Dynamite."
Let Warner Bros.' musical stars bring you the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!

**4 MILLS BROS.**

Funniest and tastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss.

**DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS**


**20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS**

**PAT O'BRIEN ★ ALLEN JENKINS**

**TED FIORITO & HIS BAND**

*For June 1934*
A Money Prize if You Can Estimate Ginger Rogers' Weight!

Ginger Rogers' Measurements

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measurement</th>
<th>Size (inches)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Head</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neck</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bust</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waist</td>
<td>23 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>5 ft. 4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hips</td>
<td>34 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thigh</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calf</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ankles</td>
<td>6 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glove</td>
<td>6 1/2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoe</td>
<td>5 C</td>
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<td>Thigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calf</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ankle</td>
<td>5 1/2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

She is worth her weight in gold, for these are the days when Ginger Rogers is making her name known. Already she is recognized as a girl on Fate's Preferred List. Silver Screen persuaded Ginger to come to the R-K-O Studio and have her weight officially determined and her photograph taken for this contest. Although she was very busy working with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and James Dunn in "Change of Heart," Ginger accommodatingly put on a bathing suit and stepped proudly on the scale— as well as she might. The suite, sock and shoes worn by Miss Rogers were found to weigh twenty-four ounces. The prizes will be awarded for the nearest estimate as to Ginger's net weight, if the conditions are properly complied with. Watch for another Weight Estimating Contest in the July Silver Screen.

Conditions

1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Ginger Rogers' net weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, June 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelopes to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Money Prizes

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<thead>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
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<tr>
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<td>$10.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

(Name)

(Address)

(City & State)

I estimate that Ginger Rogers weighs

I attach my letter telling how I arrived at this total.
** In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

* IN *

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGuire

** IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

for June 1934
MONE GLOW
NAIL POLISH
Beautifies Your Hands
You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Carmine, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carnation and Coral.
If you paid $1 if you couldn’t get yours and polish than Hollywood’s own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your favorite store for the 10c size of your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. They cannot possibly be missed the coming Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of MOON GLOW. I enclose $1.00 (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Carmine ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carnation ( ) Coral
Name
St. and No.
City State Phone
FREE BOOK
Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lessons. Enclose this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instruments are and name and address graphs, instructions supplied when useful. 50c or more.
C.R.W. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 135 BROADWAY, New York, N.Y.

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER
LEARN AT HOME
to play by ear, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Harmonica, Flute, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Autoharp, Mandola. Pupils receive individual lessons or in class. Writings and method published at half the time. Single $4.50, C, 30 "Numbers" of your choice. Your music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Write for catalog. 7800 W. 6th Ave.

NOW THE GIANT TUBE
PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

WONDER PEEL PASTE
One day Peel Treatment $6.00
Why worry about Freckles, Wrinkles, Puffy Eyes, Unkempt, Pimples, Acne, Pits, Flabby Neck, Impaired Tingle Oil
For бюдкет but and Neck—$3.00
BEE LA MOTTIE
Forever Laboratory
3829 West 7th St., Los Angeles

BEAUTY is responsible FOR EVERY JUNE WEDDING
By Mary Lee

AND if she’s young and lovely, don’t—please don’t give her practical silver or copper as a present. She’d rather you didn’t. This is how I know.
One of my prettiest but at the same time most practical friends was married the other day. I knew she meant to keep house in her spare time and was crazy about it, so I sent her the loveliest beauty box I could manage, as a wedding present. Foolish of me? I will let her answer that.
"Dear Mary Lee,
How did you know?
I have spent a week opening waffle irons, tea sets, dish towels, and the family silver. The thrill your beauty box gave me is

something that cannot be described. You just have to experience it yourself!
I never owned anything so elegant and personal! I never was so excited in my life! Like any little girl, I immediately got busy with the contents! What with overseeing the kitchen shelves, I was becoming too housewife for any decorative purpose. But your lovely beauty box came to my rescue! Thank you...!"

What did I tell you?
There are literally thousands of such gifts of beauty to thrill the hearts of brides. Silver and crystal and linens are all very well; but if you want to make her very happy, give her beauty!
There are beauty boxes ranging from as little as a dollar or so, to more than a hundred. The shops are full of them, and of closely related gifts. One cunning contraption is a brocade purse containing lip-stick, compact and perfume. They are all in white, too! which makes them especially appropriate for wedding gifts. One whole light fragrance if the bride is a blonde, the heavier, languid scent if she is a brunette.

Don’t pick the fragrance simply by a whiff from the bottle. All good stores have samples available. Try them out on your hand, and after you are certain that all of the Alcohol has had a chance to evaporate, taking its own special odor along with it, then, and then only, can you judge the perfume fairly. Never try to choose between more than two or three at one time. Your nose gets tired and very quickly ceases to distinguish between them.
Several perfumes have had the grand idea of packing two or three perfumes together in small sizes, so that you may have a selection all in one. That was a bright thought, and fine, too, as a gift for any nice person, yourself included.
But we can’t all be brides—at least not all the time—so now let’s come down to more everyday matters.
[Continued on page 81]
GREAT ROMANCE RIDES
THE WORLD AGAIN....
with Love in the Arms of Danger!

Recklessly daring...madly loving...
the stars of immortal "Cimarron"
unite in another glorious romance
of life on earth's far frontiers....
Beautiful Irene Dunne, as a girl with
the heavenly gift of song, who
fights her way to the plaudits of the
world! Dashing Richard Dix, as the
swashbuckling outlaw "Stingaree",
who defies death and the devil to
make this girl's dreams come true!

IRENE DUNNE
RICHARD DIX

in
"Stingaree"

with MARY BOLAND
Conway Tearle ... Andy Devine
Henry StephensonUna O'Connor
From Stories by E. W. Hornung
Directed by William Wellman
A MERIAN C. COOPER Presentation
Pandro S. Berman, Executive Producer

RKO-RADIO
PICTURE

for JUNE 1934
Shampoo your hair with SUNSHINE!

Dancing sunbeams—ripples of gay sunshine that bring the charm of youth and loveliness to your hair. They can be yours with just one Golden Glim Shampoo will bring you all of them.

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Color of my hair _____________________________________________

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Fan Mail Department

Each month the Best Fan Letters Received Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

There are many people who believe that handwriting reveals character—even that one’s whole destiny can be determined by the slants and swirls and the decisive strokes of one’s penmanship. How interesting it is to see the handwriting of the stars! Perhaps you, also, can have an original letter from a star if you write to Silver Screen’s Fan Mail Department. The letters on these two pages are reduced in size to practically one-quarter of the area of the originals. There is a great kick in seeing your own name written by your favorite star. The payment of $10 for each letter printed should stimulate any fan to think up an interesting question to ask.

Write to your favorite star today.

The Fan Letter to Ruby Keeler

EDITOR, SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Sir:

I am very interested in Ruby Keeler and her tap dancing, and would like to know how she went about the preparations for her dancing career. I am a girl of fourteen, and do tap dancing myself. I will consider your information very valuable.

Yours truly,
June Watts, Sacramento, Calif.

The Fan Letter to Joan Bennett

EDITOR, SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Sir:

I saw "Little Women." I thought it was wonderful. I would like very much to know what school Joan Bennett attended, and what dramatic school, if any. I would be very glad if you would answer my letter.

Yours truly,
Ann Lennan
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN’s Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Jean Parker Replies to Miss Aldinger

Dear Louise Aldinger,

I am simply "bubbling over" with admiration for you and want to congratulate you for your superb performances. How you became a movie star is of great interest to me, and I often wonder how you received that call. I am certain you enjoy acting. Am I correct? I feel as though I know you, Jean, because you are just about my age. You have my best wishes for success in "MovieLand."

Sincerely,
Louise Aldinger, York, Pa.

Jean Parker’s success is indicated in her very individual handwriting.

The Fan Letter to Mary Carlisle

Miss Mary Carlisle,
C/O Silver Screen’s Fan Mail Dept.
Dear Miss Carlisle:

Please tell me how it feels to be a movie actress. Is it fun? I expect to become a secretary when I finish high school. Do you advise it, or would you try your luck in the movies, if you were me?

My best wishes to you.
Mary Elizabeth Card, Rahway, N. J.

Mary Carlisle’s letter reveals her sensible, straightforward viewpoint.

The Fan Letter to Carole Lombard

Silver Screen.
Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that every time Carole Lombard wears a beaded gown, each of those little beads is an "omen of good luck." In "No Man of Her Own," Carole wore a beautiful beaded gown, and that picture was a great success. In "The Eagle and the Hawk" I didn’t see the beaded gown I was looking for. I guess I’ve just plain superstitious, and I’m wondering if Carole is not?

Pauline Gaudenzi, Beverly, Mass.

The exotic Carole Lombard touches everything with magic.

Mary Carlisle Writes to Mary Card

March 28, 1934

Dear Mary Elizabeth Card,

It is fun to hear stories of other artists but it is also hard work. Unless you have some particular ability I should not advise you to come to it unprepared. I deeply appreciate your letter and your good wishes.

Most sincerely,
Mary Carlisle

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Jean Parker’s success is indicated in her very individual handwriting.
Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

Camay The Soap of Beautiful Women

Silver Screen
FOR Joan Crawford's birthday present, Franchot Tone gave her a pair of clip car-rings of star sapphires surrounded by diamonds. And don't let anybody tell you that love affair is on the wane. Why Franchot even drove all the way from the Fox studio, where he was working, to Metro every day to have lunch with Joan—and in this heat, and only an hour for lunch—baby, that's devotion.

NOW that Gene Raymond's back in town after his European travels, Hollywood's most social blond can be seen dancing the night away at all of the best places. But Gene, who used to have a new girl for every night in the week, now seems to specialize on Janet Gaynor. In just one week we saw them dancing at the Coconut Grove, the Town House, and the Beverly Wilshire.

EDNA BEST has left for England, and now the betting is going on thick and fast as to whether she will divorce Herbert Marshall, and Gloria Swanson will divorce Michael Farmer, and "Burt," as he is called by his friends, will become the fifth Swanson spouse. At the dinner party given by the Mayers and the Thalbergs at the Academy Dinner the week it was noticeable that Gloria Swanson was not invited and that Irving danced three times with Edna Best—which was quite sweet of him, as you could see he was dying to start swinging Norma around the floor. (Irving dances just like a college freshman). But at Grace Moore's Easter Egg Hunt Gloria was accompanied by the English Marshall.

THE latest of the Bennett outbursts occurred at the popular Tingle Tangle Theatre recently when Connie and Gilbert Roland arrived ten minutes before the final curtain (how's that for being late at the theatre?) to find their seats occupied. Well, there was plenty of the private stock of Bennett T.N.T. let off, for Connie was feeling in good form that night. By the time it was all over, so was the show!

N DIRECT contrast, however, was the incident noted the following evening when Muriel Kirkland arrived with her escort to claim her reservations and found Charlie Chaplin and King Vidor comfortably lodged therein. It was Muriel, however, not the usurpers, who commenced stammering apologies and expressing deep regret that she should inconvenience the famous Chaplin. Later, when she had willingly accepted seats elsewhere in the house she confided quite audibly to her boy friend, "Charlie Chaplin can have my any old time."

AND Howard Dietz, of the M-G-M publicity staff, is telling the funny story about an extra who went on the ill-fated expedition of the "Viva Villa" company into Mexico. There just wasn't anything about Mexico he didn't know, or anyone he hadn't met. "Now you take this fellow Villa," he said. "Why I knew old Viva personally."

WALLACE BEERY's parents wanted him to be a pianist when he was a kid, so he ran away from home just to avoid those piano lessons. It's a safe bet that little Carol Ann Beery will never be made to do anything she doesn't want to do.

AND Wallie's having a swell time kidding Jackie Cooper now because Jackie has to wear his hair cutled in "Treasure Island." Jack'll take it from Beery—but not from any of the other boys.

MARIAN NIXON says that the white of an egg spread over the face and neck, and allowed to dry thoroughly and then removed with a towel dipped in warm water, is one of the finest beauty masks that can be used. Following this tightening treatment for the skin Marian rubs her face for three minutes with ice.

La Nixon is seen every place these days with Philip Reed, the New York actor who made a big hit in "L'Amour."

ANN HARDING has at last given in and acquired a chauffeur—wearing livery and everything. But Ann insists that it isn't swank—but necessity. It seems she has received several kidnapping threats and that this sissy young man in all the livery is in reality an A-1 marksman, being formerly a member of Pennsylvania's famous Black Hussars. But Ann did like to drive her own car—she got more fun out of that than most anything else in Hollywood. Darn these kidnappers.

BY THE by, George Burns calls Gracie Allen "Goo-goo." And Bing Crosby has a brother who acts as his business manager and calls himself the Wrong Crosby.

[Continued on page 52]
Dolores Del Rio Has a Magic Formula That Has Brought Her Success.

The two most important years in Dolores Del Rio's career were the two during which she did not make a picture. Two years during which all work, of necessity, came to a full stop, and ambition was held in abeyance. Two years of illness, of enforced rest, which made of Dolores a finer person, a better actress.

The Dolores Del Rio of today, of talking pictures, is a different person from the girl who came out of Mexico, during the silent era, to score a sudden hit in "Resurrection" and "Ramona" as it is possible to imagine. Hollywood, in her case, was curiously enough both the disease and the cure. For, while it made her ill in body, it brought her strength and health of mind and soul. And that is the story I have to tell you.

A convent-bred Mexican girl, Dolores married a wealthy countryman, Jaime Del Rio. It was not an arranged marriage, but a true love match—and, as long as she remained in her own country, a happy one. A super-abundance of vitality, of energy which had no means of expression, however, made the girl restless. She

The grim intensity of the dance of Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio in "Wonder Bar" vibrated down to a part of you beneath conventional beliefs, and stirred long forgotten, primitive emotions—and that's Art.
By Harriet Parsons

wanted something besides the routine of marriage and social life, some outlet. She loved dancing and had appeared several times at amateur affairs. This taste of the theater made her hungry for more. She was thrilled by the applause, by the limelight and public attention, and began to dream of a career.

Just at this psychological moment Edwin Carewe, motion picture director, paid a visit to Mexico. He met the lovely Dolores, was impressed by her rare beauty, and urged her to come to Hollywood for a screen test.

Now, the idea of a motion picture career was a new one to Dolores. It both amused and fascinated her. Coming as it did at a moment when she was restless, eager to find a means of expression, it made more than a casual impression upon her. She and Jaime had been planning a trip to Europe, but the provocative name of Hollywood edged its way more and more into their thoughts. They decided it might be something of a lark for Dolores to take a fling at pictures. If the screen test should prove a failure they could always continue on to Europe as originally planned. They did not realize that Hollywood, once it gets in the blood, cannot be taken lightly, tossed away at will.

The screen test was not a failure. It brought Dolores a part immediately. And with the first role she was caught up in the movie maelstrom. Hung into the feverish whirl of ambition, driving work, social obligation, which go to make up a serious film career. Success beyond her wildest dreams was hers—but success did not bring contentment, relaxation, freedom from worry. Instead it created in her a frenzied fear of the future, a fear that she would cease to be successful, that she would lose the new glamour, adulation and fame that were hers.

She realizes now that she was spiritually ill during those hectic career-mad days. Whipped on relentlessly by ambition, tortured by worry, she did not have a happy, carefree moment. She did not know how to relax, how to rest after working hours. She had no outside interests—career was her single interest, her one all-absorbing thought during every waking moment.

You can easily see what such a state of mind would do to her marriage. Jaime, like everything and everyone else, even herself, was sacrificed. At first he was thrilled, tremendously proud of her success, eager to do anything to further it. But gradually he found himself slipping into the ignominious position of a Hollywood husband.

The first pang came at a party when Dolores was surrounded by an admiring mob and he found himself on the outskirts, ignored and forgotten. No one even bothered to introduce him. When they returned home and Dolores learned what had happened she felt worse [Continued on page 69]
BURNING THEIR EMOTIONS AT BOTH ENDS

By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE'S never a dull moment in Hollywood—except, of course, mentally. In this for-crying-out-loud center of culture emotions are tossed around as wildly as a lady adagio dancer. I hadn't been here long before I found the place simply over-run by emotions, but there's really nothing you can do about it.

By being brutal and definite I once rid my Greenwich Village studio of mice and once actually rid my Riverside Drive apartment of water bugs—but emotions you've simply got to accept and get used to.

I've been dining out all my life—my one claim to professionalism—but never had I seen a hostess suddenly dissolve into tears and go screaming from the dinner table until I came to Hollywood. (It seems that one of the guests had inadvertently said Jean Harlow was the most popular screen star.) But now I fully expect a few emotional upsets before the roast, and they annoy me no more than a little spilled water. In fact I've noticed that it's far easier to upset your hostess than your glass.

Many a Hollywood husband has made that sad discovery concerning his wife, too. I was a member of a gay little dinner party once which was completely wrecked simply because the star's husband arrived with a blonde hair on his lapel, and by the time the dessert had been served, a magnificent creation superbly glazed, and with pink electric lights in it, everyone was so busy kicking and screaming and slamming doors that I had it all to myself, and hereby report that nothing is so disappointing to the stomach as an iced electric light bulb. Now if the husband had brought in a blonde I might understand all the excitement—but after all, a blonde hair. Poof! If only stars would leave their emotions in the studios along with their greasepaint and false eyelashes, Hollywood marriages would be a lot more secure. As it is they're about as secure as Leon Errol's legs. But once an emotion gets itself burning on a studio set, you can be darned sure it's going to keep on burning after the star gets home. They burn their emotions at both ends—thats why Hollywood marriages haven't a chance to succeed, that's why Pitcher Peepul fall violently in love and go flying off to Yuma in the middle of the night, and why they also fall violently out of love and call in the lawyers in the cold gray dawn.

Working in the studios condemns them to emotional excesses. They have to "give all" in order to register on the screen. Acting before the camera, with a director urging you on and on to greater emotional outbursts, is like taking a shot in the arm. Pity the poor actress—it's her job. She must work her

self up until emotion grips her with absolute reality. Until she "feels" it in every nerve. Until her voice breaks and tears gush from her eyes. "Cut," shouts the director. "Good work. That's all for tonight."

But that isn't all for tonight. La Belle is emotionally stimulated, her nerves on edge. She's hysterically-a-quiver—she's got to do something violent to let off steam—she's got to shout at somebody—or throw something. She picks up the evening paper on her way home and reads in the gossip column where her husband was seen at the Clover Club the night before with a gay party of people, including, tsch! tsch! his recent leading lady. Well, that is, as Josh Billings, a famous American wit, remarked, "Few mutch." You can be quite sure there'll be a flood and a tornado followed by a blizzard in that ducky wucky love nest

Silver Screen
Perhaps one of the reasons for the sympathetic understanding between Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford is the fact that they are together emotionally during the daytime.

in Beverly Hills.

Well, now, I hate to get too technical about this emotion business but, believe it or not, nearly every love affair, or quarrel or reconciliation in Hollywood parallels the emotional scenes of the pictures which were being made by the principals at that time. Of course it doesn't work in every case (and of course there are a lot of cases where it worked only too, too well, but I can't tell you about them on account of one or both of the parties being married). However, some of the stars are so regular that you know just who so-and-so's next heart throb will be simply by reading the casting notes.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are still the headliners in Hollywood's latest lar hours and going to bed early, whereas she is all exhilarated after a day before the cameras and needs something more exciting at night than home and fireside.

Joan Crawford was making "Today We Live" when she and Doug Jr. came to the actual parting of the ways. Joan was playing a young English girl caught in the chaos of the war, a girl tense, dramatic, emotional. A girl who demanded too much of herself. Joan, in brief, was playing herself. After standing before the cameras all day, going from one emotional scene to another, she was in no mood for gay repartee when she arrived home at night. "Please don't talk to me, I want to be still for awhile," she would say to the sparkling, boutonniereed Doug Jr. "What's the matter, Billie?"

Doug Jr. would ask, "Have I done anything wrong?" No, no; Joan would almost cry, "I just want to be quiet." "Let's go out to dance tonight," Doug, ignoring the danger signals would suggest. "Let's call up the Gables. Guess who popped in on me at the studio today?" By that time Joan's bedroom door would be closed with a definite thud. And in the shadows of her room again she would be the English girl mourning tragically over her lost love.

There, at least, is one very obvious reason why Joan and Franchot are hitting it off together much better than Joan and Douglas ever did. Ever since they have known each other Joan and Franchot have played in every picture together—therefore they were always in the same mood at the same time. If the scenes had been tring and tending and they were both in the mood to stay at home and read to each other—or, on the other hand, if they had been dancing and cavorting around like a couple of kids all day on the "Dancing Lady" or "Sadie McKee" sets, they were all ready to continue their dancing and cavorting at the Coconut Grove that night. And let there be no doubt in your minds but that those love scenes in "Dancing Lady" between Joan and Franchot were quite, quite kosher. In fact so real were they that a number of movie goers were a bit confused by the plot and thought, up until the last fade-out, that Joan was going to marry Franchot instead of Clark Gable.

Of course Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro had been hanging [Continued on page 66]
WELL, now I've got to dash out to Universal studios, which is way out yonder in the Valley, and whip up a little something about "Little Man, What Now?" and Margaret Sullivan. Dear me! I'd much rather go prying over at Paramount this morning where practically the entire Southern California football team, all done up in grease-paint and Egyptian dingle dangles, and very few dingle dangles at that, are making their spectacular entrance into Rome today with "Cleopatra." Colbert perched on their brawny shoulders. But no, I have to miss all the fun, and go out to see "Little Man, What Now?" and Margaret Sullivan. And that is eating humble pie. (If you've a new recipe for humble pie please send it on—something with meringue preferred.)

It seems that Margaret Sullivan is the kind of person who doesn't like interviewers, and I'm the kind of interviewer who likes to be liked, so I just sort of decla-red a feud because you die young if you like everybody. Believe it or not, wans are fought for less reason than that. But my boss being a New Englander, without the proper appreciation of feuds, wants a story on "Little Man, What Now?" and Margaret Sullivan and so, alas, Rome will have to clash its cymbals and get an eyeful of Cleopatra and the Southern California football team without me today.

The "Little Man, What Now?" company is at work on stage 6 I am told when I reach Universal, which is only a stone's throw, as the crow flies, from First National, and with a sympathetic member of the publicity department—who'd rather be seeing Cleo too—I stumble over Boris Karloff, Gloria Stuart, and an old cab left over from "Back Street," and arrive on the set just in time to see Margaret rescue a stew from the kitchen stove—I mean a meat stew. So that cute kid is Margaret Sullivan. She doesn't look nearly as young nowadays as she did in "Only Yesterday." Well, if you don't mind, I'll just sit over here in the corner and observe a bit. Ah, there's Frank Borzage. I feel better already.

Frank Borzage is the most widely loved and admired director in Hollywood—and, if you could just see the flock of gold statuettes he has won at Academy Award dinners, you'd know that he rates pretty high with his confreres. When I first saw the row of gold statuettes in his home I was sure that they had mated and had children. Frank is directing 'Little Man, What Now?' and that is all you need to know to be convinced that it will have the charm and tender pathos and naive humor of "Seventh Heaven" and "A Man's Castle." Margaret Sullivan and Douglass Montgomery will doubtless join those famous Borzage-made lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy.

You've probably read Hans Fallada's best seller and know what a truly beautiful and sincere story it is. And you can be darned sure that none of its beauty and sincerity will be lost on the screen, with Frank Borzage directing. The morning I spent on the set they were doing the scene in the poor Widow Schaffenhofer's (played by Sarah Padden) house in Ducherow, Germany, where Lammchen and Hans Pinneberg (Margaret and Douglass) are living in poverty while waiting for their baby.

There is never any screaming or hanging or snarling on a Borzage set, instead there's a quiet calm rather conducive to naturalness. None of that graveyard silence of a Von Sternberg set, nor that circus-like clanking of a De Mille set. Everyone talks naturally, and no one gets unduly excited. Least of all the director himself. He kneels down by Margaret and goes over her lines with her. He doesn't tell her how to read them. He doesn't tell her how to "act" them. One—two—perhaps three "takes" is all he ever needs.

This is all very bewildering to Margaret because she feels as if she is awfully bad and that Mr. Borzage isn't even bothering with her. You see, the only other picture Margaret has made was directed by John M. Stahl, who used to take as many as fifty-eight takes of one little scene, and who used to direct every word Margaret spoke and every batt of an eyelash. What a contrast in directors! No wonder Margaret, who suffers intensely from ye olde inferiority complex, was quite upset. But when Frank Borzage heard that Margaret was worrying about his lack of direction of her, he told her: "When you cease to be natural, Margaret, I will direct you. Not before."

And that for "Little Man, What Now?" and Frank Borzage. It's my bet, judging from what I observed on my observation day, that Frank will have another little gold statuette ere the birdsies nest again, and so
Margaret Sullavan made a hit—and what a hit—in “Only Yesterday,” but little girl, what now?

Three stills from “Little Man, What Now?”—the picture from the Hans Fallada best seller, Douglass Montgomery, who was so fine in “Little Women,” plays the husband.

will Carl Laemmle.

And now for Margaret Sullavan. You know as well as I do that she spells her name with an “a,” and that she was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911, that she was a New York stage star while still in her teens, and that she arrived in Hollywood last May (with an ocelot which she gave to the captain of the boat she came on for a mascot) on her twenty-second birthday to play the lead opposite John Boles in “Only Yesterday.” The picture was sensational, and so was Margaret Sullavan. You know all this, but what you don’t know is that Margaret is an old heel-slipper-offer. Immediately I made that discovery I called off the feud. I simply have to like a heel-slipper-offer. The minute Margaret sits down (usually on one foot) off slips her slipper, which she proceeds to dangle by her toes. Upon further investigation I learned that many of Margaret’s “still” pictures are ruined because when they are developed they reveal a dangling slipper and a heel exposed to the [Continued on page 62]
Suddenly he gathers Helen in his arms and kisses her tenderly. As they draw apart after the kiss he says, "You're lovely tonight, Abby. Lovelier than I've ever seen you."

"I hoped you'd think that," Helen smiles. "And you're looking very impressive in your new suit."

Dick makes a wry grimace as he fingers the lapels of his coat. "It's lucky I have a friend of my size." Then a shadow crosses his face. "How long can we keep it up—this deception, I mean?"

"When you touched my hand tonight I thought they must all know," Helen declares. "I trembled so."

"And I could hardly keep from shouting out that I loved you." Dick assures her.

"My father wondered why I was so nervous," Helen adds.

Dick's face darkens at the mention of his father. "I should never have made love to you."

"You couldn't help yourself," says Helen gayly. "I encouraged you."

"I should have remembered the difference between us, I've nothing to offer you."

"I don't want anything," from Helen.

At the Warner Brothers' Studio

How time flies! Here another month has rolled by and it's spring. And if you don't believe me all you have to do is go out on the set of "The Old Doll's House" at Warners' First National. It'll be well worth your time and trouble — if you can get on. It's one of the prettiest sets I've seen in a long time. There's the side of an old house. The time is 1885 and all along the side is a garden. There are clipped hedges and cedars, all sorts of old-fashioned flowers—hollyhocks, mignonette, sweet Williams, larkspur and heliotrope. The garden is bathed in moonlight. From the house the music drifts out. In a trellised arbor stand Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler. Anything more beautiful than Helen at this moment would be hard to imagine. Her blonde hair is a mass of curls and a little cluster of them falls at her neck. She has on a beautiful gown. The skirt is pink taffeta with petticoats at the side and a bustle at the back. The waist is a basque made of alternate strips of taffeta and the same shade of velvet. Dick is in full evening dress. A lock of hair falls over his forehead, as it was worn in those days. He looks about sixteen.

"Your father will never consent to your marrying one of his clerks," Dick worries. "He'll have to," comes positively from Helen. "I'll never marry anyone else."

But Dick can't stop fretting. "It's a pity I'm so poor."

"Don't think about it," Helen begs, "not now. We have such a few moments together. We can't afford to spoil one." She smiles up at him tenderly.

Carole Lombard and John Barrymore recently finished "Twentieth Century," and all the picture-wise knew that it would be a movie milestone.

In "The Witching Hour," the old Augustus Thomas stage success, are Ralf Harolde and Judith Allen.

A scene from "Springtime for Henry" is on a more spring for Nancy Carroll, Nigel Bruce assisting.
from the Studios

Over Hollywood Hovers
Silver Screen's Intrepid Observer, Seeing All, Hearing All and Using His Own Judgment.

By S. R. Mook

Richard Barthelmess
and Helen Chandler
acting up in the Damon Runyon Story.

"THE OLD DOLL'S HOUSE"

Lance ................. Richard Barthelmess
Abigail as girl .......... Helen Chandler
Jean ................. Ann Dvorak
Abigail............. Helen Lowell
Barthelmess.......... El, McWade
Senator ............. Robert McWade

"The Dark Tower," starring Edward G. Robinson, comes next. The scene is Robinson's dressing room in a theatre. There is a long table, big enough for two actors. On the table is a tray with a bottle of imitation whiskey, a couple of small whiskey glasses and a large water tumbler half full of whiskey. There are the usual signs about the room—"Not responsible for valuables," "No Smoking," etc. On the walls are pictures of Barbara Stanwyck, Marilyn Miller, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young and some old timer whose face is familiar but whose name eludes me at the moment. And I can't help wondering a bit sadly how long it will be before those others will be just familiar faces whose names elude me.

But enough of this sentimentalizing. Robinson is sitting at the table in full evening dress—except for his coat. Mae Clarke, in a maid's outfit, is sitting on the table. And John Eldredge (a newcomer who scored in a play called "Jovous Season") is standing talking to them. He's the author of the play. "I don't know what you're sore about," Eldredge exclaims petulantly. "Your sucer has a basket full of telegrams. Everybody thinks it's a grand play."

"Grand for a High School Strawberry Lawn Festival," Robinson snaps, turning away. "Somebody ought to stuff that second act and put it in a museum." With great scorn he points accusingly at Eldredge.

"Barry, you'd better change your moniker. You'll never be a playwright."

"I was christened Barry," Mr. Eldredge observes haughtily. "It's my middle name."

"Oh," Robinson mocks. "Now it comes out. What's your first name, Mr. James?"


"I never would have acted in the play if I'd known that," Mae chimes in.

"Daphne, my love," Eddie chirps, turning to her, "you've never acted in any play—and never will."

"You try to cheapen everything—both of you," Eldredge puts in. "Well, you can't."

Turning to Robinson. "I know about you. You've had a hangover for ten years." And to Mae, as a parting shot, "And you—you just hang over with him. You're two chronic grouches." With which, Mr. Eldredge leaves. It's a smart wise-cracker who knows what to go.

But Robinson isn't through even yet. He turns to Mae, who is the only one left in the room with him. "By the way, dear—in the scene with the husband in the last act—be sure you'll pardon me—do you suppose you could give it just a touch of refinement?"

I tip toe unnoticed. Smart-aleck that I am, even I could not hope to cope with the subtleties of the insults being bandied about on this set. Besides, I like Mae.

"THE DARK TOWER"
Damon Wells ............ Edw. G. Robinson
Jessica Wells ............. Mary Astor
Ben Weston ............ Ricardo Cortez
Stanley Vance .......... Louis Calhern
Barry .................... John Eldredge
Dr. Kendall ............ Arthur Byron
Daphne ................. Barbara Blair
Martha ........................ Margaret Dale
Peabody ........................ Virginia Sale
Morgue Keeper ........................ Harry Tyler

[Continued on page 70]
Walter Huston Reaches His True Importance on the Stage.

By Lenore Samuels

The man who made "Gabriel Over the White House" is a
talked-of success in "Dodsworth," the Sinclair Lewis play.

When a celebrated actor leaves Hollywood after a successful screen career of more than five years, to appear on the legitimate stage for a second time, he generally approaches it with a different perspective entirely. At least it is so in the case of Walter Huston, who is now standing them up six nights and at least two or three matinées each week in the sensational production of Sinclair Lewis' famous novel, "Dodsworth."

As he sat in his dressing-room in the Shubert Theatre, applying his makeup with a sure and practiced touch while we talked, Huston expressed himself frankly.

"I like the screen," he admitted, "but coming back to Broadway was like coming home. And I'm not anxious to leave it again—not for a long time. I've had three offers to return to Hollywood already. But what can I do? 'Dodsworth' is in for a long run—you can see that. Why, we even expect it to hold well along into next year. After that we'll take it on the road."

Up until last season when Eva La Gallienne and Katherine Cornell decided to brave the hardships and unknown perils of "the road," Broadway players held up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of "touring." That was all right in the old days, but now! Tour indeed!

Huston has no such qualms. Perhaps the current Renaissance of the Theatre is responsible, or perhaps he is romantic enough to agree with Robert Louis Stevenson's provocative vagabond and say:

"All I ask: the heaven above
And the road below me."

He is looking forward to a renewed acquaintance in this fashion with the thousands of loyal fans who have missed him since his temporary retirement from the films. He thinks that the tour of a former picture star will bring into the theatre many people who have never before seen a legitimate play.

"Why, just the other day," Huston observed, "I received a letter from a brother and sister who said that 'Dodsworth' was the first stage play either of them had ever seen. They came because they enjoyed my films and wanted to see what I was like in person."

"They must have been very young," I said.

"They were—about seventeen or eighteen. At the same time I gathered the impression from that letter that my screen popularity is going to play a big part in my future stage success."

He may be right. Yet, no amount of acquired movie fame or popularity could add one iota to Walter Huston's magnificent performance in "Dodsworth." His "Sam" is a characterization so ideally true to Sinclair Lewis' fiction creation of the automobile manufacturer of Zenith, whose wife insists that he give up his work and retire to a life of leisure abroad, that one feels the author should thank whatever god he worships for this marvelous stroke of casting luck.

Without a doubt "Dodsworth" is the hit of the year, and because of it Walter Huston, the star, and Sinclair Lewis, the author, are the Men of the Hour in so far as the theatrical world is concerned. Every producer in Hollywood has been on his toes trying to purchase the screen rights, but Max Gordon, who produced the play, has his own ideas on the subject. He may film the play himself—here in the East—but not until after it has ended its life on Broadway and "the road," full of years and honors, as he fondly hopes.

Huston is not averse to these plans. Why should he be? His salary each week, with the additional ten percent profits, adds up to something more than a thousand dollars over his former weekly picture salary. And it will continue to do so long as the play proves such a conspicuous success.

However, on the strength of the amazing manner in which Walter Huston has captured the town in "Dodsworth," long before this play itself is repeated in celluloid, you will be treated to a sight of the homely thoroughfare of Zenith, Ohio, that midwestern manufacturing town immortalized by Sinclair Lewis in so many of his study novels. For Warner Brothers have decided to do a talkie version of "Babbitt," which was done as a silent film a good many years ago. Some of you who admit to being in the neighborhood of thirty may remember Mr. Babbitt, who, by the way, has a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Samuel Dodsworth.

Warners are also going to bring Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" to life again, and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing Miss Carol Kennicott walk down that famous thoroughfare, muttering aloud, perhaps, her disapproval of the humdrum state of affairs in Gopher Prairie, Minnesota.

The fact that these two Sinclair Lewis stories will be filmed before "Dodsworth" does not trouble the gracious Mr. Huston at all.

I commented that it was a pity his fans, most of whom could not visit New York, might be denied a sight of him for a year or more.

He turned to me with that quizzical [Continued on page 57]
The VICTORY FOR BEAUTY

Anna Sten Won a Personal Triumph in "Nana." She Was So Lovely No One Noticed the Picture.

By Muriel Babcock

HOLLYWOOD has gone Anna Sten conscious in a large way.

The whole town is talking about the beautiful woman from Russia who just emerged from a two years' shell as a sensational personality in "Nana."

At practically every gathering of people who follow pictures, questions like these are being asked: "What do you think of Anna Sten? Do you think she's like Garbo or like Dietrich or like either of them? Do you think she'll be greater than Garbo?"

She is the city's most important conversational topic of the day.

What do I think of Anna Sten? Me, I think she's swell—I think she's got the emotional fire and drama and beauty on the screen that makes you want to see her again and again. I don't think she looks like either Dietrich or Garbo. I think she looks and acts like Sten. She's an individual film personality.

She's a very intriguing and interesting person herself, too. Not a lot has been written about her because not a lot of people know her. Why? Is she another mysterious beauty? No. When she first came to Hollywood she was relentlessly groomed under what I might flippantly term the Goldwyn one-year plan. She had instructions not to talk to a soul. She was to be a Goldwyn surprise package to be delivered to the public when Mr. Goldwyn had her good and ready. Meanwhile, he didn't want any nosey writers looking her over because she was properly dolled up in her new ribbons and tissue paper for delivery.

This suited Sten. She went into seclusion with tutors and hair-dressers and masseuses and clothes designers, and didn't accept Hollywood invitations, Nobody knew very much about her. And nobody knows very much about her yet, although I discovered that, instead of being a mysterious beauty, she is a simple soul who is an interesting entity in herself.

Let me tell you about her— as I know her. Let me tell you about the real Sten. Deliberately transformed into a recluse by Samuel Goldwyn, she is likely to stay one now because she is naturally shy, nervously sensitive about meeting new people and interested not in the crowd but in her own thoughts and actions, her books her husband and her home. She is a full-souled, full-bodied woman of great resources within herself.

Like Garbo, she suffers nervous indigestion when confronted by newspaper people. She is terrified of them. Once, Garbo told me in one of those rare interviews which are to be had no more, that "It is not because I do not like to talk. It is because I do not talk well and it makes me sick at my stomach to have to do so. I do not know you and why should I have to answer your questions when they make me nervous?" Well, why?

To Sten, exactly the same thing happens.

Interviewers make her "sick at the stomach" and she shrinks from the thought of them although she will talk for hours to her friends or to anyone she meets in a casual, friendly way.

What does she look like off the screen? Well, I used to see her chugging into the United Artists lot in her little 1930 model black Ford coupe, sometimes accompanied by her tutor, Mrs. Margareta Knapp, sometimes by her volatile Slavic husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke. I used to wonder if it were possible for this big boned, tall, carelessly-dressed woman to possess that emotional spark which made for greatness on the screen. I used to wonder if beautiful clothes and well-groomed hair could achieve that amazing transformation from almost a peasant-type woman into a glamorous star. (I wonder no more for exactly this has been accomplished in "Nana.")

Sten hates to dress up. Flannel slacks, a sweater and a beret are her favorite outfit. Not because she has any Dietrich-like penchant for pants, but because she finds these things comfortable and she is a woman of no clothes pretensions. She likes to drive her own Ford and, whether she leaves the studio at 5 in the afternoon or 2 in the morning, she drives it home herself. Imagine, the Great Sten chugging down the dark and lonely road toward Santa Monica at two o'clock in the morning?

She loves food—platters of Russian food such as borscht, and likes to drink cognac and vodka with her husband. Too fat when she first came to America, she

[Continued on page 64]
With “Bolero” a Country Wide Hit, George Raft Becomes One of Our Ranking Stars.

Some of the resin of the ring still clings to George’s shoes. He never slips.

George Raft and Frances Drake in “The Trumpet Blows,” the story of a bull fighter.

Not so long ago, George played professional baseball with the Springfield (Mass.) club.

George Raft’s biggest kick came when he returned to New York, which is still his world, after two years in Hollywood, and found three of his pictures, “Night After Night,” “Undercover Man,” and “If I Had a Million,” showing on Broadway.

Yet, all I could get out of him on his Big Moment, was the simple comment, “I’m glad I made good.”

It was characteristic of him. His simplicity and fearlessness are outstanding traits. There’s none of the false movie grandeur about him. You take him or leave him just as he is. In his underworld roles on the screen he somehow suggests the tiger. But off the screen he is boistously earnest and absolutely unspoiled.

He may still be a little dazed with his success, but he’s been hearing applause too long to let it ever turn his head. He’s watched too many triumphs fade over night to have any false illusions.

Now, at thirty-one, George has emerged from his experiences—nonchalant, a bit hard and with an easy attitude toward life. He’s modern as Tomorrow. A blended product of many conflicting environments—a very compelling and attractive personality.

Motion pictures are Raft’s fourth career. He’s entertained the high-ups and the low-downs as a boxer, a baseball player and a dancer, and now he is amusing a world audience via the screen.

At fifteen, rather than go to school, which he hated, George stepped out as a boxer. He was bantam weight and in twenty-five bouts was knocked out seven times. His last mauling made him decide to quit while he was intact.

Then he signed up as outfielder on the Springfield (Massachusetts) Eastern League Baseball team, but, after the second season, was dropped because his batting average didn’t measure up with his fielding.

Returning to New York, in search of a job, he ran across the chance of going on as a dancer at Churchill’s or Rector’s, during the tea hour. Now, dancing had always been his hobby. Once, while still a kid, he had taken his spirited mother to a Waltz contest and they had won the prize.

So George danced to fame. In New York he appeared in many of the leading shows and all the best Night Clubs. Then he stormed Europe, visiting the various gay capitals and creating a sensation with his Charleston—he is the fastest Charleston dancer in the world—and other adagio numbers. One of the high lights of this tour was his becoming friendly with the Prince of Wales, and teaching him the Charleston. A cigarette case from the Prince is a prized momento of the occasion.

Returning from Europe, Broadway wouldn’t meet his salary demands, so he came to Hollywood for a rest. Honestly, Raft never thought of the movies. He didn’t consider he was screen material. But one night, at the Brown Derby, Rowland Brown spotted him and decided he wanted him for “Quick Millions,” his new film, and George suddenly found himself launched on his fourth career.

It was “Scarface” which carried him to the top. That death scene! He says himself he probably couldn’t do it again, for he followed no technique. He just felt the tragedy of that boy’s death and acted it out.

His emotions are visual; he thinks with his body. This is [Continued on page 58]

By Maude Cheatham

Silent Screen
Ann Sothern Failed
Once in Pictures. She
Struggled for Three
Years to Win Success
on Broadway—but
NOW Look at Her.

By Margaret
Ettinger

Instead, a girl rode from Holly-
wood to Culver City using her last
dime to do so. It she didn’t get a job
at the studio that day it would mean she
was without food and lodging and that
the end had come. There was a certain
defiant look to the face framed by soft
golden hair, and from which protruded
two enormous blue eyes fringed with lon-
black lashes. The turned up piquant nose
seemed to turn up more than usual this
day. Two freshly washed gloves tied a red
scarf at the throat a little more firmly. Two
trimly shot feet put themselves deter-
mindedly on the floor.

Apparently something in the little figure
dressed in a tailored blue suit conveyed
a message to the girl in the casting office at
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was the first
time—in the many, many times Harriet
Lake applied for work there that she was
told “wait a minute.”

Some minutes later she was told to re-
port to the wardrobe—was given a pass-
went through the gates that had so frigidly
withheld her from entering previously, and
shortly was putting on make-up with a
of the group of other girls in the extras’ dressing
room at the far end of the lot.

The day was like many others Harriet
had known on other lots—time for lunch—
return to the set, when the music started
there was in the very far background as
the camera ground out the film for this
scene, a large balcony jammed with extras.

The best news all came at the end
of the day when she not only received her
seven-fifty check, but was told to come back
to the same set the next day.

That week her work developed from that—a
week in which Harriet had time to get her-
sel-organized on what she was going to do.
No more being down to her last nothing.
She had had enough of that in the year’s
time she had been in Hollywood, clinging
desperately to the hope that she might
land in pictures and thereby find a means
of livelihood. She could sing—she could
dance—she could wear clothes, and she was
going to earn a living—a worthwhile living,
too.

So, she bought a new dress—a most be-
coming one fashioned to show her figure
in its best advantage—spent a day’s earn-
ings on accessories to make the outfit
complete and returned to Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Studios to talk with the girl in the
casting office who had so kindly helped her.
She took the girl into her confidence and
asked for advice. The casting office girl,
wanting to do her part, arranged for a
special test to be made, which resulted in
Harriet’s being put under contract to the
studio at seventy-five dollars a week. She
cried herself to sleep that night. “Who
wouldn’t have?” she asks when recounting
the experience.

But—nothing happened. She was under
contract—got her salary each week, used
her spare time to good advantage by con-
tinuing with her study of voice—but was
never assigned other than a bit part in a
picture. She worked most of the time, it
is true—but ambitious as she was, the great
moment never came.

A year later—terribly disappointed and
resigned to the fact that there was no place
in pictures for her, she took the money
she had managed to save—begged to be re-
leased from her contract—a request that
was granted—and left for New York.

She decided to try the stage—perhaps her
voice and her knowledge of dancing could
help find a place for her on Broadway.

Here the struggle began anew, but even-
tually a small part led to a larger one and
so on and on, until three years after she
arrived on Broadway she was given the
leading feminine role in “Of These I Sing” in the Chicago company. In this play she
toured the country and in due time her
name went up in lights on the Bilmore Theater marquees in Los Angeles, and prac-
tically all of Hollywood turned out en
masse to see the opening night perform-
ance. Before the next day ended three
major studios had offered contracts to her.

But they were all refused.

She was back in New York rehearsing
another play when Columbia sent her a
script to read. They wanted her for the
leading role. They made her a grand
offer—so grand that she couldn’t turn it
down. Besides, the part appealed to her
tremendously. She came West—signed a
contract with Columbia and played her
first important role in “Let’s Fall in Love.”

And she changed her name to Ann Sothern.
She lives in a fine house in Beverly Hills
now—has servants—a beautiful motor car
and a wardrobe full of lovely clothes.

I asked her the other afternoon, as we
sat on the terrace of her swimming pool
sipping Claret punch, if the struggle and
heart-aches and years of depriving herself
of fun and gayety didn’t make her present
success seem very futile—not worth the
struggle she has gone through to attain it.

“Worth it?” asked Ann.

“Worth it.” She repeated, half closing
her eyes and throwing back her head and
taking a deep breath. “My, yes—a hundred
times, yes. It has been well worth the
struggle. I would gladly go through it again.”
New Girls To Satisfy Hollywood's Insatiable Demand

By Helen Louise Walker

WHILE ordinary people are reading the seed catalogues in the Spring, wondering whether a new, hardy perennial will flourish next to the pansy bed, inquiring just when the roses should be pruned to obtain the best results . . . motion picture producers are going over their lists of players, wondering which ones to keep, which ones to weed out, which ones to prune in the interests of pictures for Autumn release.

Each studio has on its lists of players a few in whom it places its hopes . . . to supplant the stars of today and yesterday when the time of these latter shall have passed. Youngsters, whom they are grooming, nurturing, fostering, teaching. Youngsters on whom the future of studios . . . and pictures . . . rest.

In the past week or two I have met and talked with four of these sprigs, each of whom has won for herself a long term contract by dint of a notable performance. Young girls in whom shrewd and high-powered executives believe enough to invest large numbers of pleasant, round, silver dollars. Girls whom you have seen and will see again upon the screen.

What, I wondered, do these girls have that a thousand other girls do not? What is that promise, that talent, that quality which sets them apart and makes them worth, at least, an expensive gamble? They are all young, mentally unformed, eager, earnest, enthusiastic. None of the four is a spectacular beauty. Each of the four is pretty.

I had met Evelyn Venable shortly after she arrived in Hollywood. Here was a veritable child. Daughter of a father who was an internationally acknowledged authority on Shakespeare, she had been reared in the atmosphere and the traditions of the Bard from the time she was an infant. Her two years of stage experience had been with Walter Hampden, an old friend of her father's, in Shakespearean repertoire. Hampden had guarded and guided her as conscientiously as her own family would have done. She Evelyn Venable, who, in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday," staked her claim on a section of Hollywood's glory. Her next is "Double Door."

In "Viva Villa," beautiful Katherine DeMille easily holds her own as Pancho's wife.

The New England picture, "As the Earth Turns," established Jean Muir on a long career.
was steeped in the classics, educated (so far as books went) far beyond most girls of her age.

Evelyn has never touched life, has never thought for herself, has never made a decision or a move without mature guidance. When she signed her contract with Paramount, she was, although still a minor and subject to her father’s judgment, an independent young person with a job and an income of her own. What do you think she did?

She acquired a saddle horse before she acquired a house, the proper clothes to wear in California or a car to take her to and from the studio. Accustomed to dependence on other people’s judgment and emotional support, she acquired a woman friend, a Mrs. Gardener, who devotes all of her time and affectionate attention to Evelyn’s affairs. She acquired a cat.

Evelyn is a study in contradictions. Her face looks like a fresh, ripe and rather downy peach. Her walk and gestures, her voice and diction are mature and stage trained. Her childish and delighted giggle over some triviality belies those attributes. She has never gone anywhere unchaperoned, and you become aware of that fact, somehow, by the time you have talked with her for five minutes.

She has never tasted meat in her life. This, she thinks, is because of her love for animals, because of a conviction that you must not eat their flesh. “I was brought up that way,” she will tell you. “I think that I shall not change.” It isn’t, of course, a conviction at all. It is because she was “brought up that way,” because that is the way she was taught to feel. It will be interesting to see what happens when that bookish young mind begins to think for itself, when Evelyn begins to feel for herself.

Hollywood has not touched her very much, as yet. She has worked hard and constantly almost ever since she has been here. She is excited and a-thrill over her new experiences, over meeting film celebrities, over enjoying film success. She is a little bit embarrassed over her thrills because those austere, Shakespearean circles might disapprove of pictures . . . She is beginning to get a perspective.

I shall be extremely interested to see what Hollywood will do to that child, Evelyn Venable.

Jean Muir, I think, interested me more than any of the other sprigs. Dick Barthelmess introduced her to me first, told me that she had great promise and added, solemnly, “A beautiful and reverent love of the theater. An authentic and interesting talent.” Watch that girl! She will go very far.

Jean is dedicated to the theater and all its ramifications (which include pictures) with a passion which might have belonged to a medieval nun, dedicating her life, her soul, her whole being, to a shrine. It is the sort of single-souled devotion which one woman in perhaps four hundred thousand gives to one man.

The theater to Jean is sex and religion, emotion and intellect. It is all of her.

Everyone she meets, everything she reads, [Continued on page 56]
Reviews

VIVA VILLA

Fay Wray and that old bandit, Wallace Beery.

Rating: 102°. VIVA BERRY and HENRY B. WALTHALL—M-G-M

NOT since "The Birth of a Nation," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Big Parade" has there been a picture so magnificently stupendous as the muchly publicized "Viva Villa." Hollywood once more can say "Colossal" and not be jeered at. There has never been so much thrilling entertainment, so much humor and humaneness packed into one film before, and if you don't leave the theatre simply raving about Wallie Beery and Henry B. Walthall—well, you'd better see a doctor about you; red corpuscles. Of course, the really funny thing about it all is that the greatness of the picture came to Hollywood as a complete surprise. There was all the trouble in Mexico you remember, and Lee Tracy getting thrown out of the picture, and the director being changed, and then a lot of the cast were changed, and then a new director had to work in a story to fit the scenes photographed in Mexico—and so we in Hollywood just decided it would be "one of those things." Well, it isn't. It's—colossal.

Beery has never given a better performance than he gives as Pancho Villa, the bandit. Mexico should certainly have no cause to quarrel with Hollywood over the presentation of its popular hero—for David Selznick of M-G-M has not only glorified him but made him lovable and human. And what a great actor Henry B. Walthall is—has always been—but Hollywood forgets so easily. Since talkies came in Mr. Walthall, the never to be forgotten Little Colonel of "Birth of a Nation," has been playing bits here and there, even "atmosphere," but once more, thank goodness, he comes into his own, and a generation who never knew him as the Little Colonel will acclaim him anew as Madero, the saint-like Revolutionary leader—whom Pancho Villa called "the Little Feller."

"I'll Tell the World" is Lee Tracy back again, and Gloria Stuart, too.

Ginger Rogers stoops to conquer Warren William in "Upperworld."

Silver Screen
JUDGING THE NEW PICTURES

Leo Carrillo, Villa’s concealed lieutenant, and to Katharine De Mille, one of the bandit’s many wives. Also giving brilliant performances are Joseph Schildkraut, the villainous, double-crossing General Pascal, George Stone, Villa’s letter-writer who draws pigeons every time his master asks for bulls, and Fay Wray and Donald Cook, as the young aristocrats.

Yes, “Viva Villa” is a smash hit. People will be talking about it for years and years. And it’s just what you need to start the old blood racing in your veins again.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS
Rating: 71° AND FUN EVERYWHERE—Warner Brothers

GOOD clean fun is packed into this picture like sardines in a can, and believe you me (as Roscoe Karns says in “It Happened One Night”), you’re in for an evening of grand entertainment. All the action and the song hits and the fun center around a broadcasting station, so you can get your music without having an ensemble of cuties come loping in—which is rather a relief for a change.

The Four Mills Brothers do three numbers, guaranteed to stop any show, which are worth the price of admission. Not to mention the series of impersonations done by the famous “Three Radio Rogues” right at the beginning of the picture.

The plot? Oh, the plot isn’t so important—just sort of a rack to hang things on. It’s about a singer who’s discovered in California and taken to New York by a fast-talking agent. After being a colossal flop he becomes a colossal success—thanks to the efforts of his girl friend. He is talked into believing that marriage will interfere with his career so there is the usual misunderstanding which gets straightened out beautifully in the end. But on to this, and

[Continued on page 60]
Together again The most Glorious sweethearts of the Screen

Janet GAYNOR
Charles FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with JAMES DUNN GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris
MAKE a list of the great, popular year-in and year-out players, from Marie Dressler to ZaSu Pitts, from Alice Brady to Wallace Beery, and you will find they all have that curious human quality which brings a friendly smile when they appear on the screen. This is the indispensable attribute of real popularity and Una Merkel has it more than any young player. She is destined to number her fans by the millions whereas dramatic actresses only reach thousands. Harold Lloyd knows—that's why Una is with him in "The Cat's Paw."
They fell in love, got married, bought some overalls and now they have a ranch in the San Fernando Valley—a very easy spot for the stork to find. Frances finished "Finishing School" and Joel's next is "The Sea Girl." No one can forget Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord," and soon, after the greatest experience of any woman's life, she will again be on the screen with a brilliant career ahead of her. We're all for you, Frances.

The ranch house is open to the south to let the sun in.
THE world lies fair before Claudette Colbert. From her home in Brentwood she surveys the Santa Monica Canyon and loves every inch of it. Her mother, Mme. Chauchoin, is very proud of her little girl and remembers happily how she first demonstrated, on a certain September Thirteenth in Paris, France, that she was wired for sound. Director De Mille discovered that Claudette was cast in the mould of Empress Poppaea, and now he is trying to prove that she is Cleopatra reborn—such goings on!

William A. Fraker
WE SUSPECT Kay Francis is smarter than most people. Anyhow her star continues to rise. She put over "One Way Passage," Robert Riskin's original screen story, which won the Academy Trophy. "The House on 56th Street" had some great Kay Francis moments. Next comes "Dr. Monica," which will show just how much better Kay is now that she has discarded another husband.

- Elmer Frye

Bill Powell and Kay Francis in "One Way Passage."

Kay Francis and Warren William in "Dr. Monica."

William Boyd and Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street."
"TWENTIETH CENTURY," a successful Broadway play of last year, landed in Hollywood, and the part of the bankrupt stage producer has been brought to screen life by John Barrymore. In the story the producer, while traveling to Chicago, tries to recoup his fortunes by wheedling a contract from Carole Lombard. They have great scenes together, and Carole will surprise you as she did Mr. Barrymore. He complimented her, and just to show—you know—let himself go. A great performance by the Greatest Actor on the Screen—no one barred from competition.
FREDRIC MARCH

In "The Firebrand," Fred March plays the romantic Benvenuto Cellini, who, in Sixteenth Century Italy, wrought miracles in gold and romance. This gay comedy introduces some new and picturesque clothes in our cycle of costume dramas. Constance Bennett co-stars—and comedy is her birthright.
THERE'S a zest to Joan that is her contribution to pictures. She has a rough and ready way of making cracks that has truth for its motive force. She is the very spirit of the democracy which is now coming back to us—perhaps Joan helped. She is Hollywood's Number One Trouper, for she has played split weeks in China and one night stands in Germany. Her next picture is "Smarty."
The principals: Kitty Carlisle, Carl Brisson, Dorothy Stickney, Victor McLaglen and Jack Oakie.

Gertrude Michaels sings and dances as if the whole thing was just pretending. You can see she's hiding the body—but only in this number.

Jack Oakie is head man, and still he keeps in touch with the two Portal Passers who, just to fool him, are disguised as roses. The one at the left, Dorothy Dawes, is the first rose of summer, and the other, Evelyn Kelly, represents a clinging vinie on the stalwart Oakie, and all together they spell Jack's rosary.

Instead of a backstage story about the leading lady's ankle and the understudy, this one, "Murder At the Vanities," is a backstage story concealing a murder and the show must go on. Ugh! Earl Carroll is an authority on girls, as who is not, and here are his opinions—did you ever see an opinion walking?
THESE eleven girls were brought from New York to give the authentic beauty quality to the Vanities part of the show. (L. to R.) Beautiful Beryl Wallace, Exquisite Evelyn Kelly, Delightful Dorothy Dawes, Admirable Anya Taranda, Lovely Laurie Shevlin, Charming Constance Jordan, Likeable Leda Nacova, Elegant Ernestine Anderson, Wonderful Wanda Perry, Merry Marion Callahan and Irresistible Ruth Hilliard.

Toby Wing, a Hollywood girl, who keeps alive the idea of personality.

Constance Jordan has such pretty legs that, if she hadn’t been a raving beauty, no one would have noticed her face at all.

Kitty Carlisle in a scene from the unusual backstage thriller.
IN "Riptide," the Shearer return-from-exile picture, Bob grabbed so many of the press notices that they had bonfires in Beacon, N. Y., to glorify their native son. Anyway, they should have had—he's done 'em proud. He and the Missus are now taking a vacation far from Hollywood for a month.
IN "Scandals" Alice looked very enticing, and danced with that professional ease which cannot be counterfeited. She will be with Spencer Tracy in "Now I'll Tell"—and, by then, the verdict of the public will be in and either she will be Alice of Hollywood or Alice sit by the fire forever after.

Otto Dyer
THERE just wasn't anyone who could take the place of Nancy Carroll, so she's back again. She is making "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger, and that she can do. Don't let them cast you for any more "Sweeter Than Sweets," Nancy—you're an actress.
My
Make-Up Secret
To accent the
Allure of Beauty

As told to Florence Vondelle by ANN DVORAK

POWDER...“The color tone of face powder should blend softly with the skin, enlivening its natural beauty. For my colorings...brunette hair, hazel eyes and olive skin...Max Factor’s Olive Powder is the harmonizing shade. Of velvety texture, it adheres perfectly, creating a satin-smooth make-up that is flattering under any close-up test.”

ROUGE...“Harmony of color between powder and rouge is essential. For rouge should merely emphasize a natural, youthful glow in the cheeks. For my colorings, Max Factor’s Carmine Rouge is extremely lifelike in effect...and it is so creamy-smooth, like delicate skin-texture, that it always blends easily, evenly and naturally.”

LIPSTICK...“The appeal of the lips may be accentuated a trifle...but it is most important that lip make-up be in color harmony. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick is the proper color tone to complete my make-up. It’s moisture-proof and permanent in color...so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours.”

“There’s a certain mystery about the appeal of beauty...but I know that color, perhaps more than anything else, is the one thing that makes feminine charm alluring.

“This appeal of color we may accent with make-up...but powder, rouge and lipstick should be in harmonizing color tones to give beauty a lovely, alluring warmth and life. This is the secret of color harmony make-up...created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius...and my make-up secret, too.”

Discover the difference Hollywood’s magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood’s make-up genius. Now featured by leading stores at nominal prices. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Mail the coupon below for personal make-up advice.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book,”The New Art of Society Make-Up.”

★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.
THE WINNERS OF THE AWARDS OF THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES FOR 1934

BEST PERFORMANCES—WOMEN

Katharine Hepburn won the greatest honor for her performance in "Morning Glory." And rightly, too.

BEST PERFORMANCES—MEN

Charles Laughton in the English-made picture, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," was such a convincing king that he took the highest honor—his humor did it.

THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR

"Cavalcade" topped them all, and Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook deserve great credit along with Frank Lloyd, director, and Noel Coward, author. At right, together again in "Where Lovers Meet."
Three little words—

If you want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: “Use Eugene Sachets.”

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the secret of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are “springy” and will not easily come out.

But we repeat: Tell your operator to “Use Eugene Sachets.”

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers—or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. See this trade-mark figure—“The Goddess of the Wave.” Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over.

Eugene Ltd . . . New York, London.

Eugene permanent waves
OF HUMAN BONDAGE" is being filmed and every one of the hundreds of thousands who enjoyed Somerset Maugham's story is looking forward to seeing Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in this delightful tale. One of the first scenes in the play, at the left.
Whispering Tongues!

How Much Truth Is There in Those Rumors About Jean Harlow?

By James M. Fidler

The walls of this room in Jean Harlow's Bel-Air mansion are in ivory white, with delicately tinted shutters and drapes. The furniture is of modern antique designed in pastel shades. The white blossoms carry out the color motif.

My dear Jean Harlow:

Of late, you have been the very attractive center of more gossip rumors than any other person in Hollywood, or perhaps in the entire world. These rumors have spread with the speed of the influenza plague, Jean, until from every nook and corner of our globe come letters demanding to know if this story is true, and if that report is a fact. With this letter to you, I am enclosing a carefully compiled list of the rumors that have reached my ears. There may be others, God forbid.

I hope you will steal the time from your very busy life to answer each item of gossip separately, Jean.

In closing, I want to assure you that, as your lifelong friend and devoted admirer, I personally know the true answer to every ugly rumor circulated about you. But it is not for my own benefit that I am writing this letter to you. I am really writing in order to give you the opportunity to reply, in your own words (which will be published in public print that will be read by millions), to all the gossip that has been whispered—and shouted—about you.

With fondest wishes, I am

That nosy egg,

Jimmie Fidler.

Jean Harlow's Letter

My equally dear Jimmie:

To begin with, I feel like climbing to my houseop and screaming with joy. I have secretly wished for a long time that somebody would provide me with just the chance you have given me—the chance to "air my views."

Of course, newspaper and magazine writers have asked me questions about a few of the gossip items that have been circulated about me, and these writers have been kind enough to repeat my refutations. But without meaning to, they have often misqusted me in their answers.

This time there will be no misquoting, because I am writing my own answers (and gosh, I must be careful of my grammar and spelling!). I have read and re-read the list of rumors you attached to your nice letter, and I find that you omitted two of the worst. I suspect you, Jimmie, of having purposely left them out because you thought they might embarrass me. At any rate, I have put them with your list, and item by item, I shall answer all.

Am I going to have a baby?

No. I mean, not for a long while. Eventually, yes. There have been so many reports lately that I am expecting to become a mother; I cannot imagine how and where they started. One newspaper in Philadelphia printed a statement that I had received rooms in the maternity ward of a hospital there. Another newspaper in New York announced a visit to the Philadelphia Public Ledger telephoned me in the wardrobe department at the studio to inquire about these baby rumors.

To begin with, when I do make preparations for a baby, I will not go to Philadelphia or some other city; I'll have my baby in Hollywood. Secondly, while all these rumors are going on, I am just about to start two new pictures, one after the other, and I'll be busy at the studio for, at least, the next four or five months.

There! Does that answer your baby question?

Did I win her studio fight for a bigger salary, and am I happy with her present contract?

Is she living with her parents, with her husband, or both?

Are Jean's mother and stepfather about to separate?

Is she having an operation performed to change the appearance of her nose? Has Jean's book, "Today Is Tonight," been rejected by publishers?

The Harlow Rumors

in Hollywood. Secondly, while all these rumors are going on, I am just about to start two new pictures, one after the other, and I'll be busy at the studio for, at least, the next four or five months.

There! Does that answer your baby question?

Did I win her studio fight for a bigger salary, and am I happy with her present contract?

To begin with, and as you know, I did not walk out of the studio. I visited the studio daily during my efforts to get a better contract. This is the final outcome of our negotiations: After a few weeks, newspaper reporters began to publish the fact that I was [Continued on page 66]
DON'T ever let us hear you calling Marlene Dietrich high hat. She's anything but. She and her husband, the attractive Rudolph Seiber, who's paying one of his annual visits to his family in Hollywood, and little Maria arrived at the Russian Eagle for dinner one night and were greeted enthusiastically by the proprietor, General Lodjensky, who is an old friend of the Selbers. After being seated in a secluded corner of the cafe, Marlene said, "Come, General, let me see those kitchen improvements you spoke to me about." With which she arose from the table, tucked her arm in his and nonchalantly strolled out to the kitchen just as if she were in her own home. Of course, the curious diners kept pecking every time the swinging doors opened, and for a good quarter of an hour they saw Marlene and Rudolph and the General sipping vodka from old cobwebby bottles. So that's what Marlene calls "kitchen improvements"—Hmmm!

IT WAS a big night for little Maria, too, because the General permitted her to hold and wave through the air the famous flaming swords of Shashlyk. Also, Gloria Swanson was there and Fay Wray and Mae Clarke and Maurice Chevalier, and if there's anything Maria gets a bigger kick out of than looking at movie stars, it's looking at more movie stars.

GLENSA FARRELL, the screen's wisecracking blonde (and wasn't she swell in "H-M-Nellie") is a regular homebody and doesn't care who knows it. Her old Irish dad and her young son, Tommy, are her pride and joy, and in keeping with her plans for their secure future she has recently given her dad an adorable English cottage furnished throughout in the comfortable simplicity men love. "And just incidentally," Glenda tells you, "it might be a good place to park the old Farrell—In case.

GREAT tidings for good picture lovers! ZaSu Pitts has just been signed to play Miss Dolly in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and that's something to cheer us up in life's darkest moment (when the landlord says, "Scram"). Pauline Lord, the famous New York stage star, has already been signed to play Mrs. Wiggs, and with W. C. Fields and Charlotte Henry in the cast, too, it looks like things will get underway on our favorite play soon.

ALSO the announcement that Helen Hayes will appear in "What Every Woman Knows," as her first picture when she returns to the coast this summer, is pretty cheering, too. This is James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" of course, and don't confuse it with any of those "I'm-going-to-have-a-baby" pictures. God forbid!

JEAN HARLOW has at last traded in the rather small yellow roadster she has had for the last couple of years—and which she always drove herself—for a smart looking new Cadillac all black and shiny. She was loping down Wilshire Boulevard in it the other day when a policeman on a motorcycle drew up beside her. Jean was quite annoyed, as the car was new, and she was only breaking it in with a mere twenty-five, so why the cop? Well, it seemed that the cop had a little girl at home who wanted a Jean Harlow autograph, so Jean, with a sigh of relief, gladly gave it to him. Possibly—say I who have driven with the Harlow—that was the first time the cop had ever been able to catch up with her, because that yellow car used to whizz like a streak of lightning.

MIRIAM Hopkins' two-year-old son, Mike, is on the way to join his mother in Hollywood via the Panama Canal. Miriam received a wire from Mike saying that he is stopping off in Havana to learn the rhumba.

[Continued on page 54]
CAROLE LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid

Charming star of Paramount's "We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is your skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.

CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine!"

"MY GREATEST ALLY"
Any camera plus Verichrome Film is the best combination yet for day-in and day-out picture-making...Verichrome works where ordinary films fail.

“I Don’t Care What You Say, As Long As You Mention My Name.” — George M. Cohan.

Lupe Velez was seen examining Jean Harlow’s new car while it was parked on the Metro lot. "What's that big thing on the back," Lupe asked. "A trunk," was the reply. "Well, it looks like a hearse," announced Mrs. Weissmuller, and walked away.

Tom Brown carries around a gold cigarette case that flies open on top and discloses a miniature of Anita Louise. For a time he felt for Lupe, as Lupino was going to break up that young love affair, for Tom and Ida were just like that. But Tom's back to his first love again, and Lupe is making those goo-goo eyes at Kent Taylor.

It's a miserable and hectic life Sidney Blackmer leads, what with the girlfriend, Mae Clarke, invariably up to some devilment. Upon a recent date, when Sidney phoned from picture location not far from Hollywood, Mae, anticipating his call, answered the phone. "Is Miss Clarke there,—this is Mr. Blackmer calling," Sidney began in one breath. "Meester Blackmer, he ees not here," Mae answered affecting the French maid's accent. "But I'm calling Miss Clarke. This is Mr. Blackmer speaking," urged Sidney. "But I tell you Meester Blackmer he ees not here. He ees out of town, he ees on location. He ees not here. Goodbye."

And poor Sidney didn't know until he reads this that Mae pulled that one on him.

By the way, a lot of stars impersonate their maids and butlers when they happen to answer the phone—just in case they don't want to talk to you. And being actors I must say that they are pretty good at it. But the real credit for good impersonations should go to the maids and cooks who talk (intentionally or not) I don't know just like their mistresses. Madge Evans' mother and maid and Madge all speak just alike over the phone and just as certain another says, "Hello, Madge"—it's the maid. But the most bewildering is Loretta Young's household, where two sisters, a mother, three maids and Loretta all sound exactly alike.

Credit the Hollywood Reporter with this—and it's well worth repeating. At a party the other night, Johnny Weissmuller was seated at the table opposite the wife of a famous star. Putting her arm across the table at him, she asked, "How do you like my new bracelet?" Johnny thinking of Lupe's yards and yards of diamond knock-knocks, took one look at the inch-wide bracelet, and without a smile, answered, "I live with twenty of those."

Everybody on the "Sadie McKee" set, electricians, grips, prop boys, script girls, just everybody, celebrated Lon Crawford's birthday by wearing gardenias. And an electrician in overalls and a gardenia is really something to look at.

While Alice White was trying on hats in a Los Angeles department store recently, a flaky woman came peeping up to her and asked to try on the hat Alice had just taken off. Then the woman jerkily tried it on herself and asked Alice to show her something more. The salesgirl was paralysed with fright—expecting a scene—but no, Alice entered into the spirit of the thing and sold the lady two hats—even making out a sales slip for them.

For a long time we've wanted to know the real meaning of "ham actor"—and, at last, John Barrymore to the rescue. One day on the "Twentieth Century" set John got reminiscent, verbose, and everything. The meaning of ham actor, John contributed, "comes from prior to Shakespeare's time when a grossly ham rind was used to remove the make-up. In those days it was the best thing known for this purpose, and a piece of ham could be used over and over again. Every actor who used make-up used this remover, and thus the term came to be applied. It's a misnomer and an unfair mistake to apply the term 'ham actor' in derision."

John Barrymore and Carole Lombard hit it off beautifully while working together on "Twentieth Century." Each is right there with the snappy answers. They do say that on the day Miss Lombard and Mr. Barrymore took pictures in the gallery for the movie magazines, practically the entire studio gathered at the key-hole, for there hadn't been so much wit-of-a-kind on the loose in years.

At a stag tennis tournament held recently at Bob Armstrong's ranch, Lew Ayres and Elliot Nugent walked off with the prizes, with Johnny Mack Brown and Billy Bakewell as runner-ups. Johnny Mack says his side would have won if Billy hadn't kept running in to call up Pulpy Ann Young (Loretta's sister) every few minutes.

After seeing "Many of Two Worlds," Francis Lederer's Eskimo picture, Jimmy Durante remarked, "I should have been an Eskimo. They kiss by rubbing noses. What a lover I'd have been."

Now that Ruth Chatterton has gone to New York and George Brent has gone back to Warner Brothers and definitely intimated that a divorce is in the offing, George is doing all the things that were never done, while Ruth is Miss Chatterton's husband. While waiting for Warners to get his next story ready, George is taking up both aviation and polo. And he is stepping out in various parties and to the Friday night fights with Kathryn Carver Menjou, the "ex" of Adolphe.

The rumors are that Ruth Chatterton will re-marry Ralph Forbes when she gets out of her present entanglement. Ruth, Ralph and George made quite a famous triangle in Hollywood and provided much speculation.

When Jack Oakie saw Claudette Colbert leaving her dressing-room for the stage, all made up as Cleopatra in a couple of wigs and a hand full of beads, he remarked philosophically, "History is what I like best."

The maddest man in Hollywood is Henry Wilcoxon, De Mille's English importation who will play Mark Anthony in "Cleopatra." Henry (he was in England but De Mille decided that wasn't dignified enough) arrived at the studio at seven o'clock on a nine o'clock call, because it takes him two hours to put on all his make-up and armor, but unfortunately the gateman and the fellow in the casting office didn't recognize him, so he was left to stand out in the cold and rain for a whole hour until another member of the cast arrived. When—he was mad. And if that wasn't enough, De Mille bawled him out for being late when he finally did arrive on the set.

Silver Screen for June 1934
How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats... Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it__________
Picture it_________with snapshots
ears or experiences is one more tiny thing to be added to the sum of knowledge she wants to lay upon that shrine, material which she wishes to use to advance her god. She has a delicate, sensitive profile, too young yet to show more than an eager promise of character, ash blonde hair, a taut, slim body which looks as if it walked often in wind and rain.

"I give you my word," she told me. "I haven't any interests outside my job. I have never been in a night club in my life. When people come to me and ask me questions about what I think about men and life, I haven't any answers because I have known so few men. I have known so little of life. I don't go in for sports or games or parties. I just work at my job... and think about it.

She is a little concerned about herself just now. She lives in a basement room in New York, on six dollars a week. Now she has a salary which makes her comfortable and she finds that she enjoys the security and the ease with which that salary can buy her. She has a guilty feeling that she should not let herself enjoy this comfort and ease. She should, at her age, be "living for her art." She has made up her mind that no matter what proportions her salary may reach, she will allow herself just so much (a modest sum) per week to spend. "Because, when my career is over and I must go back to living on what income has accrued to me, it may be a come-down. I think it is sensible, don't you, not to allow myself to become accustomed to spending more than I shall be able to spend later?"

She will fib about small things to make people comfortable and happy. But don't expect Jean to fib about anything which is connected with her work! If a mature and experienced actress asks, as a matter of mere courtesy, this immature girl what she has thought of a performance, Jean will tell her. "Oh, I get myself into lots of trouble!" she told me, earnestly, "I can't lie about things in the theater... any more than a woman in love can lie about her love! It is that important to me..."

I find in all these young women this same uncompromising honesty of opinion. They are all devotees of the theater and to all of them the Moscow group is the alpha and omega of all art. They may or may not know for what the Moscow group is reaching... but it is never-the-less important to them!

There is Katherine DeMille, the adopted daughter of Cecil de Mille. But she had rather you did not mention the relationship. She is as dark and intense as the other two were blonde and ditto. She has a restless, darting mind, she feels "limited," she says, by pictures. But she doesn't know what pictures have limited her from.

"I am interested in everything. Every thing that is, which has to do with the arts! A portentous saying for one so young. I fancy Miss Katherine will discover, in due time, that there is little life in which has not to do with these arts."

She was cheery when I told her that my friend and neighbor, that ripe trouper, Alison Skipworth, had said that nearly every person who makes anything important of himself is bewildered and confused about what he wants to do until he passes thirty.

"I feel so much better!" said Katherine. "I had begun to think that I simply had no character because I could not make up my mind. The 'breaks' in pictures seem to be coming my way and I am thrilled all out of proportion about that. But I know that there are so many other things in the world... I know that I shall be a better actress, if actress I am to be, when I have learned about a lot of things outside of acting."

This was her first interview and she took it with eagerness and a fair amount of poise and calmness. She was dieting. She wants to lose twenty pounds, although I am sure I couldn't imagine her will be left of her which will be visible at all, if she succeeds! She is a little cautious about dieting because she has lived for two years as a result of a too-terrific dose of it. This time she will proceed slowly and with care.

She is hardly pretty... this little De Mille. She is, rather, slight and vivacious and interesting. She might be twice her age... if you judged her by a first impression. It is only after she has talked to you a week, after she has fired her young, intense theories, that you realize how immature she really is.

Then there is Frances Drake. Now, here is a girl who has killed right much what all this is about! Frances, born in New York City, of a Scandinavian mother and a British father, was educated in England and brought to Hollywood as a new and startling "foreign discovery."

Frances is of the stuff that important women, women of history who have wielded influence in foreign affairs through their influence over men, are made of. As a very young child in Canada she was a run-away, an infantile and imaginative older girl. Fresh from English boarding schools, she was still an experimental young person. She proved that by becoming, willy-nilly, against family wishes, a professional night club dancer. She achieved a bit of stage experience and wound up in Hollywood under a long term contract to Paramount at the age of twelve.

She photographs gorgeous. If you were to meet her, you would see a slim young person with perfectly tremendous eyes, a deep, motherly voice, a taint of accent and an agile, alert intelligence. Life and the things she has learned about it have appalled her a little bit. But she has made a common sense adjustment to these matters. She has persuaded herself to face them and to say, "Well, if that is the way things are, that is the way I shall have to deal with them."

You feel, somehow, that Frances has done a bit of living, that she has known something of human emotion and reactions and passions, although she is so young. You feel, moreover, that she has learned and profited from the things that she has either seen or experienced. She is old, far beyond her years.

She resents it a little that she has been called upon to portray women who are older than herself, almost without exception, in her screen roles. Well, you couldn't cast Frances as an ingenue. There is a knowledge, an awareness in her eyes which would belie the part.

Perhaps it is merely that she is sensitive and intelligent, and imaginative enough to have learned things far beyond her years from observation and experience. I don't know. Her personal hopes and ambitions are young enough... Frances Drake feels, is never going to be a very happy person. She may be going to be an interesting and important one. The next time you see her in a picture, notice her melancholy eyes!

Well, here are some of our most promising spring buds. One or two of them will be stars. There can be no doubt about that. Possibly the tops of one or two will be blasted, disappointed. They are interesting, a shade more intensely than mere youth is interesting. The possibilities of these girls have been while they are still young. Their sophistication is startling. The intelligence with which they view pictures is arresting. Perhaps these are the modern qualifications for success.
smile which is so much a part of his winning personality and that never-failing sense of quiet good-humor.

"They won't have to wait," he replied. "We're closing up 'shop' for six weeks this summer. We're going to Central City in Colorado to give two weeks of Othello. We'll rehearse for three weeks. The Welsh miners built the opera house there years ago. But Othello has only been played in it twice before; once by Booth, and the other time Salvini." He chuckled. "That's something to live up to, eh?"

I agreed and eagerly begged for more information.

Robert Edmund Jones, Huston's brother-in-law, is to produce the Shakespearean tragedy, Stanley Ridges is to play the scheming Iago, and Mrs. Huston, known as Nan Sunderland on the stage, is to be the much harassed Desdemona.

Miss Sunderland, by the way, plays the part of "the other woman" in "Dodsworth"—the lady who gets Sam away from his selfish, intriguing side in the end—for which state of affairs even sophisticated audiences are desirous of shouting. Bravo! I was tempted to ask Huston how he felt about making love to his own wife on the stage. Was he embarrassed or self-conscious?

His grey eyes twinkled with inner laughter. "On the contrary," he replied, "we have a lot of fun playing together." Remembering how companionable and happy they appeared when entering the theatre together that evening, I could readily believe it.

It is easy to be happy and companionable when in the company of Walter Huston. There is nothing high-hat or stagy about him. In his spare time he likes to do carpenter work—and a man who "whittles" is generally jolly. It takes only a moment or two for him to give you that nice "we went to school together" feeling, which is decidedly comforting to an interviewer who is taking up a famous actor's time while he is making up for a performance, and the cue-boy is shouting—"On the stage in twenty minutes, Mr. Huston!"

"Don't hurry!" admonished Mr. Huston sociably, as I got up to go. "We can talk

New Hair Styles . . .

Created by Hollywood

But not for hair too DRY or too OILY

(above) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Helena-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

Help for DRY hair:
Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "enlomint" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoo. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

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If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fullness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO | PINE TAR SHAMPOO

for DRY hair | for OILY hair

(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should not look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

Madge Evans in a chic new visored cap and with gloves matching her jabot, seen here by Tim Gally to a first night in Hollywood.
some more." And so I settled down again and asked him to tell me something about Sinclair Lewis. Before he could do so, he was interrupted by a telephone call and a visit from Margaret Perry, the actress, and when he got around to me again he just had time for the following conversation, before he rushed down to the stage.

"When Lewis first met me, he kept telling his friends: You know that fellow, Huston. He's a hard man to get to know. Why, it took him all of two minutes to get around to calling me 'Red.'"

Incidentally, he will gather a fairish sort of impression of the personalities of these two theatrical Men of the Hour.

There was a time when it looked as if Warner's Huston's future screen identity would be linked irrevocably with his characterization of Abraham Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's graphic production of the martyred President. He played Honest Abe in such a way as to make him almost unnecessary to the life that it was only with difficulty that one could imagine him in any other role.

However, his flatteringly successful with succeeding roles in such pictures as "American Madness," "The Bad Man," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Desire Under the Elms," "If I Were King," and "Hell Below," put a quick stop to those grim preoccupations.

Just as "Gabriel Over the White House" remains his most outstanding screen characterization, so I think his remarkable study of Sam Houston, all his legitimate stage roles, surpassing even his great personal triumph as the bitter old man in Eugene O'Neill's tragic play, "Desire Under the Elms," remains his most outstanding screen characterization, so I think his remarkable study of Sam Houston, all his legitimate stage roles, surpassing even his great personal triumph as the bitter old man in Eugene O'Neill's tragic play, "Desire Under the Elms," still remains his most outstanding screen characterization.

How I wish that all of you who read this could dash right over to the Shubert Theatre and buy a ticket for "Dodsworth." What a time you'd have, even if you hadn't to pay the agencies a dollar more for your ticket. It would be cheap at twice what they demand.

But, knowing that a visit to New York is impossible for some of you, the next best thing I can suggest is a visit this summer to one of the Dude Ranches dotted so plentifully over the gorgeous mountains of Colorado.

Or, if you're still at the "toting school-books" stage, get your dad to send you to one of those swanky summer camps near Denver. Then you will be near at hand when Walter Huston and his company of New York players hit the Central City "Opry" House—where there's going to be some doin's, round about August, with Othello demanding "Desdemona, give me that handkerchief!"

It will be Colorado's Big Event of 1934 -scenestlised, of course if you'll pick the second edition of the Chicago World's Fair. See that you don't miss it!

Raft [Continued from page 28]

The new bride and groom, comparing notes on the marriage state. Left to Right: Johnny Weissmuller, Mrs. Bruce Cabot (Adrienne Ames), Mrs. Johny Weissmuller (Lupe Velez), Mrs. Gary Cooper (Sandra Shaw), Gary Cooper and Bruce Cabot.

in my ears, for four years I never smiled while dancing. I just danced. When I came to pictures I was still afraid. I didn't want to look funny. Walsh tricked me into it. He'd say something amusing as the scene started and before I knew it the camera caught me."

George laughed. His face lighted up, his teeth, even and very white, flashed in contrast to his olive skin. His smile added potent charm to his personality.

Just then, dapper Mack Gray, Raft's buddy, pal and "bodyguard," dashed in. These two have been aces for years, ever since Gray managed George's lively stick-up career.

Mack was armed with an autographed picture of Pepe Ortiz, premiere bullfighter of Mexico, who had just left for home after a two weeks' session teaching George the intricacies of the bullfighter's tricks for his next film, "The Trumpet Blows," to be made in Mexico.

George was as pleased as a small boy with the gift and there was a discussion as to where to place it. It finally went up over his davenport in the center of a group of photographs that included Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby, his close friends: and Chester, Clive Brook, Paul Muni—George's long-time admirers Muriel—Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns and Maxie Rosenblum, light heavyweight of the world.

Over his desk I noticed another group of pictures—Carole Lombard, Fay Wray, Mae West—he has known Mae for years—Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Silvia Sidney, Constance Cummings and Alison Skipworth—whom he calls his "best girl.

Between these two is a devoted friendship, a real admiration, formed during the filming of "Night After Night," and "Midnight Club."

"I like Bolero," George said, settling down once more in his chair. "It's based on the life of Maurice, the dancer. I knew him well and suggested the story to the studio. I hope it's a knockout."

"He does four dances in 'Bolero,'" took up Mack. "The Charleston, tango, waltz and Bolero."

"Funny, this is the first time I've had a chance to dance in a picture." George went on. "I do the Bolero with Carole Lombard; she's a swell dancer. We've to have the Ravel music, too. If this doesn't go big I might as well quit."

"He's to do 'Nick, the Greek,' after 'The Trumpet Blows,' and that's bound to make a killin'," Mack was enthusiastic.

That picture will complete my Paramount contract," said George. "Then I will take a four month's vacation. Go to Europe, maybe. After that? I don't know. I'm not much to plan ahead."

He isn't worrying. He probably knows that Paramount and several other major studios have their eyes on him. George Raft's screen career has just started.

"I'm saving my money, buying Government Bonds," he told me. "If I can't get what I think I'm worth in pictures, I'll never hang around the fringes and squawks. I can always dance."

"He's restless, can't stay still," supplemented Mack. "Hard's work I have is getting him to bed. He loves the night clubs, can't leave 'em. Likes the music,
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REVIEW

EYES
around this, and into this is woven yards and yards of fun.

Dick Powell plays the young singer discovered in a Hollywood beer garden and taken to New York by Pat O'Brien. Ginger Rogers is grand as his girl. Then gets him into trouble, and when he tries to get him out of it, he finds that his little girl is a grand success. He then arranges to have Winx in every shop, and take home. She never misses. We shall start a campaign for more Rogers right away.

GLAMOUR
Rating: 25—"What Shall I Do!"

EYES

The fascinating story of an actress—reallistically and sincerely acted by Constance Cummings and Philip Reed, a newcomer to the screen, who certainly wins his spurs in this picture. First we see Connie as a dumb but determined little lass, who's got her own ways of doing things. She's so stubborn, gets herself married to Paul Lukas, a famous theatrical composer, and with his assistance and her own determination blossoms into a musical comedy star. She reads where having a baby will increase her young woman's acting—so she has a baby. Anything to reach the heights, of course. But it's not happy.

There are fittenings, and interviews, and rehearsals, and she quickly becomes utterly exhausted, and allows herself to be taken in by a charmer and leading man, the dark-haired, romantic looking Philip Reed. She doesn't need her husband any longer—she is internationally famous—so she divorces him and leaves her baby and marries Philip in England. Philip becomes the rage of London, but she bites her lip and faces it—until she catches him one night with her understudy. She returns to America and Paul just in time to see her baby die and Paul's career go to smash. In her first time in life she understands the meaning of a woman's love—and does the logical thing.

MELODY IN SPRING
Rating: 30—"Lanny Ross sings in The Spring Tea"—Paramount

HERE'S Lanny Ross' first picture, girls, and what he can do with an old-time cornet should be investigated by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Suffice it to say, his voice is beautiful, and you just sort of wish he'd keep on singing forever.

The picture itself is as light and gay as its title, and thoroughly amusing. When we found Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland playing Mama and Papa again, we knew that life was being just too good to us. Our favorite comedy team, and this time they even overdo themselves. Just wait until you see Mary Boland look at the Three Girls Sistehs and say in great disgust, "A litter," just wait until you hear Charlie Ruggles, as the very soul of a typical Frenchman, make sly fun of the fact that the舞台 is a real Swiss Alp.

Charley plays Mr. Blodgett, the world's largest manufacturer of dog biscuits, and Mr. Blodgett's beautiful wife, Billie Burke and Billie Burke and Beulah Bondi—and some hilariously funny situations. And then, all of a sudden, when everybody has had a wonderful time, somebody at the studio said, "She's got to have a baby!"—just then, the finale begins.

FRANCES Dee gives a sincere and beautiful performance of the poor little rich girl, and Bruce Cabot, as the boy friend (my word, a young doorman) tries to look the job and in time to keep her from committing suicide, is quite good. Billie Burke, as the flighty, bit-part of a mother is simply exalted to a high plane of performance. And the climax of the story can hardly be expressed in words.

TO rid themselves of the annoying Lanny Ross, who wants to get on the Blodgett radio hour and also marry their daughter, the Blodgetts flee to Europe, finally ending up in a little Swiss Village. And what fun!
Ann Sotheby plays the daughter quite delightfully. When Papa Charlie has just about ruined her romance, she takes things into her own hands and there's an ending that's a knock-out. Right merry it all is—and you really shouldn't miss it.

THREE ON A HONEYMOON
Rating: 41°—Clap Hands, Here Comes ZaSu—Fox

Zasu Pitts has rescued more pictures than William S. Hart did girls in the old days, when every little star found herself, in the last reel, a prisoner in the bad bandits' lair. And ZaSu can now chalk up another to her credit. The story is about a young madcap girl (Sally Eilers) whose father sends her on a cruise around the world to get some of the cursedness out of her. There's a romance, a blackmail plot and a suicide, and there's Henrietta Crosman giving an amusing impersonation of a woman of the world—but above all there's ZaSu.

THE CRIME DOCTOR
Rating: 65°—At Last, The Perfect Crime—RKO

A MYSTERY story that lets you in on the mystery from the very beginning—but there's a trick ending which will come as a great surprise. Otto Kruger, calm and charming as ever, plays a super-detective who has his own little ideas about the perfect crime. Of course he can't resist experimenting.

Karen Morley returns to the screen in this picture, and if you feel about Karen the way we do that's something to cheer about. She plays Otto Kruger's wife, and naturally there's "another man" to make the triangle complete, and, as he turns out to be Nils Asther, our joy is complete. Judith Wood plays excellently one of those very naughty girls. It's worth your time.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS
Rating: 36°—Tor-Fa-Bor. Be Careful—and You Too, George—Paramount

George Raft is a bull-fighter in his latest opus, which unfortunately is not one of his best. There are some swell fighting sequences which the boys tell me are the most thrilling things they've seen in years, perfectly marvelous shots, with the bulls tossing the toreadors, and the toreadors getting even with the bulls. Being oh-so-girlish we like croquet better.

George, it seems, doesn't really want to be a bull-fighter, but is goaded into it because his brother (Adolphe Menjou) calls him yellow, and because he's in love with the same girl his brother is. The girl is Frances Drake, and she dances a mean thumba in one of the earlier scenes. The highlights of the picture are, with the exception of the bulls—a bit played by Nydia Westman as the respectable Mexican girl George is supposed to marry, and Sidney Tolner, the faithful bodyguard who can do the most hysterical things with his eyes.

WILD CARGO
Rating 54°—Animas—and What a MAN!—RKO

Here's the long awaited sequel to "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and just as interesting and exciting as its predecessor. This time a python kills a black leopard and another python swallows a pig. And Mr. Frank Buck himself has a hand-to-hand battle with a cobra which is enough to make the blood run cold and bring out the goose pimples. If pythons and cobras aren't your dish exactly—they aren't mine—you'll be more than pleased with the incidents that happen to a wise monkey after a honey bear. Papa, buy me a honey bear.

IS THE SMARTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS

Current fashions are built around youthful curves. Figures must be graceful, slim and rounded in the right places.

To look well in the new gowns, many of us must reduce. We must exercise. We must watch our meals. The carefully planned diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skin may turn sallow. Eyes become dull.

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YOU'RE TELLING ME
Rating: 60*/5—Ike'd—Paragon
If you like W. C. Fields, and who doesn't, here's a well-set table for you with all of W. C.'s tricks dished up in tasty style. This time our favorite comic plays a happy-go-lucky inventor who hits the bottle consistently—much to his wife's annoyance. Every time his wife (Louise Carter) has a chance of getting in with Society (you know how it is in small towns) Fields comes home drunk and queues everything. He even quells the marriage between his daughter, Joan Marsh, and Buster Crabbe, son of the richest family in town, and the best snobs. Much of the comedy is old, but it is amazing how uncontrollably hilarious the audience becomes at Fields' gentle patience, when trills like glue and tissue paper interrupt his drive on the new golf course.

By a fluke poor Fields' non-puncture tires puncture at the demonstration, and he is pretty low about it all—even contemplates suicide. But, on the train, he meets the Princess Lescaboura (Adrienne Ames), who is traveling around on a dull lecture tour. She takes an immediate liking to him, learns about all his troubles, and visits his home—which starts a social revolution in Crystal Springs.

Fields' wife now has a chance to don the lacquerets and his daughter is urged to marry Buster by Buster's title-struck mother (played by Cathleen Howard). Fields is ridiculously funny throughout—though the plot does get a bit strained at times.

RIPTIDE
Rating: 56*/5—Norma is forgiven and Why Not—MGM
It seems that a great love sends a wife scurrying home when the husband's former flame (played by the ever-enchanting Joan Blondell) returns to town, but the host (Buster Keaton) is the undying, unforgiving type. In his usual vein of comedy, Keaton plays a boy who yet again finds himself in a predicament. He has been separated from his wife, and in order to get his wife back, he must prove his worthiness. The picture is remarkable for the elegance of the settings and the fashions are supposed to be worthy of study. The entire responsibility falls upon Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed the picture. Its principal fault is that Norma seems to have too much fun with Montgomery. It is impossible to believe that her great love for Marshall did not lose a little sincerity.

Can She Repeat?
[Continued from page 25]
When interviewers go prowling around looking for her, she is usually discovered high up on some beams, sprawled out on her stomach swapping adventure yarns with a couple of the electricians. When the company lays off for lunch, she joins the workmen and goes to the lunch counter with them. There is a very nice room in

Goin' to Town!
Gay! Carefree! Bubbling over with enthusiasm! Life's worth living when digestion is good, when annoying little irritations aren't gnawing at your disposition.

To help keep digestion in trim, chew Beeman's. Chew it often. Chew it after meals. It is pure, wholesome, helpful—it aids digestion.

And its flavor is delicious—smooth, cool, and refreshing. And kept fresh, too—for the new Triple Guard Pack guarantees Beeman's fragrant freshness until you puncture the air-tight wrap. Try Beeman's now!

Chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum

AIDS DIGESTION

Alan Dinehart supports Harold Lloyd in "The Cat's Paw," the first Lloyd comedy in many months. Dinehart is the villain of the piece.
connection with the Universal restaurant called the Indian Room, where the stars and directors and writers feed themselves and their friends in luxury and oblige room. But not for Margaret. She swings herself up on a stool at the lunch counter with all the Wrong People. She knows more of the Wrong People than I do. Margaret says that the electricians are the only real human beings in Hollywood—and I wouldn't be at all surprised but what Margaret's right. She can't stand swank and pretense, so that practically lets everybody out except the electricians.

When the day's work is done Margaret goes loping home in her Ford roadster, none too new, with the top down and the wind blowing her hair in every direction. She lives in Cold Water Canyon, in a rented house, with a devoted colored maid and a little Scoutie named Peter. Right now Margaret is devoting her life to weaving her lawn—and Peter is helping assiduously. As soon as the last "take" is okayed, Margaret slips out of her demure little Lammhurt dresses and pulls on an old pair of corduroy pants and a pongee shirt. No frills and ruffles for her.

If she gets a day away from the studio she goes driving through the country having a swell time, and usually by herself—she never can tell you exactly where she went because details mean nothing to her. She's in love with the adventure of living. If she gets several days off from the studio she usually goes to a dude ranch on a fishing spree, for she is a most enthusiastic angler.

Before meeting Margaret Sullavan I was convinced that her desire for simplicity and privacy, her exaggerated inferiority complex, and her abhorrence of publicity and the Best People (even Garbo selected her friends from the Best People) was all just another act. Of course our little village is a place where nothing is done off the screen than on. Better performances are given at the Mayfair and the Coconut Grove, not to mention when "ex" meets "ex" in the early morning at the Clover Club, than you'll ever see on the screen, alas. And the word natural hasn't been heard around here in years except at crap games. Everyone is jaded, garrulous, or mysterious, or exotic, or utterly charming, or utterly gross that when a perfectly normal and natural girl comes along, doing and saying what a perfectly normal and natural girl would do and say, everybody up and whispers, "She's putting on an act." Having been deluged with kindness and insincerity for months on end I regret to say I joined in the whispering. But no more.

Margaret Sullavan isn't any more putting on an act than she is kitten, chasing grasshoppers out in the patio. She really is shy and sensitive, she really prefers being by herself, and she really believes she is a rotten actress. She is completely unspoiled—and heaven help us, may she remain so. It is most refreshing to meet someone in Hollywood who doesn't expect you to be a person you're not, hasn't called her last portrait sitting, who doesn't tell you that she is ruining her, who doesn't gospip about the other stars—and who very frankly tells you that she doesn't care at all about meeting you. It's delightful.

Margaret is so convinced that she is a rotten actress and has a lot to learn that she was simply sick all over when she saw herself in "Only Yesterday." She fled immediately to New York and started looking for another stage play. When her last portrait sitters and publicists and the like wrung their hands and asked her to spare them space in a local trade paper to help advertise it, Margaret wrote back, "I have seen 'Only Yesterday.' The next space I reserve will be in the obituary column." She simply doesn't believe she was any good in that picture and if you tell her so she thinks you are being politely insincere.

There was the time she ran into the late Lilian Tashman at the Colony Club—Margaret's one venture into Hollywood's night life. Lilian came up to her and said, "Aren't you the girl in 'Only Yesterday'? My dear, you were perfectly marvelous. You gave a divine performance..." and Lilian raved on and on just as we all do in Hollywood.

"Thank you," said Margaret and walked away.

"Someone ought to teach that child some manners," Lilian said.

When Margaret heard that she had hurt Lilian Tashman by her brusqueness, and that it was the consensus of opinion that she had acted most rudely, the poor girl was so upset she actually cried. She didn't mean to be rude. But being called "marvelous" floored her so completely that she couldn't think of anything to say. If Lilian had said, "Margaret Sullavan, do you know a good place to catch trout?" Margaret would have stood there talking until they shut up the place.

But she just can't talk about herself. And she can't get used to the good old Hollywood illusions.

There's a scene in "Little Man, What Now?" where Margaret has to walk in the rain. This scene—contrary to custom—had to be taken many times, and Margaret was drenching wet when it was over. "Well, I guess now you'll agree that Sullavan is all wet," she said as she wrung out her clothes.

"Yeah, you might just as well agree with Margaret that she's rotten and avoid an argument. (But you can keep your fingers crossed.) If you like Peter Pan, and Huckleberry Finn, and that Frannie faced girls next door who gets such a kick out of her Girl Scout uniform, you've just got to like Margaret Sullavan.

---

Macaroons a Child Can Make!

2 cups shredded Condensed Milk
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 cup shredded coconut


- What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet baking these crunchy, crispy, coconut macaroons makes a tremendous hit! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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The Victory for Beauty

[Continued from page 27]

was forced to submit to pounding by masseuses and trainers, and she has learned to forego some of these heavy dishes in favor of salads and fruit juices.

Incidentally, you remember the favorite vintage of pre-repeal days, bathtub gin, was made at home because it was much safer if not cheaper. Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. Anna drinks what might be called bathtub vodka-Russian firewater made at home by her husband, Eugene.

Sten lives unpretentiously at home. For a long time she had only one servant—a maid-of-all-work—and only this one because she was so busy with English lessons and studio work that she did not have time to keep up the house. When her big boss and his wife (the Samuel Goldwyns) dressed formally, came one night to dine with their new star, they were surprised to find Sten serving the dinner, a huge Russian meal, from the kitchen herself. Once recovered from their surprise, they had a swell time.

Always the subject of great speculation and curiosity in Hollywood, Sten has mingled in the mob, unrecognized by it from the start. I imagine that Mr. Goldwyn would have been quite startled if he had known that his mystery lady was frequenting the "hot spots" of the community under the name of her husband, Frenke. At Palm Springs, where she has spent much time, she could be found almost every night at the gaming tables—for, like most foreigners, she likes games of chance.

Shoulder-to-shoulder with more publicized stars, but unknown to them, she used to sit at the black jack tables and play far into the night. Sometimes she was accompanied by her husband and sometimes by her tutor, Mrs. Knapp.

Incidentally, would you like to hear the details of Sten's mastery of English and perfection of the diction which you hear in Nana? Everything was done with mirrors. Mrs. Knapp would pronounce a sound in the mirror, Sten would watch and imitate her. After she had achieved English sound, the same procedure, with mirrors, was followed with words, then sentences, then stories. All of this before the mirror.

"Although she learned English an extremely difficult and arduous task—there was not one familiar sound in the Russian language—I have never had a more intelligent pupil," Mrs. Knapp told me. "Or one more appreciative of the fine things in art and the theatre."

"She was simply mad about the poet Shelley. She liked De Maupassant, Wilde, Molnar and your American O. Henry. She
loves the theatre and one of her favorite actresses last year was Eugene Leontovich in "Twentieth Century." Sometimes she became very sad about her progress. I have known the days when she would weep and weep over her seeming lack of progress and over the difficulties we were having with 'Nina.' Always when the storm was over, she would regain her natural cheerfulness and say, 'Well, if I don't suit them, I can always go home,' and back to work she would go.

For Anna Sten, as you may know, was a great actress abroad before she came to America. She was one of the great darlings for Ufa in Germany. Born in Kiev, Russia, her early training was in the Moscow Art Theatre. From her accounts, her childhood was accompanied by indescribable want, privation and suffering. Through tremendous physical and mental difficulties, she fought her way to the top. And it is no wonder that she has fought so successfully in Hollywood.

Deeply attached to her mother, a tiny Russian woman whose hands are marked with toil and whose face is lined with the furrows that come only from hardship and struggle, Sten had her mother visit her for several months last year. She brought her all the way from Russia. Although Anna tried to give her mother clothes, suits and things she thought she had always wanted, Mother Stenski disdained them and continued to wear her own Russian skirts and blouses.

Mother Stenski enjoyed playing with little Anna, who is in the house. No, not Anna Sten's own daughter, but her step-child, a daughter by a former marriage of Frenke's. The child adores Sten and attempts to copy her in voice, mannerisms and even to clothes.

When Mother Stenski was here, Anna and her husband, who, incidentally, pursues his own independent career of making short subject pictures, lived in a simple home in Beverly Crest. Now, they are in their new home at Santa Monica, quite one of the most amazing pieces of modern architecture in Southern California.

Two complete sides of the house are in plate glass, so the sun can flood it at all hours of the day. From the living room you have one of the finest views in California. As Dr. Frenke told me, as we sat and sipped cognac while I waited to see Anna, "There to the West is Vladivostok, there to the East are the mountains of America. When we are homesick, we look across the Pacific to Russia; when we are happy about this new country, we look toward the high peak which we must figuratively climb."

Somehow, it seems to me that this setting is symbolically right for Anna Stenski—a setting in which she can look deeply Westward toward her beloved Russia, or Eastward toward the high peaks of America which she so fast outsurmounting!

THERE is laughter sweeping over Holly-
wood at the new game everyone is playing. It is called the "title and name" game. The idea is to mention a star and then the name of an actress, at all which seems to describe him. The following were gleaned at one Hollywood luncheon:

Jimmy Durante, "The Trumpet Blows"

Lupe Velez, "Viva la Honor and Oh, Boy!"

Elissa Landi, "S.O.S. Iceberg"

Clark Gable, "Dark Hazard"

Mae West, "Enter Madame!"

Jean Harlow, "Hips, Hips, Hurray!"

Georgie Raft, "The Lady Is Willing"

Josef von Sternberg, "Fu Man Chu"

Jeanette MacDonald, "Ekimo"

Iriging Thalberg, "The Little Man"

Sally Rand, "We're Not Dressing"

Will Hays, "Alias the Deacon"

Mary Pickford, "It's Tough to Be Famous"

Sun Goldwyn, "Another Language"
Whispering Tongues!

[Continued from page 51]

making absurd demands. When that happened, I went to the studio executives and told them that I was sorry for the bad publicity, and for the spot on which I had placed them. I said to them, “I'm ready to return to work at my old salary, and you needn't give me more unless you believe I am worth it.” A few days later I was called into conference and I was given a new contract with just double my old salary, which was more than I had asked for.

Naturally, I am extremely happy, more so because this new contract was a voluntary offer on the part of the studio officials. Am I living at home with my parents, or with my husband, or both?

Both. Hal (Rosson, Miss Harlow's husband) and I live in a house with our parents. The house has two wings, and our two families are just as widely separated as they would be if we all lived in separate apartments in the same building. The rumor that Hal lived elsewhere started soon after our marriage. We leased an apartment, but before we could move into it, we went by it for an apendectomy. From the hospital, I went to my own home, where there were better facilities for a sick person. Hal moved to the house, too, but since we had paid our rent in advance for the apartment, we kept it until the lease was up. Because of that, a few gossips got the idea that Hal and I were living apart.

Are my mother and step-father about to separate?

To be quite frank with you, Jimmie, this is the first time I have heard this rumor. Of course, they are not. Only a few days ago I invited you out to dinner. You'll remember that it was the day that dinner was the seventh wedding anniversary of my mother and step-father. Remember the flowers? Remember how we all kissed the seven-year bride and groom? There were just the six of us at the dinner—my mother, my step-father, Carmelita Geraghty, you, Hal and myself. I think we all will testify to the happiness of my parents.

Are you having an operation performed to change the appearance of your nose?

Absolutely not! Sometimes in the near future, when I have finished my next pictures, I think, I expect to have a very slight operation performed on the nasal passage of my nose. It is a ten minute operation for which I will receive only a local anesthetic.
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Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor and Lida Veblin (right) at the fourth birthday party of the Deimos, a club made up of women movie stars.

Silver Screen for June 1934

Magic! [Continued from page 19]
way three years ago.

To please Cedric she has learned to play tennis and to swim and derives real pleasure from both. Her tennis court has been hailed by Tilden as the best private court in the west. When she lies lazily in the sun beside her swimming pool, or romps with Michael, her white bull of whom she is inordinately proud, she is a different woman from the ambition-tortured girl of former days.

One more thing Dolores learned from those two fallow years when she was enriching herself—she learned to wait. When she returned to the screen after her illness, her first success (also her first hit in talking pictures) was "Bird of Paradise." In it she played a native girl, and after that the only offers she received were for similar parts.

She had the courage to refuse those offers even though she knew it was important to her to make another picture as soon as possible. She refused them because she knew they would identify her with such parts, and she would never get a chance to do anything else. Quietly, firmly, she held out for the chance to play a rôle in modern clothes—because she knew her whole future in the talkies depended on it.

Almost a year elapsed before she was offered the lead in "Flying Down to Rio." It was not a rôle which offered spectacular acting opportunities—but it gave her a chance to prove that she could wear clothes and that she could score at the box-office without appearing in the semi-nude.

"Wonder Bar" followed and established Dolores as something more than a ravishing example of Latin beauty. As a result she was signed to a long term contract by Warner Brothers—and in that contract is an iron-clad clause which specifies that she shall never be asked to play a native girl rôle! Proving that when Dolores makes up her mind to something the opposition might as well give in and there.

As an example of their faith in their new star Warners have handed Dolores one of the most glamorous acting opportunities of the year—a rôlè in "Du Barry." She feels it is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, chances of her career. As the gay, gallant mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, who met her fatal downfall with a shrug and a—what-the-hell-I've-had-a-grand-time attitude, Dolores should be magnificent. At any rate her "what the hell" has been well rehearsed!

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I't's a charming, simple little dress beautifully cut, as you would expect. Over the frock—and this is its telling feature—there is worn a vasty becoming plastron affair which slips over the head and under the belt, and is tied with a little knot at the throat. It is entirely separate from the gown itself, and should you have two or more of these little affairs made to go with the one dress, one of a fancy fabric and the other of a plain one—well, you are just that much more clever! By the way, should you prefer to have just the little cape without the vest part, it is bien possible, as the French say—the pattern is perforated across the front just where the cape ends and the vest begins.


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Pattern of Madge Evans' dress (No. SS117)

Size

Fashion Book? Yes or No.

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Silver Screen for June 1934

News from the Studios

(Continued from page 25)

After missing "The Circus Clown" (formerly known as "Sawdust") for two successive months, I finally run into it the last day of shooting. I knew my luck couldn’t hold forever. This time the scene is the interior of the tent where the circus crew sleeps.

It’s night and the crew is all asleep. Joe E. Brown is asleep, too, when suddenly happy, one of the lions has gotten loose, stalks in. He moises around for awhile, pauses at Joe E.’s cot and licks the bottom of his feet, and Joe E. wakes up. There’s more to the scene they tell me, but when you’re working with lions you have to make a scene a little at a time.


"THE CIRCUS CLown"

Happy Howard . . . . Joe E. Brown
Alice . . . . Patricia Ellis
Belva . . . . Jack Oakley
Donald Dillaway
Happy as boy . . Gordon Evans
Harry Woods
Dickie . . . . Ronnie Como
Slim . . . . Lee Moran
Barker . . . . Earl Hodgings
Ringmaster . . . . Wm. Davidson

Over at Universal

IT IS humming with activity here this month. Five (count em—5) pictures going. One of them, "Little Man, What Now?" starring Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery, is not shooting today because Frank Borzage’s father has just passed on. But the others are going full blast. Here’s the cast which will give you something to chew on until next month.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Lammechan . . . . Margaret Sullivan
Hans Pinneberg . . . Douglas Montgomery
Jachman . . . . Alan Hale
Mia Pinneberg . . . Catherine Doucette
Emil Kleinholz . . .DeWitt Jennings
Marta Kleinholz . . . Bodil Rosing
Marie Kleinholz . . . Muriel Kirkland
Kleinholz, Jr. . . . Donald Haynes
Shultz . . . . George Meeker
Lauderbad . . . . Paul Fix
Dr. Sesam . . . . Carlos de Valdez
Nurse . . . . Hedda Hopper
Beverly . . . . Mae Marsh
Widow Scharenbofer . . . Sarah Padden
Mr. Sesam . . . . Tom Ricketts
Lehman . . . . Frank Reicher
Kessler . . . . Murray Kimmel

Then, there’s "Half a Sinner" from the successful stage play, "Alias the Deacon." It starred Berton Churchill on the stage and he’s playing the same part in the picture. It’s all about a crook who masquerades as a deacon.

Today he’s in a small town, in his usual disguise, addressing a group of women in a crusade against profligating.

It’s the parlor of the hotel. There is a fireplace with a screen in front of it, double doors leading to the hall, a bay window with some fancy wooden grillwork over it, and lace curtains over the windows.

Gay Seabrook (as Louella) and Theresa Maxwell Conover (as Mrs. Gregory) are seated on the divan, when in comes Alex- andra Carlisle (as Mrs. Clark) with the Deacon. Here is a scene from the assembled women, Alex smilingly waits for it to subside before she speaks. "Ladies," she says, "It is my proud privilege to introduce, Deacon. Miss Seabrook, who will address us . . . on the evils of brutal athletic contests."

The Deacon is "taking it big" as Miss Carlisle finishes her speech, she walks over to the divan and seats herself between Gay and Miss Seabrook, while the Deacon, with great unctuousness, begins: "My dear sitters, I am extremely honored at being called upon to address your worthy organization. The theme I am to use is ‘Sub’ the fair name of this charming little exhibition be discarded by prissies, and other brutal sports, and their attendant gambling? That is . . . I mean, at this point . . . let me pause to say . . . that I am personally opposed to all manner of brutality."

There is much applause. "Isn’t he simply darling? Gay murmurs, bending her lips towards Miss Carlisle’s ears.

Miss Seabrook gives a feasible imitation of Gracie Allen that throws me into a cold fury. The imitators of Miss Allen and their ilk are a plague and should be done to prohibit people, who haven’t personality enough of their own to make a hit, from traducing off the characteristics other people have developed.

"HALF A SINNER"

Deacon . . . . Berton Churchill
John Adams . . . . Joel McCrea
Phyllis . . . . Sally Blane
Louella . . . . Gay Seabrook
Willy . . . . Mickey Rooney
Jim Cunningham . . . . Slim Sullivan
Chief Hobo . . . . Russell Hopston
Bull Moran . . . . Guinan Williams
Mrs. Gregory . . . . Theresa Maxwell Conover
Mrs. Clark . . . . Alexandra Carlisle
Sheriff . . . . Reginald Barlow
Rumplesley . . . . Bert Reach
Radio announcer . . . . Walter Brennan

Gritting my teeth in helpless rage I storm on to the next set, which turns out to be a picture called "Embracing Moments." It’s the first-day of shooting and stars my old pal, Chester Morris. Hell’s bells, madam, nobody can stay mad around Chester. He subscribed and borrowed back from the French windows in the corner, and with only a few books in them. Well, Chester always says he doesn’t get much time for reading, so I guess a few are enough.

Chester takes his place by the French doors, looking out into the garden. He turns back into the room with a quizzical expression, (There, Gert, is an expression you hardly ever knew you had!) scratches his head, starts into the room, stops, goes back and closes the door and matches over to the chest of drawers. Sus
deuly he looks up at an oil painting of an elderly gentleman and rest his chin in his hand as he regards it. "Well, Aloysius," soliloquizes Chester, "what does one do when there's a crowd?"

But Aloysius doesn't know the answer and a moment later the director yells "Cut."

"I wish," says the practical Chester to Edward Laemmle, the director, "that there could be some reason for me to come over to this chest. If I just happened to glance up and saw the painting, and then talked to it it would be a lot more logical than for a man to deliberately walk up to a picture and start gibbering to it."

After a short conference it is decided Chester will put his handkerchief in one of the drawers of the chest before the scene starts, and then open the drawer and take the handkerchief out while the camera is grinding. That will give him an excuse for walking over that way.

This seems like a little thing but, to be bromide, it's the little things in pictures, as well as in life, that count.

The scene over, Chest comes up with outstretched hand. "Dick!" he says, just as though he was really glad to see me. "Ches!" I echo fervently. I can act as well as he can, even if I only get paid for writing.

"Lunch?" Ches suggests and I begin to think I may be wrong. Perhaps he is glad to see me.

"Sure," I acquiesce.

"Oh," says Ches, his face clouding, "I forgot. I have to study at noon. They've just handed me eight 'sides' (pages) of script to learn for this afternoon's shooting."

But I bear up under the blow. I just remembered I've promised to take Jackie Cooper horseback riding this P.M.—if I get through in time.

And if I don't hurry I won't.

"EMBARRASSING MOMENTS"

Jerry-fired Chester Morris
Jane-fried Marion Nixon
Paul-played Walter Woolf
Runyon-died Henry Armetta
Aecham-died Alan Mowbray
Al-locked John Wray
Morgans-hit Henry Armetta
Miss Rudd-stayed Gay Seabrook
Bartender-watched Herman Bing
Mrs. Steiburger-eaten by Evelyn Beresford
Saunders-salem Charles E. Coleman
Mother-wasted Jane Darwell

EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just half a minute!

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—after you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum immediately.

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor without preventing the perspiration itself.


"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

"Peg's engagement is broken!"

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

Jacqueline Wells, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are together in "The Black Cat." It has more chills than a Frigidaire.

There's "The Black Cat," in which Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are trying to scare each other as well as the public, and when I say "scare each other" I mean off screen as well as on. From all reports the gents don't like each other any better personally than they do in character.
It seems—in the picture—Karloff, having stolen a man's identity, has been sent to prison and tortured, then killed his wife and marked her as missing. Released from prison twenty years later, Lugosi is on his way back for vengeance when he runs into Dr. Danielle Wells, who is there on their honeymoon. They become friendly on the train and find they are getting off at the same station. The three of them take a bus to their destination, but on route there is an accident, and the bus crashes. Jacqueline is knocked unconscious. David and Lugosi, aided by the latter's servant, Harry Cooledge, carry Jacqueline to the nearest house, which, of course, turns out to be Karloff's.

To make a long story short as possible, Karloff is high priest of the cult of Satanism and he intends sacrificing Jacqueline that night.

Everywhere she looks there is nothing but barren cement walls and dilapidated passages. Jacqueline in a pink crepe ritual gown is wandering among the wet cement in the room slippers and wooden socks.

"Ready, action," calls Director Edgar Ullmer. Jacqueline wanders into the scene, and sees an unconscious man on the floor and a wounded one on the stanchion.

"Scream," instructs Ullmer from the sidelines.

Jacqueline opens her mouth but no sound comes out. Then she starts running wildly down one of the passages to a gate at the end of it.

"Cut," says Ullmer.

Actresses rarely scream in pictures. They hire girls who make a specialty of screaming to do that, so the actresses can save their voices. The scream will be dubbed in later.

It wouldn't be fair to tell you the rest of the story, but let me caution you that it is not a picture for children.

"THE BLACK CAT"

Poelzig: Karloff

Dr. Verdegast: Bela Lugosi

Peter: David Manners

Joan: Jacqueline Wells

Karen: Lucille Lund

Majoromo: Egon Brecher

Maid: Anna Duffman

Conductor: Andy Devine

Car Steward: Herman Bing

The fourth of Universal's output for this month is called "The Humbug." It is directed by Max Marcin, whom I remember chiefly as the author of that uproarious farce, "Three Live Ghosts," which introduced Beryl Mercer and Robert Montgomery to cinema goers.

This is a fairly pretentious set. A living room, again, and a priest's room. Jane Meredith is sitting on a green chair, of French period design. She is either an invalid or she's recuperating from an illness. She has on a blue lace negligee, which is too small for the nightgown she is wearing under it. Her legs, Virginia Kani (who played "one of the girls"—if you know what I mean—in the Coast production of "Salior Beware") is standing beside her in a nurse's uniform. She is mixing something in a tray.

"Good heavens, Mary!" exclaims Miss Meredith. "That's enough! Here's a doctor who doesn't need medicine and look at the results he gets."

Virginia glances at the magazine in Jane's lap and sees a picture of Miss Collellander. "Oh!" she says, and I can tell from her attitude that something is wrong, but Miss Meredith is too busy admiring Nils to notice her nurse's perturbation.

"Good looking, too," observes Jane cocking her head admiringly to one side. They say all he has to do is look at you and it goes right up your spine."

"THE HUMBUG"

Dr. Alexis Collellander: Nils Asther

Alice Trask: Gloria Stuart

Dr. Normand: Robert/arm

Roger Loft: Alan Dinehart

Valerie Loft: Jane Meredith

Mary Williams: Virginia Kani

Larry Chapman: John Brown

Jules Glass: John Way

At Paramount

PANAMA T, too, is buying with activity. Juliet Haig, who usually escort me around the sets, is weak from a recent attack of flu and, besides, she's busy writing her radio broadcast, so I volunteer to go. The first place I wander into is the restaurant.

At a table against the wall sits Tom Brown in solitary grandeur. "Hello," he says, "come on over."

As I sink into the seat opposite him he adds—most genially—"It's your turn to buy lunch."

I shoot him a dirty look but Tom has his nose buried in a portion of fresh lobster salad and doesn't notice.

"What you been up to?" Tom asks, finally getting his mouth empty and keenly noticing, ordering a porterhouse steak, hash brown potatoes, asparagus (not yet in season), strawberry shortcake and a glass of wine.

"No good," I mutter, thinking that my luncheon check if translated into francs could easily be mistaken for the French war indemnity.

"Coming over to the set?" Tom asks politely.

"I'm going on the sets," I announce coldly.

The prospect of this luncheon check is still ranking.

"I'll take you around," Tom volunteers.

"I've got to stick around but I probably won't work all afternoon."

At a nearby table sits Ida Lupino—who announced at a party that she had just got out of doing a Bing Crosby picture only to be thrust into one with Richard Arlen. "Know her?" asks Tom, jerking his head in her direction.

"I've met her," I admit.

"Is she an advent?" Tom exclaims.

"Too cold looking," I announce judicially.

"That's the way I like 'em," Tom assures me.

By the time I've digested this startling bit of news Tom has finished his steak and his portable case of whipped cream from his shortcake around his lips and the waitress is there with the check. "I take the bad news and we start out."

Vander abaixo, "The Double Door," adapted from this season's theatrical hit of the same name. It's the story of an elderly spinster (Mary Morris) who rules over young Miss Ann Revere with an iron hand.
The “Double Door” applies to two secret doors leading to a windowless, sound-proof room. Once when Ann was small and did something to displease Mary, the latter locked her in that room and frightened her out of her wits.

Well, to get on with this story, the boy has just married—against Mary’s wishes, and he and his wife are in for a bad time of it. They’re just leaving the house on their honeymoon and Ann, who is a sweet but feisty soul, rushes to the window to watch them drive off. “Vicky!” she exclaims. “Come and see them.” Impulsively she throws wide the window.

Vicky (Mary Morris) watches her with an exasperated expression. “Caroline,” she exclaims sharply, and grins her teeth in vexation (and can that baby girl?) as she says more commandingly, “Caroline! Receiving no answer she stalks up behind the unsuspecting Caroline.

“I’ll look after your door,” she says. Things have come to a fine pass when a girl can’t even watch her brother depart on his honeymoon.

“Let’s get out of here,” I mutter to Tom. “I don’t like her attitude. She might lock us up and I’ve got a dinner engagement—with someone who’ll pay the check.” I add meaningly.

“Oke,” Tom agrees amiably. “Come on over to my set. It’s a pip.”

**THE DOUBLE DOOR**

Rip Van Bret .............. Kent Taylor
Anne Darrow .............. Evelyn Venable
Victoria Van Bret ........ Mary Morris
Caroline Van Bret ........ Anne Revere
Mortimer Van Bret ........ Sir Guy Standing
Avry, ............... Virginia Howell
Telson .......... Frank Dawson
Mr. Chase .............. Hallie Hobbs
Dr. John Luce ............ Colin Tapley
Rev. Dr. Loring .......... Burr Cuth

Tom’s set is a pip indeed. The picture is called “The Witching Hour” (isn’t that a swell title?) and it’s adapted from a stage play of twenty years ago, by Augustus Thomas, in which John Mason (a matinee idol of that day) starred. The scene is only a colonial hallway but you can’t tell me that halls don’t have character. This one is in a death trap and one of the most beautiful winding staircases imaginable. There is an enormous table in the centre of the hall with a large silver bowl of artificial white flowers.

“You see,” Tom explains, “Judith Allen’s father has converted this old house into a gambling place for Southern gentlemen. His shrewd suggestion over people is marvelous. I’m in love with Judith and I’m deathly afraid of cats-eyes. He cures me of my fear and gives me a cat’s-eye ring to wear to prove to myself I’m cured. He has a run-in with Ralph Harold (the villain) and remarks that Ralph ought to be shot. I’ve become so attuned to his thought transfusions that I get that thought and, without knowing what I’m doing, kill Ralph.”

“Told it makes it tough on Ralph,” I put in.

“Shut up,” says Tom, “they’re going to shoot a scene. Ralph’s on the make for Judy.”

I glance around and Judith takes her place at the foot of the stairs. I have never seen so beautiful a dress. Row on row of ruffled pink net. The dress has a hoop skirt and a hooped waist. She looks more like a fairy picture than a human. She is preparing to mount the stairs when Ralph, in evening dress of the 1890’s, steps forward and places his hand on hers, stopping her. It is quite obvious she doesn’t care for this meeting, having just got herself engaged to Tom.

“Don’t go, Miss Nancy,” Harold begs. “Seems like I don’t never get to see you any more.”

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Consult Yogi Alpha About Your Future

What will be your lucky days? Will you be in love? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher, has predicted thousands by his uncanny powers, offers a big 500 word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnerships, luck, days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important changes in home, work or business affairs. 25c is very little to pay. Write Mr. Ralf Olive, W., shape, remarks where a the trying guy and a There's retort, him consult. Edgar she the Gertrude goodbye, writes. Before "Somewhere a the idea." Ralf remarks genially. "We might dine some night."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Hardman," Judy replies facing him with head erect, "but my father—"

Just as this juncture her father (Sir Guy Standing) comes in and nods to Judith, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Good night, darling," he says and turns coldly to Ralf: "Come in, Hardman." With that he throws open the doors into the gambling room and they disappear.

I sand there gawking, unable to get over the sight of in Allen. "Hello," says Judy pleasantly as she comes up. When a girl looks as pretty as Judy notices you, you can't help feeling set up. Tom, I believe, has his eye on her because all of a sudden he's very anxious to get me off that set.

THE WITCHING HOUR

Clay Whipple—Tom Brown
Viola—Judith Allen
Jack Brookfield—John Halliday
Lee Ellinger—Richard Carlyle
Victor Manship—Sir Guy Standing
Mrs. Whipple—Olive Tell
Clarence—John Larkin
Frank Hardman—Ralf Harold
District Attorney—Purnell Pratt
Judge—Henry B. Walthall
Margaret Price—Gertrude Michael
Dr. Mikeljohn—Ferdinand Gottschalk

I consult the memos Julie has given me and find that "Thirty Day Princess" is shooting on Stage 2.

"Where's Stage 2?" Tom asks.

"A fine guide you are," I retort, "when you can't even find your way around the studio. It's not even nearby."

On the way we pass a huge set being erected for De Mille's production of Cleopatra. "Gosh," Tom breathes, "I'd love to play in one of those spectacles. I think they're so romantic."

What can you do with a guy like Tom? We find Romance for him though, in the story of "Thirty Day Princess.

Edward Arnold, a promoter, and Edgar Norton, a baron in some mythical country, bring the Princess Zizi over to the good old U. S. A. In 293, and to Shively of that issue. They bring her over here because they know this country is the world's sucker. No sooner do they get her here than she comes down with the hiccups.

Edward Arnold and Norton are standing in the former's library. "We can kiss it goodbye, Baron—farewell forever."

Suddenly he remembers something he has heard about healthy pipples (the Baron's quaint way of pronouncing "people"), he barks savagely.

"It is a tragedy of the first water," Norton lambs. "But at least we get an idea—believe it or not—and lifts his head with determination, tapping his chest and speaking as one who is about to use his country's words. "I, with the Baron myself—the grand tour and to all the receptions."

But Arnold is unimpressed with the offer of such a great sacrifice. "Your legs are not the right shape, Baron," he remarks politely. "What we need is a princess."

"In Tarzona," says the Baron with dignity, "you have the privilege of staying with the ladies, like you manufacture the automobile."

And that remark gives Eddie an idea. "Manufacture?" I've got an idea! People come to see the animals in the Ark. There's an old fellow in the club looks as much like me as I do. Good looking man, too. He turns away for a minute when we look back at the Baron. After squatting at him for a moment, he adds, "A fellow used to work for me was your spitzen image."

I'm not so hot for this "Hallway Decent" film. It's all about Charlie Bickford, who owns a race horse, his girl (Dorothy Dell), Adolph Menjou (bookmaker) who is in love with Dell, and a little girl (Shirley Temple) whose father left her with Menjou as security for a marker (I.O.U.) he gave Menjou on a twenty dollar bet.

Bickford is planning to dope his horse so it will win the race, even though he knows another doping will kill the horse. The race track officials find out about it and bar the horse. Bickford, of course, intends to find some way to race the horse anyway and is trying to get Menjou to let him have $10,000 on Dell's jewelry. They're all in Menjou's office, and what a dump it is. A worn, brown frayed rug on the floor, an old wooden file case, in one corner, an oak desk with black oil cloth covering it and an old-fashioned desk chair behind it, and a couple of pictures of race horses on the wall.

Menjou has on an ill-fitting black suit, a willed collar and a black Fedora. They call him "Sorrowful" because of his eternally dejected attitude. Dell is in a black coat suit, with mink bands around the cuffs and wine velvet bow at the neck, with
two bands of mink on the ends carries a mink muff and wears hat with wine velvet trimmings. Overman is one of Menjou's favorites.

Lynn is one of the funniest actresses I've ever seen. She's always in a good mood, and in those days before television, I remember her as one of the classics.

"This ain't fin' horse!" Bickford demands.

"Why should I do that?" I ask.

"Because I've got the new owner," Adolphe replies. "One you can trust."

"Show me the new owner first." Bickford parries dubiously.

For answer, Menjou leads them to the door and points to Shirley, playing in the next room.

There you have it. Take it or leave it. Me? I'm leaving it. There's a party where all the moguls dress up like King Arthur's knights because that's what little Shirley believes they are; the horse falls in love with her and hates Bickford who treats him so mean, and in the end Menjou gets the dope away from Bickford and saves the horse. It's a beautiful story.

I could be nasty about this picture but I'll restrain myself and leave it as virgin soil for Richard S. Watts, Jr., and Eileen Greenson of the New York press. They'll do justice to it.

"HALF-WAY DECENT"

Sorrowful Jones..........Adolphe Menjou
Bangles Carson..........Dorothy Dell
Big Steve.................Charles Bickford
Marky.....................Shirley Temple
Regret....................Lynn Overman

NEW WAY ADDS FIRM

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

Today you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run-down men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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He's in Carole's drawing room beside her. Carole has on some pajamas with a high neck and "dilly. I don't remember John's words about contracts," quick. "Shame about contracts," she replies, "nothing to get perted over about?" she says, "if all this were preliminary to a contract, I'd have to have your breath be-
Murder in the Studio.” It’s a murder mystery and I don’t like murder mysteries. This one has Ralph Bellamy, Shirley Grey and Gail Patrick in the leads. It also has Clifford Jones, who got a break playing Baby LeRoi’s father in “ Tillie and Gus,” and who hasn’t done much since then.

Leaving that set I next encountered, “The Most Precious Thing in Life.” Whether you believe it or not, it’s Love.

Don Cook, a football hero at Eastmore College in 1909, secretly marries Jean Arthur, college waitress. Then his family steps in. When the baby is born Don leaves Jean and offers her a settlement in exchange for the baby, saying his family can give the child everything.

Twenty years later, Jean is a charwoman at the college and assigned to her rooms is her son, Richard Cromwell. He is a spoiled, conceited brat. But, although she hasn’t seen him since he was a baby, Jean understands him. She persuades him to take up football and he develops into a brilliant player, although he, apparently, has had no experience in the game before he entered college. He also falls in love with Anita Louise, daughter of another charwoman with whom his mother lives.

Don and Don’s mother (Mary Forbes) arrive in town for the big game. And Don persuades Dick to give up Anita and go abroad with him for a year. Dick is upset by his promise and is playing erratic ball.

Then Jean goes to the locker room and gets to work on her son in earnest. She calls him a quitter—not only in football but in life. He gets back into the game (song by the cheerleading section—“Hail, Eastmore!”) and leads the team to victory (Cheers by the rooting section—“We Want a Touchdown! We Want a Touchdown!”).

The game over, Don is pacing wildly up and down his room in the hotel waiting for Dick. The porter is taking Don’s luggage down. “Your train leaves in fifteen minutes, sir,” he pauses in the doorway to remind Don.

“I know,” Don replies absently. “Take those things down and keep a taxi waiting.”

After the porter is gone Don picks up a phone. “Get me the university.” While he is waiting for the call to be put through the door opens and Dick comes in.

“You certainly took your time,” Don snaps angrily, putting down the phone. “I’ve had the whole town looking for you.”

“Save it, Dad,” says Dick quietly.

“You made a fine show of yourself today,” Don goes on, “but I haven’t time to talk to you about that now. We’ll miss our train.”

“I’m not going,” Dick answers without raising his voice.

Don has started to pick up his coat and hat. Now he looks at Dick in furious amazement. “You’re not going? What are you talking about?”

“Not unless you take Patty (Anita) with us,” says Dick firmly. “I want to be fair to you, Dad, but I can’t give her a dirty deal like this.”

Don is outraged. “I’ve tried to get you out of this garbage can,” he says, “but since you insist upon making a fool of yourself you may as well know the truth. You’re not going to marry that girl—now or any other time.”

As Dick begins to see daylight a look of positive relief comes into his eyes. “Oh! Then all that stuff about you being lonely was just a lot of hoosy.”

Don is driven by the shortness of the time to a showdown. “You don’t suppose I’d stand a divorce like that?” he asks angrily. “If you had any sense you’d have realized it long ago.”

“Then the Babe (Jean Arthur) was right,” says Dick with something of his old grin.

“Feminine Hygiene”

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain Parahydrecin—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an “over-dose” or “burn.”

Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet “The New Way,” by Dr. M.W. Storer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in package; each individually foil wrapped.


Please send me Dr. Storer’s Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about “The New Way” to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name

Address
Don't patience is exhausted. He issues an ultimatum. "Now, listen young man! I'm through arguing. You can come with me and forget that you or girl can you paddle your own canoe."

"Okay, Dad," Dick answers after a short pause. "It's your party—but I'm leaving out. You'd better hurry or you'll miss that train."

"Cut," snaps the director.

"Watch for lunch!" Dick asks nonchalantly as we shake.

'I've had lunch, thanks," I answer. But imagining eating lunch after just having been divoused.

"In the Studio"

Ellen

Bob Kellum

Mr. Kelsey

Richard Cromwell

Patty O'Day

Mrs. Kelsey

Mary Forbes

Mr. O'Day

Jane Darwell

Gubby Gerhardt

Ben Alexander

Carter

John Wray

Coach Smith

Dutch Hendrain

Mr. Kelsey

Paul Stanton

One other picture at Columbia—The Party's Over. This picture has a swell cast.

The story is very reminiscent of one of the finest pictures Barthelmess made—

"Drag," but this one doesn't measure up to the term "Drage" even though it'll be good. It's the story of a would-be artist (Stu Erwin) whose family impose upon, marry and bring their husband and wives to live off him. His mother and father are not the least of his troubles. He could be an artist if he got the proper training, but how can he when he has to support all of them?

Now when he's on his way home on a crowded street car, taking a new servant (Patsy Kelly) with him. His arms are full of bundles and the car lurches along. He is continually dropping them all over the passengers. Patsy is clinging tightly to her suitcase.

"Any others in your family?" she yells above the noise. As she sees this the man in front of her lurches back against her. She shoves him away sharply. He looks at her in surprise. She shoos him a poisonous look and returns to Stu.

"Only my brother, Clay," Stu answers (it's before they've all married) "and he's in college."

The car gives a sharp lurch and Stu loses his balance, dropping his bundles. Patsy helps him pick them up.

Richard Cromwell and Donald Cook in "The Most Precious Thing in Life"—yes, it's love!

"How about shirts?" she asks loudly. "Do you mean—over or under?" Stu asks, trying to adjust his packages. "I mean over," Kelly answers positively. "I don't talk to men about their under-shirts. Do you change every day?"

The other passengers are looking at, grinning, and Stu—shrinking vigil that he is—is embarrassed. "Couldn't we—or discuss this in private," he wonders.

"It don't make no difference," Kelly retuns. "Because I don't do shirts and I won't do sheers." At this point the man in front

lurches against her again. She turns on him in a fury. "Now that time you did on purpose—!

"No, I didn't, lady," he apologizes.

"I don't let no man get fresh with me," Kelly answers loudly.

"Look, Miss," says the man to Stu, "I wasn't making a pass at your wife."

"She's not my wife," Stu informs him hastily.

"You're lucky," the man comes back. "Is that so?" Kelly puts in. "Look, you mug, I don't stand for no insults from nobody."

But just when it looks as though the situation is going to turn into a free for all, the car stops. "Here—here's our corner," Stu informs him.

"You'll see," the director yells at one of the extras who has his back to the camera, "be careful how you hold that paper up. I don't want them to see that it's a Los Angeles paper." The extra obligingly turns to an inside sheet but the director is still not satisfied. "No, don't show those war pictures. I don't know if the other papers over the country are running them or not. Turn to the editorial section."

I wish all directors were as careful of details.

The Party's Over

Bruce

Ruth

MOTHER

Katherine Doucett

Father

Henry Travers

MABLE

Arlene Judge

Kelly

Chic Chandler

CLAY

William Bakewell

MILDRED

Eather Muir

Fred

ROLLIO Lloyd

On the Twentieth Century

HERE George Arliss has just started "Head of the Family" (temporary title) but as they are not going to release the picture until they won't give out any pictures on it, there is no use going into detail about it.

Ronald Colman is making his first in a long, long time. It's called "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back." Drummond intends giving up adventure and settling down but he gets lost in the fog and, grabbing his way into an apparently empty house, he finds a man lying on the floor of the library with a knife through his heart. Rushing out for a policeman, he returns to find the house now longer deserted. The occupant, is there with his daughter and his wife—Lady Jane and Dr. Owen Sothern. Singh, the butler, leads Drummond to the policeman in the library—or there is no trace of a dead body!

But Ronnie isn't satisfied. Later he steals back by himself. It's one of those sets I love—the exterior of the house with everything bathed in fog. The fog is made with oil, vaporized and shot through a thin tube with air.

Ronnie cronches against the side of the house, gazing through the window of the library. When he sees no one is watching, he crouches down and creeps along the walk, beneath the window, straightens up, flattens himself out against the other wall. Take one last look through the window, and sneaks around the corner of the house into the fog. But he's going to search the house or else!

Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back

Hugh Drummond

Ronald Colman

Nola

Clara Blandick

Lola

Dorothy Young

Pierce Achmed

Warren Olander

Algy

Charles Butterworth

Algy

Gwen

Una Merkel

Owen Sothern

Arthur Holli
THIS studio hits a new low this month. Only one picture shooting—"Manhattan Melodrama." It's the story of two little East Side boys (Clark Gable and William Powell) who grow up together. One (William Powell) becomes deputy district attorney and later district attorney. The other (Clark) is an underworld character.

At the moment, Powell and Father Pat (Leo Carillo) are sitting in Powell's office. Bill has been reading a telegram from Clark. "I wish," he remarks to Carillo, "I had half of Blackie's (Clark) confidence in me. If he keeps this up, he'll have me governor."

"You're very important to Blackie, Jim. You're everything he knows. He isn't. If you ever disappointed—""You don't know me, Powell," interposes, "you're beginning to sound like Blackie. Getting off the subject for a second—how about the Dempsey-Firpo fight next week? You said you'd let me know."

"Sorry Jim," says Leo, "I can't make it. I'll be at Blackwell's island tomorrow night. Some other time—perhaps—maybe sometime Blackie and you and I."

"Great!" Powell ejaculates enthusiastically. "We'll get together the way we used to."

I think this is going to be a swell picture. Besides the people I've told you about there are Myrna Loy and Isabel Jewell.

Eventually Powell is elected governor. Clark gets sent up for murder and strings are pulled for Bill to pardon him. But Clark won't accept the pardon because he knows it would ruin Bill's career. So he dies and Bill gets Myrna. But there are a lot of interesting situations before all that happens.

At M-G-M


So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and large pores.

My answer is, "Purge the pores."

Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system. I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done. But it can. And very simply and quickly. Often in a single treatment.

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack. A preparation I found out about years ago in Paris. Let me send you a tube free.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, nor a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack back from Paris. I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack or Clay. The one made from the original French formula that does away with blackheads and large pores, in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for tube free to try. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

End of the story...
Heals Pyorrhea
Trench Mouth or Money Back!

The four of them are classmates at college and when they leave, they go to New York together to look for careers. Rosy explains to her friends that she leaves them to become a rich man's darling and when things get tough, Janet leaves too and gets a job in a salvage shop run by Beryl Mercer. She repairs cast-off clothing and helps Beryl place babies for adoption.

There are a couple of counters with children's dresses hanging from the edges, trinkets, pewter plates and mugs on top. Opposite the counters are a couple of wall cases with hats and shoes in them. On top of them are a dozen Beryl Mockby decals of cats, dogs, etc. At the end of the shop, through the door, can be seen Beryl's sitting room. Cheap green portieres separate it from the shop as well.

Beryl is in the shop talking to Mrs. Mockby, Jr. (Nella Walker and Mrs. Mockby, Jr., (Drue Leyton). She and Janet are sitting in the shop and Beryl safely delivers a plan to get the Mockbys to adopt a baby. As Beryl talks, Janet comes in with the baby, simulating surprise at seeing the Mockbys.

"He got a bit restless, Mrs. Hawkins," she says to Beryl, "so I—"

"Oh, did he now? Beryl coos. The poor little homeless baby."

"He's sweet, isn't he?" says Janet to Drue.

"He is a dear," Drue agrees.

"E could do with a 'ome, 'ouldn't she?" Beryl sighs.

"Would you like to hold him?" Janet offers Drue.

"Oh, may I?" says Drue enthusiastically, taking the baby in her arms.

Nella seeing that her daughter-in-law is being safely reminded of her own loss, gently but firmly takes her arm and says, "Come, dear, let's have a look at the Mockbys' supplies.

Beryl reluctantly hands back the baby and turns to go. Janet, seeing that the cause is lost anyhow, turns to Beryl and wonder if they can really make a decent home for him?

"Stop!" shouts Jimmy as he suddenly appears in the doorway. He strides angrily towards Janet and the group. "Miss Battrafeather, this ain't the first baby I've made a home for."

"Rowing towards the Mockby's, he explains, "I use 'em in my shows."

Nella realizing the situation picks up her lorgnette and stares. "McGowan is the name," Jimmy ratten along. The Abraham Lincoln Kosher Meats Hour, I.B.C. You probably know the voice.

But Drue and Nella merely stare at him in a horrified silence.

"But, Mr. McGowan," Janet protests, "you're on the road so much. What would you do with the baby?"

"What do I do with the props?" Jimmy demands. "In the trunk."

"I can't let a baby smothered to death," Beryl offers.

"One," says the outraged Jimmy. "Just one! And you make me toss this baby!"

Adreens, sensing the threat, "It ain't as if I was turning him over to the Abraham Lincoln Kosher Meats Company."

"I'll not part with this baby," says Nella. "I'll go to law if necessary."

"All right, go to court," Jimmy defies them shaking a violent finger. "I'll tell the world the kind of people you are."

You're very lucky I let a poor foundling lie around a Salvation Shop— a Salvation Shop, of all places—and you won't let anybody else give him a chance."

"But I haven't got off his shoes as if he had beaten them at their own game, and continues, "When the Court hears my side of the story I wouldn't want to be in a place as rich as you are."

"This must be a part of Celia can stand. "I'll adopt this child myself, rather than let him fall into the hands of this horrible creature," turning to Beryl he says, "I forbid you to let him lay a hand on this baby."

"Jimmy," says Janet when the scene has been rehearsed several times, "please don't try to adopt this baby."

"Sorry," he answers, "but you made it come, he starts crowing and I get to laughing and we never get the scene finished. It's been that way all through the picture."

"But you're going to your hotel when you were out with that girl and a week's growth of beard? You were the one with the beard."

"Gosh," says Jimmy, "I completely forgot it. Tomorrow night?"

"Forgotten Heart?"

"I agree.

"CHANGE OF HEART"


Cheered by the prospect of the fights I muster up courage to go on the next set—'Springtime for Henry'—where Otto Kruger, Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce and Nancy Carroll are.disporting themselves. It's a very beautiful bedroom. Most of the furniture is in a combination of blue and white, but there is a lovely white table with a marquetry top and the lamp has a yellow shade. The walls are paneled. Only Nancy and Mr. Bruce are working. Nancy is lying in bed with the covers pulled up around her ears, and Nancy in bed is something to go home and dream about.

"Are you asleep, old girl?" asks Nigel coming into the room.

"Yes, I am. Sound asleep," Nancy assures him.

"Oh," says Nigel, "I'm sorry. But you seem to want you something about Henry."

"Henry?" Nancy repeats, although she knows perfectly well who he means, "Henry who?"

"Henry Dewip," Bruce explains. "He's had my letter about our carburetors for four days and I haven't heard a word. He hasn't mentioned it to you, has he?"

"I haven't even seen him for nearly a week," answers Nancy slowly, "and what's more, I don't expect to."

"Look here, old girl, you and he haven't—"

"Haven't what?" she demands.

"Why—er—" he blunders on, "I mean to say if you had—that might be the reason—"

"What are you talking about? Nancy suit?"

But the 'pone rings just then and Bruce grabs it. "Hello," he says, and then, after a pause, "Oh, thank you Bottle. Turning down to Henry's office now. Goodbye, old girl."

"Goodbye, Douglas. Nancy can take it."

"Nigel ventures, "perhaps you'd give Henry a ring and have lunch with him or something. Know what I mean? Well, Carbina, old girl."

Nancy is as pretty as ever and from all the stories a lot easier to get along with. Let's

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2. Ask other beer companies, especially the breweries, to make their own Mexican advertising features. Mexican advertising is very important and every company should co-operate. We have a list of Mexican publications. Send your own idea for FREE mailing & report. Deal with a recognized Hollywood agent who makes the play in the right way. Establishes himself. Write for FREE SAMPLES.

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all get together and give the little girl a big hand.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"

Henry Dewlip...................................... Otto Kruger
Julia Jellielw...................................... Nancy Carroll
Johnnie Jelliewel................................. Nigel Bruce
Fyers.................................................... Herbert Mundin
Miss Smith......................................... Heather Angel

The other picture—Now till Tell—
which is the story of Roberta, written by his wife, is on location. It's getting late but if I hurry I'll still have time to play cowboy with Jackie Cooper for an hour or two next month.

Beauty [Cont. from Page 12]

"What can be wrong with my skin?"

It is a wail that goes up from many of us as the year begins in our skin and "I take such good care of it, and yet ..."

If you are having any trouble with your complexion, perhaps the wrong method of keeping it clean causes the difficulty. Of course we keep our faces clean. But sometimes we keep them clean with a vengeance that makes us flaky, dried out, wrinkled—or worse yet, in a way that makes them over-oily and greasy in appearance.

Check up on yourself. If your skin is dry, try a little oil. If it is oily, use a little cleansing cream. Use a good cleansing cream every night of your life, either one of the cold cream sorts such as Pond's or Hudnut's. This is the best way to wash your face.

There are also specially prepared cleansing creams for dry skins such as Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria, Tusso's Enriched Cleanser, Helga, Rubinstein's Pasteurized Special and Marie Earle's Essential Cream. Follow the cleansing with the cream you select, by washing with a pure complexion soap twice a week. Apply plenty of nourishing cream afterward.

If your skin is oily: Use a good liquefying cream as your cleanser. Such a cream has a tendency to keep the excess oil and leave your skin smooth and soft. Follow the liquefying cream by washing with that same pure soap. Be sure to use the soap every day. And be sparing in your use of nourishing cream.

What is the best liquefying cream? There are many of them. Daggett and Ramsdell make a good one. Dorothy Gray's cleansing cream is of this type, as are also Barbara Gould's and Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream from Proctor and Gamble.

Follow these directions for one short month and see for yourself if a surprising amount of skin difficulties do not clear up. Your skin will take on the flowery-petal look sooner than you think.

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Wash with KLEERPLEX!

DON'T SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS! CAUSES SCARS INFECTION! Disrupt Blackheads internally, rather than Large Pimple. Gently, non-abrasively Breaks the Skin, keeps them clean. "KLEERPLEX WASH" has marvelous anti-purifying powers. Wash daily at the dose QUICKLY and SAFELY. "KLEERPLEX WASH" is the only known, safe, efficient, and efficient Blackhead "COFFEE" for the attractiveness, see instant IMPROVEMENT! KLEERPLEX WASH is a guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by the Department of Health and the Department of Health for the people. Guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by the Department of Health and the Department of Health for the people.

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KLEERPLEX is a guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by the Department of Health and the Department of Health for the people. Guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by the Department of Health and the Department of Health for the people.
HEPBURN outguesses them all. While the denouncers were calling her shifty, she willingly met the press and photographers, and smiled at them through her schoolgirl freckles. How wonderful she will be as Joan of Arc—the exalted, inspired Maid!

When we need a hair cut, we look like Johnny (Tarzan) Weismuller—well, not much.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA" was not one of the pictures in the judging when "Calvadale" won the Academy award this year. She is next year's girl—maybe.

Wallace Beery, a hit as Pancho Villa.

"YVA VILLA" had a grand opening in New York. Mae Murray came down the aisle and the flash photographers took her picture. "Who's that?" asked the younger generation. Mae heard them and was furious. "What am I?" she demanded, "in disguise?"

The cocktail parties now-a-days show which are which—At Al Jolson's party he flooded the cafe with personality. George Raft, at his party, was actually shy and asked for an ice cream soda. A likeable fellow.

Did you hear about the moth that saw Jean Harlow's bathing suit and changed his mind? He hadn't the heart.

The Editor

ACROSS

1 Buildings in which motion pictures are made
2 Violins are projected on these
3 Grieves (poet.)
4 Women's apartment in a Mohammedan house
5 Wide and general destruction
6 The aboriginal Peruvian race
7 She will play Madame DuBarry next
8 Recreation
9 We eagerly wait his new picture
10 Adult females
11 Enemy
12 Personal pronoun
13 One of the "Little Women"
14 A degree (abbr.)
15 A spring of mineral water
16 Into
17 He is excellent in "The House of Rothschild"
18 The navy's great dirigible
19 One of the Warner players (initials)
20 Either
21 Merit
22 A raised platform
23 Cover
24 One of Hollywood's greatest directors
25 He is fast becoming a movie favorite
26 Nevada's famous city
27 A rajah's wife
28 Over again
29 A game of chance
30 Her performance in "Catherine the Great" is superb
31 Sufficiency (poet.)
32 River (Sp.)
33 To lubricate
34 The evening before a church festival
35 A popular winter resort (abbr.)
36 "The era"
37 Above (poet.)
38 A popular beach on Long Island
39 Joan's dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
40 A masculine personal name
41 She is now appearing in "This Man Is Mine"
42 Engaged
43 Period of time (abbr.)
44 She is Mrs. Ben Lyon
45 Arabia (abbr.)

DOWN

1 Katharine Hepburn's latest film
2 A meta
3 A male relative
4 Apportion
5 Exists
6 Part of the verb "to shoe"
7 Machines which enable us to see Motion Pictures
8 A diving bird of the duck family
9 Will Rogers' daughter in "Mr. Skitch" (initials)
10 Comfort
11 She was one of the "Fugitive Lovers"
12 A month (abbr.)
13 A very important factor in film making
14 The famous "mammy" singer

SILVER SCREEN FOR JUNE 1934

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

ANN A CHESTER PERT
YOUNG E RWIN CORER
RENNIE RAGGLEDA
ELIZBETH REINA SAR
SITS MASON RAY
ASTOR B O A A K R N
SPANS BANKS E BIB
TOBY T'S INKABLE
ODE MADELEINE EST
N LARGEST P M L
ED HOLIDAY GE"BE
JOLSON'S THEMLA
B BINGO OR TALA L
AMES JEERS I CQKN
HAYS F O R R E L L

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Such Ravishing new Beauty to gain,

WITH SO LITTLE TO DO - IF YOU’LL USE THE ONLY ALMOND BASE POWDER . . . .

by Patricia Gordon

JUST A MOMENT in which you decide! Then, for you, the exquisite new beauty Princess Pat powder brings to every complexion. Of course it does! Almond base, in your Princess Pat powder, is used instead of the starch in usual powders. What a difference! Why, Princess Pat powder has a glorious velvety feel, even to finger tips! On your delicate complexion it is a veritable caress.

Every little particle in Princess Pat face powder is infinitely smooth. The powder goes upon your skin so closely, so pliantly that an amazing thing happens. Your complexion becomes incomparably beautiful. But the powder does not show! That’s just the aristocratic effect you’ve wanted; the perfect grooming of the fashionably elect. And because Princess Pat is almond base (no starch) it blends on to cling almost as one with your skin.

And if all this ravishing new beauty were not enough, you would delight in the almond base for its benefit to your skin. Even a very little starch on your skin has all the faults of starch. All starches, you know, swell with heat and moisture. The particles may easily swell within the pores and be responsible for their coarsening. How different it is with the almond base powder. Almond — the precious beautifier — your protection against coarse pores! No wonder all women adore Princess Pat face powder, once they try it.

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive a beautiful Vanity FREE

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1—worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use—filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. Far beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent entirely free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

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City and State

In Canada, 93 Church Street, Toronto
Chesterfield Mrs Smith?

Yes, thank you Mr Smith!

They Satisfy

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Wrong People Crashing Pictures!
(See Page 24)
Silver Screen
July
Ginger Rogers
"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"

"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn’t understand it."

"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn’t ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."

"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."

"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn’t come. My nerves were on edge."

"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."

"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven’t used it.)"

"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"

"We took up where we left off and it wasn’t long before Ned’s ring was back on my finger. I’m getting my trousseau next week."

"Don’t Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn’t, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other — without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused, says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, lunch, and cruise. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!

Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yachts races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!

The men who spend weekends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!

Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!

Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.

It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

OLDER men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too. And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana to your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Silver Screen for July 1934

VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934
MARLENE DIETRICH appeared at the preview of her latest picture, "The Scarlet Empress," in a divided skirt ensemble, in a most amiable mood, and in Joe Von Sternberg's car. The divided skirt ensemble—which is what comes of mating pants and dresses—will very likely become the rage of the season.

WORRIES you have, doubtless, but consider yourself fortunate not to have one of these. There's a guy from the Chinese Theater in Hollywood (where they have those gala openings, you know) who has been chasing Garbo with a block of wet cement for weeks now—but still hasn't managed to get her to patter across it. Sid Grauman of the Chinese is eager to have Garbo be the first star of 1934 to add her footprints to the famous collection he has in the forecourt of his theater. Greta is the second celebrity to have the wet cement brought to her. The first was the shy Charles Lindbergh. It didn't work so well with him—and from the looks of things it isn't going to work much better with La Svede. Maybe she's just sensitive about those feet.

JOHNNY DINMORE has it all figured out and has presented us with the best definition of a stand-in to date. Last month Johnny was only a kid in the neighborhood who played ball with Jackie Cooper nearly every afternoon. When Jackie had to go to Catalina Island on location with the "Treasure Island" company, he asked to have Johnny go along, and Director Victor Fleming thought it a good idea to have Johnny go as Jackie's "stand-in." The first day on his new job Johnny stood listening patiently while an assistant director outlined all he had to do to save Jackie as much weariness under the lights as possible. After the lengthy recitation he turned to Jackie and said, "I get it, kid, I sweat while you sit."
Sweeping across the screens of the nation!

Viva Villa!

10 months to make! 100 cameras filmed it! 10,000 in the cast!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

Starring Wallace Beery


Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for July 1934
ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fair. (Fox) The war separates Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams—lame casts tear this street action and the sparks of their romance flare into flames once more.

BEYOND BENGAL—Interesting. (Showman) We're in the jungles of Malay once more with pythons and crocodiles and monkeys for companionship. Also a tiger or two. This has its thrilling as well as its harrowing moments.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Charming. Donald Crisp, sentimental opera star with Jeanette MacDonald and Rosamund Novarro singing and starring together picturequely. And, just to bring us to earth, Frank Morgan's here, too!

CITY LIMITS—Fair (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) The nimble-witted reporter-man again outwits big business interests in order to get his story. This version of that well-known plot has amusing moments. (Frank Craven, Ray Walker, Sally Blane).

COME ON MARINES—Amusing. (Par) A race time-peace comedy, with the marines base as a target for laughter. Dick Arlen as a light-hearted sergeant who mixes with trouble-makers like Ida Lupino and Grace Bradley.

CRIME DOCTOR, THE—Fine (RKO) Otto Kruger as the intellectual detective whose jealousy of his wife (Karen Morley) leads him to perfect an ingenious crime (Sills Astor, Judith Wood).

FIRE, DRAGON RANGER, THE—Good (Col) The title gives this Western away—so use it to tell you the plot. Surface it to say that Buck Jones rides to Victory in the finale. Boys under twelve eat this heroic stuff up.

FINISHING SCHOOL—Fine (RKO) A rather bitter commentary on the private school systems in this country—a kind of American "Madchen in Uniform." (Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot).

GLAMOUR—Good (U) The story of an actress—Constance Cummings—who runs the gamut of emotions in her own hectic life. (Paul Lukas, Philip Reed).

GOODBYE, LOVE—Fair (RKO) That old david "alimony" is dragged right out in the open in this and tries hard to be amusing. Chas. Ruggles, Sidney Blackmer, Verse Teasdale.

HOUSE OF ROTHCHILD—Saneer. (UJA) The most colorful family in financial history brought to the screen in a vivid, engrossing story. Fine cast includes George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young.

I HATE WOMEN—Fair (Goldsmith) Another newspaper man, fairly exciting, and with the title tying up with the plot for a brief moment. (Wallace Ford, Jane Clyde, Alexander Carr).

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Good (U) Lee Tracy with us again as the sappy newspaper reporter assigned to a mythical kingdom, from which he carries off the beautiful princess—Gloria Stuart.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Interesting (WB) Ruth Chatterton exhibits a pretty guilty conscience, soft-pedalling which is patterned after the style of French films. Adolphe Menjou plays opposite her.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Fair (UA) Spencer Tracy & Jack Oakie, as telephone line fades, get tangled up in a web of melodramatic happenings. A bit "rough" at times. (Constance Cummings, Artie Judge)

MELODY IN SPRING—Good (Par) Lanny Ross sings divinely in this. The story is just fair, but you mustn't miss the comic antics of Mary Boland & Chas. Ruggles. Angie Somner proves to be a charming eye full.

MODERN HERO, A—Fair. (WB) Louis Befield wrote this story of a circus performer (Dick Barthelmess) who becomes one of America's most powerful financiers, leaving much wriggling on the road behind him. (Veree Teasdale).

MEN IN WHITE—Fine. (MGM) Our earnest young doctor has difficulty choosing between twin loves—a nurse and a woman of the world. (Dorothy Dwan, Jimmy Butler, Lois Wilson).

NOW I'LL TELL—Good (Fox) A story well told. One of the more effective incidents in the life of Arnold Rothstein—the famous gambler and gangster. (Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye).

HAPPY ANDY—Excellent (Fox) Will Rogers in one of his best! In this he has to retire from business to please his flighty wife, Peggie Wood, and the result is an hilarious round of exciting incidents.

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Fair (BG) An English film which tries to kid Hollywood methods—but does not succeed in being funny in spite of the combined efforts of our own Jimmy Gleason & Charlotte Greenwood.

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Fair (Col) Sta. Erwin has his in-laws imposing upon his hospitality until he finally screws up courage to say the "party's over!" (Jean Muir, Ann Sothern, Cath. Doucet).

PRINCE OF WALES—Good (BG) A series of news-reel shots of the Prince, slung together in fair style, with a commentator explaining the various episodes. The Prince is very gracious enough to fall off a horse for our benefit.

RIPTIDE—Fair. (MGM) Norma Shearer as the American society girl who marries an English Lord (Herb. Marshall), but when echoes of her past life ring true, via Bob Montgomery, trouble begins to brew.

SLEEPERS EAST—Fine (Fox) A tight political web catches the unwary blonde head of Wynne Gibson, and she has a tough time to extricate herself. (Mona Barrie, Preston Foster, Harvey Stephens).

SORREL AND SON—Fine, (UA) An English make version of the silent done once in silent days. H. R. Warner has the lead.

SPOOK AND UP (Fox) Happy! The Depression in over! If you're not done this and you're convinced! Good songs, good fun, good cast. (Glen Evans, Warner Baxter, John Boles).

THREE GODFATHERS—Fox) Australia is the locale—July 1874. With Richard Dix playing a romantic hero, and Irene Dunne as a world-opage opera singer. Mary Boland & Conway Tear in splendid cast.


UNCERTAIN MARRY—Excellent (MGM) This follows up the original, Tzarra thriller. There's no mystery and if you enjoy the adventure type of fiction don't miss it. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller).

THE CAGE—Good (UA) There are the original 57 varieties of excitement in this picaresque plot—with Sally Allen as a love-lorn has who runs across ZaSu Pitts & Herbert Standing, a comical crossman on a world cruise.

TRUMPET BLUES THIS—Fair (PAR) George Raft plays a bull-fighter in this—but we liked him better in the silent dancing. Parker. Oh me, oh my, does she suffer! But Tom Brown looks swell.

UNCERTAIN LADY—Fair (U) The old triangle love plot adds a character for good measure, bar by his time, as he reports slightly dull. (Oliveve Tobin, Paul Cavanaugh, Edward H. Horton, Renee Ladd).

UNDERWORLD—Fair. (MGM) H. Arthur Jones for high society dramas Hubby Warren Williams, the impertinent Nickers. Follows a murder—but you'll have to see the film to understand what happened.


WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Fair (Par) Bing Crosby is the head of a clothing house which is forced to sell a dress to the situation—after Carole Lombard's yacht gets wrecked on the rocks. (Bob Hope, Rosemary Clooney) Of course there's music—and Burns & Allen, too!

WHIRLPOOL—Fair (Par) The San Francisco waterfront is the locale of this story, which is strong on atmosphere but short on plot. Cast includes Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth.

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Fair—(Lib) Now we have the sage of a large apartment house, but the story is just so-so. In cast names are Lucien Littlefield, Dick Cromwell, Arline Judge, Sarah Padden.

WHIRLPOOL, THE—Good (Col) Virgil Elkins is the hero of this melodrama which covers a good many of the vices as well as a few of the virtues in life. (Lila Lee, Jean Arthur, Allen Jenkins).

WILD AND SPUNKY—Splendid (RKO) Here's another Frank Buck adventure story, filled with thrills and chills. Do you remember "Bring 'Em Along?" This is just as fascinating.

WILD GOLD—Just so-so (Fox) This last a 1934 Gold Rush for its theme—with a new mining town in the West developed as a result. (John Boles, Claire Trevor, Margaret Lindsay).

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Excellent (Par) Taps off from a fantastic cast of players playing with hypnotic magnetism cannot help but capture your interest. (Sid Gayton, Tom Brown, June Allen).

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Good (All) Here's a fine little comedy that plays like this—"even some of us who don't! Fields is abetted by Larry Crabbe, Joan Marsh, and Adrienne Ames.

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Pert Kelton's new bathing suit has a little up there, some down here, and nothing between the two but lunch.

SILVER SCREEN
MAE WEST

"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Léo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

for JULY 1934
"You're Telling Me?"

If You Think the Movies Are Not Getting Anywhere—Put in Your Oar.

First Prize

Mrs. S. A. Singer of Grand Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Certainly their accent is a big factor in the charm of the English screen actors, but they have a certain intangible something which sets them further apart from the Americans. And please, let's leave them with their quality of mystique and not try to analyze it into its component parts. In this country, where we have never had a royal family to look up to, where religion is devoid of awesomeness, we have to turn to Hollywood and especially to the English for some glamour in our lives.

Dear Mrs. Singer, analysis does not change a quality. You're as touchy as Norman Anthony, Editor of "Ballyhoo," who never dares analyze humor for fear that then it will become un-junny.

Second Prize

"DARLING, please, please do something about the stars and their operations. They mustn't be like us ordinary mortals. After one of my gorgeous favorites has her appendix removed for the third or fourth time, I'm fed up with her for all time. Why not have a half-breakdown or operation week?" Remember, I thought of it first, not Winchell," writes Georgia Smith, of Park Blvd., Oakland, Calif.

"Sweetheart, we can deny you nothing. Next week is "Cut Out the Operation Week."

Third Prize

"FIRST of all," writes Margaret A. Con- nell, of Prospect Road, Des Moines, Iowa, "I just have to say something about Kay Johnson. I always liked her well enough when she was in movies before, but never to the point of raving. When 'Eight Girls in a Boat' was shown, I started rubbing my eyes, and this afternoon I saw 'This Man Is Mine,' in which she played with Irene Dunn, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings. Of the three, Kay walked off with the show. She was swell! I have never sat in a more appreciative audience. Secondly, an orchid to that wonderful actor, Sir Guy Standing. I wish you'd publish an inter-

view with him sometime. I have read very little about him except that he came by his title honestly.

"If Anna Sten hadn't been so marvelous I think Mae Clarke would have stolen 'Nana,' I was amazed because I had never cared for Mae.

"Why doesn't someone give Edgar Kennedy a good ducking? I think he's terrible. Also our fat friend, Oliver Hardy. I think Laurel is funny, but Hardy drives me frantic."

"You're a real fan. Sorry, can't duck Kennedy—he always makes us laugh."

"LITTLE WOMEN" and "Alice" went over big. Why not do some more old-timers? Producers must be wondering what to do with Charlotte Henry. The answer might be 'Elise Dinsmore.' writes Helen Rhodes, of Canfield Blvd., Grand Rapids, Mich. "Elise was dear to the hearts of little girls a generation ago, in spite of her impossible good looks. It it were played 'straight,' with Charlotte Henry's long hair and precise speech, it ought to be elegant entertainment for old and young. As to its present popularity, a Chicago department store reports that the sales of the 'Elise' books go on and on unceasingly through the years."

Help!

"THREE cheers for Mae West, who has made women realize that being a woman ain't no sin," writes Doyle Rice, of South 25th Street, Terre Haute, Ind. "Mae has brought back the full-fleshed woman and the fully clothed. If this sets a style, she will put the fabric makers right back in the middle of prosperity. So, in bringing back femininity to her sex, Mae has been a benefactor to womanhood."

"How much do you weigh?"

"I SHOW the magazine to different people and hear the different reactions. Joan Crawford, Mae West, Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow arc the four on whom opinion differs most. They either love them or hate them," writes Dorothy Griffin, of Tehachapi, Calif. "On the other hand, nearly always, a picture of Norma Shearer is greeted with 'Isn't she sweet?' 'Isn't she pretty?' "Isn't she a swell actress? Why is this? What is it about Norma Shearer that makes them love her just at one glance?"

"Perhaps it's the pure loneliness of her face."

MOZELLE THOMAS, of Greenville, Ala., writes "I'm a Hepburn fan, and I want to say that she is the greatest, most perfect actress of this age. One reason I admire her so is because she is not pretty. I'm fed up on those 'beautiful young things'—most of them are not really ac-
tresses. But this Hepburn girl is really an act-
ress, I'm for you, Hepburn."

"Good idea for an article—"Does Beauty Thwart Great Expressiveness?" You write it.

"MANHATTAN LOVE SONG" has, for movie purposes, become 'Change of Heart.' Why? The first title suggests the story; the second absolutely lacks significance," writes Mrs. Geo. A. Ashworth, of West 9th Street, Mount Vernon, Ind. "This title changing fever is particularly disastrous in the case of books that have been popular under one name, but emerge from the studios with another. Many admirers fail to recognize them, and thus miss the pic-
turization. What's the idea, anyway?

It is the great unfashionable mystery of the movies. We can answer any question but that one.
When a casting director wants a girl who sort of personifies youth and pep and that old joie de vivre, he immediately sends for Mrs. Leila Rogers' little girl, Ginger. Of course he doesn't always get Ginger on account of six other casting directors had the same idea (and may we sarcastically say, the same pictures?) and, after all, Ginger has to rest sometimes even if she has got more vim and vigor and healthy vitality than a kindergarten of kiddies. Right now she is having a six weeks vacation—the first in a long, long time—and what do you think she is doing? Schoolgirl like, she has taken a great interest in drawing lately, and instead of rushing off to Paris or London on a grand spree like so many of the other movie people, she's staying right at home taking a lesson every morning and doing awfully cute things in black and white.

Of course they do say that Lew Ayres is another reason why Ginger stays in Hollywood instead of longing about the country—and rumor has it that she and Lew may fly to Yuma just any time. Nearly every Sunday finds Ginger and Lew smoking balls at each other on Lew's tennis court, followed by a dip in the pool, and then in the late afternoon ping pong. Usually a lot of the younger set in Hollywood gather at Lew's of a Sunday, but there are very few of them who can beat Ginger at tennis—and practically none who can beat her at ping pong, for at that sport she is in the vicinity of being a professional.

After the release of "Flying Down to Rio" (which picture, I have been reliably informed by those who make a study of such things, is making more money for dear old RKO than "Little Women") the studio started receiving thousands of letters requesting, begging—talking, demanding no less—that Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire be teamed in another picture immediately. Fred had a date with the London stage, so it couldn't be done immediately, but now he is back in Hollywood and, just as soon as Ginger's had her vacation, production will start on "The Gay Divorcee," teaming Rogers and Astaire in some of the most exciting dances and delicious comedies and songs you've ever listened to. And, after that, RKO plans to put Ginger and Fred in "Radio Revue," that famous radio colossal production which will have Radio City in New York for its locale. So it looks like you'll be seeing Ginger.

Ginger lives in a quiet little house in the Hollywood hills. She has scads of boy friends who always want to clutter up the place—but when Ginger works she works and goes to bed early. She has the most beautiful shade of reddish gold hair, fair skin and blue eyes—and if you're interested in the proportions of her well-nigh perfect figure you can find them in the June Silver Screen.

The two-piece dress that Ginger Rogers wears on the cover of this issue of Silver Screen is made in a plaid gingham. This dress is also adapted to the plain, figured or crossbarred linens, muslins, silks and even sheer woolens.

Silver Screen offers a pattern of Ginger Rogers' Summer Frock

If you have a Ginger Personality you will enjoy wearing a Ginger Dress.

Send for a Ginger Rogers' Dress Pattern

Note the simplicity of the well-cut collar, and the nifty way the blouse buttons down the front! And then have a glance at the back view. Do you like that little yoke and the inverted pleat? You do! We thought you were that kind of a person. That's the reason we had that perfect little skirt made for you—so that you could tuck your heartbreaking little blouse into it, and go forth to conquer. If you like, the blouse can also be worn with your Spring suit.

For July 1934
FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

The Best Fan Letters Received Are Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

THERE is pleasure in having your letter printed in a magazine and there is fun in having a big star write to you—to say nothing of the $10 paid for each letter printed. Send your letters to your favorite stars in care of Silver Screen's Fan Mail Department. Be sure to ask an interesting question. Then all these pleasures will be yours—maybe.

The Fan Letter to Constance Bennett

Miss Constance Bennett,
% Silver Screen,
Dear Miss Bennett—
I want to compliment you upon your marvelous acting in "Moulin Rouge," also upon the discovery of your new talents, singing and dancing. I heard you sing once in a talkie at the time they first came out. I've often wondered why you didn't sing in another picture.

I am a senior in high school, and you stand out with all of us girls. We flock to the theater to see your pictures, copy your hairdressing and would fight anyone who claimed there was a better actress on the screen today.

Best wishes for a successful season, and lots of those high calibre pictures. What is the next one going to be?

One of your many fans,
Sophie Lakas, Rochester, N.Y.

The Fan Letter to Lilian Harvey

Dear Miss Harvey—
Don't become discouraged. In my opinion you have been miscast. Given the proper vehicle I know you can make good. Anyone who did such splendid work as you in "My Weakness" surely has talent. And, above all, do not leave Hollywood.

Sincerely,
Edward M. Johnson,
Cuba, N.Y.

Lilian Harvey drops a line to Mr. Johnson

The Fan Letter to Dick Powell

Mr. Richard Powell,
% Silver Screen,
Dear Dick Powell—
You're a grand singer, and as an actor you've got what it takes. But how about a personal appearance tour? I know you've kept pretty busy, but can't you squeeze in a little time to come to Cleveland anyway? If you do I promise to come to every performance.

Yours admirably,
Georgene Caleb,
Lakewood, Ohio

The Fan Letter to Otto Kruger

Dear "Counsellor at Law"—
Just to prove I'm a "Lady and not a Prizefighter," I'm writing to thank you for the portrait of your very noble countenance. If it were only possible to "Turn Back the Clock" and consider myself one of the many "Women in your Life!!" However, as you're happily married and I—just a "Beauty for Sale"—I can hardly hope to remain "Ever in your Heart."

A Gallant Lady,
Phyllis White, San Francisco, Calif.

Best Letters Sent to Stars:

In order that your letter be sent to one of the stars for reply, it must have these qualities:
It must ask a question.
It must be sincere and in good taste.

DIRECTIONS
1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 43rd St., New York, N. Y.

Connie Answers Miss Lakas

Silver Screen
Otto Kruger's Letter

Editor, Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:

—Let's have ZaSu Pitts starred, not as a comedienne, but as a gold digger or a wise-cracking girl for a change. She is a good actress even as a comedienne, but I think it would help her if she has a different role for a while. I don't see why she isn't given some roles like Joan Blondell and Alice White. I bet she could act just as well.

Let's have ZaSu in more pictures, not just as a comedienne.

Sincerely,
Margaret Johnson, Washington, D. C.

ZaSu's Reply

Margaret, My dear—Your letter arrived on the plane from Hollywood but I didn't have time to reply then. The fact is, I was bringing a family into town for a real domestic emergency. I will quite agree with you that ZaSu could be a good gold digger, but I can't imagine her doing the funny things she did in "Women in Uniform" where she might have a change. She could in your next picture. I'm sorry wasn't that an excellent piece of work? I hope you see more of her. ZaSu Pitts

The Fan Letter to ZaSu Pitts

Editor, Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:

Let's have ZaSu Pitts starred, not as a comedienne, but as a gold digger or a wise-cracking girl for a change. She is a good actress even as a comedienne, but I think it would help her if she has a different role for a while. I don't see why she isn't given some roles like Joan Blondell and Alice White. I bet she could act just as well.

Let's have ZaSu in more pictures, not just as a comedienne.

Sincerely,
Margaret Johnson, Washington, D. C.

---

1. Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves.")

2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.

3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

Ivory Flakes • 99 4/100 % pure • Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap

for July 1934
Estimate the weight of
Madge Evans

The Prizes Will Be Awarded for the Nearest Correct Answers. See Conditions.

THE impersonal scales weigh the beautiful pounds of Madge Evans under the experienced eye of the Official Sealer of Weights and Measures, Mr. Charles M. Fuller. And Madge, who has just completed "Grand Canary" with Warner Baxter at the Fox Studio, smiles confidently.

The screen stars shoulder an added pound and worry when they are even a few ounces underweight.

What is the exact figure the scales reveal? If you can make a correct estimate (and conform to the conditions), you will be rewarded.

Consult the measurements which show exactly the dimensions of Miss Evans, and perhaps they will be a guide for you to arrive at the correct figure. The shoes and garments worn by Madge Evans on the scales weigh 1 lb. 6½ ozs.

The prizes will be awarded for the net weight, so you must allow for her clothes.

CONDITIONS

1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Madge Evans' net weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, July 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelope to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

MADGE EVANS' MEASUREMENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measurement</th>
<th>Value</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Head</td>
<td>22 1/2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neck</td>
<td>13 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bust</td>
<td>35 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waist</td>
<td>25 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hips</td>
<td>36 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Upper Arm</td>
<td>10 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lower Arm</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Ankle</td>
<td>7 1/2 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glove</td>
<td>6 1/2 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoe</td>
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<tr>
<td>Height</td>
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Can you judge Madge Evans' weight correctly and win a reward?

Money Prizes

<table>
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<th>Prize</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Can you estimate Madge Evans' weight correctly and win a reward?
"I brought streamlines to the Ocean, but B.V.D. brought them to the Beach!"

Turn your binoculars on the B. V. D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

Masculine or feminine, there's a yacht-like trimness to every line. These smart, unhackneyed suits have 1934 ideas in fabric, fashion and color. "Sea-Tweeds," for instance—B. V. D.'s new creation which prove knit tweeds are as smart by sea as they are by land.

There are new colors, so arresting that they must be seen to be believed—challenging pastels, becoming browns, exotic blues, reds and yellows. And a new "seamless waistline"—an exclusive B. V. D. idea that makes "perfect fit" a fact—not a hope.

Beach togs, too,—B. V. D.'s famous shirts, shorts and slacks! Sound the roll call at any smart shop—there's a B. V. D. suit for every taste and a price for every purse. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reading up left to right:

SEA URCHIN—a flash of suit with the most becoming neckline and harness back straps of contrasting color.

BRASSETTE—adjustable uplift brassiere model, two-tone check and back that reaches a classic low.

PENGUIN—a miracle of decollete back, brief kerchief bodice with adjustable bow on each shoulder.

PAJAMAS—in "Perl-knit" cotton—with same smart back as "Sea Urchin," shown and described above.

ALSO MADE AND SOLD IN CANADA

B.V.D.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SWIM SUITS
Copr. 1934, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.
But you won't kid W., Make THE work, Step the this to your reserve you How Walk Now Twenty a Hollywood Then work, with a dozen you day?.

Every Woman Is Happiest When She Looks Her Best.

By Mary Lee

JUST how do you look? How are you 'doin' what you're doin'? Are you graceful, eye-filling? Or is your figure flabby? You can make it either. It is up to you. Yes, you can actually trim your own figure today in perfect lines, turn in your old one on a new, streamline, summer model. It won't cost you a million dollars either. Every minute of every day you are making your figure what it will be tomorrow and five years from to-morrow. The way you stand, walk, sit, play or work, or whatever you do, can either mold your figure into graceful loveliness, or pull it out of shape and make it bulge unpleasantly.

Take walking, for instance. And, by the way, that is what all the girls seem to be doing. Everybody walks "... for health ... for fun ... or just because they have to. Twenty minutes of correct walking a day will do more for you than hours of shamming half-hearted play. But walk correctly. Many of us do a lot of it and do it very badly. Watch yourself sometime. See if you are not walking from your shoulders! See if your shoulders are not all screwed up and tense, pushing you along as if someone had a hand on the back of your neck.

And the real strength of you is in those strong abdominal muscles and in the backs of your legs. Don't let your abdominal muscles sag. Step out vigorously. Get them into play. Walk from your upper thighs and hips. Make those strong muscles there take you places. Don't mince along from your knees! Then relax those shoulders. Let your arms swing freely. Take a deep breath, step on your exhalar, and you're off, with blood whipping through your veins, a new color in your cheeks, a new sparkle in your eyes.

But you say you don't naturally walk that way. You will look affected? When you were a kid in school learning how to hold your pencil and write properly, you weren't a picture of grace the first time you wrapped your chubby fingers around it, but a little practice did the trick. You can learn to handle your whole body just as you learned to handle that pencil. And it is a lot more important. Habit is a great institution. Make yourself do things the right way in the first place and you will find yourself doing them naturally that way in the second.

A lot of grace and exercise can be found in the simple act of getting up from a chair or sitting down. You do it a dozen times a day without thinking at all about it. Just for an experiment try it once in each of these two ways. Get up first with both feet together on the floor. Just get up. Now try it with the feet apart, one about four inches ahead of the other. Lift yourself. See how much easier it is to do it the second way. See how much less tired it makes you! Think of what a saving in energy it would be to do even such a simple thing as this correctly, if you had to do it many times a day. The point of interest to us here, however, is that rising this second way exercises and strengthens the correct muscles and is just one more step toward doing that little, graceful figure you want to have.

Do you spend a lot of each day doing housework? Then remember that housework right now can be made the best exercise in the world. Suppose you are lifting something. See if you are not collapsing your shoulders and tugging with your arms, pulling your whole body out of shape. No wonder you are tired! Just let a good piano-mover try that technique and you would see him in the hospital in a week.

Instead, get down under whatever you are lifting. Limber your knees. Push up with those strong abdominal muscles and with your hips. Then you are using not only the least possible energy to accomplish the work, but are exercising the middle of you and are on the way to achieve a lithe, flat figure that will put the firmest girdle to shame.

Do you climb stairs a dozen times a day? Good! That can be the most valuable of exercises. This goes for you, too. If you are an office worker and walk up endless subway stairs or the elevated ones in order
to reach your destination. A stair’s a stair wherever it is. And you can make good use of it in this figure-molding business if you know how. Lean forward as you go up. Keep your back straight. Let the force of gravity help instead of hinder you. Don’t lean back and pull the full weight of your body up with your legs. Let the weight of your body carry you gracefully ahead. You’ll arrive at the top of those stairs so much less tired and with good exercise given those strong back-leg muscles.

It may not be a compliment to call a girl a cat. But there are several tips to be taken from the kitten family in the matter of grace. Stretching is much the best thing in the world for you. Start every day with it. Stretch and STRETCH and S-T-R-E-T-C-H! It will limber you up amazingly. It will help keep you from getting stiff.

And sigh! No, it doesn’t mean develop a melancholy disposition. It means deep breathing ... out! We read a lot about deep breathing, in. But the business of breathing out is even more important. First empty your lungs. Then drink in fresh air as if you were bent on filling your body with it right down to your toes, not just to the lower part of your lungs.

You don’t have to have a special time and place to do this. There is air practically everywhere! Snatch every chance you have to get some of it into your lungs. Five minutes as you walk along the street. In the evening after work. They say that Janet Gaynor practices tap dancing on the set between camera shots! That is making the most of time. Perhaps tap dancing would make you a little conspicuous, but deep breathing can be taken up anywhere!

About relaxation and eating the right food, I am not going to say a word. They are supremely important but the editor is beginning to tap his foot and I must be off. However, I do want to give you two simple exercises to try at home, to develop those strong central muscles which have so much to do with grace and beauty and which are so often and so badly neglected.

Squat down on the balls of your feet, your knees apart, your hands, to steady yourself, resting on the back of a chair. Now rise slowly to a standing position. Lower yourself just as slowly to the squat. Do this five times the first morning, six the next and so on until you can do it comfortably, thirty times.

Once you’re comfortable with this exercise do it a few times the first morning, gradually increasing until you can do it with ease as many times as you like.

And whatever you do, work or play, do it with a will! Let the lively, lovely part of you have the upper hand. There is a little bit of Hepburn in the most indolent of us. A bit which refuses to tolerate the slightest vestige of laziness and flabbiness in our lives.

If you do, you’ll find not only your beauty but your disposition and your health improving. You’ll have eyes like stars, a figure which grows more lithe and graceful as every day goes by, a personality which doesn’t need to go out and make friends but finds friends coming to it. Best of all, you’ll be ready when that most important moment of your life comes and your own, personal and private director cries, “Camera!”

The Winners in the Joan Crawford Weight Estimating Contest

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00
Helen Ebert, 107-16—122nd St., Richmond Hill, L. I.

SECOND PRIZE—$15.00
Delores Miller, 330 Hanover St., Findlay, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$10.00
Marjorie Sullivan, 205 Babcock St., Brookline, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE—$5.00
Ethel O’Day, 2530 Pemberton St., New Orleans, La.

The above winners conformed to all conditions. They sent the nearest correct estimates accompanied by the best letters.
GOSSIP
You Can't Believe All You Hear: One Girl Thought the Professor Was Whispering Sweet Nothings—It Was Only His Asthma.

RUMORS are flying thick and fast, and if we can catch a few by the salt-on-the-tail method we'll have pie for dinner! That Joan Crawford is getting mightily interested in Francis Lederer. He is a constant guest at her Brentwood house, and it was he who was chosen to open her newly built little theatre by appearing in one of his own plays. Then, too, when he was appearing on the Hollywood stage in "Autumn Crocus," Joan sent him the world-famous Crawford insignia, gardenias. (And 'tis said that Lederer's girl friend, Steffi Duna, happened to be there at the time and was none too pleased.) But Franchot Tone doesn't seem to be at all disturbed by the presence of Mr. Lederer about the premises—so why should we be?

STEFFI DUNA (you saw her only briefly in "Man of Two Worlds," in which she played Lederer's Eskimo wife) is a most attractive and bewitching young girl, and is causing quite a sensation now at the Tangel Tangel Theatre in Hollywood. In fact, her fresh beauty and her ability as an actress have sort of become the talk of the town. The night after the opening of the Tangel Tangel, she received four movie offers. She has been put under contract by RKO, which studio has big plans for her—so you'll be hearing more about Steffi Duna. And those who know her say she is just that kind of Francis Lederer.

WHEN Margaret Sullivan, who has just completed "Little Man, What Now?" flew to New York the other night, where she expected to catch a boat for a European vacation, she was "seen off" at the airport by no one except her colored maid. Hollywood ain't got that little Sullivan gal yet.

OUR vote of thanks for one of the best laughs of the month goes to Wynne Gibson's grandmother, a swell old lady who knows a lot of snappy answers. Recently Wynne invited a young man home to dinner—a very correct young man—and warned Granny not to shock him. So Granny insisted that he ask the blessing when they sat down to dinner, but the poor young man couldn't remember any blessings and began to blush all over himself. "All right," said Granny, "I'll ask it. Dear Lord, I hope this meat is fit to eat."

HOLLYWOOD is going badminton crazy. If you haven't got a badminton court you simply don't belong socially.

SO at last Katy Hepburn found time to get that divorce about which there have been so many rumors for lo, these many months. Accompanied by her friend, Laura Harding, she registered at the Hotel Itza, in Merida, Yucatan, under the name of Katharine Smith, and was there almost three weeks before anybody recognized her. According to the good laws of Yucatan you can get a divorce in one month. Katy sued on the grounds of incompatibility—and he who is incompatible is Ludlow Ogden Smith, of New York. The Smiths were married December 12, 1928, in West Hartford, Connecticut, and a lot of water has run under the mill since then.

ALICE WHITE has a swimming pool, which she was a bit slow about having filled this spring, as the weather had been rather chilly. Recently Alice saw about ten of the neighborhood kids cross her lawn and assemble in serious conclave about the cement floor of the pool. They went through such strange antics that Alice, peeping out of an upstairs window, couldn't imagine what was going on. Finally she learned that they were "counting out," and one of the big girls was "it." So, five minutes later her front door bell rang and there stood the big girl. "Miss White," she said, "I have been appointed delegate to ask you when you are going to fill the pool." Alice told her she thought it was still rather cool for a swim. "No," said the girl, "we met and decided today is just perfect for a dip." So there was nothing for Alice to do but turn the water on.

BING CROSBY likes to sing "I Surrender Dear" and "Star Dust" best of the old songs that made him popular as a crooner.

THE most social foursome in Hollywood right now consists of the Freddie Marches and the John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray.)

SOME old meanie of a columnist said that Jean Muir was "sweet on" George Brent—and promptly Mr. Brent called off all dates to take Jean flying around in his new plane. Is Jean mad!!

DOLORES DEL RIO has had her dressing room redecorated. It's so modernistic and futuristic that you expect the Man from Mars to drop in at any minute.
As always - Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR * WARREN WILLIAM * VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture
Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.

Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is different! Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to your teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢.

The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Ber-nice Lorimor shows you a brown and white cheeked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.
SILVER SCREEN


JOHN MACK BROWN is still recuperating from the crack his first born made to him at the circus last month.

The four-year-old, watching and laughing joyously over the clown’s antics, turned to his dad and said, “Daddy, why don’t you act funny like that in pictures. I would like to go and see you then.”

FAY WRAY has all her bathing suits specially designed in red and white, and knitted by hand. But since she got caught in that rip tide (not with Noruna Shearer and Bob Montgomery) out at Playa del Rey last summer, she has been a little more mindful of that old gag about “and don’t go near the water.”

NOT since Jean Harlow started Hollywood as the original platinum blonde has a head of hair been so sensational in these parts as that of Janet Beecher’s. (Remember Miss Beecher as Ann Harding’s girl friend in “Gallant Lady”?) Although she is one of New York’s most popular actresses, Miss Beecher had so much fun making “Gallant Lady” that she decided to settle down on this island of lost souls. Prematurely grey at twenty-four, her hair in recent years has turned to an exquisite shade of china-blue, a phenomena which has the Hollywood fashion leaders and ye olde beauty shoppes concerned plentifully as to a possible formula. Can Janet Beecher be starting a “sapphire blonde” craze?

HOLLYWOOD has been honored lately by the visit of Princess Kropotkin, who writes, among other things, that famous column in a weekly magazine called “To the Ladies.” All the stars were quite delighted to be interviewed by the internationally known Princess and but one date was broken—which is quite a record in Hollywood, where a broken date is of no more importance than a split infinitive. The breaker was Charlie Farrell, who decided to ditch the Princess in favor of a game of polo. The next day he must have felt a bit badly about it for he called her at her hotel and apologized profusely. “Why, it’s quite all right,” said the Princess, “you are the first man to break a date with me to keep a date with a horse.”

Her date with Claudette Colbert was broken too—but it was not Claudette’s fault. The Princess arrived at twelve at the studio to interview Claudette, but De Mille was having a time with his peacocks that day on the “Cleopatra” set and wouldn’t dismiss the company for lunch until two o’clock. The Princess wasn’t at all interested in Mr. De Mille’s peacocks and whiskeys and set sail at one-thirty.

MAE CLARKE has the world’s most original garden trellis—and it was her own idea. The unique structure is built entirely of old clothes hangers, brilliantly painted and arranged in artistic design.

When you look in vain for a picture to appear, consult this list:-

NEW TITLES

“The Affairs of Cellini” (Constance Bennett) formerly “The Firebrand”
“Such Women Are Dangerous” (Warner Baxter) “9 Million Women”
“Handy Andy” (Will Rogers) “Merry Andrew”
“Embrassing Moments” (Chester Morris) “The Practical Joker”
“Midnight Alibi” (Richard Barthelmess) “Old Doll’s House”
“Chaudet the Mysterious” (Edw. G. Robinson) “Dark Tower”

Topics for Gossip

“Now, Fire Cracker,” says Jean Parker, “put on a good scene and don’t blow up in your lines.”

CAROL ANN BEERY has a new trick—and is Papa Wally delighted! Wally will say, “Come, Carol Ann, give me a Garbo kiss” and little Carol Ann will simply throw herself at him, grab hold of his ears with her little pudgy hands and give him a smack and a clench that re-sounds around the Brown Derby.

Carol Ann is also beginning to notice the Other Sex. Naturally she went on location with Wally when the “Treasure Island” company went to Catalina, and the whole company would have dinner together at the St. Catherine hotel. One night, at the dinner table, Carol Ann piped up with: “Daddy, I’m in love with Jackie Cooper.” Poor Jackie, across the table, turned as red as a beet. But, always the gentleman, he passed her the olives. Sort of a canape for love.

AT THE fights the other night we saw Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary Cooper) sporting silver finger-nails and a look of boredom. The Coopers have given up their ranch out in Van Nuys and have moved into town and gone quite social.

MARY BRIAN is taking voice lessons—of the crooning variety, so they say. It’s doubtless the Dick Powell influence, as Mary sort of specializes on him these days—and who wouldn’t see wh.

MAE WEST is at it again. Recently she was talking over the morals of today and yesterday and wise-cracked that “gals used to travel the straight and narrow path—but now they take the easiest roadster.” Don’t shoot!
WELL, now you can just thank your stars you didn’t have to spend hours on the “Cleopatra” set the day I did. (And while you are thanking your stars I’ll just thank a few of mine—thank you Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, and ZaSu Pitts and Edward Everett Horton, for two of the funniest pictures I’ve enjoyed this year.) It was a blistering eighty-five on the set that day all because the thousands, but thousands, of plumes that make the back-stop for Cleopatra’s throne on the royal barge have to be kept at that temperature else they won’t play. I’m sure I don’t know why. I’ll have to ask Mae West, who ought to be an authority on plumes by now.

And when the plumes weren’t complaining the dancing girls

Plink, Plink goes the lyre while Henry Wilcoxon tells Cleopatra—Claudette Colbert—how Mark Antony felt about her. And does Claudette love listening to a lyre!

The Master Director, Cecil B. De Mille risks only one eye when examining a take of the Cleopatra scenes.
With Cleopatra!

Cleopatra Shows
What Can Be
Done With Beads.

were—so what a stew we were in. Of course the dancing girls only had on
a bit of old seaweed the property man
had fished from the Pacific the night
before, and were being dunked in a
tank of cold water, so I couldn’t be too
critical of them. And the slave boys (Papa,
buy me one) were making the best of
greasepaint and loincloths and biceps, so
really now practically the only two people
on the set fully clothes and in their right
minds were C. B. De Mille and myself, and
maybe C. B. was just fully clothed.

I reached that conclusion when a pub-
llicity guy told me about the goats. Do you
want to hear about the goats? Well, you’re
going to anyway. It seems that throwing
a bull and a clambake in honor of An-
tony’s arrival in Egypt wasn’t enough.
There ought to be goats to give it just that
touch. After the little blonde had tripped
and carted across the bull’s back while
Antony’s eyes almost popped out, Cleo
was supposed to turn to Rome’s head general and say,
“Honey baby, you ain’t seen nothing yet.” Then she’d
clap her hands and a flock of goats and a bary of dancing
girls would be released and the goats would butt the
dancing girls on their posteriors in rhythmic movements.

Well it seems the goats knew all about butting but they
simply couldn’t be taught to do it rhythmically—they
butted without metre. So, finally, it had to be conceded
that goats have no ear for music and C. B. had to think
up something else for the entertainment of Antony.
Oh, the dancing girls—they said they didn’t mind being
batted about a bit as it really wasn’t as depressing as a
reducing machine. So now you know.

Just in case all this sounds a trifle silly to you—oh, you
don’t have to be polite with me—we might just as well
face the facts for awhile. The facts, briefly, are these,
so right about face. C. B. De Mille is directing a super
colossal spectacle called “Cleopatra” which is a sure-fire
eye-pepper Outer. Claudette Colbert, than whom there is
no than who mer, is the star and plays Cleopatra in native
costumes which Travis Banton designed. (And what in-
timate little fittings those must have been.) Warren Wil-
liam was borrowed from the brothers Warner for the role
of Caesar, and after a haircut looked more Caesarian than
Caesar. Henry Wilcoxon was imported from London by
C. B. to play Antony. LeRoy [Continued on page 65]

for July 1934
MAE CLARKE would rather be the big-hearted, impassioned street-gamin of "Nana," "Waterloo Bridge," and "Impatient Maiden," the hot-headed, gold-digging blonde of "Lady Kill er," or any other reckless lady of affairs than to dress up in silks and satins and parade as just pretty Mae Clarke.

Just what it is that makes Mae prefer this life of sin, this business of being culled about for art's sake is a little difficult to understand—at first. Until you hear Mae explain it.

"I like being these people because I know all about them" she says. "There really are girls like those I portray on the screen. I know, I've seen them. People who go through hell and high-water to get a break, and never do. Gold-diggers, too—I've heard their stories. Poor kids, they don't know what it's all about and go on thinking they do. Maybe that's why I can play them better than other roles—I'm living a true story, that's all—and I like it. I like being real people."

So much enthusiasm and energy does Mae devote to this business of portraying "real people" that she has developed a complete lack of appreciation for her other self—Mae Clarke, the woman.

I talked to her shortly before she began her role in "Nana," referring to her new part. I wanted to know something about Mae, herself—about her personal likes and dislikes, ambitions and desires.

"But why?" she said to me, "is Mae Clarke, the woman, interesting? Let's talk about my screen me—the kind of girls people like to know about. Just plain me is not important in comparison, do you think?"

With which I watched Mae metamorphosis from a very reserved little girl into the street-gamin of "Nana." As soon as she knows she is to do a picture, she coaches herself on every gesture, every movement, every characteristic trait of that girl she is to portray. With complete abandon, Mae suddenly threw herself across the divan opposite me, her graceful legs temptingly exposed; she lit a cigarette, and threw one arm carelessly across the back of the sofa, allowing every line of her lovely figure to remain unbroken. And there, indeed, was Satin of "Nana."

Assuredly, when you consider it, there cannot have been an emotion in any one of those girls Mae so realistically portrays on the screen that she, herself, does not understand. Her own full life has been overflowing with heartache, tribulation, struggle, defeat. She's had them all, and taken them, too, with her chin up, a brave heart, and indomitable courage.

That courage was to be the dominant characteristic of her career was evidenced at the ripe young age of fourteen, when Mae was selected with twelve other girls to stage a dancing recital for Earl Lindsay, New York show producer, in search of new chorines. On the morning of the day of the recital, Mae suddenly decided her stuff was too passe. She must have something new. She must be good. She must be, above all things different from the rest. All that day, and right up until showtime, Mae rehearsed her dance routine and mastered an entirely new song. Five minutes before her name was announced, she was prepared to the nth degree of perfection. She was called; she went on, and she began to sing. But horror of horror, she'd forgotten to inform the orchestra about her new number. They were playing the old one, and she was singing the new.

Mortified? Scared out of her wits? Quit? Not Mae. Nothing was going to cheat her out of her "big moment." She stopped the orchestra. She made them play the right song, and continued with her act.

But the audience hadn't seen

[Cont. on page 72]
“SHAKESPEARE?—NO!”
Fredric March Denies that Shakespeare Is Essential to an Actor’s Training.

By Julia Gwin

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Charles Laughton announced that an actor to be great must have played in Shakespeare’s immortal classics. In order to gain this indispensable experience, Laughton sacrificed a year and thousands of dollars and became a Shakespearean actor. Fredric March, one of America’s leading actors, frankly differs with Mr. Laughton.

The Editor.

Charles Laughton stands high after his success as Henry VIIIth.

March and Constance Bennett in “The Affairs of Cellini.”

The benighted home at Malibu Beach of Fredric March. "Out, damned spot!" cries Shakespeare to Culture.

Both Laughton and March have won the highest honors for their screen work.

"The idea that Shakespeare is necessary has been exploded. Too many actors who never had the classical background of Shakespeare now enjoy success... many of them haven’t even a speaking acquaintance with his plays. Motion pictures and the dramatic stage have produced some exceptional artists in the past few years, entirely without the aid of Shakespearean training," said Fredric March.

In the sun-flooded drawing-room of a suite high up in the Hotel Pierre, overlooking Central Park, March relaxed and reflected upon the question I had just put to him... whether the whimsical comedy of [Continued on page 72]
In the Old Days
Players Had Personality, Not Just Rich Relatives.


On one bench, youngsters with such names as Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres and Virginia Valli. On the other, Ralph Graves, Donald Clayton (brother of Ethel), Rod La Roque and Tommy Guinan (brother of Texas).

These were the "regular extras" receiving $3.00 a day and a guarantee of four days, weekly. How their faces would beam when Wallace Beery, Beverly Bayne, Francis X. Bushman and Bryant Washburn walked through that lane! How the same faces would register "indifference" when girls like Helen Ferguson and Colleen Moore tripped by. The first were the stars! The second, the extras who were allowed to sit on a bench and gamble on their chances.

SILVER SCREEN
big hats, Glorias were bigger. If they wore plumes, Glorias were longer and fuller. And beautiful—"

But it was not her beauty that won her "big chance" in pictures. Nor her daresdevil romance and marriage to Wallace Beery. That brought publicity. She was known—but not for her great acting. Walt, the famed star of Swedish comedies, came to Hollywood. Gloria came, too. Into Mack Sennett comedies they went. Years of hard gruelling, desperate hope, mad chaseling after that vague "opportunity" followed. And when Cecil De Mille finally chose Gloria Swanson, because of one scene from a Sennett comedy, he was nearly laughed out of the industry.

And when Irving Thalberg chose Jack Gilbert for the leading man in "The Merry Widow," he was jeered in the same manner. Jack Gilbert, who had been trying for seven years. Jack Gilbert, who had been everything from a down-and-out extra to a down-and-out unsuccessful director. But he had clung on...starving for as long as a week at a time...

Then George Loane Tucker took the hanger-on comedian, Lou Chaney, for the contortionist in "The Miracle Man," because he could fake freakishness better than the five, real contortionists who had been tested. For ten years, Lon Chaney had known he would be the best comedian in pictures. "And there I was spending agonizing hours before a mirror twisting myself from a human being into a beast—because I must eat and that was my only opportunity—" he told me, not long before he died.

Ah, those are the stories that flash through my mind when people say, "But how do you crash into the movies? It's all politics and pull, isn't it?"

It wasn't then. Not in the pioneer days when youth was riding in covered wagons and scaling roadless mountains to reach the last frontier of glory and wealth and excitement, with proper emphasis on the word excitement.

Little Helen Ferguson was fired six times from that "free bench" under the developing laboratory at the Essanay studios. She was twelve. "I was determined to stay because I wanted a gold bed for my mother and the only people who seemed to know about gold beds were those who made the movies!" Finally, they wouldn't let her through the gate, so she waited until the winter supply of coal was being shot into the basement and slipped down the coal chute before the men could close it. The very officials who had ordered her off the free bench laughed and asked her if she could swim. And when she said "yes," they let her double in Lake Michigan. She had never swum but when she went down, down, down in that cold water she remembered her mother's words, "God will take care of you." And God did. As He did so many frontier women.

Letters of introduction could [Continued on page 60]
The TRICK IS TO BE

Robert Young Has Tackled the Problem of Hollywood Marriage With a New Idea—That Works.

By Ben Maddox

The first year of marriage is an exciting, emotional whirlwind anywhere, but in Hollywood—'Oh-oh!' In this ultra-modern town a husband or wife isn't allowed to clutter up one's Beverly abode if he or she isn't exactly what was expected. Better, far better according to the Cinema Code, to part and go through the rest of life "the best of friends!"

Here there are all the customary, universal little problems which are bound to pop up in the average marriage, but no sooner are these commonplace trilles ironed out than film newlyweds have to combat the exaggerated conditions peculiar to a Hollywood existence.

Now suppose you had to dash back from your honeymoon so your brand-new bridegroom could he over to the studio to screen-love Joan Crawford. Naturally, you'd sensibly reassure yourself. It's business, strictly. Your darling wouldn't dream of actually feeling those love sequences. Anyway, Joan's too Franchot-conscious to be even slightly feared. Still, there's no escaping the fact of the overwhelming Crawford glamour, and your adored husband is so good-looking—!

If I were an eminent psychologist, I'd probably assert that this was the train of thought running through the head of pretty Mrs. Robert Young—a year ago. That was the situation confronting her.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, "the first year" is considered the most important. How to survive it successfully, if you're a movie star, is the question. I looked over the field of those who'd be eligible to talk and immediately decided on Robert Young. He's been married for a year and two months, which stamps him as a "veteran," and yet a new-enough husband to remember how he made the necessary adjustments.

Eight months out of "the first year" Bob was kept on the jump, being rushed from one picture to another and having only Sundays free. After "The House of Rothschild" they gave him a breathing spell and I was all ready to run over to his house for a lengthy conference. It was my luck, when I telephoned, to be informed that he'd begun a new picture at Columbia the day before. I went over to his set, having made a luncheon appointment, and a more informal interview I've never had. There was a half-hour wait while he finished a scene with Doris Kenyon. ("Whom the Gods Destroy" is the name of his latest and Doris enacts his mother.) Bob's lines, at that point, were, "Oh, mother, I'm going to do tremendous things. Not ordinary shows. Why, I have ideas that will make theatrical history!"

The vigor he put into the speech convinced me he felt that scene and it struck me as very likely that it was what he'd said to his very own mother a
couple of years ago when he abandoned bank clerking to embark
on the precarious movie climb. Bob's that rarity, a Los Angeles
boy who's a success in his home town. He appeared in forty
plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse before M-G-M dis-
covered him.
This was the most carefree set I've been on in ages. "O.K.,
boys, let's snap into it! Two more shots and we can go and eat!"
An electrician shouted that at the cast just as I found a chair.
Doris Kenyon, hampered by a hobble skirt, pitty-patted out
from the space of action for a fresh dab of powder, "If you
want something when you have that skirt on, why don't you
yell?" This was the democratic admonition of her maid, resting
on the sidelines. Between shots the man who maneuvered the
microphone gazed at the two performers and indulgently sang,
"You oughta be in pictures ... you're beautiful to see!"
No sedate, officious dignity at Columbia, and no studio restaur-
ant. Bob came over to me as soon as he could and greeted me
with "Let's go up to the corner beauty and catch something to
stave off starvation!" We bee-lined for the corner drugstore, but
the extras and prop men had gotten there first and we had to
unceremoniously climb onto the stools at the counter. How a
star can get concealed in Hollywood is beyond me!
This Robert Young is as earnest as he is handsome. He's
anxious to progress and is pleasingly lacking in theatrical affec-
tations. Which identifies him as a star you'd enjoy knowing
personally.
"I've thought a lot on the subject," he declared when I ad-
mitted I had come to learn his secret for combining the almost-
possible, a movie career and matrimony. My wife says I
shouldn't talk about it. She's read that too much emphasis on a
happy home life is tempting Fate. And," he added thought-
fully, "the conclusions I've reached aren't the colorful, fantastic
theories the public imagines an actor should have.

"If I could expound some flowery design for marrying I'd
sound a heap more 'fascinating.' As it is, when I finish it'll
probably sound like Dickens. Though hardly as well put!
"I hate anything phony. Posing as a gay young blade who goes
around stealing other fellows' wives might be front page stuff.
But, honestly, I wouldn't get a kick out of living if I had to con-
tinually put on an act. And I'd rather have no publicity than
to build up a false foundation with the fans. Some day it
would turn to sand, and where'd I be?
"I'm bad copy," he went on. "because I'm a normal guy who
wants to live in a normal manner." [Continued on page 70]
"PAIRING THEM OFF"

By Patricia Keats

Quick, now, my old manteau with the dabs of rabbit fur on it and my pearl-handled lorgnettes, for I am going snooping in some of the Best Places this evening. I hear that all over Hollywood love is paramount (and sex I guess is metro-goldwyn-mayer) and I've always wanted to see love paramount, so with an old bottle of champagne I walked off with from Joan Blondell's Christmas party—thinking it was my escort—I hereby christen this Away-We-Go Night. Well, bottoms up and alley-oop.

Let's go to the Coconut Grove first on account of I like Ted Flo Rita's orchestra and that ducky little watersplash which always make me think that Dick Powell is going to step out and sing "By a Waterfall" while Ruby Keeler goes into her taps. Hoity toity and hoity toity again. That's what I always say when the waiter shows me to a table in a far corner with a draft. I guess I just don't rate. Now if I had only brought Claudette along or Carole Lombard or somebody with a Name, you and I wouldn't have to sit way over here behind the palms, but could have been right out there near the dance floor with the other Names. But that's Class Distinction for you in Hollywood. Often times when I am sitting on the bias at a preview or dodging posts at a night club I wish for some good old Charleston snobbery—but come, come now, let's be gay about this and comfort ourselves with the thought that love on a rampage is far better seen at a distance. And far cooler, too. Well, a Welsh rabbit and who's here tonight?

There's Glenda Farrell and her boy friend, Bob Riskin, at a table—and a good table, too—all by their lonesomes, which sort of looks live true blue love. Glenda and Bob boast that they have never had a spat because their interests and dispositions are definitely compatible. "Yes, we're going steady, and I love it," Glenda told

Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale—a real "affair." They ought to recognize the symptoms by now.

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Plenty of Money—Beautiful Girls—Romance in the Air, and So, Why Not? Let's?

Dick Powell and Mary Brian. Just how safe is he with Mary?

me just the other day. "I never step out on Bob, and I expect him to keep the same faith with me. We aren't much for night-clubbing, preferring to spend our evenings at his home or mine with a few mutual friends discussing his work and the new books (which I never read), but I'm a damned good listener, and I've lived long enough to know that men like to do most of the talking anyway." Bob Riskin adapted both "Lady for a Day" and "It Happened One Night" for the screen and that makes him the Best. And it was Glenda who suggested that hilariously funny hitch-hiking sequence in "It Happened One Night"—so we're all for encouraging the romance of Farrell and Riskin.

OOOH—lookee—there's Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond at a table with Margaret Lindsay and Philip Reed, that tall, dark and handsome man who was such a

say yet whether or not it is going to take, but if Phil looked at me the way he's looking at Margaret I'd simply scream for a marriage license. Warner Brothers brought Philip to Hollywood last summer, and, up until the last

left off. So Marian, chaperoned by Lois Wilson, went for a cruise on Bill's yacht and the handsome young Jack Margaret Lindsay to the Beverly Hills to watch Helen Morgan mount her first Hollywood piano. And, of course, Margaret, you recall, is the little girl who used to go places with William Powell after the Lombard-Powell divorce. Wheee, Waiter, bring me a pencil, I've got to draw a diagram—love triumphant in Hollywood is just too, too complicated. Oh, for something simple like a crossword puzzle.

There's Ted Fio Rita waving his haton again. Veloz and Yolanda are going to dance and when they dance Hollywood takes notice. Gee, I like Ted Fio Rita. Wonder if he and Florence Desmond are still in love, even if Florence is in London making pictures. Never will I forget the night he and Florence decided to elope, and chartered a plane to take them to Yuma, but got lost in a fog before they could find the airport, and, after riding around in circles for hours looking for the thing finally found themselves back at the Clover Club, so decided to call it all off and have a beer and a steak sandwich instead.

Now here is a treat. Practically all of the Young girls in a bevy. And when it comes right down to fresh beauty you can't beat a Young girl. My favorite is Loretta, who is as sweet as she is beautiful and a lot of fun. I don't blame Spencer Tracy for being nuts about her—look he can't even take his eyes off of her long enough to read the menu. Spencer and Loretta have been "keeping company" ever since they worked together in "A

[Continued on page 20]

Wide World

Glenda Farrell and Bob Riskin. They're both clever and really in love—"going steady." hit in "Glamour." (Mae West is going to get you, Philip, if you don't watch out.) Margaret Lindsay and Janet Gaynor have been pals ever since they met each other on the Fox lot. The Lindsay-Philip Reed romance is sort of new and I just can't

Wide World

Jack Oakie and Mary Brian—old friends and proud of it.

Wide World

At Lew Ayres' right is Ginger Rogers, and at your right, Janet Gaynor smiling.

for JULY 1934
Is Hollywood KILLING ITS LEADING MEN?

By Beatrice MacDonald

The three out-standing matinee screen idols of to-day are Clark Gable, Fredric March and Robert Montgomery. There are a number of runner-ups of course, but these three boys not only have to make pictures in which they themselves play the stellar roles, but also have to try to fit themselves into a schedule which will permit them to support as many of the lady stars as is humanly possible. As a result—each one of them feels that it is only a question of time before he, in all probability, will crack under the physical strain!

A few days before Robert Montgomery left Hollywood for a short vacation East, he was making three pictures at the same time. The work involved in playing the leading role in one movie is no easy task, but the grueling battle one individual has to undergo in order to complete three featured parts in three entirely different cinema epics at the same time puts him in a class with a gent by the name of Hercules. When Bob left the studio the last day, he found himself on the point of collapse. He was so exhausted that he didn’t care if he never saw a camera again. His first vacation in a year and a half loomed ahead like a dream of Paradise.

They called him in to the Sanctum Sanctorum where the new contract you’ve just signed with us. We need the picture right away. The booking department is screaming for it. It’s a great story, and we expect to make a million on it.”

“Well,” said Bob, “You can hold me to my contract if you want to. I won’t try to get out of it. If I did, you would sue me. I’ll be on the set at nine tomorrow if you insist. I’ll probably be able to finish it, too. So you can make your million, if it’s there. But all I want to say is this, unless you let me get on that train to-morrow and get away for a complete rest, I will either be dead or in a hospital by the time the picture is done. You’ve got four important pictures all set up for me to make this year. What’s going to happen to them? It’s entirely up to you.”

At the completion of “When Ladies Meet,” Robert Montgomery, worn out after four years of practically uninterrupted work, was rushed to a hospital for an operation. Myrna Loy at right.

This is a scene from “Farewell to Arms,” with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. It serves to illustrate how Gary worked until his health broke and he was forced to leave the studio.
Every Beautiful Star Demands Gable, March, Cooper or Montgomery—And There’s the Difficulty.

Bob came East on his vacation. Prior to the visit he made here over a year ago, he had found it utterly impossible to get away from Hollywood for a stretch of over four years. When he arrived in New York, he went immediately to his farm in upper New York State. He hasn’t even got a telephone in this early Colonial homestead of his, for he has kept this place as the only real refuge in which he can completely relax and recuperate his strength. Part of the house was built in 1812, and Bob played in the surrounding countryside as a boy. It is his real home.

All of his admirers will remember how wan and haggard he looked in "When Ladies Meet." He had finished the picture previous to that one, late one evening, and had started work on "When Ladies Meet" the next morning. On the completion of the comedy in which he gave one of his best performances, he was rushed to the hospital for an operation.

"One has to work under such terrific nervous pressure," he said in describing the collapse, "that before you realize it the whole question of your health goes up in a grand blow out. Your teeth begin to fall out; you suddenly discover you have a bad appendix; your suggestion has gone to hell in a hand-basket, your hair starts flying off—and you just wake up one day to find you're falling to pieces." "Time means everything to the movie producers," he continued. "Everything in Hollywood is run at such terrific speed, that it is a wonder to me how any of us survive. I have spent over a hundred hours in the projection room looking at tests of men who were being considered as future screen stars. The producers all have the idea that some form of miracle will happen. When we fellows who are being pulled around now, making our own features, and being borrowed for women stars of other companies and our own, have finished our drawing power, who is going to take our place? They don't know out there—and they don't seem to care."

"When I finish my work as a player, I want to stay in the business. Either as a director or producer—or on the stage. The profession is all I know. I have tried over and over again to form some sort of group that could step into our shoes. I worked out a plan whereby the film producers would have, at their disposal, trained stock actors in a short space of time. I had arranged with the managers of well-known theatrical stock companies to pay a small weekly salary to the most promising members of their groups. The film companies would pay an additional small salary—enough to have the player live decently while learning the profession. In two or three years, we could weed out the best of the group, and they could commence work in the studios. When I submitted the plan to the movie heads, they said, 'It's a swell idea, Bob. But we haven't got the time! We can't wait two or three years.' We need leading men now, and if we can't find them—why you and Gable and March, and maybe a couple of others will have to (Continued on page 62)
ANY number of really IMPORTANT pictures in production this month. Probably the most important is Bing Crosby's new film—"She Loves Me Not," I say this is the most important for several reasons. First, it is adapted from the most riotously funny farce New York has seen this season, secondly because Bing plays the lead and, with the vogue he is enjoying at present, anything he does is important. Every one of his pictures has been held over for a second week during its Los Angeles engagement and in these times that is almost unprecedented; and thirdly, because it is directed by Elliott Nugent who gave us the phenomenally successful "Three Cornered Moon." "She Loves Me Not" also boasts the presence of Miriam Hopkins...if you care.

It is the story of a chorus girl (La Hop) who witnesses a murder in a Philadelphia night club while doing her turn. Afraid she will be held as a material witness she runs away in her dancing costume, which consists mostly of a couple of beads. All she has on over it is her coat and hat. She takes a bus for New York but finds she has only enough money to get her as far as Princeton.

In hiding all day, without food, she gazes longingly through the windows of a room where Bing (a student) is studying and munching cake. When she can stand it no longer, she knocks on his door.

Bing, hearing her story, decides some-thing must be done. He figures if other boys help him hide her he won't get into so much trouble, so he asks them. The aid of his tap-dancing pal, Eddie Nugent, who lives above him. They give Miriam a haircut and shave—no, I'm wrong—just a haircut, and then doll her up in some of Eddie's clothes—Bing's are too flowing on her—and hide her in the dormitory.

Eventually Warren Hymer (who committed the murder) tracks her down and calls while the boys are out. He is determined to "take her for a ride" so she won't be able to squeal. Afraid she'll scream while he's getting her out of the dormitory, he starts choking her. As he chokes her, Miriam begins a tap dance. That's a signal to Bing (below) that she wants something. Warren, dragging the half conscious Hop to the door, finds that in the scuffle his suspenders have broken and his trousers are wadded up around his ankles. He pauses to consider this new problem and lets Miriam down to the floor. Just then Bing bursts in, takes in things at a glance and gives Warren a push that sends him sprawling (account of his suspenders being in the way). As Warren starts to rise, Bing hits him and he drops back to the floor unconscious.

"What was he trying to do to you?" Bing asks Miss Hopkins, who is struggling back to consciousness.

"He's a gun-man from Philadelphia," she gasps. "Get his guns off him!" Together they spring to the search of Warren, Bing below him and Miriam above,
News of the Studios All Over Hollywood and the New Pictures in Work.

By S. R. Mook

W. C. Fields, the bibulous comic, in "The Old-Fashioned Way."

"100% Pure" has Jean Harlow as star and Franchot Tone opposite.

 Plenty of others shooting at Paramount this month, too.

There is "The Old-Fashioned Way" starring W. C. Fields and his bulbous nose. It's all about an old reprobate (Fieldsie) who takes his company, "The Drunkard," on a barnstorming tour of one night stands, playing the lead himself. They're sometimes one jump ahead of the sheriff, sometimes two steps behind him, but he's always close by. Just as present they are on a train (period of 1878) en route to their next engagement. Naturally, they're riding in a day coach. Mr. Fields is positively magnificent in a frock coat, a black overcoat with a moth-eaten brown fur collar, gloves, cane and a gray topper.

Beside him sits Judy Allen who is playing his daughter.

"I like the topography of this country," Mr. Fields murmurs, gazing out the window at the flying landscape. "Some day in the near future I should like to put up a $40,000 mansion hereabouts. It's—"

"What have you under your foot, daddy?" Judy murmurs sweetly.

"It's very picturesque, this country," Bill goes on reminiscently. "I—why—wh—what?" he breaks off suddenly realizing Judy has spoken to him.

"What have you under your foot?" she repeats.

(Continued on page 74)
"Where's that Ball and Chain?"

Is Dick Powell Seriously Looking For An Angel?

By Carlisle Jones

Dick has been her interested escort on numerous occasions.

But to a suggestion that they may be seriously intending to marry, both principals shake their heads. And smile.

Dick's name has been linked romantically with that of Ginger Rogers.

"Nothing to it," says Dick, a little sharply, "Ginger is my friend."

Jean Muir, the tall, blonde young actress who has come along in pictures almost as fast as Dick, can be freed of suspicion quickly. Jean is much too busy with her career to think of matrimony—with anybody, even Dick Powell, were he so inclined.

This disposes of most of Dick's "girls," but does not explain just why he has suddenly asked to have the part of his agreement which restricts his right to marry revoked.

There is a possibility that the very arrangement by which it was hoped he would be kept "eligible for marriage" yet of necessity single, has acted as a boomerang. Perhaps when the girls learned that it was an enforced bachelordom he enjoyed, they turned their attention, regrettably, no doubt, to less restricted males.

Whatever it is, one thing is certain: Dick Powell has had a change of heart. It was only a few weeks ago, not long after he signed the contract which he now wants to change, that he came out publicly with a stirring defense of single blessedness.

"I'm not going to marry anybody," he replied to the point blank question, "now or any time in the future."

It just doesn't make sense, anyway you put it together.

The young man from the Ozarks is just as level-headed in business matters as he is in love. Since his high school days he has never been without a job save for one disastrous season when he tried to "get rich quick" in Florida without any success. He got out of that venture with just money enough to buy a ticket back to Indianapolis where a job awaited him, and to purchase a bunch of bananas which supplied him his breakfasts, lunches and dinners on the way home. He has never eaten a banana since.

Much has been told and written about the fact that he collected nickels out of telephone pay stations for the Little Rock Telephone Company as a youth, that he sang in choirs, and played in orchestras around the Middle West.

But little or nothing has been said about his activities as an insurance salesman in Indianapolis, until just recently, when he was reminded of it by a telegram questionnaire from that city.

[Continued on page 62]
A Gallery for Picture Fans

HER next picture is "Dames" with Dick Powell. Ruby finds the sport of surf fishing fascinating and the fish must look in vain for legs more precious than Ruby's.
Gary Cooper, who was also at M-G-M, making "Operative 13" with Marion Davies, called upon William Powell and Myrna Loy on "The Thin Man" set.

WILLIAM POWELL

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" was Bill's first at M-G-M, but he is too good a trouper to let a little thing like a change in studios upset the suave elegance of his style. It was in 1923 that William first saw the shadows and there has never been another with as great a degree of shrewd controlled menace as he. The honor-winning "One Way Passage" was a tribute to him. He will next make "The Thin Man"—a fine part. Bill is the wit of Hollywood. One day the arrival of the ladies spoiled a story and Bill sadly deleted the punch of his narrative. As it fell flat, he smiled and quoted Iris March: "I died for Purity." Quick and clever, that's Bill.
CROSSES mark the spots. Ann Harding in a bathing suit about to plunge into her own hilltop pool. Ann, a natural blonde, has the sublety of color—the natural peachy bloom that makes her bleached sisters grow pale with envy.
New Pictures

The Latest Films Are Running to Masterpieces and the Heroes Are Running to Mustaches.

Irene Dunne and Richard Dix in "Stingaree."

Richard Dix as the mustached bandit in "Stingaree."

Lionel Barrymore Otto Kruger in "Treasure Island" and Wallace Beery parrot as they the Spanish Ma.

"Treasure Island" and Jackie Cooper swarming a loft.
What are Important

GE. bos'uns and pirates bold will make "Treasure Island" a marvellous picture. What a grand idea to give the spot to chorus and girlie pictures and to pipe Lionel and Wallace Beery on deck with the jolly roger flung to the breeze.

"HINDAREE," the new Irene Dunne-Richard Dix picture, is a great story of a famous Australian bandit.

BARRYMORE discovered a great actress role Lombard and a part in "Twentieth Century."

After a long vacation Ronald Colman (who screen mustaches they are today) re-in a new Bulldog mond story. The scene shows an Englishman o'clock of any after- and Loretta Young asream in his coffeepardon, Ronnie—tea. Right!

Above, Carole Lombard in "Twentieth Century" and at left, John Barrymore and mustache with Carole.
It's Easier to Make

It is "Isle of Fury" and Bill Powell is furious because all Maxine Doyle says is "You tickle."

Marion Davies clings with abandon to Gary Cooper in "Operator 13."
Love in the Summer Time

June moonlight overcomes each screen over. His inamorata is swept into his arms by a force greater than he—the Casting Director.

The "clinch close-up" is as necessary to a picture as a heroine, and month in and month out, the leading lovelies win their men, get kissed and call a day. But into the studios steals a more romantic atmosphere as summer comes over the untains, and the conquering males work with a gayer ardor—ardor and harder.

Howard and Frances Dee, held together by the mostious form "Of Human Bondage."

In "Manhattan Melodrama," Gable and Loy put their dy together—will they think up?

Claire Dodd kayos Pat O'Brien in "The Personality Kid"—her heart was in her work.
Jean Howard’s suit is a “Sea Tweed”—Bullock’s, Los Angeles. Linda Parker’s suit is “The Dolphin”—Best & Co., New York. Mary Carlisle’s suit is a “Brassette” model—J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles. Ruth Channing’s suit is a “Sea Tweed”—Rothschilds, Oklahoma City. Marian Evans’ suit is a “Penguin” model—Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Kay English’s suit is a “Sea Tweed”—John Wanamaker Men’s Store, Philadelphia, Pa. Una Merkel’s suit is a “San Tropez” model—Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo. All models mentioned are by B. V. D.

Jean Howard, wearing her choice for beach and breakers, a striped pull-over shirt over a “Sea Tweed” suit.

A “Sea Tweed” suit is worn by Ruth Channing, one of M-G-M’s beauties. She selected a chevron pattern in two-color stripes.

Little Linda Parker wears “The Dolphin,” a suit of “Perknit” fabric with straps in contrasting color.
The Water's Fine, the Girls Are Beautiful, and Romance is in Season.

In "Charlie Chase" Comedies, Muriel Evans fits into the picture as neatly as she does into her tricky swim suit.

Malibu and Santa Monica Shows

The Allures of 1934

Kay English in her "Sea Tweed" suit of two-color diagonal stripes, a tantalizing design, or is it the English she puts in it?

Mary Carlisle enjoyed riding high in her big part in "This Side of Heaven." But summer days bring them all down to sea level.

The democratic Una Merkel poses in a bathing picture one minute and plays leading woman for Harold Lloyd in "The Cat's Paw" the next, and always she is our favorite comedienne.
“Dressing Up” for All Hollywood Has Gone to the Attic Rummage Over Gaudy Dresses Gay Wenches With Practically No Morals At All.

Katherine De Mille supporting Moe West in her new picture.

Mary Boland in velvet and spangles for "Stingaree."

In "Madame D'Barry"—Dolores Del Rio in a gorgeous gown of the period.
his gorgeous dress of Mary Boland's is worn in "Stingaree." In the picture she is a sturdy matron of Australia in the '70's. Mary and has been kind all her life—once she did a favor at the Empire Theatre in New York and received a young man's blessing. Herard is her lovely expression and a million friends.

LORES DEL RIO has a Warner contract and is at work on a picture based on the of "Madame Du Barry," whose beauty med the eyes of men until they surrendered their hearts into her lovely hands.

HE return to the old gambling and liquor of the Gay '90's finds trailing behind Mae it who led the pro- tion. Her new picture, Ain't No Sin," stumed in the es of the Gib- Girl. In this picture, also con- rably padded is Katherine Mille, who has made a hit in "Viva " and "The Spike Blows.

"It Ain't No Sin" is a story of early days in New Orleans and Mae West fills out the character nicely.
ROCHELLE HUDSON

THE Oklahoma girl has her big chance at last in "Nine Million Women," with Warner Baxter. She has only been in a few pictures, but made a real success in "Are These Our Children?" Rochelle is five feet three inches tall, but high enough to reach the top rungs of fame.
america's "hoss sense philosopher," will rogers, is said to be a better box office attraction than garbo. his next picture, "handy andy," is coming soon. with him as he strolls from the fox studio restaurant is madeleine carroll, england's most beautiful token payment.
SIDNEY BLACKMER
Great in "This Man Is Mine."

SIDNEY FOX
Back to stay this time.

HELEN VINSON
"The Life of Vergie Winters" is next for Helen.

JOSEPH SCHILDRAUT
"Viva Villa" rediscovered him.
Lovable Charm
Ruby Keeler's beauty proves to be irresistible to Dick Powell in their new Warner Bros. picture "Dames". Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

POWDER... Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colors. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, silt-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours.

ROUGE... Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Exquisitely fine, and creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.

LIPSTICK... Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof...it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.

Ruby Keeler
Enhances the Radiance of Her Beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up

YOU are always attracted by color...for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up...face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood
Society Make-Up...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

To fill in the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10¢ for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Makeup Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The Art of Society Make-Up"...Free.

Mail the coupon to Max Factor...Hollywood

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

© 1934 Max Factor
Dolores keeps this waist-length cape of brilliant orange velvet handy to wrap around her cool shoulders. It is military in cut, and oh, so modern!

For luncheon or tea or the casual weekend journey, she chooses this chic but extraordinarily simple black and white print in an all-over design, over which she throws a loose, graceful wrap of scarlet wool crêpe.

DOLORES DEL RIO

Dolores Del Rio can be forgiven for meditating on her own sophisticated loveliness in this svelte white pebble crêpe dinner gown which she has chosen for summer evenings. After all, isn't it a delightful compromise between the extremely decorative costumes she will soon be seen wearing in "Du Barry" (the mistress of Louis the 15th) and the—shall we say—lack of costume called for in her role of Rima, the bird-girl in "Green Mansions," a tale of the South American Pampas, which is to follow?
GOOD TASTE vs. Hollywood FASHIONS

Stars Off Screen Do Not Kowtow To The Couturiers Of The Studio.

By Lenore Samuels

TIME was when Hollywood was being spoken about (in Hollywood) as a deadly rival of Paris, but the big stars supplied that still nebulous idea in the bud by openly coming to New York to replenish their personal wardrobes in the Fall or in the Spring, or taking a quick trip to Paris with that idea in mind if their time permitted it.

Perhaps when the clever studio dress designers paid attention to the results of these periodic trips across the continent, they decided to sit up and take notice. After all, if the most glamorous stars of the screen preferred to dress simply and as inconspicuously as possible in their private lives—it must be a sign of the times, the aftermath of the Depression, and a portent of the days to come. That is, psychologists might see all these signs in the passing of furbelows, but Hollywood designers might not see it that way entirely. For they simply adore dressing a screen character according to type without laying overmuch stress on the ultimate good taste of her accumulated wardrobe. So it may be to the stars themselves, that we owe this striking metamorphosis of clothes on the screen.

It may be a long time before Hollywood designers reach the point where they will, without coercion, dress such players as Alice Brady and Billie Burke and not be tempted to resort to swathes of billowy chiffon and endless ruffles of crisp, fluttery organza. It is their determination to have a sweet, feminine, fluttery character, such as Alice Brady and Billie Burke invariably play, "look" the part. And look the part they generally do, to the point where a frankly irritated audience has no other desire in the world but to choke them.

However, to balance these jittery, but extremely amusing females, thank goodness, we have such steady, dependable ladies as Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert. In one of her recent pictures, "This Man Is Mine," Irene Dunne exhibited the very quintessence of smartness sartorially speaking, and did not seem to find it necessary to change her costume for every foot of film in order to do so.

The sports suits and charmingly simple evening gowns which she wears are so much a part of her own personality that you do not find yourself looking at them instead of at her.

Off the screen Irene can easily be recognized, because she is almost identical with her screen counterpart, except, of course, when she is called to step into the character of a bygone day, as she must in "Stingaree," her latest film in which she plays opposite Richard Dix.

As for Claudette Colbert, we feel that she is deserving of a Carnegie Medal or at least a Victoria Cross or whatever it is that they give you for bravery on the field of battle. [Continued on page 61]

Two interesting snapshots. Joan Crawford (with Ric Corder) on the M-G-M lot and Norma Shearer in Waterloo Station, London. They have an identical sports suits.

In "Riptide," the dresses designed for Norma Shearer were rather startling.

Mona Barrie is wearing a hat conceived in the brain of a Hollywood Fashion Specialist.

Irene Dunne was dressed charmingly in "This Man Is Mine" and her modish gown is a delight to women of taste.
"Twentieth Century" is a satirical picture of Broadway life, with John Barrymore in top form and Carole Lombard better than ever before.

TWENTIETH CENTURY
Rating: 82° De Luxe, Fast and Record-Breaking—Columbia

ONE of the best pictures of the year. Brilliant farce, brilliantly acted by John Barrymore and Carole Lombard, and already it has caused more talk around town than any picture since "It Happened One Night." It's got the perfect plot and the perfect cast, so why shouldn't there be raves and huzzahs and dancing in the streets. You've probably liked Carole Lombard for a long time, but now you'll simply go crazy about her, for she gives one of the most finished, amusing performances you've ever seen. And proves without a doubt that when Lombard is given a chance to act—she ACTS.

John Barrymore has the perfect Barrymore part and gives it all. His Oscar Jaffe will go down in movie history. Oscar Jaffe, big New York theatrical producer, is a composite picture of Belasco, Morris Gest, Jed Harris, and other geniuses of the stage, and Barrymore certainly ought to know how to impersonate them.

Marlene Dietrich’s "Scarlet Empress" is another Catherine of Russia story.

Nancy Carroll is on the screen again with Otto Kruger in "Springtime for Henry."

Carole plays Lily Garland, a dumb little girl who can't act worth a tinker's damn until the great maestro takes charge of her and makes her the sensation of Broadway. But they quarrel, as emotional artists will, and Lily deserts Jaffe and goes to Hollywood, where she becomes a famous movie star. And then the real story begins—on the famous Twentieth Century, the crack train that rushes from Chicago to New
York in record-breaking time. If you arrive in New York via any other train than the Twentieth Century you just aren’t somebody.) Lily is returning to New York for a vacation after her Hollywood success, and with her is Randolph, her newest boy friend. Also getting on the train in Chicago are Oscar Jaffe and his two publicity boys, played by Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns. Of course, the idea is to sign Lily up for Oscar’s next play—but what havoc, what tantrums, what tearing of hair and screeching. There is one swell scene where Carole, as the temperamentally Lily, starts kicking Mr. Barrymore right in the stomach. In fact, there are hilariously funny scenes throughout the picture. It’s a must see.

**THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI**

**Rating:** 86° Brilliant Comedy—Twentieth Century

This picture definitely establishes Frank Morgan as the Best. Imagine walking away with a picture that has Constance Bennett, Fredric March, and Fay Wray in it—but that’s exactly what Frank Morgan does. As the bewildered, hench-peeked, and slightly dopy Duke of Florence, during the sixteenth century when the de Medici’s were passing around poison as gaily as we pass the olives, Mr. Morgan is simply superb. Constance Bennett, brittle and beautiful, plays the Duchess, the real ruler of Florence, and when she hears of the brawls and braveries and while accomplishments of Benvenuto Cellini gossiped about by the court, she plans to have the Florentine’s great lover in her boudoir before sunrise.

Of course Freddie March plays the swag-minded Cellini, who for the nonce is completely captivated by the dumbest blonde in history, played by Fay Wray. And to add to the complication Duke Morgan’s roving eye has also lit on Fay, and a rendezvous has been arranged at the castle that very night. It all gets very complicated and hilarious, with Cellini stealing the Duke’s blonde right out of his royal bed-chamber and leaving the Duchess cold in her heart.

It’s good old de Medici poison for Cellini after that. He decides the blonde Fay isn’t worth it, so, at the brilliant banquet at which he is supposed to expire, he outwits the Duchess and tricks her into expressing her love for him. So there’s a happy ending with the Duke and Duchess well pleased with their new playmates. Very smart and sophisticated comedy.

**SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN**

**Rating:** 48° A New High in Landa—Columbia

Here is one of those face-the-facts-of-life pictures which is as honest and dramatic and human as life itself. The picture can stand on its plot alone—but, in this case, it is far from necessary, as there are four exquisite performances, given by Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut and Doris Lloyd, so flawlessly truthful that you can’t keep your own emotions from getting all wrought up. And don’t ever let me hear you say Elissa is the cold type again. She is as warm and pulsatingly alive as her own heart.

The story is about a very wealthy man

[Continued on page 50]
Now For Penguins!

Walt Disney Is Making a Silly Symphony With Funny Little Penguins.

While Walt holds a fish above "Peculiar Penguin," the cameraman takes motion pictures, for the artists to follow.

WALT AND MRS. DISNEY walked out of a motion picture theater on Larchmont Avenue in Hollywood and crossed the street to their parked automobile.

They found the car, a small coupe that had seen better days and many of them. Walt jerked off his hat and necktie and tossed them into the automobile. He stretched his released throat luxuriously and rumpled his hair. Disney was himself again! He flashed Mrs. Disney a quick smile of satisfaction.

The smile would have proved one thing to anyone who has worked with Walt: that he had not been to see a Disney picture previewed. After such previous he never smiles; and if he laughs it is the wild laughter of a desperate man. And the pity of it all, he will explain, is not that the picture was bad, but that he and his staff who failed so miserably are the same people who will make all his other pictures. Sad, isn't it?

Walt opened the door of the coupe and Mrs. Disney stepped in. He didn't close the door. He had seen something He had vanished. Mrs. Disney looked out and saw him standing with his face pressed against the window of a pet shop. She clicked the light switch, yawned, and settled herself for an uncomfortable half-hour with the evening paper. Walt never passes up a pet shop.

Before going to bed, Walt waded through a pile of National Geographics, blew the dust off several volumes of the encyclopedia, and said, "What?" every time Mrs. Disney spoke or coughed.

By three in the morning, Mrs. Disney had learned about penguins from Walt.

To wit:

Penguins are nearly perfect cartoons of human beings both in characteristics of personality and appearance. They are like, brave, vain. They have tremendous bumps of curiosity and have a highly developed mob instinct.

They are little Charlie Chaplins. Walt thinks Charlie Chaplin and penguins are swell.

A penguin proposes by offering his lady love a pretty stone. If she loves him, she accepts the stone; if she doesn't, she kicks it in his face. Penguin gold-diggers accept stones from all the boys and sometimes get enough stones this way to build their nest and feather it. Penguin parents leave their offspring with the old folks, while they go out to get about.

These odd little web-footed birds toboggan on their breasts and ski by sliding down snowbanks standing up. They steal from each other. They fight a la Punch and Judy. A husband will fight for the honor of his wife and, at the same time, carry on a clandestine affair with some other fellow's wife.

Before going into the water, the penguin colony pushes in one of its fellows. If a shark doesn't gobble up the martyr, then they all dive in. "Nite Babies!"

"Peculiar Penguins" will be released in June. Practically everybody, except Walt, will think that it's a first-class Silly Symphony.

There are nearly a hundred different Mickey Mouse products—toys, clothes, clocks, watches and so on, and as many more named after the "Three Little Pigs" and the "Big Bad Wolf." Before Christmas rolls around, Walt Disney's Penguin will be in the crib with baby and out on the porch with Junior. Disney has a magical key to the hearts of all the children in the world.
"I Love Summer Clothes"

says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux.

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.

"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"

Kolloch, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck TRUST TO LUX
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THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak—the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture. Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4½ inch pictures, $9 . . . or 2½ x 3½ inch pictures, $8. If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Strictly Dynamite

Rating: 57† Day and Data Comedy—RKO

Schonzi, Durante is given the key to the city this time and simply romps all over the place in the well-known Durante manner. Jimmy plays a funny man on the radio, with Lupe as his co-star, and that gives them both a swell chance to put over a couple of songs. The picture starts out with a nifty plot, but it sort of gets lost along the way.

Norman Foster plays a serious young author who thinks he's writing serious stuff—but it's funny to anybody else. Martin Nixon, his wife, interests an agent. Bill Gargan, who gets Jimmy, the radio comic, to sign him up for several hundred a week as his ghost-writer. Well, success goes to Norman's head, and Lupe leads him astray, and Marian's awfully upset about it all and turns to Gargan, who offers her a husband and a home. It's all over. But of course in the last reel he sees the error of his ways.

Norman gives a grand performance as the besotted young author. Light and amusing, and if you go for Durante you'll be entertained.

Manhattan Melodrama

Rating: 28† Don't Blame the Cast—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Clark Gable's last picture is rather disappointing—maybe it's just because we are sort of fed up with gangsters; even Dillinger rather bores us. Maybe you don't feel that way—and maybe you will like it.

There's a prologue on a Hudson River boat, where we see a terrible fire and many people drowned. Among the rescued are two little sobbing boys, who, parentless after the tragedy, sort of pull together and bring themselves up on New York's famous East Side.

One boy is a born gambler and crook, the other has a high moral sense and great ambition to become a lawyer. They grow up, and sure enough the little boy who was the best crap shooter on Bleeker street grows up to be Clark Gable, who now operates a swanky gambling club. The studious little lad becomes none other than debonair William Powell, who is running for the office of district attorney. After all these years the boys meet again—and Myrna Loy, Clark's girl, falls desperately in love with Powell, the first real gentleman she has ever met. Of course, Clark kills a man in a debt argument and Bill has to try him for murder. And so it goes. It's good old melodrama, but we do like our comedy.

Many Happy Returns

Rating: 39† Goody—Paramount

Well, they turned Gracie loose on this one, and she certainly runs riot. If you're one of the millions of Gracie Allen and George Burns' fans this is right down your alley and you will enjoy it. Gracie is completely gaga and doesn't keep her trap shut from beginning to end. George Barbier plays her poor husband, who, after analysis, and the psycho-analyst decides that Gracie has a leaping libido or something and should marry George Burns, the radio announcer of Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

Mr. Barbier offers George ten dollars a mile to marry Gracie and take her as far away as possible, and as George is on his way to Hollywood with the Lombardo orchestra he takes Gracie along and figures out his mileage all the way across the continent, while Gracie disturbs everyone from an upper berth.

Well, it seems that Mr. Barbier's same daughter, Joan Marsh, is on her way to Hollywood on the same train. But they've won a beauty contest and a studio contract. Rather than have her go into the movies, Mr. Barbier has her kidnapped along with Gracie and hands over the two to the insane Gracie enters Hollywood as the Masked Beauty. Her goings-on at the studio are something elegant, and they can't keep her mouth shut long enough to have a perfect "take." Gracie then gets entangled with a couple of gangsters and, finally, Papa Barbier arrives and raises the ante. Gracie then takes off for a party and comes back with a foreign country.

[Continued on page 58]
How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don’t just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots
THE SCARLET EMPRESS
Rating: 57* SYMBOLS AND CYMBALS AND NETS TO YOU—Paramount

ONE of the most spectacular, art-conscious pictures ever to escape the Hollywood workshops. But its magnitude, unfortunately, is rather wearying. Photographically and musically it is a beautiful production, but we of the Americas do like a bit of plot and good acting thrown into our cinema.

Marlene Dietrich is even more beautiful than ever and with a given ample opportunity to revel in her beauty, for one close-up follows another in startling rapidity, but some old meanie thought it would be a good idea to put her in front of the camera, and in time you become triple annointed with those nits—just as you do with the constantly tolling bells and stamping Cossacks. But the old deadpan her that's just as good—Marlene, as you know, plays young Catherine of Russia, who later becomes the Empress when she meets Jaffe, looking very much like Harpo Marx, plays the Mad Peter, and John Lodge, through clenched teeth, plays the Russian ambassador whom Marlene goes to the court and gives her her first lesson in love. More drama and fewer symbols and cymbals would be appreciated.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY
Rating: 71* AND A GOOD WOMAN DONE HIM WRONG—Fox

HERE is one of the most charmingly impudent comedies you have ever seen, with a naïve disregard for morals that is quite delightful. Henry, played by Otto Kruger, is an utterly unashamed young bachelor who devotes his life to loving and the pursuit of happiness. Naturally other wives are simply mad about him. But it's spring and Henry is seeing that his secretary (Heather Angel) is attractive, and he makes the startling discovery that she is "good"—so he persuades himself that he is in love with her and she reforms so that he might be worthy of her. So Henry becomes as dull as dishwater, which simply infuriates Nancy Carroll, the wife of his dummy brother, Nigel Bruce, who is having one of those very gay and naughty affairs with him. And then the surprise! That "good" woman, the dull, pure secretary, is none other than the married and respectable Nigel Bruce, while Nancy takes Henry to a meeting at the Ray of Hope Mission, which results in his reformation.

Otto Kruger gives a grand performance as Henry, and Nancy Carroll plays beautifully and capably a young wife who has a yen for a debonair Henry. It's good to have Nancy back again after all these months and she looks like a million dollars.

SADIE McKEE
Rating: 41* CINDERELLA 1934 MODEL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

YOU'LL not be disappointed in the newest newcomer to your new neighborhood, if you're one of those dear-in-the-wool Crawford fans who wants your Joan in every sequence. Joan sort of steps aside this time and gives the line and gaiety to the rest of the cast—Francot Tone, Gene Raymond, Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, and Edward Arnold—and we of the old die-hard school, the movie stars et al. every inch of the footage, rather resent this. The plot is awfully reminiscent of other plots—daring back to Cinderella—but some of the outside know how we get into it. Joan is a maid (and the daughter of the cook) in Francot's rich daddy's house, but when Francot has her boy friend (Gene Raymond) fired for stealing or something, she throws the soup in his face literally and runs away to New York with Gene. Scared to death by the city the kids pick up Jean Dixon, one of those hard babies, in an automat and she pilots them to her boarding house, which is some dump. Gene and Joan pluck to marry when Gene is a weak character and when Esther Ralston offers him a singing job in her act he walks out on Joan.

Disillusioned with life just now, Joan gets a job in a speakeasy where, one night, she bumps into Francot, who's trying to get his millionaire client, Edward Arnold, to come home and go to bed. But when the fabulous and sentimental Mr. Arnold meets Joan, there's nothing to do about it but he must marry her at once. Arnold's reasons for looking at the picture as far as the comedy is concerned. Everything gets awfully serious later, with Joan divorcing Arnold to return to Gene, who's doing his undercover job to discover that it is Francot she loves all the time. You just know Vina Delmar wrote it.

TH E CIRCUS CLown
Rating: 75* GRAND ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD—Warner

JOE E. BROWN'S latest picture is a riot of fun beginning to end, and we say this we are not kidding because we never before really liked Joe E. Brown. But now we're such an ardent Joe E. Brown fan that we're going to write him a fan letter. Why, we laugh in years the way we did at his picture the other night. Joe E. plays a half-baked, cowbell, country boy who's just got to get in the circus because it's in his blood (his old man was "the man on the flying trapeze." So he runs away from home and gets a job manning the ring in a circus. Straightway he falls in love with Miss La Tour, a famous bare-back rider, who happens to be the Donald Dillwyn in disguise. Whoops! Do the boys kid him about that! No one will believe that he is a swell acrobat or give him a chance to prove it—until one night from sheer stupidity he gets involved with the flying-something-ors—other and brings down the house. But his success is short-lived, as he has to get drunk in order to save the brother of a girl he has fallen in love with—and after blacking the eyes of Miss La Tour he gets fired. But what a comeback he stages—at little more than a moment's notice! He gets substitutions for Laffo, the flying clown, and wins his girl (Pat Ellis) and a circus contract and everything. There are some small side-rolling bits of humor. This will be more fun for the kids than a real circus.

LAUGHING BOY
Rating: 85* SWEET ROMANCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE picturization of Oliver La Farge's famous novel has Ramon Novarro playing "Laughing Boy" and Lupe Velez as "Pretty Girl." The book is a study in psychology of a young Indian idealist, contrasted with a modern Indian girl who has strayed from the traditions of her race to seek a better life.

It's a tragic, beautiful story, but awfully hard to put on the screen. Ramon isn't exactly convincing, the actors make the picture look like real Indians which makes it a bit hard for the fake ones. And why Ramon and Lupe should have aeons whereas the real Indian, an acclaimed English is something we haven't figured out.
THELMA TODD

Thelma Todd's striking blonde beauty is bright with animation. Her health, she knows, is a priceless possession... and she plans her diet carefully to provide the energy she needs. That's where bread proves a friend! Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

Dear Betty Crocker:
In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food—like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

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These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD

BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

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Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!
Man's Castle," but you don't see them very often indulging in Hollywood night life. An old-time gathering at the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire occasionally, and a few parties given by their friends and bosses, and that's about all the social life they go in for. They go to previews a lot and both are very interested in each other's screen careers.

Sister Sally Blane, who greatly resembles Loretta, is with Peter Arno, the artist whose "Whoops Sisters" are internationally famous. Peter is a hot-headed lad, and always breaking into headlines by clashing with the bilinguals around Reno with toy pistols or punching the scions of Old Philadelphia Families in the schmooze in Hollywood night clubs. But Sally must have a very quieting effect on Peter, for even the Wannamakers and Rockefeller escape without a scratch on the nights he's out with her.

Polly Ann Young (there's still another Young sister at home, who goes swimming with Jackie Cooper in the daytime but spends very boring evenings with his new books) is with Billy Bakewell—and there is a romance which they say is quite hot. Bob Armstrong invited Billy and Lew Ayres and several of the boys up to his hunting ranch for a stag Sunday of tennis and barbecue, but poor love torn Billy was so busy calling Polly Ann up every fifteen minutes (just to see if she still loved him) that he couldn't keep his mind on the game and lost every set. Polly Ann and Billy don't go in much for night clubbing, but have most of their fun making up as important movie stars and taking moving pictures of each other doing "big scenes."

Here come Mary Brian and Dick Powell, and I wish to goodness something would come of that romance as I think they are both swell people. Every place I've been lately—Sunday down at Norman Foster's beach house at Malibu, Monday at Joan Blondell's and George Barnes' for dinner, Tuesday at the Brown Derby, Wednesday with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster and the Barnes shooting ducks and riding on merry-go-rounds at Venice amusement park, Thursday at the preview of "Private Scandal," Mary's latest picture, Friday at the fights with the Stu Erwins—just every place I go there's Mary and Dick. Not that I'm complaining. I like it. I just wish they'd merge.

Un-huh—I thought so. Jack Oakie is going to barge right into that twosome. Jack and Mary used to keep pretty steady company before Peggy Joyce hit town and Jack went in for orchids and stiff shirts. There's a table of the younger generation taking their art and themselves quite seriously. But aren't they cute? That William Janney and Jackore Wells, the Waunpas baby star, make an awfully handsome couple, and although William has the reputation of being rather fickle it does look as if he were going to concentrate on pretty little Jacqueline, William and Jean Muir went out the other night, but she sort of went high-brow on him, so that romance ended and it was even whipped up. With William and Jacqueline are Tom Brown and Anita Louise and Pat Ellis and Howard Wilson. The Tom Brown and Anita Louise romance has been going on for over a year now, but almost came to an abrupt ending last month when Tom was working on the Paramount lot and fell into the clutches of Ida Lupino. Things looked pretty bad for a while there, but love was triumphant and Ida returned to her club and Tom made peace with Anita Louise.

I'm getting bored now (and so are you, no doubt) so I've wended my way to the Colony Club, which is a hang-over from those late lamented prohibition days (a man still peers at you through a grille) and one of the most popular night clubs in Hollywood. Janet Gaynor lives next door to the Colony Club, and so many people drove into her front yard and rang her doorbell they were thinking at the Colony that finally Janet had to build a big white gate that gets itself closed at sunset. By the way, Janet—since her separation from Lloyd Peck—lives in the same house that Kay Francis and Kenneth Mackenna honeymooned in in those dear dead days before they discovered they were incompatible. But despite the convenience of Janet to the Colony Club she rarely goes there, as dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with Gene Raymond is more in her line. Joan Crawford and Frank MacTone are another couple who prefer the Cocoanut Grove for their "night out."

Yes, this is the Colony all right for there's Mac Craig and Sidney Blackmer over in the corner. This is evidently one of the evenings they're speaking. And there's Adolphe Menjou and Vere Teisdale—about the hottest romance in Hollywood despite the fact that neither is an ingenuous at this love business. Adolphe is simply going mad trying to watch the building of his new house and watching Veree work in "Du Barry." My spies report that Adolphe has just come from the preview of Adolphe's latest picture and that the two of them sat there holding hands and billing and cooing. So there I am to do about it. By the way, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Adolphe's ex, is now going places with George Brent. Ruth Chatterton's ex, and Ruth has nothing to lose. People never knew what Ruth Chatterton's ex—Oh, mighost, this can't go on forever.

There's Virginia Bruce with Paul Warburg, the wealthy New Yorker. Since her separation from John Gilbert, Virginia looking more beautiful than ever before, has been one of the gayest sights in town, with any number of possibilities. Last night she was dining at the Russian Eagle with Edward Everett Horton. And there's Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, which is another one of those romances which has been going on for a long time. Maureen is planning to go to Ireland soon to visit her parents and bring her little sister back to Hollywood with her—and some folks say that she and Johnny will get married and go to Cork together, and some folks say that Maureen will just be casual acquaintances when she gets back. I'm sure I wouldn't know. And there's fresh, pretty little Mary Car-

Silver Screen
THIRTY DAY PRINCESS
Rating: 6½. A LOVELY BIT OF ROMANCE

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S newest picture is something to get most enthusiastic about, for it is one of the gayest, wisest bits of romance that have come our way in many a dreary day. It sounds like hokum—it is hokum—swell hokum with a sense of humor.

Sylvia plays the Princess of Taronia (one of those mythical kingdoms), who comes to America under the influences of a wealthy banker, Edward Arnold, to help float a loan for her country. (One of Queen Marie's old habits.) But before she can make her grand entrance into the land of the deflated dollar, the poor little Princess is brought down with mumps. So Mr. Arnold has the New York detective force find him a girl who looks like the Princess—and they get Nancy Hale, a struggling, half-starved little actress (who also happens to be Sylvia Sydney.) Nancy is hired to be the Princess for thirty days, and the fun begins. She promptly falls in love with Cary Grant, an influential publisher, and he is crazy about her—but after all he can't presume to propose to a Princess. Well, naturally it gets straightened out in the well honored fashion—but it's witty and impudent right to the final fade-out.

WHERE SINNERS MEET
Rating: 5½. MIRAM, THE WHIMSY ARE LOOSE—RKO

THIS wee bit of swn's down skimming merily 'er the moon is from the pen of A. A. Milne (based on "The Dover Road," to be exact), so you know exactly what to expect. Mr. Milne is rather given to whimsies and chirping (whatever became of Winnie-the-Pooh), so don't expect any wise-cracks or dance routines or courtroom scenes. But those of you who like whipped cream amply sprinkled with charm will find this your favorite dish. And thank heaven for a plot that's different. I can pretend not to notice hundreds of whimsies if only there's a plot that's different.

Clive Brook plays an eccentric millionaire, whose pet hobby is to abduct eloping couples and force them to remain prisoners in his house for a week, by the end of which they've naturally changed their minds and seen the error of their ways. It seems that most English couples elope via Dover Road to the English Channel and thence to France, so Mr. Brook settles on Dover Road and starts a little whimsical kidnapping. Into his net fall Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray and Diana Wynyard and Reginald Owen—who are just about as inter-related as a lot of Hollywood couples. At the end of the week Alan Mowbray is sick to high heaven of the fudging and buttery Billie Burke, and Diana Wynyard finds that Reginald Owen with a cold in his head is simply insufferable. So the elopements are called off and Clive Brook takes a pat on the back. Mr. Milne can dish it—but can you take it?

CHEATERS
Rating: 6½. BELOW. NAME IS O.K.—Liberty Pictures

They had good intentions and an old story. Bill Boyd and June Collyer deserved a better break. It must have been something they ate.

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Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not too DRY or too OILY

A very brilliant star, who exemplifies sophisticated good taste, dares to smooth her glistening tresses straight back from her brow. She dares because her hair is soft and hirsute—not dry and fly-away. To make dry hair more manageable, use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (below).

HELP FOR DRY HAIR:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't —oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is an agent "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkiest and more manageable.

NO harmfui harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

TO CORRECT OILY HAIR:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluidness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair
Where's That Ball and Chain?

[Continued from page 34]

spent three years as a crooner and orchestra leader there and he had many friends. When he finally left his Indianapolis theater job and started playing and singing with a dance orchestra, he found he had all day to himself with nothing to do. Meanwhile he had collected a considerable amount of fan mail. So he sat down and answered the letters, all of them, and in answering them he explained to each admirer that he had decided to try to make a little extra money by selling automobile insurance on the side and would appreciate any business that could be turned his way.

"I made a thousand dollars extra that year," Dick says, "and I would have made much more if I hadn't left Indianapolis a few months later for Pittsburgh. Somebody got all the 'repeat' business."

This heretofore untold bit of Powell biography is typical of Dick Powell. He is resourceful and energetic—and a natural money maker. Generous as he is with his time, his talents and his money, he nevertheless saves a substantial part of all he earns and in the most approved and conservative fashion he is building up an estate of no small proportions.

He has never been without a "sideline" of some kind since the day his father bought him his first cornet.

That important event took place in Mt. View, Arkansas, where Dick was born. In the same town a railroad engineer, a friend of the family, taught Dick, while still a baby, to sing "Casey Jones." In spite of this the engineer remained a friend.

Dick's father sold farm machinery and moved with his family, while Dick was still a small boy, to Little Rock, which is still the town Dick calls home, although Louisville, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh all claim the distinction of having "discovered" him. While Dick was never rich, neither was he ever poor. Like most boys, he got a job about the time he entered high school. In fact he got several jobs. He worked for the local telephone company, as mentioned before, sang in choirs, at weddings, funerals and lodge benefits and played with a small local orchestra. His fame as a singer spread eventually to Louisville, where he accepted a job singing with an orchestra. Up to that time Dick had never sung popular music and did not know how to "croon."

The story of his success in Louisville, Indiana, and Pittsburgh, has been told many times, except for the insurance-selling incident. His first appearance as a real "crooner" was in a suburban theater in Pittsburgh where he had to sing in a theater so long and narrow that he used a small megaphone to make himself heard in the back rows.

As master of ceremonies at the Stanley theater in Pittsburgh he claimed attention, finally, of studio scouts who sent him to New York to make camera tests for the Warner Brothers picture "The Crooner." He didn't get that role, for reasons beyond his control, but he arrived a few months later in Hollywood to play a slightly disagreeable role in "Blessed Event."

Before he went back to Pittsburgh and the stage he had signed a long term contract with Warner Brothers—a contract which is still in force after the exercise of many options, and which has brought the public such pictures as "22nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade," "Wonder Bar," "20,000,000 Sweethearts," and "Dames."

Since that time Dick Powell has become one of the most important box office stars of the screen. Since that time, too, he has become one of the most eligible young bachelors of Hollywood, except of course, for that "gentleman's agreement" he has with Warner Brothers not to marry before 1935.

When Dick first arrived in Hollywood he was still married, although he and the girl he married early in his career in Little Rock, had long been separated. They have since been divorced and it is understood that she has married again.

But Dick hasn't remarried. Instead he hastily bound himself to remain single.

Now he wants to renege! Nobody seems to know why.

Only time will tell.

Is Hollywood Killing Its Leading Men?

[Continued from page 31]

do the work."

"The only way we can get around the situation is by insisting in our contracts, for example, that we can't do another over, and we'll do a little more work than they want."

He mentioned a recent instance in which a contract with Metro called for sixteen consecutive weeks—and from what I hear—all the other fellows are getting the same sort of clause. And yet this is not the fact that we are only human. And I believe that the producers are beginning to realize this fact also.

A week before Bob arrived at the Grand Central Terminal, a young man stepped aboard the Twentieth Century leaving for the West. His face is familiar to the hundreds of millions of inhabitants of this country, as they are very own. His eyes were wistful as he took a farewell look around the busy depot. He had had a grand time for a few short weeks—but it was all over, and he was headed back for the eternal grind. The expression on his face was that of a Foreman on the closing of a school holiday.

The boy was Clark Gable. Last year when Clark was making "Dancing Lady," singing with a cornet. Thousands of fans poured anxious letters into the studios and press offices concerning his health. He had been in the hospital, a complete physical breakdown for weeks. The relentless fingers of time and money had forced him from his sick-bed to work. He carried a dozen or more red, angry stitches under the bandages on his right side. Two doctors stood in constant attendance on the set to rush his aid, when his strength would give out. And when the picture was released, everyone saved a few tears, for it is somewhat difficult to deceive the eye of the camera—how ill he looked. His cheeks were sunken, his whole body seemed tired and exhausted, and the dark shadows under his eyes
told a story of physical endurance stretched to the breaking point. He pulled through, however, and went away for a complete rest in which to recover. He has gained weight—he looks fine now, but he has learned a lesson which he will never forget. Work and popularity could be just as murderous weapons as any machine-gun ever intended. When he is approached now to do an extra picture by the hundred and one producers who wave the golden banner of a huge salary as an attraction, he laughs in their faces. As soon as he finishes one of his pictures that his contact calls for—he goes. Hunting, fishing, or simply disappearing from Hollywood, where he cannot be reached until he shows up at the studio punctually on time for his next story, Clark has learned to say no and mean it, but sometimes it isn't so easy.

Last winter when Fredric March and his wife and baby arrived in New York for a vacation, they had all their plans and dates made which would give them a real, long-looked-forward-to holiday. They had purposely made the trip East by boat from California, in order that Fredric might get a real rest and chance to relax. The boat trip takes weeks against the four-day journey across the continent by train. Every minute of the voyage was an enjoyable adventure.

"The crowd on board was so small," said Fredric, "that we felt we were on a private yachting party. It was simply grand! I just loathed in the sun, or spent long happy hours chatting with the Captain, who became one of our good friends. I got up when I liked, went to bed as I pleased—old just exactly what I have been wanting to do for so long; I shall never forget how gorgeous it all was. When the boat docked at some port, we went ashore sometimes with some of the officers—again we'd go alone and poke around in those funny old fascinating West Indies ports—and both Mrs. March and I felt that it was one of the happiest trips we had ever made."

"You see, I've kept so busy making pictures, that I forget there is such a thing as any other form of living. My every thought and deed centers around the studio. I breathe movies—I eat them—I dream about my part when I sleep—I wake up thinking about what I'm going to do on the set as soon as I get there. I had gotten to the point where, when I came home at night, I carried my work right into the house with me. Mrs. March would say, will you please have some corned beef, darling?, and I would answer—look, dear—this is how I'm going to handle that bit about finding Claudette kissing Clive. Up I would jump from the table—stride over to the mantel—lean my head down in sorrow against the wood—then turn and snarl with a most evil face. The corned beef always got too cold to eat—my wife got to the point where she would suddenly burst into hysteric, and we both found ourselves a couple of nervous wrecks."

"You see, I had given up the stage," said Mrs. March, interrupting her husband, "when I married Freddie. I had seen all the acting I ever wanted to see by that time—and for Freddie to come home and try out all his various roles on me—was just about more than I could stand. So we reached an agreement—which we try to stick by, and that is when Freddie is finished at the studio—he is never to mention his day's activities. We had a room in the house where we used to spend evenings looking at rushes from his pictures, that has been turned into a play-room and bar. We are re-furnishing our whole house with entirely different furniture, principally because we feel that it will bring a more normal sort of living back to us, I think," she smiled.

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"

From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale, Nervous, Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words,'Use'Lysol',"

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNOI-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a free copy of "Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired. (1) "Preparation for Motherhood" (2) "Keeping a Healthy Home" Lysol & Co., Inc., Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. A.A. Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEAF and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up
Mrs. Freddie March rushed out to keep an appointment with a decorator who was going to find her some rare French Provincial furniture. Freddie relaxed into his chair for a second and wound up again, and how impossible it was for him to sit quietly. On the little table at his side, with a marker between the pages, there reposed a large volume of "The Life and Adventures of Reuvenuto Cellini." As he caught us looking at the book, he smiled somewhat crookely.

"Yes, I know," he said. "I can't seem to remember I'm on a holiday! But if you only knew how difficult it is to get away from it really. Before I left Hollywood, I gave one of our readers a farewell party. S—— is a friend of mine—one of my best friends. He came over to me at the party and begged me to postpone my trip to do one more. He pleaded— he almost wept. I hated to refuse him, but I had worked so hard, and, it seemed to me, so long without a rest, that I felt like screaming in his face. What could I do? Now, that man's friendship means a lot to me. It is difficult enough to turn down offers from the powerful producers out there—but when one's friend happens to be in that class—it makes it doubly hard. My nerves were shot to pieces. I had lost about fifteen pounds during the past few months because I was trying so hard to finish my work and get away. I had some pretty difficult roles, too. Parts that I wanted to give my heart and soul to, but which seemed to begin to dance before your eyes—and you lose your appetite for food, and you get so tired you can't sleep at nights—then you begin to wake up to the fact that there's danger ahead. That's why my new contract calls for three consecutive months' rest. I expect to go abroad next summer with Florence and visit all over the place. I want to try and forget there is such a place as Hollywood for a while, just so that when I get back to it—I can do better work."

"We're having a lot of fun here," he continued. "All of our friends have been wonderful to us. We've got parties planned for the next two weeks—every single night. We expect to be here about six weeks any way—and I hope we can go back by the same boat we came East on."

"The day after our conversation—Freddie and his wife and baby were on the train speeding back to Hollywood. The telephone had run away with him back to the studio for the day. All the party dates had to be cancelled. Freddie was needed on the set at once, and every argument he put up against following his trip shot proved unavailing. "The Affairs of Cellini" was being rushed into production in order to fit the studio's schedule. That was all there was to it—and instead of having a holiday of several weeks in New York, Mr. March visited this town for less than one.

The answer to this situation lies in the fact that talking picture has created a demand with a supply. Clark, Bob and Freddie are all screen stars who have had stage training. Their work, involving years spent in stock, has given them the necessary experience with which to portray cinematic roles requiring the touch of realism. They are primarily actors; therefore they maintain older movie traditions. When the movies began being wired for sound, the theatrical stage in New York was almost annihilated. Every producer on the coast tried to beat the others to it by grabbing off the young leading men of the theatre, and luring them out to Hollywood with gold.

The screen stars who had held the crowns of stardom during the silent pictures, were out. Their voices—their diction—their lack of stage training, showed them up as being hopeless material for the new medium. Witness John Gilbert and many others too numerous to mention. Circles of popularity and following fell right and left, and when the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that the matinee idols necessary for the success of one of the largest industries in the world consisted of a very small number of young men.

The older generation of male stars have managed to keep their hold on the public entirely because of the same reason. George Arliss, Barrymore, Will Rogers, Cans tor, Beery, Chevalier—each and every one of them a stage star of many years' standing. Even the great character actresses like Marie Dressler and May Robson—it seems essential to screen success to have trod the buskin board before taking the camera spotlight.

The dramatic profession has always had to have matinee idols. In the early days of the movies, Wallace Reed and others filled the demand. Not one of a hundred young male stars, what is going to happen to the movies? The boys that hold the sovereign crowns today are not made of rubber. They can't stretch to fill the necessary number of roles needed for all productions. When Joan Crawford has to have a male star to play opposite her, and wants Franchot Tone—while he is already working on a picture with Connie Bennett, who not only has to have Tone but also Freddie March in order to meet the requirements of that flat andizzly Triangle—and Freddie is scheduled to play a star part himself in a story of his own, how are they going to clear up the mud rile? Each one of the boys speaks enthusiastically of the kindness and generosity of their producers—but is it any wonder that at times Bob and Clark and Freddie feel that Hollywood is slowly but surely killing off its leading men?

Good Taste vs. Hollywood Fashions

[Continued from page 57]

For Claudette approach her own particular battle-field (the screen) with great caution. Happening to be staring throughout the picture, except for a brief interlude in an extremely modish white satin bridal gown, the very simplest of sports dresses, consisting of a dark wool skirt and printed knitted over-bouse, the type which the dear old English nainety call a Jumper. Claudette's endorsement for this costume was an almost infatuation white linen collar, with drawnwork, of the type once familiarly known as Peter Pan. Yet, because of Claudette's magnificent team work with Clark Gable in this picture, "It Happened One Night" was one of the biggest box-office sensations of the year. Proving again that Shakespeare was wise in having his leading men wear the thing—and all the eccentric and extravagant gowns and cunning little gadgets of which the couturier's mind is capable will not help a film—if the story doesn't hold. Adriat, at M.G-M, once proudly took the credit for inaugurating the extreme Letty Lynton shoulder-style, made so popular by Joan Crawford. Park Avenue gave
this extreme mode a try-out, found that it could not compete with Fifth Avenue and Newport while wearing it, and soon it was relegated to the environs of Broadway, lower than which it could not sink in the realm of fashion—and by Broadway we do not mean the stage, but those inexpensive shops which copies original models in cheaper materials and mark them for sale at $10.98 or thereabouts.

Yet, not so long ago, this same designer created two tailored dresses for Joan Crawford which even now, many months since they first saw the light of day on the screen, are still extremely desirable models, and are still being copied in various details by some of our most exclusive 57th Street shops. And, if the truth must be told, Joan looked far more attractive, far more sophisticated and “in the know” in these chic fashions which relied more on simplicity and smartness of line than they did on gadgets, than she did in all the pulled sleeves and fluted flounces that Adrian piled upon her in the hope that they would create a mild style furor.

Adrian also gowns Norma Shearer for her pictures and sometimes he has made a remarkably interesting job of it. But in “Riptide” he strove so hard to be original and make Norma look “different,” that we feel he outdid even himself.

There were moments when we were so utterly absorbed in Norma’s accomplishments that we almost missed the action of the film. Fortunately, that didn’t matter too much, for Norma was called upon to display two moods only in the story—she was either uproariously happy and exuberating all over the place, or profoundly miserable, and it was easy to catch up with her moods, so to speak.

But it wasn’t as easy to catch up with her gowns, most of which were so moulded to her slim, somewhat boyish form after the fashion of the fabled mermaids, that even we found ourselves looking for the proverbial tail. Norma certainly wears clothes with distinction, but, thanks to Adrian’s brilliant new ideas, in “Riptide” she succeeded more often than not in resembling a fish out of water.

In fact the gown in which she goes gay at Cannes (where the great party takes place) was a cross between an evening gown and a particularly novel bathing dress (or so it appeared to us) with a long skirt and a modified train. Norma must have felt this way about it, too, for in the midst of the hilarity she dives right into the swimming pool in the gown. Poor Adrian, what a wet ending for his novel gown—er, was it designed with that purpose in mind? You never can be sure of what double entendre these dreadfully smart couturiers have stored away in the back of their minds.

On the screen Norma runs to bizarre little turbans, but as she does so in private life we can blame Adrian for them. In other matters of personal dress, Norma’s taste is unimpeachable, however. She prefers simple sports suits for most day-time occasions and her evening gowns and informal dinner clothes are generally the very last word in charm and chic.

As an amusing bit of by-play, it is especially interesting to watch Adrian gown these two girls—Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. By his method of differentiation, they are distinctly opposite types, in fact, the two poles are not much farther apart. And yet, right before me as I write, are two off-stage photographs, one of Norma and one of Joan. Outside of the hats, and the smiling faces to be sure, the photographs are identical. You’ve guessed it. They’re wearing practically the same flannel walking suits, only Joan has the traditional gardenia in her button-hole and Norma is wearing a corsage of tea-roses.
This ought to be a lesson to Adrian. Why worry his head and burn the midnight oil in order to create wholly new, wholly distinctive models for both these girls, when, in their private life, they both hanker for the same sort of thing. Why, indeed? Don’t ask us.

Diana Wynyard, like Irene Dunne, favors simplicity in clothes, and in her latest film, “When Sinners Meet,” she manages to make the most of the two stunning cloth sports costumes she is asked to wear. Never, for the briefest moment, do they drag your attention away from Diana, and yet they are both thoroughly distinctive and smart. They remind you of what they say, that it is like when she is playing her own role in private life, far from the camera’s eye.

To be truly lovely, clothes must be so much a part of one as hardly to be noticed except when deliberate attention is called to them. When the contrary is true, rest assured that the part the actress is playing will suffer or—and a big or, the part is so weak clothes are needed to bolster it up.

Travis Banton at Paramount apparently had that idea when he gowned Sylvia Sidney for “Thirty Day Princess.” She could wear almost any one of the gowns he designed, for functions in her own personal life, without batting an eye-lash or feeling the least bit self-conscious. And that’s more than Norma Shearer could truthfully say after “Riptide.”

On Page 50 of this issue Dolores del Rio demonstrates the type of clothes she likes to find out when on a shopping orgy in New York—all of them smart, but at least not severely simple. Yet in “Flying Down to Rio” Dolores was called upon to take an airplane journey, wearing with her dainty rate dressmaker-model suit an extremely sheer organza blouse with huge, bizarre sleeves which ballooned all over the place. The day I saw that picture in the projection room, the woman next to me was wondering whether it was part of the scene. I assured her that it was only Dolores! Maybe those organza sleeves played a scary trick on her, after all.

Janet Gaynor is a little lady who refuses to dress away from her type, no matter whether she is called upon to emote in a farm house or to trapeze through marble halls. The Fox fashion designer has to be on his toes when Janet comes for her fittings. She cares naught for the bizarre or eccentric; all that she wants to be is herself. She generally succeeds.

As for Ginger Rogers, that cute little eye-full who has made so many of our recent musicals the success they are, Ginger, like Janet, always looks the same, but with this difference. And what a difference. The coyness, no matter what at studio she happens to be playing, always looks the same. Black and white—between the soubrette and a baby face West. Poor Ginger. It’s not her fault. Whether the part calls for a school girl, a misunderstood woman, or a sweetheart or a chorus girl, she always succeeds in “looking the same.”

The metamorphosis of clothes, from a Hollywood studio standpoint, is just beginning. We’ve already proved strong enough to weather the Litty Lynton epic, we’ve steadfastly refused to go “Mac West” carnally, we’ve little if anything to do with the stuff Christina collar, and I doubt if Adrian stirred up even the tiniest little ripple in the style marts of Paris and New York, with his unusual “Riptide” fashions. So—if we are patient and know how to pick out the gold from the dross—perhaps, some day, Holly-wood will be, after all’s said and done, the style dictator of the world. But not until it promises to stop being cute and to store away in the attic all these cute little ruffles and furbelows and gadgets which have made the last few cinema years so difficult to bear.

Wrong People Crashing Pictures
[Continued from page 25]
There is now a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world look like a religion. A totally new idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.

You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille— ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made Lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.
the doors of Bushman and Beverly Bayne to those of Dietrich and West and Hepburn, have been twisted and re-twisted beneath the agile pens of modern publicists. Men and women, however, have spent the last ten days digging to the foundation stones of these careers and I have found few exceptions to a single formula: The men and women of the pioneer days of motion pictures plunged across untainted plains and untrekked mountains with the same grit-teeth courage and disdain in imagination as did our covered-wagon forfathers. Those who used other methods did not last long, or were the exceptions which proved the rule.

And today... I think the editor rather expected me to prove that such opportunities still exist for those with daring inclinations, and I am sorry to tell him that those who crash Hollywood by adventuring, today, are the exceptions proving the opposite rule.

Blanche Frey is twenty. She is the daughter of George Webb; the stepdaughter of Esther Ralston. She, too, wanted an opportunity in motion pictures. She read a studio advertisement for a woman who had been a professional correspondent to act as technical director for a picture. Her only qualification was her appearance. Out of more than two hundred letters, hers was chosen because it sounded the most authentic. She was signed on a year's contract.

News hawks discovered her true identity, printed the truth: she had never been out after ten o'clock in her life and she had nothing about her excepting actual experience. She was relieved, immediately, of her position.

The fact that she was clever and daring and imaginative. She knew all about those with actual experience—counted for nothing. Her youthful courage was ignored. The producers of today could not see that the only thing she might prove to them was more true worth to their productions than any number of years of experience.

No! Today, motion pictures reach out to the stage or society circles or those with political pull for their "new discoveries." The list of the new Wampas baby stars is in this morning's paper. Here are a few, listed alphabetically: Warren Baxter; Helene Cohan, daughter of George M. Cohan; Dorothy Drake, daughter of Grace Wallace, scenario writer; Jacqueline Gray, star of W. S. Van Dyke's "State's Rights"; Evalyn V. Brown, wealthy banker and oil man, etc.

The lives of these newcomers are coruscated by highly paid, well-organized publicity people in an effort to make us believe that drama still rides behind the screen as well as upon it. Like Katharine Hepburn and her antics before producers when Kenneth MacGowan brought her to Hollywood, in the best, conventional manner. Today, the producers spend money where they used to spend time. They have spent a million dollars to launch Marlene Dietrich; a million and a half to make the world thrilled to Anna Sten. They train them, if they need them, to train themselves, and then take a gamble—as Irving Thalberg took the gamble on Jack Gilbert; George Loane; Corinne Griffith; Gunther and Hedy Lamarr; on Luz; on Gloria Swanson and Harry Rapf on Joan Crawford.

It takes two to make a bet. The kids of the pioneer days kept hewing down the big trees with bare hands and then they didn't let them train themselves and then take a gamble—as Irving Thalberg took the gamble on Jack Gilbert; George Loane; Corinne Griffith; Gunther and Hedy Lamarr; on Luz; on Gloria Swanson and Harry Rapf on Joan Crawford.

When this happens—well, history repeats itself. The picturesque days will be back and the producers will be making money again!
Intimate Moments with Cleopatra

[Continued from page 21]

Prince, famous dance director, directs the dance routines. And practically everyone at the studio from Jeannie MacPherson to Baby LeRoy has had a hand in writing the script. That's all you need to know.

The large sequence is the pièce de résistance of the picture. It's the epitome of colossalness. It's the untpm-umph of all times. It's got everything. There's barbaric music more exciting to the senses than a shot in the arm—there's a nude girl dancing on the back of a black bull—there's a leopard dance with real leopards and real girls—there are dozens of hall-clad slave girls and slave boys and buxom Nubians—there are thousands of ostrich plumes waving exotically over the exquisite white body of Egypt's queen—there's a net drawn up from the sea from which beautiful maidens emerge, dripping with seaweed, with clams for the dedication of Antony. And last, but not least, there is Cleopatra, fascinating and beautiful witch of the Nile, luring Antony with the hottest lure of the season. Claudette is an awfully nice girl, kind to children and animals, but when she puts her mind on a bit of luring—well—sex goes on a rampage. Poor old Antony can't take it.

Out of fairness to De Mille and his really gorgeous set, I'll give you Mr. Weigall's description of the royal barge the night Antony arrived (you can tell it isn't mine by the vocabulary) and which De Mille has faithfully followed.

"The royal barge was rowed by banks of silver-mounted oars, the great purple sails hanging idly in the still air of the evening. Around the helmsmen a number of beautiful slave-women were grouped in the guise of sea-nymphs and graces; and near them a company of musicians played a melody on their flutes, pipes and harps, for which the slow-moving oars seemed to beat time. Cleopatra herself, decked in the loose shimmering robes of the Goddess Venus, lay under an awning shrouded with gold, while boys dressed as Cupids (why Mr. Weigall!) stood on each side of her couch, fanning her with colored ostrich plumes of the Egyptian court. Before the royal canopy branched censors (not censors, thank goodness) stood upon delicate pedestals, sending forth fragrant clouds of exquisitely prepared Egyptian incense."

"Twelve triple couches, covered with embroidered and furnished with cushions, were set around the room, before each of which stood a table wherein rested golden dishes inlaid with precious stones, and drinking goblets of exquisite workmanship . . . . Cleopatra caused the floor of the saloon to be strewn with roses to the height of nearly two feet, the flowers being held in solid formation by nets which were tightly spread over them and fastened to the surrounding walls, the guests thus walking to their couches upon a perfumed mattress of blooms." Just a honey little scene.

They had finished the girl-on-the-bull dance when I arrived on the set (I always miss the animal acts if possible, but I adore the man on the flying trapeze) and good old Prince was on his way back to the set. Prince is one of the sweetest tempered bulls I have ever met on a movie set. He was probably crossed in love at an early age and has become a philosopher of the something-every-school.

Then the camera and lights were set up for a close up of Claudette luring Wilcoxon. After much fussing about they finally ar-

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dietaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but is he an iciole! Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless all day long. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.
NEVER! Pale, dry lips may age your face...make people think you older than you are. But there is a way to look more youthful...

Simply emphasize the natural color in your lips, by using Tangee Lipstick. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint: so it cannot give you a painted look. Instead, Tangee intensifies the natural rose of your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blushy-orange most alluring for your type! Moreover, its special cream-base softness and softens dry, peeling lips. Get It In Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See offer below.)

UNTouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEe—Intensifies natural color of lips like your natural appearance, ends that painted look.

Don't be switched! I insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

The Trick Is To Be Together

(The continued from page 37)

I reassured him there are many of us who'd be delighted to discover a streak of sincere idealism in our favorite stars. We escaped from the noisy crowd and, in the quiet of his studio dressing-room, he spoke to me from his heart.

"I believe in the good-old-fashioned principles of love and marriage—and such no modern twist! What I can say, further, has been said many times, and the reason is: it's the fundamental truth. Maybe it's trite. That is, if you call human nature trite.

"There must be congeniality, absolute faith, and respect between sweethearts. There must be lot of attitude, a longing for oneness, for a permanent family.

"My wife and I are mere beginners, comparatively, for we've only started, both in life and in marriage. But our 'first year' has taught me much.

"As regards mixing marriages with Hollywood, I find it will mix when it's the man who has the career. Many people advised me not to marry, claiming I'd climb faster as a bachelor. It is necessary to be diplomatic in Hollywood, but I never have been any good at being nice solely to be 'helped,' and I've had better breaks since marrying. So that answers that.

But Bob doesn't think an actress can be a real wife.

"There'd always be a subconscious sense of competition when both husband and wife were acting. It's so sensitized her to the marriage that I think the marriage would be doomed. Hollywood doesn't change the regular problems of matrimony—it triples them. Nature means nothing, and the pro and side of me is raised. And when a wife beats a man at his own job—well, I, at least, would lose my self-respect.

I realized how much I was asking, for I know how I'd feel if I had to give up acting. I'm quite sure Betty isn't sorry she didn't go on with a career, although I suspect certain of her friends regard me as the big bad wolf who carried her off.
to the dull routine of domesticity.

"When you marry," Bob mused, "you generally make plans. We went in for a family right away." (Carol Anne Young is five months old.) "I want Betty to keep up her singing, for pleasure at least. If the novelty of being just wife and mother sometime does wear off, I'd not mind her singing on the radio or at musicals."

Bob hopes she'll be content, for to him being the husband of a famous woman star would be a fate worse than death. From what he's seen in Hollywood, there's no chance for an actress to be permanently, happily wed. "What are they to do? I know they can't be old maids. Thank God I'm not an actress!"

He and Betty Young are neither opposites nor are they entirely alike in tastes. They are congenial. "We consider being thoroughly honest of great importance. If there's anything little ranking either of us, we try to settle it as quickly as possible.

"Marriage, a year of it, has changed us, as love will affect any two. I had a violent temper, for instance. It was a bad habit of getting mad and hanging on to my grudge. This was an evidence of smallness on my part, Betty has gradually rid me of this fault."

Betty herself has seemingly become more poised since taking her place in Hollywood as the wife of a rising star. She has joined the Dominos and is one of our most gracious young matrons.

"There's one thing, the biggest single factor, which I've not mentioned yet," Bob remarked, striding up and down the dressing-room. "I do not believe that absence makes any heart grow fonder, nor do I counteract separate vacations. Or am I separated, which are the beginning of the end. If lovers vowed to be perfectly frank, always, the occasion for a separation would never arise. No matter how happy any couple is, if one member is away for any length of time the other will stumble upon the painful truth that life can go on—without the absent one."

"This applies to marriage anywhere," Bob insists. "It is especially relevant to us movie folk who have to continually fight such tearing-apart influences as weird working hours and third parties who are ever ready to chisel in."

Bob and Betty Young credit their baby daughter with strengthening the bond between them. Also, Bob has acquired responsibilities. But they are burdens he craved. He recently moved his wife and child into a new home in Beverly. He's buying it on time, just as he is buying two new, but modest cars. He supports his mother and sister. Altogether, he's too wrapped up in realizing his dreams, his personal ideals, to be sidetracked by the usual Hollywood pitfalls.

"Is your wife ever jealous of your having to make love to these beautiful screen heroines?" I asked. His reply was not a "modern" epigram. "I guess she feels just as I would if she were at a studio making love to some actor!"

A surge of activity outside indicated to us that it was back to the set for Bob. "If I'm any sort of authority," he concluded tersely, "there is a secret to being happy though married. The trick is to be together?"

As we left I caught a quick glimpse of a telegram on his dressing-table. "That's something I receive at the start of each new picture. Read it if you want." And so I did. It said, "Dear Bobby: Good luck on your first day... thinking of you... all our love."

The signature was "Carol Anne and Betty." Lucky Robert Young! Smart is a more appropriate adjective. He'll beat the Hollywood marriage jinx because he recognizes the fundamental secret for preserving love!
anything yet, Mae had steered on the
throttle of ambition, and she was off at full
speed ahead. At the conclusion of her
song she slipped gaily down the little
board platform to be as near as possible to
"her public." Her next number was a
specialty dog dance. Over-zealous perhaps
—too eager to outdo herself, the inevitable
happened. She slipped. There was a loud
noise. She landed flat on her back. But
what a game little kid she was! Up and
smiling in a flash, she commenced count-
ing in time to the music, and resumed the
dance.
That incident, probably more than any of
the dozen I might tell you, is character-
istic of Mae Clarke. Down and out many
a time, she was back on her feet and up
and at 'em with even greater determination
than before—a determination and courage,
however, so vital a part of her ambition
that it has lost its relation to Mae off-
screen.
Please understand, Mae's screen-self and
personal-self are two different people. Mae,
the actress, doesn't mind getting socked in
the eye with grape-fruit, being dragged
across the floor by the hair, or any of the
other discomfits her screen roles force
upon her.
"I think it's swell," she'll say, "I'm liv-
ing the role. I'm only taking what the
character in the role I portray has to take.
Things happen like that. Why, grapefruit
throwing is an old Brooklyn custom—and
you can go back as far as the cave-days for
your hair pulling. It's okay—it's true to
life, and I think I'm going to like 'taking it'
for the rest of my career."
But don't let Mae give you the idea
she'd like being treated that way in real
life. Woe to anyone who even so much as
thought of throwing a grape-fruit in her
face. For behind that acting mask is an-
other Mae, an overly-sensitive, shy, re-
served Mae—who even blushes upon oc-
casion!
Imagine that!

a Noel Coward could build as great an actor
as the study of the immortal character of,
say, the Duke of Gloucester.
"When I first started out in this business
I felt that without this ground work I
hadn't a chance. It worried me not a little.
It worried me more when I realized that if
this were true I would never make any kind
of an actor. In the United States there is
not the opportunity which England affords, In
England, which gave us our first understand-
ing of the drama, and from where
many of our finest actors have come, it is
easy.
"But this isn't England. In America the
alternative is stock, which offers the oppor-
tunity to play a variety of parts. The plays
of today create a spirit quite as effective as
the immortal works of the Bard. I con-
sider stock as great an asset as Shakespeare.
Every present day American actor—or near-
ly everyone—will tell you that without
stock they wouldn't have had a chance. I
had lots of it, notably three seasons at
Eitch Gardens in Denver, Colorado. My
Shakespeare was limited to "Twelfth
Night," back in 1920, at the Garrick Thea-
tre in a company which boasted St. Clair
Bayfield, Rose Coglan, Pedro de Cordoba
and Harry Wadsworth Gribble.
"What did you play in "Twelfth Night?"
I asked.
"I was stage manager and played Valen-
tine and a first officer. Not a very impos-
ting repertoire for a budding young actor
with aspirations.
"To me the chief value of Shakespeare
lies in the scope he gave to the intellect.
"Shakespeare also placed a high valua-
tion on comedy. It abounds in at least
three fourths of his plays, and his realism
was down right earthy; that it still retains
the qualities which make for artistic great-
ness. He had learned that life was a mix-
ture of many emotions, most effective when
the familiar material of comedy is blended
with tragedy."
"Do you think that the playing of very
light, whimsical comedy as we know it today is as stimulating as the comedy of Shakespeare's time?" I ventured.

"Yes, yes, and no. It is less perfect but more symbolic of the mental attitude of our national life and hence more provocative. Literature, music, the theatre, especially the theatre, mirror the progress and moral stamina of a nation and it is through these three mediums of expression that the actor and the creative artists show us ourselves.

"As you know, I've done a number of the light comedies of today. My latest was Noel Coward's "Design for Living." Why shouldn't this type of work develop an actor with lightness of touch and depth of feeling? But to be able to play comedy, we must first know the meaning of tragedy.

"I've already told you that the knowledge of my lack of Shakespeare worried me until I remembered that John Barrymore and Alfred Lunt ..."

"But," I interrupted, "Barrymore has played Shakespeare."

"Yes, of course. His "Hamlet" is unforgettable ... like a beautiful picture ... or a musical rendering of a Shakespeare song ... it is lyrical in its clearness. Still, Barrymore arrived without it. Alfred Lunt established a new high in acting in such plays as "The Intimate Stranger," "Clarence," and "The Guardsman" — comedies entirely of our own age, untheatrical, lifelike and with the realism essential to comic effect. In other words, it was not Shakespeare that made them great actors. It was the mastery of the art of impersonation that comes only with the experience gained from continued acting."

"I've heard it said that Barrymore's "Hamlet" was a gesture of revenge against New York audiences," I said, "He wanted to prove he could hold their interest for a longer period than Edwin Booth, who was undoubtedly our most splendid Hamlet."

"It is a matter of record that he played 'Hamlet' 101 times in New York as against Booth's 100 performances," March replied. "But if he had not played exceptionally well he would not have been accepted for even a dozen performances. I think that's the best answer to people who malign him."

There is something very earnest about Fredric March's belief in the power of comedy to develop the best that is in an actor. He referred to Malvolio, as portrayed by St. Clair Bayfield, and with E. H. Sothern also made the central figure of "Twelfth Night." Malvolio was a comic, a man of the people intellectually and emotionally. He spoke of Charles Chaplin, who has made more people laugh than any two men of our day, and who earned his spurs in comedy. His characters are stamped pathetically with the tragic touch of realism ... and Chaplin never played Shakespeare.

March likes the Noel Coward type of comedy because, at heart, he is a perfectly normal, fun-loving, light-hearted boy who will never grow up. He believes with Bergson that "laughter is above all a corrective."

In whimsical roles his keen sense of humor has full play ... it effervesces with a heady, relaxing charm which might be likened to a sparkling glass of champagne. Yet, strangely enough, Fredric has scored his greatest success in roles of dramatic intensity. Witness his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which won him an Academy award. And again, strangely enough, with a temperament utterly different, he has followed with remarkable exactitude in the steps of that Barrymore he so greatly admires and whose success was soldered with gems of comedy without the classical background of Mr. William Shakespeare.

So I heartily agree with Fredric March when he says:

"No, I do not think Shakespeare is necessary!"
**Lasting Loveliness at your FINGERTIPS**


"Give it back to him," says Judith.

"Why, I really bought a ticket," he expostulates, feeling hurried in his pockets for the ticket he knows will be found lying there.

"Give it back," Judy continues relentlessly.

"Wh-what? why, if you saw him drop it, of course I'll give it back. It would be dishonest to keep it," this disciple of honesty-the-best-policy returns indignant.

He rises majestically, pauses a moment to pick a moth out of his coat and strides off down the aisle.

Needless to say, the man doesn't get his ticket back.

Mr. Fields sleeps in that berth himself. Judith sure looks pretty in her black taffeta dress with a lace bodice and a cameo brooch at her hair. About her shoulders is a white ostrich feather boa. Off-hand I can think of no actress who has shown the improvement in her appearance that Judith has since she appeared in "This Day and Age" and "Hell and High Water."

**THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY**

"The Great McGonigle." W. C. Fields Albert Wendelshaffer... Baby Leroy Guump 

Tommy Young Betty McGonigle... with Allen Cleopatra Pepperday... Jan Duggan Dick Bronson

Charles Lowell... Joe Mills

Barley Neville... Samuel Ethridge

Mother Mack... Emma Ray

Agatha Sprague... Ruth Marion

Sheriff Brown... Richard Carle

Next on tap is "Shoot the Works."

What a picture show! It's the story of Nicky Nelson (Jack Oakie) who runs a couple of freak attractions—a flagpole sister (Roscoe Karns), and a scaffold which is a mechanical and whale bally-hoosed as the largest ever captured. His gang, in addition to Karus as Sailor Burke, consists of Arline Judge as Jackie (the Sailor's gir!..) Alison Skipworth as the Countess, and a tired old orchestra headed by Ben Bernie as Joe Davis, the Maestro. In addition, there are Dorothy Dill as Lily Raquel, with whom Jack falls in love, William Frawley as Larry Hale (a radio chatterer), Paul Cavaux as Bill Ritchie, a radio executive, and Lew Cody as Axel Hanratty, an agent.

Jack in full evening regalia is even more eye-filling than W. C. Fields in his fur colored overcoat.

"Hi, Brother Mook," Jack draws twirling his cane.

"Hi, Brother Oakie," I counter. "What in ten words or less, is the story of this epic?"

"Waa," Beau Brummel opines, as he takes the match on which he's been chewing from between his teeth. "I run these petty racket but business ain't so hot. So my gang deserts me, all but the Countess (Alison Skipworth), The Maestro here (talking Ben Bernie) gets a job broadcasting—"

"Yowsh," murnurs Mr. Bernie, keeping in character.

"And Arline?" I ask anxiously.

"Arline!" Jack repeats enthusiastically. "Oh, she gives more than any of us. She just gives all over the place. I glance in the direction of Arline. What a picture! Silver metal dress cut down to here in front and lower back. Big black, white feathers around her shoulders, silver sandals through which can be seen her toes with their vermilion nails, and in her hand she carries a small silver evening bag. My idea of how a girl on the loose should look.

The scene is the broadcasting station when Jack is about to make his first ether appearance. The scene is heavy yellow drapes to deaden outside sounds. At one side are plate glass windows and through these can be seen the audience. Bernie is at the microphone with his orchestra behind him.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "a pleasurable duty falls on these young shoulders. I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you that the Old Maestro's word for it, he will soon be the most popular announcer on the air. So 'elp me. And now, with a pit-pit-pit in my ear, I present you my old friend and pal, Nicky Nelson."

And, so 'elp me, there's Jack Oakie on his way to the mike, a carnation in his hat, and a type of dandy that would have won him Peggy Hopkins Joyce a year ago, Tails, white tie, gloves, cane, silk topper and anything else that Watson & Son decree for evening wear.

Over and over and over they take that scene. Those tongue-twisting adjectives, delving at breakneck speed, are thrown off much for Jackie. It's the first time I ever knew him to blow up in a scene.

**SHOOT THE WORKS**

Nicky Nelson... Jack Oakie

Jackie... Arline Judge

Sailor Burke... Roscoe Karns

The Countess... Alison Skipworth

Joe Davis, the Maestro... Ben Bernie

Lila Raquel... Dorothy Dill

Larry Hale... William Frawley

Bill Ritchie... Paul Cavaux

Axel Hanratty... Lew Cody

THE most massive set of the month, by long odds, is De Mille's for "Cleopatra." It's the lady's throne room. There are two columns, one on either side of the throne, which must measure at least twelve feet in diameter at their widest point. Straight down the room on either side are eight other pillars, spaced at about eight feet intervals. Behind them a silver wall are red plush curtains, supported by gold spears and with gold tassels draped around the tops.

The throne is huge, gift affair with what looks like a gigantic pair of gift wings behind it.

Cleopatra is in shimmering black with a gauze headress. In that entire room she looks small— and helpless. But, somehow, one has the feeling that Cleopatra can always take care of herself. At her feet are two harem girls, Eleanor Phelps and Grace Durkin. Suddenly there is a terrific crash as the Romans batter at her doors.

Cleopatra announces in a sourcine voice, "so give me my basket. The time has come."

Grace and Eleanor stare in horror as a slave girl enters with a small basket. Claudette dops her hand in and takes out a tiny
It encircles her wrist as she holds it behind her head. There is the sound of marching men, drawing nearer.

"Goodbye, little Ira—Charmion," Claudette says to the two girls. "Look well for love—and look—and look. Not finding it, give nothing. But, if blessed with Cleopatra's fortune, give all.

As the girls look on, weeping, Claudette places the asp against her bosom. She starts a little as the fangs are buried in the soft flesh.

"Cut," calls De Mille.

"I hasten to assure you that the asps are real. That's the trick that the fangs have been drawn and it is as harmless as a fly." "Whoops," says Claudette coming down from the throne. "I haven't seen you since the night you and my worthy husband made spectacles of yourselves up at Joan Blondell and George Raft's house."

"That must have been about three thousand years ago, Cleo, in another incarnation," I smile.

"Oh, piffl," says Claudette as she goes off to powder.

**CleoPAtRa**

Claudia: Claudette Colbert

Julius Caesar: Janet Gaynor

Marc Antony: Henry Wilcoxon

Innocent: Irving Pichel

Oktavian: John Boles

Ira: Robert Morley

Charmion: Genevieve Tobin

Eleanor: Ellie Shelby

Arthur: Arthur Hohl

MacLaren: Jan MacLaren

Casca: Edwin Maxwell

Achilles: Robert Warwick

Soothsayer: Harry Bercroft

Gicero: Charles Morris

I T SEEMS there is no end to the activity on the Paramount lot this month. Next door to "Cleopatra" is a very modern story called "The Great Flirtation," featuring Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou. The picture is just starting. Adolphe is the great Parisian idol of Budapest and Elissa his sweetheart. He wants to marry her, but he also wants her to go up the stage. She has been touting the country but her show has been closed by the sheriff, and she has just returned to town.

The scene is the sitting room of Menjou's suite at the theatre.

**In "I Married An Actress," Adolphe Menjou battles with Elissa Landi.**

Just as Elissa is about to storm through the door, Menjou catches up with her and accuses her of thinking of George Raft's house shaking with jealousy. Elissa has been blinding telling him she is about to go into rehearsal with another play.

**What a disappointment! Beautiful girl—but a terrible complexion!**

**ANN USED TO HAVE A LOVELY SKIN!**

**Come along Phil, I'll introduce you!**

**How do you do? I'm always glad to meet any friend of Ralph's.**

**I had no idea Ralph knew you!**

**Some days later.**

**Doctor, you've helped thousands with your broadcasts. What shall I do to clear up my skin?**

**Not long after... Ann announces her engagement to her friends at the studio.**

**There's another romance I must credit to Yeast Foam tablets!**

**Six weeks later.**

**I just saw Ann mansenett! What a change—she's completely cleared up that awful skin!**

**Nuff said Ralph, I'm phoning her tonight!**

**Congratulations Ann... I'm so happy!**

**What Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours.**

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Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material—Words or Music—for consideration today.

"Zita!" shouts Meijou. "Who's in that company? Who's the leading man?"

"No one you know," Elissa assures him, pulling away.

"I won't let you go," Menjou froths, holding on to her.

They have to take the scene several times because Mr. Menjou always blows up in his lines. I wish I had the money he's cost various companies for retakes on account of not remembering his lines.

**THE GREAT FLIRTING**

Zita.......................... Elissa Landi
Phianto Karpian........... Adolphe Menjou
Larry Kent.................. David Manners
Henry Morgan.............. Alan Mowbray
Joe Lang.................... Lynne Overman
Mikos....................... Adrian Roode
Avon......................... George Baxter
Irene ......................... Judith Vesel
Paul ......................... Olin Howland
Director .................... Paul Porcaí

One more and Paramount and I can kiss each other goodbye until next month. It's called, saccharinely, "Kiss and Make Up."

It's the story of a plastic surgeon, (Cary Grant) who falls in love with his best and most beautiful patient, Genevieve Tobin. When her husband (Edward Everett Horton) happily returns in a car, she marries Cary. Cary's secretary (Helen Mack), also in love with him, is hurt, chagrined, and disappointed. Suddenly she finds she could work for him even though he wasn't in love with her but she can't work for him when he's married to someone else.

She quits and goes back to town.

A taxi drives up to the front of the building in which Cary works. Baggage is tied on to the top. It is piled high inside and strapped on behind. On a running board are numerous little wire cages with guinea pigs, white mice, and what-nots in them.

In the center of all this is Lucien Littlefield, looking slightly bewildered. The driver is John Sinchair, an old stunt man.

Cary Grant takes possession of Lucien Littlefield's cab in "Kiss and Make Up."

Cary rushes, hatless, from his place, sees the cab at the door, hops in before it's taken away. Lucien can get out and unload. "Follow that cab," Cary orders pointing towards the fast disappearing one, calling after it, and off they go.

**KISS AND MAKE UP**

Doctor ....................... Cary Grant
Parton ........................ Helen Mack
Secretary ................. Genevieve Tobin
Husband ................. Edward Everett Horton

At Columbia

Practically around the corner, Columbia has three pictures going, Supposedly the most important is "One Night of Love" featuring Grace Moore, whom you may or may not recall as having played opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon." While on the Metro lot Miss Moore had the reputation of being just a little too difficult to work with.

As I browse into the publicity office, Mary Barton, who handles such matters, plops me in a chair before I go out on the stages.

"Dick," she begins enthusiastically, "wouldn't you like to do a story on Grace Moore?"

"No!" I answer promptly and uncially. "Why?" asks Mary in a hurt tone.

"Because she has the reputation of being a—of being—well, of being a nasty, mean woman," I finish sheepishly. "I've heard stories of her when she was with Metro and I've heard stories of her since she's been here."

"It's a lie," says Mary hotly. "She's a swell girl and I know because I've worked with her."

The first set I visit is "One Night of Love," where I'm privileged to gaze upon the unalloyed and unadorned beauty.

The scene is a boudoir, done in French period furniture. There is a dressing table with a lot of feminine frippery on it. A bench upholstered in red damask stands in it. A patchway is going up to a point like a cathedral window, leads to a bay window. Miss Moore is striking in a tight-fitting red dress trimmed with frilled white organdy.

This is the story of Judith Allen (Miss Moore) who takes the money she has won in a radio voice contest and goes to Italy to study for an operatic career. Losing her money she is forced to sing in a cheap cellar cafe where she meets Tullio Carminati, the greatest teacher in Europe. She has a habit of seeking publicity for grand opera. With his latest, Lally (Nydia Westman) he has made the mistake of falling in love, but he'll never learn.

She takes Miss Moore and trains her with the understanding that any time she falls in love with him, all is over between them.

Just when things are going smoothly, Nydia turns up again, sees at a glance they are in love with each other and manoeuvres to get Tullio back. She comes to his apartment, engineered to seem such that Grace is bound to misconstrue and then leaves. We pick them up the next morning in the room I've already described.

Miss Moore is predictably, "I've heard stories of her when she was with Metro and I've heard stories of her since she's been here.

"Shall I tell you what happened last night?" he offers.

"I'm not interested," Grace replies coldly, rising and moving away—upstage.

"Interested or not, you're going to listen to me," he snaps following her. "I did go to see Lally—but I didn't stay. Ever minute I was with her, I found myself in some heart rending story."

And I found out something else—that for two years I have been fighting down what has been in my heart from the first moment I saw you. Now I know that I have always been—"

Suddenly Mr. Carminati breaks off and faces the director, Victor Touring. "I'm sorry. I can't play this scene that way. It's not the way we rehearsed it."

Hotter and hotter the argument waxes but my guide drags me off.

As I breeze through the opening of the day occurs. Mary was right, though. Miss Moore is a swell girl to work with. All those stories about her are a pack of lies!
"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"
Judith Allen........ Grace Moore
Montevideo......... Talulah Bankhead
Bill Houston...... Lyle Talbot
Giovanni.......... Louis Alberni
Galuppi........... Andreae de Segurola
Radio Announcer... Sam Hayes
Frazzanti............ Marie Cloy
Café Proprietor..... Henry Arnett
Angelina............ Jessica Ralph
Lally.............. Nyla Westman

ACROSS the street the atmosphere is a little more peaceful. That is, it's more peaceful as far as the actors are concerned. The film is called "Hell Cat" and the plot, n'dears, simply sweet. It's all about a reporter (Robert Armstrong) who has occasion to slap eyes at a society girl's (Anna Sothern) face. The feud is on. After many situations and cross situations, Bob gets a tip that a gangster is unloading a cargo from a yacht and, to his intense surprise—but not mine—it turns out to be Anna's father's yacht. The captain has double-crossed Mr. Sothern and is smuggling Chinese into these here United States. When I amble on to the set I find it is the hold of the yacht. Everywhere you look barrels are stacked around. There is a cot 3' x 5' hole with a pulley and block on it. There is a rack full of what looks like huge Roman candles but which has a sign on it reading, "Dont Touch." Imagine! The barrels are full of Chinese. Another surprise. The director is Al Rogell. I've heard rumors before that he was a director but I didn't believe them until I actually thought his chief claim to fame was the fact that he married Ena Gregory, but, no! Here he is in the flesh directing. Bob Armstrong 3' x 5' is on the set but he isn't in this scene, "Hi, Bob," I yell genially.

"Huilo," says Bob cautiously. He doesn't trust writers. I wouldn't do you, dit, Bob.

"HELL CAT"
Dan Collins........... Bob Armstrong
Geraldine........... Ann Sothern
Pauline McCoy........ Minna Gombell
Snapper Dugan........ Benny Baker
Reagan.............. James P. Burtte
Rexiessd............. Richerr Hemmings
Evans............. Lynn Covam
Adams........ Nick Copeland

Incidentally, look for Mr. Hemmings. He's a friend of mine. His real name is Hemmings. He is tall and, I must say, is a nice looking juvenile as you'll find in this year's crop.

THERE is yet another picture shooting at Columbia. "Black Moon" it's called. It's about Jack Holt, his wife, (Dorothy Burgess) and his little girl (the child wonder, Cora Sue Collins). Holt has never been quite able to fathom the attitude of Dot. At their marriage she was full of love but for the past few years she has been cold, reserved, almost repelling him. Towards their child she has the same unresponsive attitude.

It is the first day of shooting on the picture. Cora Sue is in her nursery playing. The nursery is in the attic of a New York residence. Not a musty attic, either. The walls have been done over in attractive figured paper. An elaborate doll's house covered with Noah's Ark figures stands at one side of the room and various toys are scattered about. There are dormer windows. On a small table in one of them stand an electric owl and a small bowl of sweet peas.

Cora Sue, carrying a doll in a red dress with a blue cape on it, is very upset. She approaches my guide "I thought," she pipes, "that cape was supposed to be red to match the dress on my dolly."

"Oh, dear," sighs my guide, "you'd better see the director at once."

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So Cora Sue goes to Roy William Neill, the director, and says "Dad, I want a cape, but I thought this cape was supposed to be red."

Mr. Neill is quite distressed. He says loudly for the wardrobe man and presently the assistant appears. "You won't do," Mr. Neill informs him. "This is a cape for the head man. Something has got to be done about this doll's cape. It doesn't match her dress."

So, A and by, the head wardrobe man comes and takes the doll away to get a fitting cape. When he returns the scene starts.

Cora Sue takes her place in the centre of the room and begins beating on a drum with her hands. Dot Burgess comes in and stands a moment, watching. Then she frowns as though displeased,

"Cora Sue Collins, the cute drummer of "Black Moon."
"No, no, Nancy," she says taking the child's hand. "Like this." She attempts to make the baby's hands beat the correct rhythm. The child is trying hard but doesn't get it right.

"Here," says Dot. "Give it to me. Look." She starts to beat on the drum with her bare hands. It is immediately evident that she is expert at it. As she beats, her eyes become unnaturally bright and her body tenses to the rhythm. I'll let you in on a secret. Before she married, she was a veddy, veddy princess.

Every time I think of Cora Sue, I think of a story going the rounds. One day at school she decided to become a motion picture star. So she gravity tore out the pages of her book, autographed them and solemnly passed them around to her friends. If you like the occult, see this by all means. It's full of thrills, chills and horrors.

**BLACK MOON**

Lane DWIGHT Fryer ............ Jack Holt Juanita ............ Dorothy Davis Nancy ............ Cora Sue Collins Gail ............ Fay Wray Macklin ............ Lumsden Hare Lynch ............ Clarence Muse Anna ............ Eleanor Wesselhoft

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**HANDY ANDY**

Andrew Yaties............ Will Rogers Ernestine Yaties............ Peggy Wood Pleurettle............ Conchita Montenegro Janice Yaties............ Gail Breaux Carlisle Pierre Martel............ Gregory Gant "Doc" Burmeister............ Roger Imhof

"That's all there is," says Frank Perret regretfully, so we leave. "Anything else I can do you for?" he asks most obliquely. "Yeah," I sputter. "You could drown a dozen or so of these foreign actors Fox is signing up.

"Oh," says Frank. "Ordinary sarcasm isn't good enough for you anyway, eh? You've got to get nasty." There seems to be no answer to that so I log on out to—
Edna Wallace Hopper... Who Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can’t believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I’ve been looked from one great theatre to another as “The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old.” At a grandmother’s age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow me and I promise you if you’re 60 you’ll look 40. If you’re 40, you’ll look 30. And if you’re 30, you’ll look back the skin of eighteen.

Women have given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that

For 20 more women were deficient in certain oils that keep the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don’t rub it off. Let it stay on. Then wash your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It’s one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper’s Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

$1 PAYS FOR $3000 LIFE PROTECTION

Even if you are past 55—and without Medical Examination!

If you are between the ages of 50 and 60 you may now enjoy the benefits of the Life Protection and Reimbursement plan, and without a medical examination.

This new Life Protection Certificate, offered everywhere by one of the largest associations in the land in the state of California and subject to rigid examinations by the State Insurance Department, pays up to $3000 For Death From Any Cause; $200 to $800 for accidental death. Your protection is backed by a sound financial institution with more than $30 million dollars Life protection in force.

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ROBERT HOLMES, 177 
Fairfield, N. C., Dept. 1.
In "Little Man, What Now?" Alan Hale brings gifts to Margareta Sullavan.

bunches were used. There are over three hundred yards of fluted, ruffled tulle used in it, all hand-rolled. There is a narrow ribbon around the edge of the dress that is spangled on both sides in the same design, so that when it turns as she walks, the design will still show.

"I just know," wails the stylist, "it will be wrecked before she finishes the scene and we won't get any fashion pictures of it."

Here's who's who in U's big offering for 1934:

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

LammchenMargaret Sullivan
Hans PinnebergDouglas Montgomery
JachmanAlan Hale
Mia PinnebergCatherine Doucet
Emil KleinholzDeWitt Jennings
Frau KleinholzBodil Rising
Marie KleinholzMuriel Kirkland
Kleinholz, Jr. Donald Hayes
ShultzGeorge Meeker
LauderbackPaul Fix
Dr. SesamCarlos de Valdez
NurseHedda Hopper
CommunistFord Kohler
His WifeMac Marsh
Widow ScharrenhoferSarah Padden
Mr. SesamTom Ricketts
Lehman..Fritz Katcher
KesslerMurray Kinnell

At Warner Brothers

MY luck is still holding: only one shooting here, too, called "Dames." But, ah, my fogs, and, oh, my friends, I haven't the heart to give you the plot—at least not much of it. Hugh Herbert is an odd reprobe of a millionaire who cuts off all his family without a son, except Guy Kibbee. He promises Guy ten a week if Guy will start the Ounce Society for the Uplift of Morals and if he, himself, is strictly moral.

There isn't a hackneyed line or situation known to the musical comedy stage that has been overlooked in the concoction of this one. They're all there, from the chorus girl who hides in Guy's compartment and later blackmails him into putting up money for a show, to the one where Hugh goes to the opening night of the show with the intention of suppressing it as immoral, gets drunk on cough medicine and flirts with the chorus girl.

Nothing has been overlooked, although the swell cast they've assembled and the music may pull it through. Lookit the cast:

Jiminy...Dick Powell
Barbara...Ruby Keeler
Mabel...Joan Blondell
Horace...Guy Kibbee
Eva Ounce...Hugh Herbert
Mathilda...Zasu Pitts
Billings...Johnny Arthur
Dickie...Ronnie Crosby
Elworthy...Berton Churchill
Songwriter...Phil Regan
Mail...Leila Bennett
Bulger...Arthur Vinton
Conductor...Arthur Ayresworth
The V.I.P. Beauty...Glen Accommodations
The Husband...Pat O'Malley
The Aunt...Claire McDowell
Dance Director...Harry Seymour

Although Hughie hates all his relatives, most obnoxious to him is Dick. Powell. But, as I can testify, Dick is not a young man lacking in nerve. He goes to Guy's house, where Hugh is stopping, determined to see Hughie.

The set is simply a hallway. There is a beamed ceiling, and an oriental runner on the floor. A mirror hangs on the wall opposite the entrance, with a green seerette (on which Arthur Vinton is gently snoring) beneath it. An arched doorway to the side of the mirror leads to the living room, which is two steps down.

As the scene opens we see Leila Bennett (who is practically my favorite comedienne) as the maid, opening the outer door. There stands Dick-beaming. He immediately shores his loot in so she can't close it. He is carrying a salesman's brief case.

"And a very good evening to you," Dick beams effusively.

"We don't want to buy anything," says Leila "We are only here to check into the briefcase suspiciously. I represent the Empire Insurance Company of Buffalo," Dick explains blithely, tapping the leather bag.

"We got more insurance than we need," Leila retorts abruptly. "Go 'way," trying to close the door on his foot.

I'm coming in," Dick warns her.

"I got orders," Leila snaps.

"Cut," yells Ray Enright, the director. "Oh, for goodness sake," Zasu Pitts flutters her eyelids as she leaps up to shake hands. "Where you been?"

"In hiding," I murmured brightly. "We finally caught up with you, chaps," says Zasu.

"Dick," Joan Blondell screams and comes flying at me. "We were talking about you tonight. Other--haven't seen you in a month," Norman Foster and Claudette are coming up tomorrow for dinner and Norman's going to take us to a radio afterglow. Will you come?"

"Lady," I reply earnestly. "I'll come for dinner this evening and spend the night for fear of missing something tomorrow. How's about it?"

"You're a cinch," says George Barnes, as he emerges from behind his camera.

So I dash home to get a typewriter, intending to see him. He's the stimulant of the Blondell-Barnes wit, and what could be more stimulating than that—except, maybe, the Pisco Punch they serve.

We are reminded of the devotion that Wally Beery has shown for his wife during these weeks that she has been confined in a hospital. While the "Pearl Island" company has been living over around Catalina, Wally has been commuting, and daily her husband's leaving at 5 A. M., rushing to the hospital, getting his plane and flying himself to the island, leaping into a speed-boat and joining the troupe. At the end of each day her husband has to get over the process—boat, plane, hospital, home. When we told him we thought it was pretty sweet he just said, "if it were me, she'd stay!"

Silver Screen for July 1934

STILLS TRENCHER

Helen Twelvetrees

Popular Star

She knows how!

She is too clever to let drib, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, luxurious, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glist Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confusion with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glist Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a fashionable "play-flop"—a wavy little kick—out much-needed perspicacity. Best how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual blades of hair? 'Do at your dealers for or a FREE sample will show you the difference.

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**The Final Fling**

**Howard Estabrook**

**WORK** is beginning on "David Copperfield" at M-G-M. We are pleased to advise that Dickens lovers need feel no apprehension. Their favorite author will not be Hollywooded nor will this classic appear all sexed up as "Copperfield's Mate" or "David's Love." They may, on the contrary, look forward to a fine picture in the true, gentle spirit of Dickens, for Howard Estabrook is on the job. Howard has given us many great pictures including "Cimarron," "Bill of Divorcement," "The Bowery" and "Hell's Angels." He knows how to write for the screen. But the reason we look forward to the adaptation which he will make of "David Copperfield" is that he is a true disciple of Dickens and literally worships the author of "The Personal History of David Copperfield"—to give the book its true title. We have heard Howard Estabrook repeat from memory long passages from the book, and listened while he pointed out the true Dickens flavor, and we are sure that this warm appreciation of the great author will be evident in the finished picture. Dickens himself wrote: "Of all my books, I like this the best. Like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is David Copperfield."

We are grateful to Mr. Estabrook for his respectful attitude and feel, like Little Em'ly, "I'd like to give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money"—to show our faith in him.

---

**A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle**

By Charlotte Herbert

**ACROSS**

1. A lively emotion of happiness
   4. The runaway bride in "It Happened One Night"
   7. "It Happened One Night"
   11. Sam in "It Happened One Night"
   13. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
   15. A famous blues singer
   17. A night club favorite (initials)
   19. "Diamond Lil"
   20. Beast of burden
   22. Lubricate
   23. She married Bill Powell in "Fashions of 1934" (initials)
   24. He's now making a concert tour (initials)
   26. A sepulchral monument of Egypt (initials)
   27. A well known character actor (initials)
   30. Essential
   31. The elderly (abbreviation)
   32. The highest point
   34. A player who recently passed away
   36. The hero of "Exkimo"
   39. A card game
   40. He will appear soon as "Harold Teen" (initials)
   41. An affirmative
   44. Harold Lloyd chose her for the feminine lead in "Cape Paw"
   46. Endeavor
   47. Safety device on an automobile
   49. The most retiring of all screen stars (initials)
   50. A province of British India (abbreviation)
   51. The pair
   53. Assistance
   54. One of Hollywood's famous families (initials)
   58. He is great in "Pancho Villa"
   60. Upon
   62. Epstein
   64. Musical drama
   65. Birthplace of Abraham
   66. British title (abbreviation)
   67. Plunder
   68. "A man greatly indebted to Walt Disney for his popularity"
   70. "A sacred image"
   71. "He's appearing with Janet Gaynor again"
   74. "Molten volcanic matter"

**DOWN**

1. The "Long Lost Father"
   2. Pronoun (abbreviation)
   3. The doctor in "Men in White"
   4. A look indicative of malice
   5. Measure of area (abbreviation)
   6. Our own country (initials)
   7. Type measure
   8. The greatest American inventor (initials)
   9. Ancient city famous for its wooden horse (abbreviation)
   10. "The topographers"
   11. Indiscernible article
   12. She was Clara in "The Deluge"
   13. In "The Deluge"
   14. To resemble
   15. The apprehension of danger
   18. The talkative bus passenger in "It Happened One Night"
   21. She appeared in "Melody in Spring"
   22. Mrs. Vio Ziegfeld
   23. Egg-shaped
   24. Recreation
   25. Tennis
   30. "A Peruvian maiden"
   31. Spiritual
   32. One of our most distinguished English actors
   33. Exceeding what is required
   34. An M-G-M player (initials)
   35. He is now making pictures in England (initials)
   36. A low cushioned seat
   37. Lamont
   38. With McCallan in "The Lost Patrol"
   39. A masculine personal name
   40. He gives an excellent performance in "Viva Villa"
   41. "His first picture was "Melody in Spring" (initials)
   42. "With Diana Wynyard in "Where Sinners Meet"
   43. The genial Irish policeman in the "Our Gang" comedies
   44. A South American serpent
   45. Equal
   46. A vamp in the silent days (initials)
   47. A title of rank (abbreviation)
   48. The star of "I Am Suzanne" (initials)
   49. A southern state (abbreviation)

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**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

**STUDIOS P SCREENS PHILADELPHIA HAVOC INCA DOLORES SAVE TELLO Y WOMEN N FED ME MEG BA SPA IN GA MACON ALL OR REARNT I BAILO I ENVSY DEMILLE OTTO FRENGRANOE ANW EVAN FAB BEGNER ENOW T RIOLE OIL A EVE FLAS AGE OER LTD ASTAIRE EVAN D DUNNE REV R IATE E YR DANIELS ARR
"CAN my pores be growing large? And horrors! Is that a blackhead!" Suddenly some unhappy girl discovers her skin is growing coarse, unlovely—she is being robbed of beauty!

She may not realize it, but she has COSMETIC SKIN—a modern complexion trouble easy to guard against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores. When this happens, the pores become clogged, distended. Soon the warning signals of COSMETIC SKIN appear.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly.

Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Precious Elements

Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. The Hollywood stars have used this soap for years!

"Of course I use cosmetics, but thanks to LUX Toilet Soap I never worry about Cosmetic Skin!"

Ginger Rogers
RKO Radio Star of "Gay Divorce"
Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face. They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

TEST YOUR NERVES...

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail order-blank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.

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SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
How Helen Hayes Makes Her Marriage Happy
HER life is outdoors... the wind... the sun... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined... the home... the school room... the factory... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours... well, you really don’t know... you merely hope.

Don’t offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn’t be guilty at all if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis (unpleasant breath)
Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!

When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.

Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.

He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.

It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you. "Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the zinc-tol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A TOOTH PASTE

Silver Screen for September 1934
WELL, Richard Dix is a benedick once more, and it's only a year since he was divorced from Winifred Coe. Evidently Richard got used to having a little woman around the house, so now he's up and married his secretary, Virginia C. Webster.

When Richard advertised for a secretary some six months back, over five hundred comely young women tried to get the job—but Virginia won out. She must have that certain something...

They were married in Jersey City, by the same Justice of the Peace who married Virginia's parents there just twenty-five years ago. Romantic, what?

Now they are on an extended honeymoon trip which will eventually take them back to Beverly Hills, California, where Richard has a palatial home.

"Family Man," Richard's latest film, will be released soon.

BY THE way, that little ranch Mae bought out in the Valley, so she could pick oranges and listen to the birdies of a morning, has been given to Papa West, former light champion, with love and kisses from little Mae.

Mae has decided to stay in the same apartment hotel she has been in ever since she hit Hollywood, right kerplunk on the noisiest street in Hollywood. Which all goes to prove that you can take an actress out of New York but you can't take New York out of an actress.

CONTRARY to current gossip, Glenda Farrell, who looks lonesome whenever Bob Riskin, writer, is called away from Hollywood, did not have so much as the tip of her little finger in the "It Happened One Night" pie. The widely praised hitch-hiking sequence in that amusing picture came right out of the heads of Capra and Riskin, Glenda asserts.
...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"...they're together again!

M. A. M. Studios
Hollywood, Cal.

May we please see Joan Crawford and Clark Gable co-starred again, like they were in "Dancing Lady"? They were glorious places. Please let us see them together again.

Mary Lee Best
Chelotes
Lovin'

JOAN CRAWFORD
CLARK GABLE

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A FINE WELL CHOSEN WORDS


LONG CAME SALLY—Fair. If you’d like to make a friendly comparison between the English idea of comedy and ours, see this, Cicely Courtneidge, the première English comedienne, as Sally.

ARE WE CIVILIZED?—A plea for universal brotherhood. The picture has a human interest and presents possibilities. William Farnum makes a come-back in this film. With him play Anita Louise, Oscar Apfel.

BACHELOR BAIT—Amusing. Stuart Erwin as the meek young man who runs a matrimonial agency, and Freulie Kelton & Rochelle Hudson contributing plenty of hearty laughter.

BLACK CAT, THE—Fair. What was once a famous short story by that master of mystery tales, Edgar Allan Poe, is now a horror film of the implausible type. (Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, David Manners.)

BLACK MOON—Fair. Voodooism in the West. With the lovely white woman going completely native as a climax. It has its moments when you take that sort of thing. (Jack Holt, Fay Wray, Dorothy Burgess.)

BLOWING DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—Excellent. The charming English amateur sleuth is with us again in the person of Ronald Colman, a mystery, more fascinating than its predecessor. (Loretta Young.)

CITY PARK—Fair. After many trials and tribulations comes a comedy triangle (Sally Blane, a nice break in the Big City—she even gets a rich husband). (H.B. Warner.)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—Most amusing. Evidently Joe E. Brown decided to add new credits to his roster of fun, and, if that’s the case, this comedy of circus life is a good starter.

CROSS STREETS—Only Fair. Poor Johnny Mack Brown. What a tough time he has in this film. Nothing works out according to Hope—but even his romance with Anita Louise is at least, not right away.

DR. MONICA—Fair. Kay Francis is a doctor again in this triangle which varies slightly from the usual pattern. Warren William and Jean Muir play along with Kay, and there’s a baby to complicate matters.

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Splendid. With temperamental sparkles sparking the atmosphere, this exhilarating farce about a theatrical couple is bound to entertain you. (Elissa Landi, Ray Milland.)

HEART SONG—Lovely. A picture made abroad with Lilian Harvey, Charles Boyer and Mady Christians. It boasts lilting melodies, sparkling dialogue and a merry plot. Fine entertainment these warm nights.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE—Fair. With Tim McCoy, our hero, in the role of a motorcycle policeman, you can expect a lot of action and melodrama from this one. (Lillian Bond.)

HELL CAT, THE—Fair. Melodrama. Here we have that temperamental creature—the society girl—out to get the scalp of a reporter who once outwitted her. Naturally she gets his scalp and all the good publicity he can muster. (Ann Sothern, John Arliss."

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Fair. Mary Boland and Jack Huley can always be relied on for laughs—but there are moments during this picture when the humor is not so spontaneous. It’s all a trifle irksome.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Good. This is more than an ordinary picture. You’d expect a story of adolescence to be—but it carries a moral and so that’s that! (Cecilia Parker, Helen MacKellar, Carlyle Moore.)

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—Fine. Richard Dix has another highly reliable, highly charming role in a drama that lacks to be original. Dorothy Wilson, Edith Fellows and Erin O’Brien Moore round out the cast.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY—Amusing. A hodgepodge of miscellanea—gags, dancing, music, etc.—and just the slightest sliver of plot. Names galore, however—Durante, Velez, Butterworth, Laurel & Hardy. Now you know what to expect!

IT’S A BOY—Fine. A clever English-made farce, with our own Ed. Everett Horton as a love-sick suitor, Heather Thatcher, whom you will remember from “Berkeley Square,” is in this role.


KISS AND MAKE UP—Good. A satire on the beauty business, to see how lovely women stoop to conquer. Cary Grant at his best with Genevieve Tobin, Helen Mack & Ed. Everett Horton.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—Excellent. Claire Trevor and Johnny Weissmuller in this film in which Cary Grant, that handsome young heartbreaker, gets involved with a mine in Chile—among other things! (Francis Drake, Ed. Everett Horton.)

LET’S TALK IT OVER—Amusing. In which the simple sailor takes the uptight society girl off her high perch. (Chester Morris, Mae Clarke.)

LET’S TRY AGAIN—Good. When the romance of their marriage becomes humdrum reality, Clive Brook & Diana Wynyard decide to seek new partners for the way they both get “disgusted” is quite amusing.

LITTLE DAMOZEL, THE—Good. An enjoyable English melodrama. If you don’t understand the cast or plot, too bad! (Jeanette MacDonald, Clive Brook, Enid Bennett.)

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Fine. Hans Fallada’s Continental tragedy of post-depression days transferred to the screen with the bitterness slightly sugar coated for those who can’t stand stark realism. (Margaret Sullivan, Doug. Montgomerie.)

LITTLE MISS MARKER—Fine. When that adorable child, Shirley Temple, is given to the gamblers, Adolphe Menjou, as an I.O.U., you can rest assured that a unique, diverting tale will unfold. (Crofts, Gloria Stuart, Paul Kelly.)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—Fine. A clever blend of gangland with tender romance makes this recent Dick Barthelmess film quite engaging. Helen Chandler, Ann Dvorak & Helen Lowell in support of the stars.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—Fair. Now it’s a schoolteacher who is murdered—and right in school, too! But Edna May Oliver (another schoolmarm) puts on her thinking cap and helps Detective J. W. Marlowe to arrive at the solution.

OPERATOR 13—Excellent. This is a swell yarn in spite of the fact that it has a Civil War theme. There are thrills, drama, romance and Marion Davies (at her best) and Gary Cooper to enthral you.

SCARLET EMPRESS, THE—Interesting. Joe, Von Sternberg directed this airy edition of Catulle the Great of Russia—and even if the drama is lacking we still have Marlene Dietrich in many glamorous poses.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Fine. Trying to recapture the jovial romance of its youth, Frank Morgan experiences a brief but glorious adventure with Elissa Landri, an actress.


SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Swell. Otto Kruger as the charming young chap whom the ladies resist, and Douglas Fairbanks as “go stale” furnishes the basis of the amusing plot. (Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel.)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—Good. If Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez tickle your sensibilities, this picture will have a good time. (Norm Foster, Wm. Gargan, Marlan Gordon.)

TELL-TALE HEART—Fine. Edgar Allan Poe’s weird, psychopathic tale filmed by the British in most commendable fashion. It has a fascination that will not soon be forgotten.

THIN MAN, THE—Excellent. If only all mystery stories were as ingeniously told as this one! But they can’t all be written by Dashiell Hammett and have Myrna Loy & Bill Powell in the cast.

TWENTIETH CENTURY—Excellent. Carole Lombard and John Barrymore team up in one of the smartest, most piquant comedies of the theatrical profession. It is gay, mad, utterly irresistible.

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Fine. A farcical theme, dealing with divorce. It is lightly handled and always entertaining. The cast includes Miriam Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Henry Arness & Claude King.

VIVA VILLA—Fine. Wally Beery in an impressive film woven around exciting incidents in the life of Mexico’s most colorful bandit. (Henry B. Walthall & Rudolph Valentino make a fascinating acting team.)

WHITE HEAT—Just Fair. Melodramatic romance, with the setting a sugar plantation. In cast, Mona Maris, Virginia Cherrill, Hardie Albright, Greta Nissen.

WORLD MOVES ON—Fine. This can safely be labelled “production on a large scale.” As time and the World move on we will meet up with war, romance, progress, misery, happiness; everything, in fact, that touches civilized people. (Francolph Tone, Madeleine Carroll, Reginald Denny.)
Hidden Gold
in your hair
too!

Discover it	onight in one
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A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely claián. It gives your hair a "glipy-dity"—so little bit—too much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers' or send for free sample.

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—

Hidden Gold

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No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy
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out a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout.
You'll be surprised at your own rapid progres.
From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly
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FREE Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson;
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“STARS MUST EAT”
Here Are the Favorite Recipes of the Players

By Ruth Corbin

THE English have the right idea,” grumbled Lew Ayres, as he finished a "take" with Janet Gaynor along about four o'clock that first afternoon they were working together on "Servants' Entrance." "I could do with a dish of tea this minute."

"Well, you needn't go pro-English on us," laughed Janet. "We always serve tea on the set around this time of day. Just keep up that terrible strumming on the piano and I'll have it brewed for you in a jiffy."

"Um... Um..." muttered Lew, wrinkling his lips in keen appreciation after his first gulp, "where did you learn to make tea as delicious as this, Janet?"

"In England—a few years ago," she answered, quite unabashed at the admission.

"It was there that I discovered that the secret of good tea lies in a warm tea pot. Sounds funny, but it's true. First, your water must be boiling hot. Enough water is poured into the pot to thoroughly warm it. Then pour this water out and place a level teaspoonful of tea into the pot for each cup desired. The correct amount of boiling water is then poured over the tea leaves and the moment that these leaves unfold in the water is the moment for you to serve. Simple enough, isn't it?"

"And now that you're in a culinary mood, I'll give you my recipe for these ice box cookies—good, aren't they? I make them at home to bring down to the studio for tea. They're a favorite around here."

JANET GAYNOR'S RECIPE FOR ICE BOX COOKIES

1 pound butter 3 eggs
5 cups flour Dates and nuts to suit
3/4 cup condensed milk 1/2 cup sugar Vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, one by one, beating the mixture, meanwhile; add the five cups of flour gradually while beating the mixture; add the dates and nuts which have been previously chopped into small bits; add the flavoring.

Shape into a roll; put into the refrigerator over night; then in the morning slice into thin layers—thus shaping the cookies—and bake in a moderate oven.

Another ice box recipe which Janet uses frequently, is:

FROZEN EGG NOG
2 eggs, separated
3/4 cup condensed milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt
1/4 cup whipping cream

Thoroughly beat egg yolks and add condensed milk and vanilla. Chill. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Fold into chilled mixture. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan, and place in freezing unit. (Two to four hours, total freezing time.) Serves six.

—

SILVER SCREEN
CLAUDETTE
COlBERT
in
JANNIE
Hurst's
IMITATION
OF
LIFE
Directed by
JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
AND
"ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
for September 1934
"You're Telling Me?"

If You Do Not Write Your Opinions to this Page, How Are We Going to Know?

The $10 Letter

"L"ET others have their realism, I'll take glamour every time," writes Louise Kramer of Fourth Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y. "I can hardly wait to see the Dietrich-Von Sternberg 'Scarlet Empress.' The advance shots are tantalizing, and how could the two foremost exponents of the glamour school disappoint me? Catherine of Russia would turn in her grave with envy if she could behold the shots of the devastating Dietrich. In her white Hussar's uniform, upon a white charger. What does it matter if history tells us Catherine was plump and short and that squeezing into a uniform was such an arduous task that she only did it when it was expedient. We know Marlene will wear hers like a 'reel' queen and will be more pleasant to gaze upon. Realism? Take it-gimmie glamour.

Always Beauty triumphs.

"I AM absolutely fed up with the vile criticism Norma Shearer has been getting since her picture 'Riptide' has been released. I thought that it was a very elegant picture, but it is not the type of characterization we like to see our Norma portray," writes Hazel Beatty of Boyce, Va. "Her next is entirely different, 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.'"

RALPH MILLER, Jr., of No. K Street, Dinuba, Calif., writes "I sincerely hope that Max Baer's ugly face will not be shown upon the screen again. His picture, 'The Prizefighter and the Lady,' and he himself were greatly overrated. Exactly the opposite pertains to that grand guy, Bing Crosby, as he's great."

Bing has the wallop in his class.

"WHY have all the reform and religious bodies begun such an outcry against the films claiming that they are immoral? I have often watched children at the movies when the bad man and good man are shown, and they never yet have failed to cheer the good, and hissed the bad. We do not need to worry about the evil effects films will produce on our young, as they all know the plays are fiction," writes Leila Solomon of N. 60th St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Our worry and our religious bodies' concern should be to suppress the display of horrid, revolting, true life happenings glaringly displayed on every corner newstand."

Most people are decent, naturally.

"WHY can't we have more children's pictures?" asks Betty Adams of Long Lots Road, Westport, Conn. "Ever since I was 'knee high to a grasshopper,' I have gone to the movies and have seen glamorous pictures, romantic pictures and sexy pictures of every description. I am now a sophomore in high school, and as far as I can remember, the only really enjoyable movies have been 'Little Women' and 'Skippy.' Most of the type of pictures are enjoyed by old and young. How many film fans did not laugh or cry with Jo in 'Little Women' or Skippy in 'Skippy'? Half of the movie customers are children, and most of that half want some good, exciting adventure dramas, for a change."

Let's have 'em!"

There will come a time, Betty, when you'll want real red meat like 'Cavalcade' and they with the spinach."

CLEO A. REIN of West 190th Street, New York City, writes "A truck load of orchids to Edward Arnold, ace performer, for his scintillating portrayal of the inebriated one in 'Sadie McKee.' I dislike drunks, but must confess I fell in love with Jack. Priceless acting, Mr. Arnold—thanks. And to Joan, the glamorous, a basket of gardenias for so gracelessly permitting the clever Arnold to steal her show. Fine work, Joan. It's things like this that make you great!"

Joan, the Star with the Heart.

"JANET GAYNOR reminds me of a fairy princess who flashes before one's eyes, warming one's heart with her sunny smile, bringing new hope and peace to a tired, weary soul," writes Emma L. Phillips of Terry Ave., Detroit, Mich. "Why doesn't someone producer get a brilliant idea and cast Janet in some of the splendid fairy tales children love so well? The world is so weary of our Hollywood sex plays. We are tired to death of your gung-toting gangsters. We are bored with your Gigantic, Stupendous, Cosmic, Tremendous productions!"

Can't say Janet Gaynor's plays now have much grim reality. But who cares about reality, plausibility, life? Not Emma Phillips.

"OLD Damon Runyon has gone and done it again. 'Little Miss Marker' is far and away the most hilariously amusing picture that has come my way since Adolphe Menjou laid them in the aisles with his magnificent performance as the cynical, blasphemous editor in 'The Front Page,'" writes Franklin Kennedy, Jr., of Byron, Ill. "Runyon's marvelous yarn motivated the entire cast to a point approaching perfection. So please Mr. Runyon, don't forsake the cinema. Your sense of the dramatic has brought the most sparkling originality to the screen."

And he's getting the potatoes.

SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

EACH year the Silver Screen Medal is awarded to some Actor or Actress of the Screen by the votes of our readers. Don't forget to send in your ballot, and have the satisfaction of knowing you have helped to make your favorite star happier. The Ballot will appear in Silver Screen for October.

BE ARTICULATE!

A New Deal for Letter Writers. $10 for the best letter and $2 for every other letter printed. Express yourself. Address "You're Telling Me?" Ed., Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushing Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a pure soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

**PROTECT** your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"These society ladies'd give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!... Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

**IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE**

"Go on, grin, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

**FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES**
If You Address Your Fan Letters To This Page The STARS Will Answer (Follow the Directions)

The Fan Letter to Bette Davis

Dear Miss Davis:

As you are my favorite actress, I took the liberty of changing the spelling of my first name so that it would be like yours. It was Betty, but for three months it's been Bette. So far the recent change hasn't brought me any good luck, but I certainly hope it will.

May I ask if your first name has always been spelt that way, or just altered for screen purposes?

Cordially yours,
Bette Kester
Indianapolis, Ind.

Bette Answers Her Namesake

Dear Bette Davis:

I jolly well that you're spelling your name as I do. I adopted the spelling when I was twelve years old (long before I started to the stage as my profession), and it was suggested to me by a friend of mine who had just finished reading my favorite book in which the hero's name was spelled Bute and so Jerry Griffith. It occurred to me that if my name was spelled Bette and so Jerry Griffith, it might be a grand idea. I hope it brings you as much luck as it did to Bette Davis.

Yours truly,
W. N. Nelson

The Fan Letter to Warner Baxter

Dear Sir:

I am a devoted fan of Warner Baxter's. I have never missed one of his pictures. I think he is the star of stars. His Mexican characterizations were marvelous in "In Old Arizona" and "The Cisco Kid." I hope to see him in a colorful western cowboy picture in the near future.

Is it true that Warner Baxter will make a picture in Europe, and if so, when will he leave America? Does he know the name of the story or picture he will play in and what it's about? I would appreciate very much if you answer my letter.

Yours truly,
Louise Spencer
Dallas, Tex.

Warner Baxter

Dear Miss Martin:

Thank you for your interest in my work. As you know, I can't see to the Cisco Kid. It is my favorite character and I am sure to return to the screen from time to time.

With best regards,
Thurley Bogle.

The Fan Letter to Helen Mack

Dear Miss Mack:

Ever since your wonderful performance in "All of Me," I have been an ardent fan of yours. Did you ever attend dramatic school? If so, where? I feel that you must have in order to turn in so fine a performance. I would appreciate an answer.

I hope you soon become a star.

Yours truly,
Edith Nenzen

Helen Mack

The Fan Letter to Dorothy Wilson

Dear Miss Wilson:

The more I have seen of you, the more I have come to admire your work! I'm always been most impressed by your utter unaffectedness and refinement. Now—don't let cheap publicity and vulgar gossip mar your personality! Yes—little ex-script-girl, you've made good. Keep up the good work! I'm FOR you!

Sincerely,
Helen Franzen
Quincy, Ill.

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Dorothy Wilson Thanks the Critics

Dear Helen Pennison—

Thank you so very much for your lovely letter to me.

I think your advice is perfect and you may rest assured that I shall always endeavor to avoid any change in your manner.

Now really must see El Capitan in a Beat. I consider it in my greatest acting store to a real career.

I hope that your wife and daughter have had that famous American and that father, if somewhat my self, a.

I am under contract to Charles F. Loomes, who produced the feature and he himself wonderlful, and I heard continually, and I know the will always select the right kind of stories for me.

And thank you again, so much for your letter.

Most sincerely,

Dorothy Wilson

The Fan Letter to Lee Tracy

Dear Sir—

I have a bull dog whose name is Lee Tracy. When he was a puppy he tore up pieces of paper and growled. In this way he reminded me of Lee Tracy's talking—thus, his name. I wondered what Lee Tracy would say about that.

Most Cordially,

Alice Durnford
Richland Center, Wis.

Lee Tracy

Lee Is Dog-gone Proud

My own Miss Simply

As for "I", I'm only born of a chance breed. I am not a great deal more than a little one, not a thing that can be read, and not a dog that can be called my puppy if I had one. I am not a dog, but only a little one.

You and I are always and everywhere.

A photo of a dog-gone proud!

The Fan Letter to Lee Tracy

After some time I said, "I am a dog-gone proud!"

The Fan Letter to Lee Tracy

My own Miss Simply

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You and I are always and everywhere.
So much of their Loveliness depends on the tooth paste they use

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands — each has some special reason. “I like my teeth to shine,” says Betty Cook. “It cleans better,” explains another user. “It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh,” a third finds.

All agree — there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use — so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here’s thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size — 40¢ — contains twice as much — saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

regular size

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

Silver Screen
SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips

PHILLIPS HOLMES' countenance is a veritable "sun" these days, radiating more bliss than seems possible for that serious young man. And there's a reason, in fact. Phil, who sky-rocketed to fame several years ago through his tragic portrayals (remember Phil with Sylvia Sidney in "The American Tragedy") and with Nancy Carroll in "Devil's Holiday," has been forced to drop almost completely out of sight before producers realized that he meant it when he refused to go on playing along the lines of them. Phil is returning now in the characterization he loves—the swashbuckling, smiling lieutenant of "Caravan." And besides that, the girl he has been in love with—yes, for those long years, Florence Rice, has left her home in New York and intends to establish a permanent residence in Hollywood. What a break for Phillips.

ANOTHER romance that seems to be faring well is that of Mary Brian and Dick Powell. Dick had to go to New York last month, to make some scenes at West Point for his next picture with Ruby Keeler, but he arranged everything very neatly so that he could have a long stopover in Chicago with Mary, who is donning the greasepaint there this summer.

DEAR me, how time flies! Only yesterday, it seems, little Jackie Coogan was breaking us all up emotionally with his big brown eyes, and now Jackie is a young man and the "steady" of Little Ruby Wing.

ALAN HALE (now wasn't he just swell in "Little Man, What Now") recently had to be master of ceremonies at a meeting of the International Women's Clubs, and to his horror heard the chairman introduce him as "Mrs. Alan Dale." "Sorry, folks," Alan quickly acknowledged the introduction, "you see I'm not a mussy. Alan Dale is a deceased critic, and I am, after all, only a live hang-up.

MARLENE DIETRICH, who rarely stuck her nose out of the door except to take her little girl to the beach or to Venice Amusement Park (where, strange to say, no one ever recognized the Glamorous One), has suddenly gone quite social on us, even going in for late hours and night clubs. She likes to dance at the Coconut Grove and then go from there to the King's Club, where Hollywood's favorite entertainers, Ross and Sergeant, go into a medley of German songs every time Marlene appears. Douglas Montgomery has been Marlene's escort at the King's Club several times—but it seems to be Brian Aherne whom she likes to take to the Grove with her.

JOAN CRAWFORD is going in for a "shiny" face these days and any minute now it will become a national fad. Joan just smears on a little cold cream and lets it go at that.

JEAN HARLOW and Patsy Kelly (and what a swell team they make in "Born to Be Kissed") had the thrill of their lives the other day when Nat Pendleton took them on a fast and furious ride in his brand new speedboat. But they were even more thrilled—and a bit infuriated—when they got back to shore and Nat blackly confessed that it was the first time he had ever driven one of the damned things.

JOHN MACK BROWN is taking the ribbing of his life for the non-practical joke he unwisely pulled on his best friends the other night. Johnny had arranged an elaborate dinner party at his home for a dozen brother-Masquers, with plans to take them to the American Legion later to see the fights. Johnny, with his pals behind him, presented his tickets at the door, but not until the guests had filled into an empty hall did the door-man say, "Sorry sir, but if you came to see the fights they were last night."

CHIP ahoy, and hey hey, whom do you think has supplanted Clara Bow in the affections of the Navy? Judging from her fan mail—its Glenda Farrell, "Fair Farrell," one romantic gob wrote her, "if I could just have you in every port, I'd never want for more." Sort of cute?

ELIZABETH ALLAN knows what to do with all the old strings left around the house—and we pass it on to you because we think it's right smart of I. M. She knotted the strings together in the same manner as a tennis net, and made a three-cornered scarf that will go with any sport costume.

Of course it helps a lot if the strings are red. See if you can get the butcher to send the liver done up with red string this month.

JOAN CRAWFORD went dancing the other night and introduced the latest fashion style—modified hoop skirts for evening wear. She got the idea from several little numbered Adrian ran up for her in "Chained," and with Joan setting the style it looks like we're going to be hooping it up this fall. If only you and I could wear hoops as beautifully as Joan does.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has leased a house in the Hollywood hills which his friends find very difficult to locate when going there the first time. Douglass was giving explicit directions to Neil Hamilton, and it went something like this.

"You turn off Western on to Live Oak, then turn right at Black Oak, and then left on Verde Oak, and—"

"Oh, I know," interrupted Neil, "and then you come to Poison Oak."

The funny thing, Douglass reports, is that with all those streets thus named, there isn't an oak tree anywhere in sight. Just like Atlanta and all those Peaches.

HOLLYWOOD'S stirred-up hope that Gene Raymond at last was plotting marriage, when he rented one of the most attractive apartment suites in the Village, was blasted right back to where all rumors originate when Gene informed everybody that the gala preparations were being made for his mother, who has arrived from her home on Long Island to pay a long visit to her son.

[Continued on page 51]
"WHAT is your favorite story about Hollywood?" I was asked recently at a party given in New York by unprofessional people. There was not another Hollywood representative in the room.

"One of the oldest there is," I answered, and repeated the ancient yarn of the producer who walked upon the set where a Biblical picture was being filmed, looked at a group of bedraggled men and demanded: "Who are they?"

"The twelve apostles," a yes-man answered hurriedly.

"Twelve! Twelve! I thought I told you to order two hundred. Vy don't you do as I tell you? And dress them up. All two hundred. Clothes like that—bah! Didn't I order that this be a super-special?"

The guests laughed and then demanded, "But why is that your favorite?"

"Because it is true and explains the spirit of Hollywood so concisely. If the Bible has twelve apostles, Hollywood must have two hundred. If the average man of wealth drives a Packard, the motion picture star has to have an especially built Duesenberg. Nils Asther didn't feel he was anybody in Hollywood until he ordered his now famous car, with upholstery of pigskin hand-sewn and a body that was guaranteed to be not custom-made but hand-made!"

A famous doctor, who is also a psychiatrist, spoke up. "I see what you mean. And you're right. The Hollywood people know how to make their bankrolls gallop. Where the rest of us think we're pretty lucky to get time enough and daring enough to make our bankrolls walk, Hollywood is always making theirs gallop. It's an interesting thought."

A young woman—of the Junior League type—leaned forward.
"Oh, tell us some stories about the way they throw away their money. I'd just love to hear about it. I've had money all my life, but the best I can think of is to go to Europe twice a year with both my Pekingese. I'll bet that would seem tame to Hollywood. Tell us some of the most silly and exciting things you know they've done with their money."

I looked at the doctor. "Please do," he said. And when you're finished, I'll tell you, if you wish, why I, as a psychiatrist, hope that Hollywood never loses those galloping bankrolls. I'll give you an analysis of why they should continue to throw away their money!"

We all have our little, personal brags. It is mine that I never tell anything about Hollywood I'd be afraid to print. So I'm going to give you the stories I told that wealthy, Park-Avenish group that evening, right in print, and cover my conscience with the thought that both Hollywood and the rest of the world should know what this great physician said when I finished!

These galloping bankrolls, as they have so pertinently been called, I began, are typical of every line of business in Hollywood. They reach from producer to executive, from economy expert to property man.

My first story is wholly professional. I chanced to be on a set while they were testing a stranger to screen possibilities. This man meant absolutely nothing to the company which was doing him the favor of making a test to see whether he had motion picture possibilities. There was no reason to impress him with the magnitude or finesse of making pictures; there was assuredly no motive for impressing the cameramen, electricians and other members of the regular studio crew. One scene called for this stranger to drop a bit of poison into a glass of champagne. There were two cases of bottles standing ready. I inspected them. They were real. Imported champagne. Two bottles were used for the "take" and the "retake." Two bottles out of two cases! The onlookers had a treat with the balance.

"Why real champagne for a test?" I asked an assistant property man.

"Why not?" he answered. "Ain't this the movies?"

It was. You see what I mean? Galloping bankrolls are the movies. Like the famous male star . . .

The only tip I gave as to his identity was by announcing that "erratic" is the best one-word description of him. He had taken a beautiful young lady, who hoped to be a star, to Agua Caliente as his week-end guest. By the afternoon of the second day, they had tasted all of the normal relaxations of this well-equipped gambling resort. Satiation was beginning to set in. "I wish I could take a swim without my clothes on," she sighed. "The pool is so public—"

"Just a moment, darling, I'll fix it!" He dashed out. In an hour, the hotel pool and all points looking upon it were cleared of people—including the rooms on that side of the hotel. The beautiful lady took her swim. And the pocketbook of this generous, impetuous star had galloped to the tune of $10,000!

"Did he watch her?"

the young [Continued on page 59]
JOAN and I had not seen one another... not really. I mean, excepting on sets and to lunch together occasionally... since Joan was much less important and I was much less busy than we are now. "Let's have a week-end together," Joan suggested. "Just a family get-together. Come out Saturday afternoon and don't plan to leave before Monday. I hope," she added, "that you won't mind the place being all scrambled with carpenters and decorators."

I did not mind and promised to be there.

I arrived at the house in Brentwood... that house which Joan had bought soon after she became a star, and which she and young Doug had changed and redecorated and refurnished with such high hopes after they were married, the house for which Joan had made those now-famous hooked rugs. Someone took my car and tucked it away somewhere.

Joan was having tea. When I say, "tea," I mean just that. Guests are urged to have sandwiches or cakes, but Joan has a cup of tea with lemon in the afternoon and no delectable tidbits tempt her at that hour. I joined her.

Decorators, plasterers and carpenters were gathering up their tools, preparatory to going home. Joan was having her house made a little larger, some changes made in the interior, installing a swimming pool... she was building the "little theater" which has been her dream for several years. Toy ing with her empty cup, she watched them scurrying to and fro.

"They are making my dream come true," she said. "My theater... my work shop..."

They told me at the studio that you had refused to allow the building to be photographed," I remarked. "Why?"

Joan turned those enormous, intense, adolescent eyes on me. "Do you," she inquired, in a vibrant, dramatic voice, "have photographs made of your soul?"

I admitted that I had never made a habit of it.

She went on, solemnly, "This really means something very big to me. It is important... perhaps the most important thing in my whole life. It is where I shall study and learn and try to accomplish something. This isn't a toy; it isn't anything I am doing to amuse myself. This is the tangible center of all my hopes..."

The theater is a small building, set back of the house near the new swimming pool and tennis courts. It has a small stage, two dressing rooms, a screen and projection machine. It will seat forty people for stage productions but less for a picture, when the audience must not be too near the screen. It is all cool green and white, and there is a kitchenette at hand in case Joan becomes so absorbed in rehearsals that she cannot tear herself away to run a few yards to the house for lunch. There is also a barbecue pit near the courts... so no one is in any danger of starving to death while working.

The opening—the dedication of this workshop—Joan told me, will consist of a play with one actor and one member of the audience. "Francis Lederer, my very dear friend, who knows and who can teach me so much about the theater, will be the actor. I shall be the audience. After that, I shall share it with other friends."

Joan is, as you can see, terribly intense about all this. Her restless ambition, her real and humble desire to learn, to develop, to grow, will find expression there.

"I really wanted an open-air Greek theater," she confided. "But it does rain in California... and I decided that if it was to be a real workshop, it had better be a practical one, with romantic considerations left out of the design!"

After tea we went on a tour of inspection. Joan is having her house done over in the thorough-going manner which is characteristic of her—the living room enlarged, the study made into a play room, the dining room lengthened. White walls, white upholstering for the furniture, off-white rugs. Tiny dashes of vivid color here and there for contrast. You can see the change in
Life in the Intimacy of Joan's Home, From a Saturday to Monday.

Joan's mood, her attitude toward life, in the changes she is making. When she was married to Doug, her house was chintzy, domestic, almost cottage-y. She did her own things for the kitchen, herself. The new, modern, absorbed-in-her-work Joan is providing a young background for herself... almost austere with its vistas of white and dashes of scarlet or blue or brown.

The room I was to occupy was white, too, with blue and white drapes, white corduroy slip covers for the chairs, blue and white walls. Cool and calm and soothing. A friendly room.

Following Joan on the tour of inspection, I suddenly heard the sound of childish voices. She darted into the room which had been Doug's study. Following, I found her on the floor, surrounded by three tots who were making a great ado over "Aunt Joan." A uniformed nurse looked on.

"Well... what in the world?" I wanted to know.

The nurse drew me aside. "Her chauffeur's children, she told me. "Their mother is very ill and Miss Crawford has had them here in my care for several weeks. They will be here for some time longer. They adore Miss Crawford... and I fancy that she will find it difficult to part with them when the time comes."

From the look on Joan's face as she frolicked on the floor with them, I fancied, too, I made the acquaintance of the youngsters and found myself doing pick-a-backs and things which I certainly had not expected. Joan asked me whether I should like to rest before dinner. The romp had been pretty strenuous and I thought, breathlessly, that I should.

Saturday night dinner at Joan's is fairly gala, although generally small and intimate. Some times the word goes out for "white ties" but usually it is "dinner coats." This time it was the latter. A handful of close friends had assembled in the drawing room when Joan made her entrance. Gay people in bright, informal, summer dinner attire. I observed that there were two mess jackets. Joan made a charming little ceremony of mixing caviar and chopped onion on [Cont. on page 55]
Dear old Chris Columbus couldn't have been more surprised the day he bumped into America (all right, it wasn't America, but what-the-heck. I'm not going to strain at gnats' wings on a day like this) than I was the day I made the curious discovery that it's the lads themselves who are preserving the sanctity of the Hollywood home. And the girls who are kicking over the traces, and giving the place a bad name. All the little girls are getting that "twelve pound look" and it don't mean no good for no males. I spent a quiet evening at home recently, curled up with my favorite author, and you're going to heat a lot about that "twelve pound look" because I was always one to

Dorothy Lee really hasn't kicked over quite as many of her homes as our artist suggests, but anyhow she has the idea.

"It's the GIRLS WHO"

Feminine Rights
Kayo Marriage.

George Brent looks at Ruth Chatterton questioningly. This was taken before Ruth decided that marriage was not a help to a career.

It used to be the boys who dashed madly about of a night in snappy Rolls Royces, and who—came the dawn—nearly drove their press agents crazy trying to cover up their little intrigues and goings-on. Ah, those were frou-frou days, with plenty of lace and trimmings, and never a dull moment, except mentally. The great lovers gave of themselves to their leading ladies, their hair dressers, their manicurists, their boss's relatives and their public. Everybody else's fireside was more attractive than their own—except when Pola Negri dropped in for a spot of champagne. Ah me, do you remember the night John Gilbert tried to break into Garbo's house and landed in jail? Made a John we called him. But we didn't reminisce, it's old folks, and I feel as kittenish as Christina with a bunch of grapes today.

But now it seems that the great lovers (can't a one of them hold a candle to Valentino) are all politely house-broken and stay home nights and read to the kids—quite, quite contentedly. Very rarely do nasty old rumors of divorce hover over their quiet Beverly Hills homes, where nine o'clock finds them indulging in games of Anagrams and Twenty Questions, and eleven o'clock finds them all gone nightly, nightly. Those Hollywood star-husbands are just as snug and happy as little Elsie Dinsmore was when Papa told her she had been a good girl and could write in her copy book.

But not the ladies. God bless them. Hardly do they get a tenant for the master bedroom before he is kicked out and there's a "boarders wanted" sign on the door, figuratively speaking. And when it all comes down to brass tacks, "boarders" are just about all the husbands of the Glamorous Ones are—sort of here today and gone tomorrow.

Of course, in the old days, every time Gloria or one of the girls married, the man was always referred to in the newspapers as a "sportsman" or a "big game hunter"—which was really being quite frank in a spectacular kind of way. But Hollywood has gotten quite bored by it all now and it is generally accepted that if you are a star's husband you really can't amount to much. It's rather a deplorable situation, for some of them are right nice guys and had they married Susan Smith and Hetty Grey in Three Corners, Ark., instead of Connie Bennett and Janet Gaynor in Hollywood, they might have been president.

Isn't it a curious fact, though, that Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Mae

Silver Screen
The Girl Stars Break Up Their Homes.
It Is the Men Stars Who Stay Married.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

KICK OVER the TRACES

West, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullivan, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sidney, Wynne Gibson, Ginger Rogers, Gloria Stuart, Madge Evans, Jeanette MacDonald, Mary Brian, Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Mac Clark and many others have either broken their matrimonial bonds or said "no" and stuck to it, whereas all the leading male players, Clark Gable, Fredric March, Chester Morris, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard, James Cagney, William Gargan, Warner Baxter, Otto Kruger, John Barrymore, Cary Grant, Robert Young, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Lionel Barrymore, John Boles, Paul Lukas and Ricardo Cortez are married and working at it? Doesn't that strike you as being rather curious? So I asked myself "How come" and answered myself like this. It all boils down to that "twelve pound look." Give a woman sixty bucks and there's no living with her. Barrie wrote a play about it, and Barrie knew what he was talking about.

Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck and tried SO hard to make a go of wedlock, but it was no use. Janet is free again to follow one of the great careers in Hollywood.

Let a woman discover that she can make a living—and poof—she shows the nearest exit to her poor husband, who was having such a grand time playing czar and protecting his little lotus blossom from the cruel world.

I've often wondered, on foggy days or in theatres where the air was bad, if every married woman would be single if she could afford it. And if she made four thousand dollars in a week, or thereabouts, as Ann Harding and Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn do, would she put up with Herbert's sparring and nagging about the grocery bills, I'm afraid the average woman wouldn't mind packing Herbert's bag at all and sending him scampering.

Yep, it's that old career business again. Women just can't take power as well as men, and men can't take subordination as well as women, and that, in a nutshell, is why Hollywood actresses are always losing their husbands and Hollywood actors manage to keep their wives. (And because most of the Hollywood actors have the good sense to marry non-professionals, or actresses who are willing to give up their careers—like Florence Eldridge and Jobyna Ralston.)

It's normal for the man to be the head of the family, and it's just going "again nature" (as Josh Billings, a great American wit, says) when a woman ups and says, "What did you do with that five dollars I gave you yesterday?" Women are just naturally nasty about money and can't help it. For so many centuries they didn't even know what it looked like that you can't
Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in "Nell Gwyn." The picture, produced in England, is based on material in Pepys' Diary. King Charles II is a most likable monarch, and Anna Neagle (remember the name) makes the faithful, alluring Nell delightfully wicked.

blame them if it goes to their heads now. Show me a successful woman, I always say, and I will show you a bad wife. If the woman has nothing but the smiles and largesses it pleases her noble lord and master to bestow upon her, she is quite willing to laugh at his stupid old jokes and not mind too much about the pretty little blonde stenographer. But comes the time when the little woman discovers that she can make as much in one day as her husband can in a month—well—she tells the jokes, if she hasn't already sent her husband packing after the stenographer.

* * *

blonde stenographer. But comes the time when the little woman discovers that she can make as much in one day as her husband can in a month—well—she tells the jokes, if she hasn't already sent her husband packing after the stenographer.

* * *

Wanted: Women, Peculiar Creature That She Is
t. a woman, peculiar creature that she is, always wants a husband she can admire—and that other women can admire. She wants him to be a man of power and ability, she wants to point to him with pride. But you can't get away from the money angle. A woman, try as she will, just can't respect a man who is making less salary than she is. And no man can really love a woman who pays his rent and buys his food and clothes. There's gotta be friction.

When Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck they were two young folks honestly in love with each other. Lydell had a job of sorts in Oakland and was doing rather well for a young man, and there was definitely a future for him. But when he married Janet he soon discovered that his salary would just about pay for the tips and an occasional orchid. Now Janet, like every woman, wanted a man she could be proud of, so through her influence he was made a supervisor at the Fox studio. A writer once asked a member of the publicity department: "What does Janet's husband do?" "He's a supervisor," she was informed. "He doesn't do anything." Well—Janet couldn't admire for long a man she was supporting and Lydell couldn't help resenting being supported—and so Janet kicked over a trace.

Joan Crawford tells a very amusing incident that occurred while she was married to Doug, Jr. Except that it wasn't amusing to her. It seems that Doug's picture, "It's Tough to be Famous," was going to have a big opening at Warners Hollywood Theatre, and Doug suggested that they give a big party in honor of it. "All right," said Joan, "That'll be fine. And when 'Grand Hotel' opens next week we'll give another party and all go to the Chinese." "Oh, I don't know about that," said Doug. "You only play a bit in that picture. I'm the star of mine." Well—bring out the fire extinguishers! You can just imagine how that pleased Joan. And you can't blame her one bit if she was burned to a crisp. After all—if Joan had been little Susie Glutz, she would have had to take it and smile—but when all is said and done, Joan Crawford doesn't have to put up with belittlin' from any man.

Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' ex-husband, once told a friend of mine a story that makes me laugh every time I think of it. Austin and Miriam were at a party and Austin was ready to go home, so he started to call to his wife across the room, "Oh—er—er—oh, darling, lets go." When they were in the car Miriam said sweetly, "Dear, did you forget my name?" "Yes," said Austin frankly. "For a few seconds there I couldn't remember whom I was married to." Well, Miriam and Austin are still the best of friends since the divorce, but you can understand how it wouldn't be exactly soothing to a star's vanity to be married to a man who forgot her name in public, no matter how charming he was about it.

Loretta Young tried awfully hard to stay in love with Grant Withers, and so did Kay Francis with Kenneth MacKenna and Ann Harding with Harry Bannister. But Grant and Kenneth and Harry were all just as eager to become big movie stars as their wives were—and it seemed that the public wanted their wives, but didn't particularly want them, so their male pride was hurt, and bickering set in, and there was nothing to do but get a divorce. Loretta has often said that when she marries again she will retire from the screen, as it has been proved too painful to her that love and a career don't mix.

Dolores Del Rio is one of the girls who tried awfully hard to get her husband (before she married Cedric Gibbons) established in Hollywood. When she first came to the cinema colony Dolores' success shot up like a rocket, but it was only a thorn in the flesh of Jaime Del Rio. Dolores did her best to help him sell scripts and keep his vanity from being too mortally wounded. But one night they went together to an important Hollywood party, and during the entire evening the hostess, or no one for that matter, bothered to introduce Jaime to a single breathing soul. He was just a husband.

Imagine Ludlow Ogden Smith's dismay the first time he was called Mr. Hepburn. And imagine how poor Hal Rosson used to feel when at parties Jean, radiant and beautiful, would be so completely surrounded by all the important young men in Hollywood that he couldn't get to her for hours! Yes, it rarely fails to work, as soon as a woman becomes financially independent she starts cleaning house and the first thing she throws out is her husband.

So a word to the wise to Clark Gable and Leslie Howard and Gary Cooper and Otto Kruger and Robert Young and all the boys who are doing their part towards preserving the sanctity of the Hollywood home. Don't let the little woman buy a typewriter or start fiddling around with a tube of grease-paint. If you've got a good wife, and want to keep her, for pity's sake keep her broke.
Our "Wray" of Sunshine

Fay is Always in Demand!

By Lenore Samuels

With the temperature hovering in the neighborhood of 100 degrees (not quite, but almost), and with summer literature describing enchanting cruises to the North Cape (Iceland, Sweden, Russia) burning up the woodwork of your top desk drawer, it is natural to sit back and grumble: "Oh, for the life of a movie star. She can vacation as long as she wants, and whenever she wants."

At which point you are handed an assignment to go up to the Bronx to the Biograph studio and interview Fay Wray who's working up there in "Woman in the Dark"—in this weather, no less. With dismay you tear your eyes away from that top drawer and hie yourself over to the Bronx Express where you struggle and silently bless all movie stars who haven't the good sense to remain at Malibu Beach for the summer.

At the studio, Miss Wray, looking cool and correct and self-possessed as a contented penguin, is doing the last take on a scene with Mr. Ralph Bellamy. Ralph, it seems, in the script is a young man who has a propensity for stepping straight from one kettle of hot water into another. At the moment, the police are after him and in his case, one can truly say, with the French—cherchez la femme—for a woman was at the root of his getting imprisoned in the first place. And now that he's out on parole along dances lovely Fay Wray, desiring to escape the unwelcome clutches of that good-looking villain, Melvyn Douglas, and proceeding in the prettiest way to get Mr. Bellamy, who just can't resist females in distress, into the clutches of the law once again.

A knock is heard on the door of the boudoir where they are hiding out temporarily—only temporarily, for at this stage of Fay's career the Purity League could find no fault with her, whereas if they'd have poked their noses into her affairs a few years ago—yes, even a few brief weeks ago, they might have caught her living in sin with Mr. Melvyn Douglas, who had staked her to a musical career for which she had given all. But, fortunately for Fay, she had decided to run away just in the nick of time so far as the Purity League is concerned, and now poor Mr. Bellamy has to take the rap.

But to get back to cases, the police are knocking impatiently on the door. Ralph knows that he's in a tight spot, so he snatches Fay into his arms for one long, hungry kiss. Then he rushes to a window opening on to a fire escape. I am just breathing a sigh of relief when—he turns around to gaze at Fay again. Hurry up, Ralph, or they'll get you, I want to shriek. But Ralph is apparently impervious to everything but Fay—no wonder he gets into these tight spots—and rushes back and kisses her once more. Then he goes to the window and this time he actually does step out. The director calls "cut" and Fay saunters over to me, her make-up as satin smooth as the moment she applied it, hours back, her colorful print frock clunging to her like the proverbial poem.

Fay isn't needed for the next scene, which is a blessing, for you're feeling the heat from the lights even if she isn't. So you blithely follow her into her large, airy dressing-room, where she proceeds without a murmur to change into a brown woolen dress with flame colored veils and felt beret required for her next scene. "Woman in the Dark," she informs you while so doing, is by Dashiell Hammett, the man who is guilty of writing such hits as "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon." Now you can't blame Fay for being enthusiastic about her work in one of his stories, can you? "Although," says she, "this is only the second time that I've ever played a woman of..." She hesitates, but I have no scruples ... "a woman who's left the straight and narrow, you mean." I finish the sentence for her. "Yes," says Fay gracefully, as she puts the finishing touches to the costume in which she is going to return to her discarded lover, Melvyn Douglas. She doesn't just ahead of [Continued on page 54]
Cleopatra

Depend On

Cleopatra

Size?

Claudette Colbert Was Chosen for the Part and Everyone Was Satisfied Except Claudette.

OLD Shylock on his Rialto never desired a pound of flesh more than does Claudette Colbert on her patio... her Brentwood patio. In fact Claudette would like to have nine pounds of flesh. She thinks that Joan Crawford—who weighs 129 pounds, 15.51 ounces stripped—has the perfect figure among the Hollywood stars. She thinks that she is far too thin to have a beautiful figure, and that she ought to gullup milk and ovaltine several times a day.

But what Claudette thinks really doesn't matter. With practically the entire world going simply mad about her beauty—"The fame of her beauty rises like the Nile over Egypt, even unto the walls of Jericho"—Cleopatra—and with women of all nations haunting their masseuses and modistes to give them that certain Colbert chic, I think we might simply ignore Claudette's snickers. For five years, come what may, I have known La Belle, and for five years she has groused about her figure. I only hope that in her next reincarnation she will issue forth as something resembling Mack Gordon, Kate Smith and the moon coming over the mountain. Then she will have something to grouch about.

Claudette goes in for sports—the outdoor type—which probably has a lot to do with her keeping those perfect curves. She swims like Neptune's daughter and can dive [Continued on page 66]
"Boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again," says Kipling.
"Sets, sets, sets, sets, weaving in and out of them," says Mook.
Chorus: "There's no release in the wait!"
Great heavens! The number of sets I see month in and month out, it's a wonder any of them make any lasting impression. And yet I suppose the capacity for remembering beauty is inherent in everyone.

At Warner's
There's that set of "The Dragon Murder Case" this month. It is one of the loveliest I've ever seen. A Southern Colonial house at one end of the stage, red brick façade, with green shutters, white pillars reaching from porch to roof. A walk curves around the front of the house and leads down to a swimming pool. At the end nearest the house the pool is banked with hedges and flower beds. At the far end are huge rocks and boulders and off to one side is a bath house. At the sides of the lawn are more flower beds and shrubbery, and dotted about the lawn are clumps of bushes.

Suddenly the cameras start grinding and Margaret Lindsay, in a pale, peach-colored, satin evening gown comes out of the house and down the steps. As she descends the steps she pulls out her handkerchief and dabs at her eyes. Just as she reaches the first clump of bushes, Lyle Talbot steps out.

"Oh!" Margaret gasps, drawing back.
"You startled me!"

"I'm sorry," Lyle apologizes. He glances over her shoulder towards the house from which she has just come. Evidently he is brooding over something. "Is everything all right—back there?" he asks strangely.

"Why, yes—of course," Margaret assures him. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," says Lyle somberly. "Just wanted to be near you—to walk down to the pool with you. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not!" Margaret smiles at him with sympathetic understanding. "Come on!"

"Hurry up, you two," comes in George Meeker's voice from the bath house as they start off. "Get your suits on.
"Gosh!" Lyle says to me when the scene is over. "What a pal you are. You come up for dinner one night, I take you to the Actors' Frolic the next and that's the last I see of you until I call you up and ask you to go somewhere else. Why don't you ever call a guy up? This is Miss Lindsay," he adds.

"I think we've met, haven't we?" Margaret smiles, extending her hand.

"Several times," I snap. Nobody likes to get bawled out in front of a girl as attractive as she is. And then, in a crazy desire to show off in front of her, I turn to Lyle: "I'll be back after awhile and take you to lunch!"

So sooner are the words out of my mouth than I regret them. If any of my fellow writers hear of that I'll be run out of town. I neglected to mention that "The Dragon Murder Case" is a Philo Vance mystery story and those concerned with it are:
[Continued on page 60]
Little Shirley

THINGS that frighten me most in this world are earthquakes, Connie Bennett, Fox studio policemen and five-year-old children. Either they are terribly sophisticated and give you a line of dialogue that might have been written by Ben Hecht and directed by Lubitsch, or else they say, "You're the big bad wolf. Get under the piano and growl." And there is nothing to do about it but get under the piano, where the maid has neglected to sweep for quite some time, and growl. If only one or two nasty growls would suffice, but no, I have to growl all afternoon—and spring too. I believe it is the springing that really gets me, for I am the lethargic type.

So, when I was told that if I wanted to eat next month, I had better go over to Paramount and see the "child wonder," Miss Shirley Temple, age five, do her stuff on the "Now and Forever" set, I was a bit dismayed. I had just returned from a week-end at Malibu, which seemed to have had more than its usual supply of kiddies this time, and I had been the victim of a couple of new horrors. I don't know why the little tots always pick on me.

First, there was the plump little four-year-old daughter, with the prettiest baby blue eyes and cherubic smile, of one of the screen's vivile heroes, who greeted me with, "I know a poem." So of course there was nothing for me to do but sit down and listen, "Save your nickels and save your dimes," little angel recited, "And when you get two bucks come up and see me sometimes." Well, now, after all—but you just can't spank the little dears when their mothers are around. There's sort of an unwritten law about that. And then there was the precocious youngster of one of the screen's famous blondes, who insisted upon throwing sand in my face while she informed me, "Well, daddy and his new wife have split up. And after only three weeks. That didn't take long, did it?"

So, no wonder it was with fear and trepidation that I approached stage 5 on the Paramount lot. I may be old-fashioned but I still think that children should be natural and artists should struggle in garrets. They were doing a party scene when I arrived, and there were children and mothers and visitors from Texas all over the place. In the picture a Charlotte Granville, one of the screen's famous New York actresses, was giving a farewell party to little Shirley at her beautiful villa on the Riviera. Shirley's papa was there, handsome big Gary Cooper, and papa's girl friend, Carole Lombard, lovelier than ever in a new coiffure. And there was the emerald necklace which Gary was going to steal and conceal in Shirley's teddy bear—and which, later, Shirley would find herself and learn that her adored father was a crook.

A new set-up was called for and a boom had to be rolled in, so there was ample time for me to talk to Shirley, Mrs. Temple, Carole, Gary, Director Henry Hathaway and various and sundry people who are connected with the picture—and one and all they were all for one—Shirley. She's as natural as a kitten and as sweet as an ingenue's smile. Shirley has not time for smart wisecracks (thank goodness) or Hollywood Sex Problems—she's far too busy thinking up new games to
Temple:—
By
Patricia Keats

A Visit with the Cutest Kid in Pictures, on the Set of her New Movie, "Now and Forever," with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard.

play, talking to "the other little girl," investigating the "props," and just generally radiating sunshine all over the stage. I've never seen a child with such a consistently happy disposition, and her mother says she has been like that ever since she was a tiny baby. The only trouble they ever have with her on the set is making her cry when the scene calls for it—it just goes against Shirley's nature. They put her in a chair in a corner, take "Grumpy," her teddy bear, away from her, and allow no one but her mother to speak to her. This is supposed to make Shirley melancholy, so she'll be "in the mood" for a dramatic moment. Shirley, when shown on the screen, will simply wring your heart right out of its socket. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

Like most children Shirley has "Dorothy," an imaginary little girl, who always does things wrong, and "Poochie" and "Corky," two imaginary little pups who are always into mischief, so Shirley really doesn't mind so terribly much whether those old meanie grown-ups talk to her or not. But she is a child you can reason with, and most of the time she is quite willing to cooperate—so the other day when Buster Crabbe, whom she adores, breezed onto the set for a game of "pretend" with Shirley, she gravely informed him, "Sorry, Buster, I can't play with you now. I'm being sad.

Carole Lombard told me that she was frightened to death the first day she worked with Shirley (with my precocious youngsters complex I can certainly appreciate that), Carole, who has been in pictures since she was fifteen, has worked with them all (and has carried the picture for most all, I may say) has never been frightened by a fellow artist before, but Miss Temple and her uncanny manner of remembering her lines simply had Carole down for awhile. Under Shirley's critical scrutiny, Carole went through one of her big scenes—and just because she wanted to show off, naturally she blew up in her lines. "Blew-up" is cinemania for "faltering." Shirley giggled and then ran and threw her arms around Carole. "Oh, you've got a Dorothy too, haven't you, Carole" she said. And ever since then Carole and Shirley have been the best of pals because they have a "secret understanding." Every time Shirley blows up in a line—which isn't often, as she has a miraculous memory—she says: "That wasn't Shirley Temple, that was Dorothy." And then she'll wink at Carole, who has a Dorothy too.

Mrs. Temple is the most sensible of mothers, a quiet, rather good-looking woman with Shirley's quick smile, and unlike most "baby star" mammas she has never once tried to "boss" the studio or direct her darling's pictures. This has endeared her to all of Shirley's directors and to the studio executives. She was married at eighteen to George F. Temple, who is now the manager of a branch of the California Bank (and that's where Shirley's pay check goes every week). There are three children, Jack who is eighteen and George who is fourteen, high school boys, and both crazy about their kid sister. Shirley was born in Santa Monica, April 23, 1929, and from the time she was able to wiggle her little feet she started dancing. So the Temples sent her to a children's dancing school in Hollywood. There a "talent scout" from the Educational [Continued on page 66]
"NEVER A DULL MOMENT"

Gloria Swanson Keeps Life, Love and the Pursuit of Happiness All in the Air At Once.

By Dena Reed

Always talked about, always interesting, never understood—that's Gloria.

WHEN Gloria Swanson gets to heaven, she'll have the angels doing cartwheels!

No, I'm not talking about her sex appeal now, but of her tremendous energy. After all, that may be just another name for sex appeal. Whatever it is, Gloria has it now just as much as she ever did—if not more so. The reason?

In her own words:

"I'd say it was my love of life. I'm simply never bored with anything. The most trivial of incidents and the most tragic, are events to me. I can wear six people out and remain fresh as a daisy. I remember when I was starting my career, I lived with another girl and her mother. The telephone would ring and people would be coming to and out incessantly. Finally it got so bad that one night my chum's mother said she couldn't stand it another minute. She wanted some peace and quiet; she was leaving, she said, and her daughter could go with her or not as she pleased. The girl went along because she didn't want the old lady to be alone at midnight. Well, at about three in the morning, the front door bell rang and there stood the pair. They had had so much quiet in two hours they couldn't stand it, not after their hectic life with me."

As she spoke, her great grey eyes, which can be very quiet and very calm, shone as if lit with sudden emotional intensity. Her smile came readily—that smile which proclaims the warm human woman behind the quizzically bearing. Watching her as she sat in a boudoir chair in her dressing room at the Paramount Theatre, where she was making a personal appearance, I found her a charming enigma—and what more can any woman hope to be?

She was dressed in a tight-fitting black and red gown, with a long train to increase the illusion of height, for she really is a very small person. I thought of Helen Hayes playing "Mary of Scotland" on the stage. Both these little women seem to possess queenliness. Gloria sat impassive and yet she exuded a certain fire which kindled everyone around her.

I say "everyone" advisedly. Her secretary bobbed in and out with messages. And an old friend, who is one of her designers, and myself made up the "audience" at the moment. Would Miss Swanson please talk for her public? Would Miss Swanson please autograph these photographs? Would Miss Swanson let the designer look over her stage gowns and allow him to tell her of some creations he had in mind for her?

Miss Swanson remained calm. She laid the photographs aside for a more convenient moment. The designer was told to help himself to a look at her wardrobe. Meanwhile we would "talk."

I realized suddenly the secret of her great sex appeal. Even her physical defect—that of a too-large head on a small body—is fascinating. Her eyes with their arched eyebrows light up with an almost Oriental expression. This, with her sudden smile, bespeaks an unconquerable zest for living. No wonder men are drawn to Gloria!

Four disillusionments such as she has suffered through her marriages would have felled the average [Cont. on page 62]

Gloria's "personal appearances" have shown that she is still a popular favorite.

SILVER SCREEN


day comes when an actor must refuse to play in any more "hoss operas" and resolutely turn from the trail that leads to oblivion.

George O'Brien. The

After "Frontier Marshal," Sheriff George O'Brien arrested his career of arrested development.

THE sun dipped behind the hills, leaving the sky a mottled mass of red and gold.

"Cut," yelled the director.

"Wrap 'em up. Let's go," yelled the assistant.

There were the usual goodbyes, the usual protestations of undying friendship between members of any motion picture company, which are always voiced at the finish of a production.

George O'Brien walked over to his horse and patted him affectionately on the neck.

"Take a good look around, old fellow," he advised. "It's probably the last time you'll ever see a motion picture camera."

He had just finished making "The Frontier Marshal" and the company had been on location.

Back in his dressing room an hour later, he pulled off his chaps and surveyed them contemptuously. "I wonder," he mused, "if I ought to give these to the Museum of Natural History? Or should I hang them over the fireplace in our living room as a reminder of a life that is dead and gone? Or maybe it would be better just to burn them and forget about it. Hub?"

"In the first place," I began, "burning hair and leather don't smell any too good, and, in the second place, psychic though I may be—and am—I haven't an idea what the devil you're talking about."

"Hmm," said George. A moment later there was a mighty splashing and uproar in the shower and a voice, coming through the curtain, said, "Well, considering it's you, I'll tell you what I was talking about. I'm not going to make any more Westerns."

"The voice was as matter-of-fact, as unemotional as George's voice always is but I'll tell you for fair, his words left me flabbergasted. I was that surprised! Not make any more Westerns, indeed! Why, in the minds of the public, George and Bob Steele and Westerns are synonymous. First Bob deserted Westerns, and got to work on an aviation serial, and now George."

When I had pulled myself together a little I said, "What brought this on? Marriage?"

"No," said George, rubbing vigorously with a towel. "No, it wasn't marriage. It's something that goes even deeper than that."

"You see, up until the time the talkies came in, I'd never made a Western picture. I'd made, among others, 'Sunrise,' which Murnau directed, and I got some pretty swell notices for my work in that. But I've been in this business long enough to know that a 'Sunrise' doesn't happen every day—or even every two or three months, which was about as often as I made a new picture. I realized there'd be stretches when I'd be making pictures that would turn out to be run-of-the-mill program films."

"One of the first pictures I made after 'Sunrise' was 'Salute,'—a picture dealing with life at West Point and Annapolis. It should have been a swell picture, but the cast wasn't entirely right, so it turned out just fair. That gave me an idea of what to expect."

"Well, suddenly there sprang up a great demand for Westerns. Mr. Wurzelz said, 'You can ride. Why not make a few Westerns? It will develop a new public for you.' It was all right for me, so Sue Carol and I made 'The Lone Star Ranger,' which was one of the most successful Westerns ever produced. Naturally, the company wanted another one after that. And then another and another. First thing I knew I was making nothing but Westerns. It was all right for a time. Every year I'd go into Mr. Wurzelz's office and say, 'Well, Sol, I'll make so and so many pictures this year and I want so and so much money for them.' And he'd say, 'All right, George,' and that would be that."

"But here's the rub: I like Westerns and I enjoy making them. But, at best, they're cheaply produced pictures and, as a rule, they're made in such a hurry you can't spend much time on details. They're designed principally for kids, so the stories don't have to be too plausible. Don't misunderstand me; we did the very best we could with them but it was impossible to make as many as we made and still get good stories every time. And that's bad for any actor."

George paused to pull on his hose and knot his scarf.

"Suddenly it occurred to me," he continued, "that I was getting nowhere as an actor. I was doing the best I could with [Continued on page 38]"
Here's your Entertainment map for the new season

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.
HOLLYWOOD IS ALWAYS DEFENDING ITS CUPS

EVELYN VENABLE, with sheet close hauled and tiller to port, sails gayly in her own little "Rainbow." She enjoys hearing the chuckle of the wake at the stern and loves being kissed by the errant breezes.

THE Cup Defending fever has inspired Frances Drake to decorate her cute beach pajamas with yachts and pennants and a plaid effect made with appliqued cords.
A MOST distinguished cast supports Norma in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Norma have each won the Academy honor at different times. March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Norma for "A Free Soul," and now Laughton for "Henry VIII." Congratulations are pleasantly self-complimentary.
Constance Bennett as Iris March, and the poised Franchot.

Franchot Tone

There is a distinguished manner about Franchot that speaks well for the culture of his native city, Buffalo, N. Y., and yet his charming smile is playful, gay and quite informal. He has had good breaks—and deserved them.
Famous Books

The Favorite Volumes of Your Library Have Climbed Down from the Shelf and Gone into the Movies.

AFTER one has finished reading the last page of a good story, how loath one feels to close the book and leave these old friends. Ofttimes we re-read an especial favorite. The movies of famous books give us an added pleasure in permitting us to see many beloved characters come to life on the screen. This season a number of choice books will be filmed. Among them "Treasure Island," "David Copperfield," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and more recent best sellers such as "The Fountain," "One More Spring," "Work of Art" and "Life Begins at Forty." Hollywood has come to realize that successful books deserve honest treatment, and rarely now-a-days does a "big executive" alter a famous story. But sometimes, when the story is fixed up with a happy ending, it pleases the book lover instead of offending him. Weren't you glad when in "Little Man, What Now?" the forlorn hero got a break at the end?

Elmer Fryer

Dolores Del Rio plays Du Barry. The famous courtesan has been the naughty inspiration for many books and plays— even pictures.

Great Pictures

Maugham’s "Of Human Bondage" is a great book and satisfyingly
brought to the screen the principal characters.

"British Agent" is another Leslie Howard pic-
and this time Kay Francis plays opposite
The book occasioned much discussion
and is a true narration of events.

(At left) Una Merkel and Harold Lloyd in Clarence Buddington Kelland's story, "The Catspaw."

Pauline Lord comes to the screen as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Zasu Pitts at right.

"Treasure Island" lives again, with Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery leading a
distinguished cast.
Fashions From Europe!

Leonora Corbett, English Screen Beauty, wearing a Madelon Chaumet hat. It is pleated in front and turns up sharply at the back.

Diana Cotton, Gaumont British Junior Star, wearing Schiaparelli's gray woolen jumper suit for the Fall. It is spotted in red and white, and the fullness of the yoke breaks into an original pocket for which a long piece is folded back and allowed to hang loose. The twisted belt of black calf is typical of Schiaparelli.

Dramatic cape of black and white shepherds plaid over a matching frock, worn by Veronica Rosé. It is caught on the shoulders by two oxidized silver buttons. The waist coat front and cuffs are of oyster satin.
By Arrangement With Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Silver Screen Offers the Newest European Fashions.

We have enjoyed many pictures made in England. “I Was a Spy,” “Be Mine Tonight,” “Constant Nymph” and “Rome Express” won distinguished approval. They often displayed excellent fashions.

The stars of the English studios pose for Silver Screen in the latest fashions. Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Ltd., has taken advantage of its proximity to Paris, the fashion heart of the world, and secured for you the latest styles.

Note the stilleto fastening the belt. This Schiaparelli ensemble for afternoon has a frock of crêpe which is called “pave.” The hat, too, is interesting. It is hand-crocheted in black and the brim at the back is turned up sharply on two sides. Worn by Diana Cotton.

The last-of-summer-early-fall designs are largely tailored. The stars of the English studios pose for Silver Screen in the latest fashions. Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Ltd., has taken advantage of its proximity to Paris, the fashion heart of the world, and secured for you the latest styles.
Hollywood Reg

The Newest Cycle: Pictures

Anna Sten is making a Russian story for her second talking picture.
Recognizes Russia!

Russian History, Intrigue and Beauty

Wallace Beery is to do a picture of Russia. The great team of "Hell Divers," Clark Gable and Beery, will be together in "Soviet."

Conspiracies and intrigues, where lives in the balance, are a part of the day life in Russia. In "British Agent" Howard and Kay Francis portray events that actually occurred.

Ambassador Bullitt settled himself in Hollywood to make "Red Square," Columbia is to make "Red Square," and on "Soviet," with Clark Gable in the cast.

"Daughter of the Steppes," which is Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Meanwhile, "Catherine the Great," "Bergner-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shown everywhere, and Marlene Dietrich is soon to reveal the same background of "British Agent."

Acknowledged accuracy, this picture is of interest. The Soviet films are despite though filled with propaganda, the story of a boy's "Collective picture. Welcome Russia!"
A STUDY in knotty pine. The linen draperies, hand blocked in an interesting floral pattern, together with the jade green carpet and hooked rug throws, give the chief color notes to the room. All hardware, including the lamp bases, is of polished brass.

The English hob grate, with its Colonial fire-basket, the Colonial wing chair and carved Chippendale table, the heavy cut-velvet brocaded foreground chair, and the Duncan Phyfe globe table are authentically blended.
The flair for comedy that Dick brings to pictures has been overlooked because of his splendid voice. Joan Blondell is always there when comedy is ordered.

JOAN BLONDELL

DICK POWELL

RUBY KEELER

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are a natural team which won the fans way back in "42nd Street."
SIR JAMES BARRIE, from the height of his knowledge of human nature, once wrote that two people in love always smile at one another. That's how you can tell. In pictures the happy smile of love may be all the day's work and not mean any more than a crocodile's tears, but we like to think that a little real affection stirs in between the glaring lights, dodging the microphone boom and dancing the same old quick steps on the pulses of the embracing lovers.

Cary Grant and Frances Drake in "Ladies Should Listen."

Helen Twelvetrees smiles upon Donald Woods in "She Was a Lady," and he certainly has the laugh on us.

"Here Comes the Navy" is a good picture partly because Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart know that a lover's sandwich is a kiss between two smiles.
The grim kind of love with clenched teeth—"You are driving me MAD!"—may be all right for tragedy, but for developing the suburban areas and building up the solid citizenry, we must establish that love is something to be enjoyed. And what can unlock the heart and set the bells in your temples to ringing like a girl in your arms who smiles.

So relax, let the cares of the world slip from those massive shoulders. Find the one who will dance down the road with you, and when you have the situation well in hand, smile at her.

From every studio come the stills showing happy lovers. The screen is spreading the word, a little love always leads to a little more. Chuckle and grin. Look in her eyes and make the most of this—the best of all possible worlds.

For love is a laughing matter.

"A Hat, A Coat, A Glove" gives Barbara Robbins, the newcomer, a smiling moment with Ricardo Cortez.
Old Friends

Five Players Have Returned to the Screen and Here's a Rousing Welcome!

Midge Bellamy has a new Fox contract and deserves it, too.

DO YOU remember the silent pictures of "The Iron Horse" or "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl?" If you do, you may recall a big-eyed, little girl. That was Midge Bellamy. She worked for Fox then, and now she is back at her old studio again. She is only thirty-one years old. No one has such marvellous eyes as Midge. Of course Joan Blondell's are as big but Midge's are darker.

Jack Mulhall co-starred in many a picture with Dorothy Mackaill in the old days, and he has made a few talking pictures, but not enough in our opinion. Glad he's back.

Charlie Ray was the biggest, richest and best liked star that ever dropped out of pictures completely. But not finally, for here he is back on the screen.

A freckle-faced lad once had a million friends. Now he returns quite a young man—Wesley Barry.

Molly O'Day played a great part with Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid." She always could act. Now she has come again to the cameras.

Molly O'Day—slim and lovely—with Ann Harding in "Vergie Winters."

Wesley Barry also in "The Life of Vergie Winters."
AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean Harlow's Beauty
Is Always Fascinating
Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Mail this coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood 17-8-63
The Screen's Number One Actress Also Makes a Good Job of Marriage.

The old Colonial house where Helen lives very happily—"We never bother with budgets," smiles Helen.

LAVENDER and old lace—a garden full of posies set against the Colonial simplicity of a hundred-year-old house.

Not a papier-mache setting, my dear. Just the quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere of the little hideaway Helen Hayes has found for herself three thousand miles from the glamour and glitter of Hollywood's high life.

Up in the quiet hills of a small town called Nyack, New York, nestled against gaunt, whispering trees and blooming gardens, I visited Helen Hayes in her old Colonial house just before she departed for Hollywood to start work in "Vanessa," her latest picture.

It was with reluctance Helen was tearing herself away from Charlie. He had to remain East to produce "Crime Without Passion," his latest picture to be made under his own supervision at Astoria, Long Island.

Charlie is Helen's husband, you know, better recognized as Charles MacArthur, playwright and scenarist of distinction. He's tall and dark and handsome yet he hates being photographed. Goofy, he thinks—because he was once a newspaperman himself.

Blonde and blue-eyed five year old Mary is their small daughter. Charlie keeps bachelor quarters while Helen is in Hollywood; she takes Mary along because the California sunshine is so good for her.

But what I really want to tell you about is Helen. The smallest person, boasting such a big heart, who ever survived the self-centeredness of filmdom's flickering foolhardiness.

Married seven years—and looks like she's going to stay married for life. For deep down beneath the grease paint and the flattering applause she hears on every side, Helen Hayes has found a philosophy which is as sound as the rock of Gibraltar. She wouldn't even recognize it as a philosophy if one should ask her about it, yet here's what she said quite casually when we were chattering about men and marriage.

"Of course Charlie and I are just like every other married couple on earth. We have our spats. We wouldn't be human if we didn't."

"But no matter how wrought up we may get; no matter how terribly, furiously angry we can get at each other, we always know just one thing. We want to stay married!"

"We know that our marriage is a far more important issue than any incidental circumstance. And with both of us feeling that way about it, keeping the idea of our marriage foremost, we're always ready to make allowances. To forgive and forget. So that we can go on having each other, living for each other, sharing everything life has given us."

If you didn't know Helen Hayes as I know her, you might believe this to be merely a pretty speech, a sugary concoction of some high powered writer's dialogue. But listen to this, all you young married women who think your John or Henry or Bob is THE most awful person because he does annoying things in your well-ordered home.

Helen doesn't give a whoop if Charlie throws cigarette ashes all over the floor.
HER MARRIAGE HAPPY
By Virginia Maxwell

She didn’t even lift an eyebrow when he flung his hat on the parlor sofa and sat down on her best tidiest with his soiled fishing trousers.

No, not a frown from Helen for any of these things. But when Charlie decided he would put the finishing touches to a high-priced decorator’s work in their living room, and WHAT touches, my dear, well, Helen simply blew up.

The doors were painted an exquisite eggshell white, panelled in true Victorian beauty. So what did Charlie do but paste decalcomaniad flies in intriguing positions on these beautiful doors. We thought doors didn’t look natural without a couple of flies hanging around them. And once an idea seizes this man MacArthur, you might just

“What CAN you do with a man like that?” she asked.

No one answered. Only his wife would know that answer. So Helen decided to let Charlie play hard and long at his fly-sticking game. But he was put down in the cellar, down where the bar and the play-room mingle with neighborly chumminess, to fly-stick to his heart’s content.

He had a grand time with that fly idea. Then Helen saw how really funny it was; how terribly childish was this big, grown-up boyish husband of hers and she gave i.a.

She surveyed the murals with a tolerant twinkle in her eye.

“All right Charlie. Now it’s finished. Hope you had lots of fun.”

“Not yet,” Charlie answered, without cracking a smile. “I’m saving two big whoppers to set gently on the butter next summer when your fancy company is here . . .”

Wow! But they understand each other. And everything is a laugh in that household. That’s how they get along so perfectly.

It’s always a little amazing that two highly-charged, dynamic people such as Helen Hayes, with her histrionic genius, and Charlie MacArthur, with his record of turning out hit plays and pictures (he wrote “The Sin of Madelon Claudet”—remember? And “Twentieth Century” and “Front Page” and a dozen other record hits) should have been able to work out their marriage with such agreeable results.

“We just live, that’s all,” Helen explained when I mentioned this fact. “We never have any plans that are deliberate. We

[Continued on page 64]
HERE COMES THE NAVY
Rating: 8½—THE BEST OF THE NAVY Pictures—Warner Brothers

H ere it is at last. The one and only perfect Navy picture. And are you going to love it. Despite the fact that it is spectacular, stirring, patriotic and at times breathtakingly thrilling, it remains throughout just a simple human story of two sailors who hate each other. Jim Cagney, as "Chesey," an iron worker in a Navy Yard who joins the Navy simply to get even with a guy who took his dame away from him, is the best Jim Cagney you have ever seen.

Sister, who finally has her way with that cockeyed, stubborn Jimmy. Maude Eburne, as Droopy's mother, gets in right at the end, but in time to steal a scene with her "snappers" (false teeth). It's a swell picture in every respect, so don't miss it.

OUR DAILY BREAD
Rating: 8½—BACK TO THE SOIL—Viking Productions

W ell, we never thought that digging a ditch could be exciting. But we're telling you that when the men started digging that ditch in "Our Daily Bread"—the ditch that would bring water to the parching cornfields—we started gasping with excitement and clenching the arms of our seat. Maybe it was the music, but anyway we haven't been so excited since the peons rose in rebellion to join Villa's army.

King Vidor (remember "The Crowd") has written and directed a picture that is so simple, so honest and so human that it comes well-nigh to being great. He has taken for his subject a very timely theme—back to the soil. And under his magic touch the "earth earthy" becomes beautiful, humorous and extremely thrilling. It's the story of the hour, the story of a city-bred boy and girl who have pounced the city pavements in vain looking for the job that isn't. They are given a chance to eke out a living on an old deserted farm, and there they hit upon the cooperative idea. The vagabonds of the road, the out-

"Here Comes The Navy" is a broadside with Jim Cagney and Pat O'Brien fighting it out.

And Pat O'Brien as "Biff," the junior officer who hates Jimmy because his sister loves him, is simply swell.

Warners promise us that they are going to team Jimmy and Pat in more pictures and we certainly hope they'll keep their promise, for there never were two lads who worked together better than those two. And just to make things utterly perfect, Frank McHugh has been given a lovely, sympathetic part which will make you remember him as "Droopy" for long years to come.

After training as a sailor at Santiago, Jimmy is assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Arizona—the very ship where Pat gives orders to the gobs. While Jimmy is biding his time to connect with Pat's schnozzle, he meets a girl, a good girl who likes him lots, but who isn't going to put up with any monkey business, and of course the girl turns out to be Pat's sister. So the war is on. One thrilling episode after another follows in quick succession, with the Navy always in the immediate background. There are inspiring shots of ships at sea, their battle maneuvers, and the firing of the big guns, which is a thrill in itself. From the Arizona, Jim, now a hero but still bitter and full of hate, is transferred to the dirigible Macon, and there are scenes more exciting than ever before. But with all the spectacular goings-on, Director Lloyd Bacon has never once forgotten the human interest and comedy side of his story—and what fun it all is.

Dorothy Tree plays Jimmy's girl in the first sequence, and is very good as the chisel who turns Jimmy sour on dames. Gloria Stuart, warm and lovable, plays Pat's
King Vidor has directed a great picture in "Our Daily Bread," with Karen Morley and Tom Keene as the pioneers.

casts of the city, are invited in and given work to do. There are plumbers, stonemasons, carpenters, barbers, tailors, vaudeville entertainers, and even a first violinist. They "pool" their talents and their money and the community thrives... until the drought.

Great is the thrill over the first sprouts, and great the tragedy when the corn begins to dry up on the stalks. With this background, there is the love story of the boy and the girl, and the blonde siren who manages to disrupt everything as sirens always do. And there is one comedy situation after another.

Karen Morley, gentle and loving and a most capable actress, plays the girl, and Tom Keene is excellent as the boy. Barbara Pepper, something on the order of Mae West, plays the bad girl who almost succeeds in luring Tom away from his wife and his farm. Outstanding performances are given by John Qualen, Billy Engle, and Addison Richards. Don't let the fact that there is no Bus Berkeley ensemble in it frighten you—you'll find Mr. Vidor's ditch far more exciting than Mr. Berkeley's "By a Waterfall."

**SILVER SCREEN'S**
**PICTURE THERMOMETER**

*Degrees of Quality*

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**HERE COMES THE NAVY**  
**OUR DAILY BREAD**  
**SHE LOVES ME NOT**  
**THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY**  
**WE'RE RICH AGAIN**  
**MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAFE**  
**ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**  
**STAMBUL QUEST**  
**SHOOT THE WORKS**  
**OF HUMAN BONDAGE**  

**BABY TAKE A BOW**  
**GRAND CANARY**  
**SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS**  
**JANE EYRE**  

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S COURAGE**

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**SHE LOVES ME NOT**

*Rating: 81°—PRINCETON MEN CAN TAKE IT*

**HERE'S** good clean fun and plenty of it. Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby, and one of the swellest college stories you have ever met up with in your wanderings around the cinema. Oh yes, Bing sings, and Miriam dances—and what more can you ask. It's a hooty of a picture, and you can take the whole family the night you go to see it.

Miriam Hopkins plays Curley Flagg, night club entertainer, who finds herself the witness of a gangster murder and has to leave town in a hurry. She has only enough money to get her to Princeton, where finally she ends up in Bing Crosby's room. Bing and his pal, Eddie Nutgen, are terribly embarrassed by Curley, but they are touched by the girl's story and decide that it is their duty to get a job for "a deserving chorus girl."

Eddie leaves for New York to see his father, who is a movie mogul, and Bing... [Continued on next page]
Silver Screen for September 1934

is left with the dance on his hands. Things happen, fast and furiously, with the Dein, a press agent, a gangster and a society girl all getting hopelessly entangled. Harry gets caught up in all the pictures and publicity, both front page and snappy, so he's happy. And Bing manages to get himself unmixed with a society girl after defending the Dean's daughter, Kitty Carlisle, so he's happy. Bing sings several songs which rather show up the action of the picture—but not too much, who cares about action when Bing sings.

Warren Hymer is swell as the gangster, and that goes for Bob Lynne as an honest man as press agent. Henry Stephenson is the Dean and George Barter the movie mogul. Mirtlam, swinging gish and dancing her light club routine in Eddie's pajamas, is just about the cutest thing our old eyes have seen in a long time.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
Rating: 68—Grace Moore Returns—Columbia

ACCURING, entertaining picture for the entire family. And if you love familiar names, be in your seat on time, for Grace Moore is by no means stingy with her voice in this little opus, and no voice has ever before been so beautifully and intelligently exquisite aria from "Madame Butterfly" is something that you will long remember.

The plot concerns, most appropriately, the making of a grand opera star, and it has plenty of comedy and a lot of lovely music. Grace Moore starts out by losing a radio contest, but she has a few hundred dollars saved up, she decides to study in Italy. Things get pretty tough there, but she finally accepts a job singing in a lovely cafe. Here the maestro, charmingly portrayed by Tullio Carminati, hears her and coerces her to come and live with him so that he can train her voice. He assures her that there will be no sex mixed up in it as he is quite weary of women, and has just had a tedious affair with Mona Barrie.

The plot concerns affairs of all sorts for awhile, but Miss Barrie returns and jealousy rears its ugly head, and Miss Moore walks out on him. She is about to make a big flop her opening at the Metropolitan, New York, but the maestro appears suddenly in the prompter's box and Miss Moore goes into "Madame Butterfly" and gives an inspired performance.

Lyle Talbot, as the rich boy who wants Miss Moore to give up her career and marry him, has never been so perfectly commanding. He makes quite a hit for himself. Louis Alberni and Jessie Ralph are splendid.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS
Rating: 41—The Fleet's in Again

WHEN the good old Fox movie moguls saw the preview of "She Learned About Sailors," they thought it a gem and decided to make a comedienne out of her. And you'll agree with them, for in this picture Alice Scott has definitely struck gold. She has a decided flair for comedy and that she is just being wasted when cast as a menace. Personally we've had a grudge against Alice ever since she landed the lyric song "You Beauty Man." and it with a ridiculousness that we made our way over her. And that's where we got surprised—for suddenly we realized that Miss Scott is tremendously gorgeous. She's another Jean Harlow, platinum hair, ligger, and everything—except that she goes Jean one better, for Alice can put over a song like nobody's business.

There's not so much to the plot of this little number. Alice is a nice girl who sings in a bad place in Shanghai, and when the fleet arrives Lew Ayres and the boys all go on the make for her. When Lew finds that Alice "isn't that kind of girl" he changes his tactics and falls honestly in love. Mitchell and Durante, the boys who fall all over themselves and everybody else, are Lew's pals and try to help him with his romance. But everything all balled up. Harry Green as Don Jose Lopez Rubenstein is very amusing—and, thank heavens, not so noisy as those topnotch turfs, Mitchell and Durante.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE
Rating: 20—Warner Oland's Okay—Fox

CHARLIE CHAN, that lovable Chinese detective, is still cherishing his two big books in Thrilling the Big Trouble, and just having a swell time as police detective...ồ. He's just about the only job he's had in the movies, and he's got the nerve to break with boss Oland and go on his own. Beginning with a lowly Chinese chop suey joint (which gives him a chance to cook up a little Chinese food) and a little Chinese girl (which gives him a chance to make the girl sing in Chinese and yoney), he and his orchestra travel fast to the gilded halls of Broadway's swankiest night club. The boys play some music from Santorini, and Ben and Dorothy break out in song.

Also deserving of raves in this cheerful little opus are Arline Judge, as a gold-digger; Bette Davis, as a swell girl; and Roscoe Karns, impossibly jealous of Arline, who is everything from a flag- pole sitter to a flutist player in the Bernie orchestra.

OFUMAN BONDAGE
Rating: 60—Bette Davis Trims—Radio

WHEN the Academy gathers round its table next month for the "best performances of 1934," Bette Davis' ears are going to burn. For you just can't talk about greatest performances without mentioning Bette Davis' Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." There was never such an awful little tramp as Mildred, mean, nasty, deceitful, charming, and you hate her from beginning to end—yet you actually breathe a sigh of relief when she's dead—and Bette Davis consistently makes her the most thoroughly hateful and person you've ever met on the screen. It's a swell performance: you'll hate her, but you'll have to admit she's great.
The second version of Somerset Maugham's famous novel suffers somewhat in the transition—as most famous novels do. It's an interesting plot, well played by Leslie Howard, and there's a lot of action, but it is tastefully directed, but the full flavor of the book just isn't there. Somehow it fails to entertain. And becomes, instead of a great in those old-fashioned clothes. Furthermore, Virginia plays Jane Eyre, of course, in Monogram's translation of the famous Bronte novel, and is very pretty to look at. There are some plots which you have to wonder when she learns that he is a crazy wife (the marriage has been annulled however) locked away in the West Wing of the old Manor House.

The caged woman escapes and sets fire to the house. In his attempt to save her, Edward Rochester is blinded for life—and never looks at her again.

It's all a bit dated, of course, but with Virginia playing Jane Eyre and Colin Clive playing Edward Rochester, there is plenty of life and feeling. Yvonne De Carlo, Aileen Pringle and Jameson Thomas have small parts.

SHOOT THE WORKS
Rating: 65—The Old Mouse-Trap Himself

HERE'S a picture with swell music and swell acting and a formula plot that never fails. The one about the side-show Barker and the actress who becomes famous overnight. But it's so well acted by Jack Oakie as the wise-cracking, swell-headed Barker, and Dorothy Dell as the vaudeville actress who sings her way to the top, that at the preview we thought we were seeing it for the first time. That Oakie boy gets better and better, and even with all his cock-eyed conceit, we're a great deal more lenient toward Dorothy Dell made a big hit with the preview audience when she sang "Dreaming with My Eyes Wide Open"—which was the first time Kitty Dorothy was destined to ever hear, as she was killed in an automobile accident the night of her preview.

Bette Davis the new Owls marks Ben Bernie's debut as a Paramount player, and we must say that "the old maestro" fares very well indeed. He starts out in the picture as a person who is in a muddle, but has the nerve to break with boss Oland and go on his own. Beginning with a lowly Chinese chop suey joint (which gives him a chance to cook up a little Chinese food) and a little Chinese girl (which gives him a chance to make the girl sing) he and his orchestra travel fast to the gilded halls of Broadway's swankiest night club. The boys play some music from Santorini, and Ben and Dorothy break out in song.

Also deserving of raves in this cheerful little opus are Arline Judge, as a gold-digger; Bette Davis, as a swell girl; and Roscoe Karns, impossibly jealous of Arline, who is everything from a flag- pole sitter to a flutist player in the Bernie orchestra.

BABY TAKE A BOW
Rating: 55—Adorable Shirley—Fox

LITTLE Shirley made such a hit in "Stand Up and Cheer" when she and Jimmy Dunn did a song and dance routine called "Baby Take a Bow," that Fox decided to give Shirley and Jimmy a whole film by the same title. And a very good film it is. It doesn't pretend to be an epic, and it isn't—but it does try to be amusing, and it is.

(Continued on page 54)
MORE GOSSIP

"Little Man, What Now"—The Drinking Call of Hollywood

ROGER PRYOR, Mae West's leading man in "Belle of the Nineties" (which used to be "It Ain't No Sin" until the censors decided that "It" was a censorable word) received a bulky package the other morning which had him quite intrigued. Roger, who has gone in for gardening between pictures, opened it a bit cautiously but discovered that it contained a dozen plant bulbs, with a note, "I hope they come up some time." Roger knew exactly whom to thank.

BEING a father was just too much for Franchot Tone's Scottie, and the little fellow up and died. But the mother Scottie regained her health and sex appeal in no time, it seems, for Greta Garbo just can't keep her little pooch at home these days—he's always over at Franchot's house visiting with "Woo Woo." Joan Crawford, who lives only one block from Franchot, gave "Woo Woo" to him. Greta Garbo lives one block from Franchot on the other side and it seems that her little canine is trying to lure "Woo Woo" away. Oh, the intrigue that goes on in Brentwood.

CHARLES LAUGHTON entertains Norma Shearer by the hour, doing for her his famous impersonations of colorful London street characters.

THAT lovely shade you see on Marlene Dietrich's hair is attained by sprinkling gold dust on it. (Not the kitchen variety.)

WELL, it's calm gathering time in Hollywood. Mae West's sister, Beverly West, has arrived with her new husband, Vladimir Baikoff, to spend the summer with her celebrated sister. Papa Jack, ex-prizefighter, and brother Jack Jr., arrived the month before.

And out at Toluca Lake the Crosby clan is gathering. Ted Crosby is looking over the sprinkling on the newly acquired Crosby ranch. Larry Crosby has dropped down from Seattle, and Bob and Everett (Ev is known as the Wrong Crosby) have rolled in from the East. In a body they all turned out for the preview of Bing's last picture "She Loves Me Not," and gave brother a great big hand.

MARY CARLISLE has the hardest time of any of the Hollywood actresses trying to get a sun tan. She's got that pouches and cream complexion that doesn't mind burning and blistering—but just doesn't take to tan.

Mary attended the Marion Davies Benefit Ball with Dick Powell, and led in the applause after Dick sang, "I'll String Along With You."

BOB YOUNG'S neighbors are that glad that Bob has been called back to the studio to start work on a new picture. It seems that Bob had a birthday and that his wife gave him a series of piano lessons for his present, and his one-two-three-four was just about to drive the neighbors batty.

W. C. FIELDS, out on location with the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" company was telling ZaSu Pitts about a car which had been giving him a great deal of trouble lately.

"What model is it?" asked ZaSu politely. "There's nothing model about it," replied Fields. "It's a horrible example."

JEAN HARLOW goes in strenuously for crossword puzzles while waiting for her scenes, and, while she was making "Born to Be Kissed," had practically everyone on the set going nuts trying to think up words for her. Didja ever try Silver Screen's puzzles, Jean?

GRETA GARBO startled the entire Metro studio the day before work commenced on her newest picture, "The Painted Veil," by appearing at the studio in a large picture hat (leghorn straw) and a gay dress rather than the customary beret and slacks. By the way, the week before the picture was scheduled to start, she appeared at Adrian's office for a fitting and was told that her director, Richard Boleslasky, was there. La Garbo turned and fled. So Mr. Boleslasky wrote her a note and left it with Adrian. It read, "Dear Miss Garbo, Why did you run away? I am far more frightened of you than you are of me. K. B."
IS THE loveliness of the stars of the screen possible to the rest of us? I asked the big make-up man who has helped to make many stars.

"It certainly is. II...?" he answered.

I listened carefully—for this make-up and cosmetic expert has a method by which everyone of us can profit.

Here is exactly what you must do according to his system, to be your own most beautiful self.

First, before you apply your make-up, you must have an absolutely clean skin. Cleanse your face and throat by your favorite method, being sure to include the use of a mild facial soap as well as your cleansing cream. Then, after you have removed the last vestige of oil, you are ready for a foundation cream. This is the first step in successful make-up on or off the stage. It is to your face what your clothes are to the rest of your body, a protection. He therefore recommends one of the heavy, protective make-up bases. It is the secret of the loveliness of the movie stars, he says. Practically everyone of them uses this type of cream under their make-up. You will find it in the stores under such various names as Protective Cream, Protec, Windproof Cream and so on.

Open a jar of this cream to see its color. Select the shade which most closely matches your own skin. As it is heavy, use only the little bit in applying it, touching it lightly to your forehead, cheeks, nose and chin. You may find it a little hard to spread at first. Moisten your fingers with a bit of your favorite skin tonic or with just plain water before attempting to smooth it out. This makes it go on smoothly. Be very sure to blend it in well.

The second step in a perfect make-up is the determination of your color type. As this is a matter which sometimes sounds difficult, though it is really very simple, I am going to give you some pretty definite rules to follow.

First, let me look at your eyes. They are much more important than you have ever suspected. Are you one of the Blue-Grey-Green-Violet eyed girls? If you are we will call you a blonde, and make you up accordingly. Or are you Miss Brown-or-Hazel Eyes? If so you are a brunette.

There are four types of blondes. Which one are you? Well, if you have a very fair skin and black or brown or fair hair you are a Light Blonde and should use the following make-up to bring out your best features. A very light rouge on your cheeks, a lipstick which is one shade darker than the rouge, a powder containing a very little pink (usually called natural), blue or grey eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.

But suppose you answer to the above description exactly, except that you have red hair. Then you are Titian Blonde and should use exactly the same make-up described above, using a brown eyebrow pencil instead of a black one.

If your complexion is medium in coloring instead of very fair, the rouge on your cheeks and your lipstick should match and be one of the shades usually called medium. Your eyeshadow should be blue or grey, your powder one containing a fair amount of pink, and your eyebrow pencil, black.

The fourth blonde type, who has the darkest complexion possible to a blonde, uses a medium rouge on her cheeks, a lipstick a shade darker than this rouge, a natural powder (but one containing quite a rose cast), black eyebrow pencil and blue-grey eyeshadow.

So much for you, Blue-Grey-Green-or-Violet Eyes!

Now for the Brown-Hazel eyed family, the so-called brunettes. Here again there are four types. Which one are you? Well, if your skin is as fair and creamy as is possible to a girl with eyes of this type, you are a Light Brunette and should use these cosmetics. A clear, dark rouge with a lipstick a shade lighter, but of harmonizing tones; a creamy rachel powder to match your skin, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil. Should you have this coloring but be blessed with red hair, you are a titian and should use exactly the same make-up but substitute a brown eyebrow pencil for the black one.

Suppose your complexion is that of the medium brunette instead of the fair, creamy kind. Here is your make-up: A dark, clear rouge, with exactly the same shade of lipstick, a darker powder mixed to match your skin tones, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.

If you are an olive brunette you should use a matching rouge and lipstick, dark enough to look natural on your skin, a dark powder, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.
Let me caution you against too much rouge. Miss Olivia Brunette. Very often you can omit it altogether.

This Hollywood make-up artist advises against it only because you look like every one. She claims on this occasion, a sheer frothy freak which made her look like something with whipped cream on it. Her eyes, it seemed to me, were larger than ever in the candle light.

In the dining room candles gleamed on old silver. There were white flowers... not too many... in the center of the table. There was a fragrant gardenia at each place. If there are more than four at the table, Joan always has place cards which she supervised herself.

It was made clear at dinner that Joan is not dieting. There was thick soup, a roast, buttered vegetables, salad with avocado (vera fattening) and a positively architectural dessert.

Afterward we saw a picture in the drawing room. It was not, we agreed, a very good picture so we won't go into that. Then we played games. "Secrets" and "Guess Whom I Am!" and other innocent numbers until a quite innocent hour. All the guests if the guests we were ready to go to bed before one... a record for a Saturday night in Hollywood and most other places.

"There are only two rules in my house," Joan told me. "One is that I decline to talk to anyone until after I have had coffee in the morning. No one is civilized until after he has had coffee. You ring for your breakfast and ask for whatever you want at whatever hour you want it. I get up at nine thirty on week days, whether I am working or not. On Sundays I stay in bed until twelve. I don't know why. I just always have it.

"What is the other rule?" I wanted to know.

She laughed. "Oh, just that I will not have people drop in uninvited," she said. "They would be a nuisance. We shall have an easy, informal day and in the evening we shall have an easy, informal, buffet supper. But no open house. No one is welcome who has not been invited previously. It may sound inhospitable. But you don't know how you can be invaded!"

I did know... and sympathized, having lived for some time in the street. Joan, perforce, has her telephone numbers changed every few weeks. One phone has a private number which is known to business associates. There is also, to this day, no one who must call her on business from time to time. The other is known to no more than two or three intimates.

As a matter of fact, Joan was up and out at ten, despite her "Sunday-until-twelve" edict. I heard her say, "Don't disturb Miss Walker. She may want to sleep." I scurried to a window. "What are you doing and may I do it with you?"

Sun bathing," she called. "The sun is better than the movies by an hour on the front of me, an hour on the back and half an hour on each side. Then I feel like a little pig which has been well roasted on a revolving spit!"

I joined her... only I retired discreetly to the shade of an enormous umbrella, not being the glutton for sunlight that Joan is. I was supposed to wear a telephone on a long cord. I tried to look as if I weren't listening... Francho? Or Francis? "Oh... pretty well... spending a quiet day... am I so thrilled... Joan's throaty, contralto voice quivered. "Yes... I think we can really begin to work this week... no... singing lessons... I always have twice a week, no matter what happens... I have finished the book you brought and I want to talk with you about it... yes, I think so... yes... unless the studio calls me... all right, I'll see you then... yes... goodbye..."

Back in the room, the maid took the phone away and reappeared almost immediately with a huge box of flowers. Roses and tulips, with maiden hair fern and Promise plants. "I ran into a flower shop, a place on Market street, with de flori's art. Joan looked at the card. "How very sweet!" she murmured, dreamily, and tucked the white square under the strap of her bathing suit. Later, when she dove into the pool, the little white object floated off on the top of the water... Joan didn't notice.

Back in the bathroom, the cook appeared to ask about the menu for the next day. "Oh," Joan said, absently. "Let's have lamb..."

"But, Miss Crawford, we just had lamb!" the cook protested.

That's right, we did. Joan wrinkled a brow. "That was a different matter and emerged with a menu which was a poem. "I'll do the corn pudding, myself," she added. "My very special dish!"

She was slipping a cotton house frock over her slim body. "I always wear these when I am at home in the day time," she remarked. "I pay $1.95 for them. When I work in the garden, I wear denim overalls..."

Her lingerie is as simple and as inexpensive as the house frocks... most of it. She owns some beautiful, hand wrought and frothy garments but prefers the simpler ones for ordinary use. Joan is so much a creature of moods! Some times she is as gorgeous as any fabulous princess in a fairy tale. But mostly her tastes run to crisp, fresh garments of almost childlike simplicity.

Suppose some evening you want to have the beautiful, pretentious look with which the very best vampires are accustomed to face the world. Spread the eyelash very close to the lashes on your eyelids and blend it so you light up the bottom butting invisible over the rest of the eyelid. Blend it out beyond the corners. This will give your eyes length, and make you look positively dangerous.

In case you are new to tricks with eye-shadow, always remember that it is used only on the upper lid. One little friend of mine has her lid put out on her lower lid and made herself look immediately forty years older than she was. This is not to be recommended.

As the cook retreated, Joan called after her, "Tell me the marketing, myself, in the morning." And she added, to me, "I love the lore of a market... all the people buying and selling... the essentials of living. Piles of fruit and vegetables... beautiful colors... the lovely, warm smell..."

We called upon the children, played with the Scotties, inspected the garden. A special delivery package arrived. Some distant admirer had made something for Joan. We weren't quite sure what it was supposed to be... a scarf for her to wear or something to hang upon the wall. The colors were a triple startling. But Joan was touched. "The work she has put on it!" she said. "Bring me one of those photographs," she directed the maid. "And a pen. I want to autograph a picture for her and mail it to her at once. I'll write a note tomorrow to thank her."

We dressed for the informal Sunday night, by-invitation-only, buffet supper. The group of guests was similar to, if slightly larger than that of Saturday evening. Joan waited, as is her custom, until we were all assembled before coming down the stairs. A blue frock this time, with long, flowing sleeves and no back to speak of.

It was a bridge, there was backgammon, there were anagrams, but no party. Any one who felt hungry he filled a plate at the groaning table in the dining room. Sliced cold turkey and baked ham. Green salad, lobster salad, tiny, hot rolls. Celery, green onions, radishes. A smoking... and really English... beef steak and kidney pie.

I was gathering broke up even earlier than the one of the evening before. Most people in Hollywood must report to studios early on a Monday morning.

Joan was talking on the telephone when I invaded her room the next morning. "So I think you had better sell," she said, in tones of finality. "My broker," she explained. "Some times we disagree, but I always direct my own financial affairs... and does it efficiently, too. Somehow, you would be expected of her.

Joan was dressing for the marketing and I was preparing to take my departure. Phones rang... and rang... the studio called after the little costume for her next picture... invitations to dinners... cocktails... Downstairs people were bustling here and there with tape measures and widths of white material. A secretary came with a brief case full of mail. I said my thank yous and goodbyes... and found my car in the drive.

White-overslept workmen swarmed about the grounds, making Joan's dream come true... Joan's busy work had begun.
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WE'RE RICH AGAIN
Rating: 75°—THE RIMPLEANES AGAIN—Radio

Here's a mad, hilarious comedy that will have you in stitches before the credits roll. The story is the slightly too-similar reincarnation of "Three Cornered Moon," but this time the Rimpleanes are the Pages and they live in Santa Barbara and are on the verge of first class bankruptcy. But no one seems to worry about it particularly, except the process server, Edgar Kennedy, Mr. Page (Grant Mitchell) and his page (Billie Burke) look more beautiful and acting more delightfully dumb and fluttery than ever.

"Graunie" who is Edna Mae Oliver always does a little bit of Vaudeville in his shows and this time he is in over his head with his boys and he's malts, and the two daughters, Joan Marsh and Gloria Shea, have interests of their own. Joan likes to read books and Garcia is all he needs for a swimming champion, Buster Crabbe. They're all mad, completely mad.

And into this absurd walks poor little cousin-from-the-country Arabella with her copy book maxin' "Be good, sweet girl, and let who will be clever." Marian Nixon plays Arabella, and has never been more natural in her life. She gives a swell performance. Marian manages to turn the household even more topsy turvy than ever, but finally gets everybody straightened out again and, incidentally, captures Joan's rich millionaire for herself.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
Rating: 77°—FOLES, MEET MR. JOE MORRISON—Paramount

You've probably heard Joe Morrison over the ether waves these last two years—he's the guy who started "The Last Round-up" fury, you know—and now's your chance to see him for the first time on the screen. Joe was singing with the George Olsen orchestra at the Paramount, New York, a couple of months back, when a bright young man snatched him and sent him to the Coast.

And, judging from the applause that greeted Mr. Morrison after his debut song in "The Old-Fashioned Way," at a preview in Glendale recently, that bright young man should be given a bonus by the Paramount executives. Joe's so ingratiating a Dep tycoon stockholder. In other words, Mr. Morrison is a "sensshun." He has a natural charm that's positively delightful, and when he sings Revel and Gapper's own song hit "Rolling in Love" you simply go coo-oo. And don't worry, Joe has a long term contract, and you'll be seeing him around.

A Joe I Joe in Joe means to belittle Mr. W. C. Fields, our favorite comedian, who starts you laughing two minutes after the picture starts and keeps you going ha-ha-un til the final fade-out. Mr. Fields is a riot. There is a scene at the dinner table where Mr. Fields is trying awfully hard to be gentle with Baby LeRoy (on account of his mother is the richest woman in town) and Baby LeRoy takes full advantage of the situation and does everything from flipping the Fields' watch in the syrup to making funny faces at him. You'll just pass out with laughing.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR
Rating: 71°—MERKEL AND RUGGLES, WHAT W. C. FIELDS—M-G-M

Here's as gay a little murder mystery as you could ask for, and a guaranteed cure for doldrums. Nope, there's not even a place for a baby doldrum around that Una Merkel and that Charlie Ruggles. We always say just give us Una and Charlie and you can have all the comedians in Hollywood, including Von Sternberg. And, to say, even with humor running riot, there is still a pretty good mystery to this unpretentious but delightful picture.

Una and Mary Carlisle are telephone operators in a stock exchange, when suddenly it is discovered that Mary is the long lost daughter of one of the richest men in America and her father's detestible daughter, to call her in New York. Charlie Ruggles, who styles himself a "crime deflector," arrives on the scene just in time to prevent Mary from being kidnapped, and sort of annexes himself to the party, completely unlavished of course.

Weird things happen in the rear car of the trans-continental limited—"weird things indeed—but we aren't going to spoil the plot for you by spilling any more. Anyway, it's plenty exciting. Russell Hardie, Mary's boy friend, also joins the party, and if it hadn't been for Russell and Charlie (who showed more sense than anyone gave him credit for) poor Una and Mary would now be shot to bits—but oh, we muzzn't tell.

STAMBOLI QUEST
Rating: 66°—SPY STUFF FOR GROWN-UPS AND KIDDIES—M-G-M

Here's a fast rate spy picture, which will remind you of the good old days when "Mata Hari" sort of held you spell-bound. There's nothing hair-raising or blood-curdling about it, but plenty of light, humorous dialogue, exciting situations, and Miss Myrna Loy looking just too, too glamorous. Yep, Myrna is our favorite lady spy—nothing so far has been able to touch the hoochie loochie in "Mata Hari."

The story concerns the German counterespionage system during the War of 1914, and takes place in Constantinople where there was intrigue upon intrigue in those days, due to the importance of the Dardanelles to both Germany and the Allies. George Brent returns to the screen as the young American, who falls crazily in love with the glamorous Myrna, and he gives a smooth, engaging performance. Naturally he follows her to Turkey, and things get pretty hot there for a while for Georgie. This is the best role Myrna has had for a long time, and we never realized before what a beautiful and entrancing creature she is. More Loy, please.

GRAND CANARY
Rating: 48°—BEAUTIFULLY DONE—Fox

As is the case with all Jesse Lasky releases, "Grand Canary" is distinguished by its smooth and understanding direction, its well-performed scripts, and its spectacular settings. In other words Jesse Lasky productions have, as Edie (who was a lady) would say, Class with a capital K. But, unfortunately, it takes more than Class with a capital K to make an entertaining moving picture. "Grand Canary," which was adapted from the novel by A. J. Cronin, becomes sort of a Grand Hotel when transferred to the screen—for we are introduced to about nine characters, all sketchily drawn, on board a boat on its way to the Canary Islands. It may be difficult to be interested in any of the characters, each and every one of them is well played.

Warner Baxter plays the doctor who, branded as a madman because his serum failed, is running away from England to try and find peace for his tortured mind. And Madge Evans, beautiful and sincere, plays Lady Mary Fielding.

Our "Wray" of Sunshine [Continued from page 25]

For Fay's a real beauty. Twice as attractive as she appears on the screen, and I can hardly answer her intelligence, what with gazing at leviathan sandwich and taking sips from that dreadfully deep liquid trying to drink in her beauty at one and the same time.

Mamma! Has that girl got eyes! They're large and clear and sometimes they're blue and sometimes they're green, and then again sometimes they're grey. What a predicament, our Pal Jimmy Durante might say, and those lips! Chiselled, I call 'em.

"You've got blue eyes and dark hair, too," says Fay sweetly while she nibbles. I blush and look important for a second and then change the subject quickly for I'm
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funny that way. Fay tells me that she went Titian blonde in a misguided moment for a Technicolor film. That's why she had her hair photographed so light in "The Bowery."

"The Bowery" is Fay's favorite picture. She loves her role in it and she loved working with George Raft who, she says, has a marvelous sense of humor and is a grand friend to have—but, she admits he might make a monstrous enemy for those who have the bad sense to rub him the wrong way. She loved working with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, too. Beery, she says confidentially, is quite temperamental mental. He likes doing scenes his own way and dislikes being told how. And Jackie, who follows closely in his hero's footsteps, is that way also. He has an idea that he can read a script and then work out the business of his own part in his own sweet fashion. And by jolly crickit, says Fay (only she didn't use those words), if he doesn't know best how those scenes should be played!

Jackie and she adore one another. They resemble a big sister and little brother act when together. He likes to tease her and pretend he's jealous of her screen lovers. I've a sneaking notion that he isn't just pretending either. Last year, when he al- most got pulled out into the Great Pacific by an unexpected undertow, Jackie never got over being lost in it. Supposedly you had a handsome man all picked out to save you," he scoffed. "I know women."

Now, everytime Fay comes back from a vacation he warns: "Well, did you get grounded again, huh?" To which Fay just shrugs her pretty shoulders and says, "Humph."

Speaking of shoulders, you should see Fay's Um...Um! After I dive into my second sandwich, I feel more courageous-like and ask her how she manages to keep so slim and yet retain all those lovely curves. I even ask her how much she weighs. A personal question from one dame to another, if there ever was one. But being on the thin side myself I have lots of nerve. Fay isn't a bit offended. "112 pounds," she says, looking me over with those deep, cool eyes of hers. "You could stand and with a bit of weight you'd decide, so I'll give you an exercise. It is one Dolores del Rio gave me, and it is the secret of that svelte, slim, perfect body of hers."

I am all eyes and ears in one minute as Fay stands up and shows me the exercise. It only takes a minute to demonstrate and I'd really like to put you through the paces, but I'm selfish that way and, after all, if there's a chance for me to possess a chassis like Fay's and Dolores do, Rio's, why should I let fifty million females into the secret? Not me—or should I say, not if—I'm just going off and get gorgeous all by myself."

"It doesn't do to show off your ribbons to an admiring world," proceeds Fay quaintly. "So, when I play in pictures in which I have to lose a lot and you have to do something about it, I don't care particularly about eating, but just before I commenced rehearsals for "King Kong" I started eating like a little pig, lots of cream and milk and sweets—and—"Malted milk," I pipe in helpful. "Yes," says Fay, the sarcasm entirely lost on her. "But that little exercise I should say is half the battle." My, are you getting curious! However speaking of "King Kong," I ask Fay who did her screaming in that picture.

Fay is almost insulted. I did my own screaming," she wants me to strictly understand. "Some of her screams were so realistic," adds her secretary who just casually strolled in from the corner "that everybody on the set had goose pimples running up and down their spines."

I express polite surprise having labored under the delusion that screams were generally dubbed in and that gentle stars like Fay would not be called upon to exert themselves physically (the idea). That is: until now, naturally. Jury, I've discovered that she is a champion screamper. Why, out at Columbia, where she is under contract, they have a library of her screams, all neatly cataloged. When the action requires it, the director can have some of these screams run off for him in the studio and choose the one that suits him best. But the scream chosen is Fay's very own.

A telegram interrupts our little tête-à-tête, and asks an answer. Fay sends him away. "As if," turning to me, "I can accept a new part as quickly as all that. I've got to think it over." And do you know what she says one right after another? I query sympathetically, for, after all, the poor girl never is allowed to rest.

"Outward wound energy," Fay answers sprightly, "but I've been wondering lately if I'm not appearing in too many pictures for my own good."

"How," I chime in wisely, "can it hurt you always to be in demand?""

"That's right," replies Fay with a smile. "Edgar Selwyn once told me, she confides, that if I had I made showed progress and growth."

"He was right," I agree, but that night when he tells you that, that's another ball game about the sun's brilliance."

"Oh, Moon," I blush a little for shame and wonder if I haven't missed that sweet girl a little. For all Fay has to do in the picture is to look frightened, the frightening people have to look frightened. And nobody comes to her assistance.

But Fay is anything but high-hat or picky and choosy. Every day she demurs to Eric Von Stroheim's marvelous film, "The Wedding March," what a smart little actress she really is, she has proceeded quite willingly to play in dozens of films that look so frightenly and inane. And yet Fay is always getting telegrams, Columbia, her mother company, hardly sees her dust any more—somebody's always begging to borrow her.

Fay's husband, the good-looking John Murray, is an actor who has been in Hollywood to finish up an original script for M-G-M on Oxford undergraduate life—he once was a student there himself. "It's...it's wonderful to be a writer," says Fay eagerly. "You carry romance and drama within yourself...it can't elude you, because it's really a part of you and you cannot fight it."

You get all wrapped around a part—so much so that you feel you're really that character you're playing. And then, presto! You wake up and it is that character. Fay has your glamorous other personality without any more emotion than you might a cramped gown. It's heartbreaking. I felt utterly woe-begone when my part was finished, and the rest of the cast was still working on "The Bowery," "Ann Carver's Prodigious Luck,"

Now isn't it a shame to let an intelligent girl like this go around making screams for a library collection? Still, when you are as beautiful as Fay and your scream is to what you do—you can masquerade as the delightful Countess of Monte Cristo, try cases like the brilliant Ann Carver or utterly plausible Irene Storm in the little lady in "King Kong." Your fans will adore you regardless, and say with the poet Byron, who had some pretty nice words for a number of things, "She walks in beauty, like the night."
The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl... How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound... So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along.

the parts offered me but one was pretty much like another. There was no chance
to progress. Not by the highest stretch of imagination can Westerns be called "Art"—
not even if you spell it with a small 'a.'
"George," I broke in suspiciously, "if I
remember correctly, I've been reading re-
cently that there's no more market for
Westerns. Did that decision on the part of
the executives have anything to do with
your decision to abandon them?"
George grinned. "No! To begin with,
I think there'll always be a market for
Westerns. Every year a new bunch of kids
grows old enough to go to picture shows,
and kids are all alike. They always have
been and they probably always will be.
And just as long as kids are kids there'll
be a market for Westerns. Why, last sum-
mer, when I was on one of the smaller
islands of the Hawaiians, I saw one of my
old pictures advertised as 'coming in two
months.' Can you imagine advertising a
Western two months ahead of time if there
was no market for it?
"And here is something else, wise guy,
for you to mull over. A year and a half
ago—long before anyone even hinted that
Westerns were washed up, I went into the
front office and told them I would only
make two pictures a year for them from
then on. I wanted to be free to make
other pictures for other concerns. Un-
fortunately, my father was sick, and I
spent the six months of that year I had
intended devoting to Art, in Egypt in an
effort to get him healthy and strong again.
"Prior to the decision to cut down on
Westerns to two a year I'd been making
three or four pictures a year, one right
after the other, and then exploring the
four corners of the earth during the bal-
ance of the time. There are few places I
haven't visited. So, it also occurred to me
that all this experience I'd had ought to
be utilized in my acting. When we re-
turned from Egypt my dad, my business
manager and I had a few conferences and
I issued my ultimatum: No more West-
erns.
"I began to get offers. And then the big-
guest surprise of all came. Mr. Wurtzel
called me in and said, 'You still have
another picture to make for us. If you
don't like Westerns we'll find something
else for you. How'd you like to do "Ever
Since Eve?" He gave me the script to
read—I liked it and decided to do it next.
It's released now, so you can see for
yourself.'
"Once again George paused and I seized
the opportunity to ask a question or two.
"Will you be able to get other parts—not
Westerns. Don't you feel just a little in-
secure about the future?"
"Dick," he replied earnestly, "I can't re-
member the time I have been so absolutely
satisfied over the outlook. I've just signed
a contract with Major Zanft and Sol Lesser
for six pictures to be made over a period
of a year. I'm making more money out of
them than I've ever made before. Here's
a kick. The papers are all signed and Fox
will release them. If they hadn't made
money on my pictures when I was under
contract to them, do you suppose they
would release my pictures when they don't
have to?"
"The first three stories have already been
decided upon. One of them will be a late
Zane Grey story, one by James Oliver Cur-
wood and one will be a Jack London story
to be filmed in Canada. There will be no
more 'hoss operas' so far as O'Brien is con-
cerned. There will be action pictures, how-
ever. I mean, I may do some of London's
sea stories and possibly a picture with a
Bowler Dand background.
"Here's another thing that pleases me
about my new contract. Not only am I
privileged to name the director, writer and
cast, and sit in on the story conferences—as
I always have—but I am also privileged
to make pictures on the outside—for major
companies. That's stipulated in the con-
tract. I can work for major companies but
not for quickie outfits. At the moment I
am dickering with both Universal and
M-G-M. The salary question is settled and
as soon as they can show me a script that
appeals to me, the papers will be signed.
How's that for an outlook?"

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The schoolgirl type of chic is one type of chic that no one
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up over it. Just in case you might want a smaller collar—not
everyone will find the big one Bette is wearing so thriftily be-
coming—the pattern provides for the more conservative size you
see in the little circle.

Bette's frock is of dusty green jadeera, but we should like yours
in nothing so much as a rough black canto. Canton, by the way,
is going to be the great fall fabric. For the collar, and cuffs you
couldn't possibly do better than to follow Bette's smart example
and settle upon this flattering white silk pique.

The pattern is ready, so send for it today. It is pattern
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If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

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Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle 'emollient' shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair
I don't care. Perhaps I go in debt, but what of it if Johnny can look at the sea when he is being uncomfortable upon his table?"

Somebody mentioned Douglas Montgomery. Did he save his money, or had he gone Hollywood, too?

"I laughed. "He's caught the spirit. Of course, there's nothing really wrong with his mother, although he's always sending her a new car or new pair of imported gates from Italy or somewhere for the other entrance. You think he will get a new home, such a beautiful home, wouldn't you? But he has one in Beverly Hills. He spends his time between the two of them, even though they are only thirty minutes apart, of the odds of course, he keeps his magnificent apartment here, in New York City."

"But he hasn't been here for ages!" a broker exclaimed.

"I know. And may not he for years. We're going to keep him pretty busy in Hollywood. But, of course, it's nice for Douglas to have such a beautiful apartment to lend to Marlene Dietrich if she should decide to take that trip to Europe, and pass through New York. Nothing is too good for Marlene in his eyes, you know."

They laughed. "How much does he make?" the doctor asked.

"Twelve hundred and fifty a week, although I understand Fox has just offered him fifteen hundred for a picture he refused to make because he didn't like the story."

"Well, that doesn't give him much chance to save. Do any of them save anything?"

"Oh, yes. We have some very wealthy people in Hollywood. But you're all probably right about the mess of Valentino's estate." This led, naturally, to a story that I do not believe many people knew. At the time I speak of, Valentino was six months ahead of his salary. Of course, he was always as irresponsible as a child about money. He spent thousands as though they were millions. But he was never more muddled about money than upon the night he received a telephone call that a certain very famous lady was coming to see him.

Rudy was excited. "Get a rug to roll from the door to the gateway," he ordered his butler.

"But sir, it's nearly midnight. No rug can be purchased this late."

Rudy was frantic. To have such a brilliant idea of complimenting a great lady and then to have a butler attempt to spoil it. "Telephone—" mentioning a famous Los Angeles department store owner. "At his home. Hurry! I will talk to him personally."

And before the lady arrived, a strip of Oriental rug stretched from Rudy's priceless, imported front doors to his equally priceless, imported, grilled gates. Her dainty, satin feet sank into its soft warmth with the same casual grace with which she sank into Rudy's bosoms as he came to try on his coat and jotter her. The bill for the rug was $1000; the service charge for opening a closed store and rushing delivery, $5000.

The question in the extras and their galloping pocketbooks arose. Did the little fellow in Hollywood have the same idea about getting anything he wanted without caring what it cost him?

"Those who rise to the top, do!" I answered and laughed. I had just thought of a story about Phyllis Haver when she made little more than an extra.

Although Phyllis had a steady boy friend—name forgotten, it was so long ago—she heard of a handsome newcomer who was staying at a downtown Los Angeles hotel. His name was Richard Dix. She and another girl went to the hotel and hung about the first floor. They tried again and, finally, a date was arranged. Phyllis was so excited, she was almost out of her mind. Richard had a red Ford, cut down into a speed roadster. To ride with him in that, she must have a new dress and a fur. She had no money. So her mother and a friend made over a dress while she went down and bought a fox fur for twenty-five dollars on time payments. When they started for the Vernon Country Club to dance. It rained, Phyllis dashed for the dressing room to dry out that fur and the odd spots of red. "You must take her home because she didn't dare leave that twenty-five dollar investment lying around where someone might steal it and she would never get it back."

"Is it true that Hollywood players have the biggest telephone bills in the world?"

Of course, telephone calls are always pet stories about Hollywood. Here Bunnie playing telephone bridge from Hollywood to New York with her husband, Dr. Griffin, so she will not be bored. Jack Pickford hiring an orchestra in Hollywood to play to Marilyn Miller in New York. But the one that tops them all is of a certain, now famous actor—and because he is married I could not tell his name—who has a girl friend in New York whose opinion he values highly. He telephones her each night and, when he is working, reads each line from his script for the morrow. She corrects his inflections—in fact, he memorizes them via long-distance. Perhaps a hundred dollars is not a lot to spend at that to a $200 weekly income."

"And what about their estates? Is it true they put millions into them. How do they expect to get their money back? There isn't anyone to buy them—"

Their estates are marvelous. It is true that Harold Lloyd has an elevator in his house, one of the few that is in the world and one of the costliest rugs in his drawing room; that he has a real golf course, the finest play house for children in the world. It is true that Jack Warner has a cascade, lit by electric lights, in which the trout jump back up the stream. One star has solid jade horses as faucets for her bathroom? Dolores Del Rio has a special chair for her chow dog, who sits at the table with her and is handed his food by his special servant. There is a hand-made wall in Hollywood that is a monument to galloping bankrolls. A star, now trying to make a come-back, bought a piece of property, erected a glass house of lead and glass, and then lost his contract. The wall stands there, a monument to the bankrupt that was! He rides out there in his little Ford and looks at it and wonders when he'll get a new chance and an opportunity to build the house he'd planned to go within it."

As getting their money back. They can't. And they don't think about that. These homes are what they want!

I was kept talking for many hours. I told of the time Connie Bennett had photographed Lupe Velez her first diamond bracelet. He had just enough money for a meagre payment ($100 down) and the bracelet kept him broke for nearly a year. But he used to point to it, shimmering upon her arm, and say, "I gave that to Lupe."

Also I mentioned the time Connie Bennett had photographs made just before she left for Europe. The proofs were mailed to the boat. She sent a cablegram back, saying the ones she wanted developed. The photographer counted the words and discovered the cable had cost her more than two hundred dollars. When she returned, she argued about a fifty-cent difference of opinion in the bill for the pictures.

When Marion Davies sailed for Europe, this last time, she charted the entire front portion of the great ship (decks and all) so she could enjoy the personal friends whom she took as her guests, to be assured
of interesting company.

I described the great neon signs which lighted Tom Mix's estate. "With Tom Mix" over the gateway and "T. M." flashing forth from shaded corners all over the grounds. Neon lights come high, very high. And Tom is working in the circus to try and earn back some of his money. But he's remained true to the monogrammed tradition he established so many years ago.

"But what about these business managers? Aren't they stopping some of this?"

"Some. Business managers thrived upon the depression. But now, since hope is returning and the government has not taken away their big salaries, these managers are not quite so important. One had fifty clients. Now he has thirty-five.

Lyle Talbot was thinking of hiring Spencer Tracy's busmoe to handle his business. But, instead, he bought a new car that will take him months and months to pay for. Especially built: extra size. And when he brought it home, he found the garage of his home on Whitley Heights was too small, so now's he's hunting for a bigger place to fit the bigger car which he could no more afford than—well, than Max Baer could afford to buy thirty-five suits on fifth avenue on the day after he won the championship.

But, as he said, "That is not too many for a champion!"

When Max was in Hollywood, he used to hire hotel dance floors to entertain his women friends all at once. And he honored them by letting them watch him dance with one another. Max has the Hollywood spirit—"

The doctor rose. "And when they lose that spirit it will stop sending my neurotic patients to see the movies. Hollywood isn't afraid of the future. They've all been poor once. If they are again, what of it? They're going to enjoy spending their money while they have it.

"Of course, we couldn't all do it. The whole world would be as romantically and fanatically crazy as Hollywood if we did. But we can do it vicariously through Hollywood. Although we can't do it ourselves, we can get almost the same kick by watching them do it.

As I left the party the dawn was creeping over those ridiculously sane buildings of New York City. I thought of Hollywood's crazy quilt landscape with Joan Blondell's house built on its wild, hill-top peak which a good earthquake would shake down in a moment—and probably will. I saw Malibu Beach with its empty "beach shacks" of a dozen rooms or more. Hardly anyone down there, this season. The end for Malibu is over. They're migrating to the mountains instead of the sea. And the twenty thousand dollar shacks, built on land that was leased and could never be owned, stand there, monuments to emotions that have passed.

And suddenly, as I walked slowly past those sane, commercial minded buildings of New York City, I wished I'd told them of the story of Jack Gilbert and his room for Greta Garbo. Built at a cost of—well, he had a business manager, then, who threatened and waited and finally lost his client. And the room still stands, dusted each morning, waiting for the possible return of the one to whom it was dedicated. A costly monument to romance. Jack's bankroll galloped a race with his emotions. He hid the world at her feet and has been living upon the memory of the thrill ever since.

And as I thought of Greta and Jack and the thousands he poured upon her, I knew exactly what the doctor had meant. I cannot remember a single horse I've seen walking along a street or plodding in a field. But I can remember several I have seen gallop madly—even though they galloped into oblivion at the finish line.

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You can feel it...you can see it.
and so can others

---

it's Film on Teeth!

- Film must be removed from teeth ... for beauty and for health.

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the gums associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

Film sticks like glue. To remove it you must use a special film-removing agent. Pepsodent is known throughout the world today as the special film-removing tooth paste.

Due to Scientific Formula

Pepsodent's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder—far softer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and in no other dentifrice whatever. That's why Pepsodent gives results not possible with other kinds.

Dentists use Pepsodent

That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Pepsodent their personal tooth paste.

That is why millions of people will not risk their own teeth or their children's with harsh, abrasive pastes or powders.

Don't take chances on cheap dentifrices, when Pepsodent leaves teeth brighter, gives higher polish. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

FREE—10-Day Supply

THB PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO
Dept. 3409, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Mail 10-Day Supply of Pepsodent to

Name: ___________________________  
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This coupon is good for 10-Day Supply of Pepsodent.  
Mail to DEPT. 3409, Pepsodent Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.  
This coupon is not good after February 28, 1935.

Only one tube to a family.
Little Shirley Temple

[Continued from page 27]

Climb a building! Walk through air! Conquer space! Anything seems possible, nothing beyond reason, when digestion is good, when irritating little pangs aren't ragging your nerves.

Beeman's is a delightful and pleasant way to help keep digestion in order. For Beeman's is first of all a delicious chewing gum with a different flavor — cool and refreshing — kept fresh always by the unique new Triple Guard Pack.

Chew Beeman's for its savory goodness, its fragrant freshness. Buy a package today.

Never A Dull Moment!

[Continued from page 58]

But Gloria will fight for her child as ferociously as a lioness fights for her cub. As in all vibrant people, her maternal instinct is very strong.

Her other daughter, Gloria Somborn, is in love and united with her. The older Gloria grew enthusiastic as she discussed her. Eagerly she showed me some photos which Gloria junior had enclosed in a recent letter.

"Naturally I miss her," she answered in response to my query, "but we have only the river to our children’s feet. I have always looked on Gloria as an individual. She is getting all the advantages I missed. Wouldn’t I be selfish to keep her with me when she’s getting a wonderful education abroad, learning languages, visiting art galleries and museums and cathedrals?" We were interrupted by the designer who
had to rave about Gloria as a mother. Incidentally he told about a new outfit he was going to make up for her—a felt and straw hat with straw gloves to match.

"Helen," Gloria answered of us. "I got the same idea myself and had it made up at the Coast. You'll see it when you look over my street clothes," she told them. "It wasn't the first time Gloria had gotten a new idea first! Which made me gasp, "You design your own clothes, too," I retorted."

"It's lots of fun. Where were we—oh yes, I was telling you about Gloria. I never believed in a mother shambling about the house without makeup. Where was she?" Helen wanted to try it. I said: "Darling I don't think you'll like it. It's too much work for you." Then why isn't it too strong for you, mother?" she demanded. It was a logical question.

"I explained that since I was so much older than she, my mouth was more hardened and could stand strong foods. Whereas hers was a young mouth and pesty things would burn it. "But here it is," I said, 'if you want it.' Naturally she took it and naturally it burned her mouth. Although she was about four at the time, she never forgot." After the phone had rung and been answered for the second time, we got to discussing modern publicity methods.

"Naturally I like modern methods better. Who wouldn't? Would you like to feel as if you were living in a fishbowl? We always felt that way in the old days. The idea was to publicise a star until it reached the ridiculous stage. Everything would be told about that sort of toothpaste I used. When you are supposed to live with the blinds up all the time, it's not very pleasant—and is it pleasant to feel that people are looking through your keyhole? I've always talked to the press in general terms, but they've always translated it to personal terms. Nevertheless, I learned long ago not to let reporters talk about me. In fact I'd rather read an untrue story about me and know that it was made up, than see in print a silly story that I myself, perhaps, gave out!"

At the moment, she is most interested in the career which she never felt she had really dropped. "It may have seemed so when marriage and my life's interests interfered; however, from now on I don't think there'll even be a semblance of doubt about it." If you've followed the stories of most of the stars, you'd realize how amazing this is. It is not easy to be accepted again, once you have left pictures. Gloria must know that only too well. And yet for her this is just another interesting incident in a life that is brimful of them. She is resuming her career where she left off. I think her mistakes are those of the heart, not the head, the heart that has turned down innumerable offers in order to work under the banner of Irving Thalberg, that master showman who has never had a failure. At first there was talk of Gloria's being loaned out to Samuel Goldwyn for "Barbary Coast." The day I saw her, her lawyer was confering with Goldwyn's lawyer. "I doubt if I'll be in 'Barbary Coast,'" she confided. You could tell from her tone that she didn't want to be. And she isn't going to be. As to if Irving Thalberg wants her in that, she is happy to see if not, whatever he has in mind for her will be all right. She trusts him implicitly, just as Helen Hayes trusted him when she entered pictures. As if a career and children and love weren't enough, Gloria the glamorous has a new interest—the stage.

Silver Screen for September 1934 63

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling WITHOUT COOKING!

Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

$1/2 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Baked pie shell (8-inch)
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (If thickeners just as though you were cooking it, to a Gloria. of egg whites, then let until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny, never too thick. Try it and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!
Retrographe picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new shortcuts. 100 recipes, including:

Footproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroni Shakeup! Mayonnaise Ice Creams (frozen and automatic)!

Borden Quality

Her personal appearance tour was her first taste of the footlights. "I was brought up in the school of silent pictures, where you were taught that motion picture stars were one thing and stage stars quite another. Now that is all changed since stars of the stage enter pictures, and most screen stars take time off for a play or radio work. I was pretty frightened before my first broadcast of a scene from "Let Us Be Gay," but strangely enough all fear left me when I was before the mike for the performance. "As for this personal appearance tour, I was scared to death when my act was tried out in Staten Island. My knees were so weak I could hardly stand. I had planted my secretary out front, and I told her that if I forgot my lines she was to yell 'Fire.' Then I would interrupt my act and say in a soothing manner, 'Ladies and gentlemen, please keep your seats. There is no danger, I assure you.' By that time I hoped my lines would come back to me." Gloria told the story with a twinkle in her eye, but I really believe she would have gone through with the plan if she hadn't known in her heart it wouldn't be necessary. And it wasn't. When the moment came, all fear left her. She remembered her lines and at the proper time plunged into her song. She was rather aghast to find the orchestra was about two bars behind her, but they somehow managed to get together and that gave her self-confidence. "Now I'm no longer afraid of the stage. In fact I love it so much I want to do a play every season if I can, but of course pictures are my first love." And the angels, whom she will one day get to do cartwheels, needn't worry for some time to come. Gloria finds this world much too thrilling a place to ever think of leaving. She prefers being a dynamo here, now and forever.
let each day take care of itself and we find it works out very nicely.

Yet her home is not a slip-shod household. Not by any means.

The old house has been made over by Helen and Charlie into one of the most livable places in Rockland County. It is more than a home. It seems to be the haven of peace and comfort they both crave after hectic months in the mad rush of Broadway’s mazda belt or Hollywood’s strenuous studies.

There is, for example, a huge old-fashioned living room with the kind of chairs grandma used to enjoy. Tidies and fringes and old lamps, electrified for comfort, the sort which one could glimpse in any little parlor in the gay nineties.

This is where Helen lounges around when she wants to be just herself. She has a small dressing room also, adjacent to her lovely old French boudoir upstairs—a little corner where she can apply her make-up each day in strictest privacy.

“I think that’s what’s wrong with a lot of marriages,” Helen said suddenly as she sat before her dresser dabbing cold cream all over her face.

In a jiffy, she was wiping off her rouge, her lips, her eyebrows.

“Nothing quite so disillusioning than lack of privacy in marriage,” she announced.

Of course Charlie has seen make-up applied thousands of times in theatre dressing rooms. But what I mean is the idea of having it brought right into our own intimate, romantic lives.

“You see, we try to keep our home life—our social life—entirely apart from the theatre world. We forget all the lines other people have written for us and about us. And we’re just ourselves—Charlie and I—when we’re home.”

In Helen’s dressing nook, as she calls it, there are all sorts of creams and powders and lotions—those refreshing cosmetics every woman adores to use to make her more lovely. But these things are personal bits of feminine background and they are kept where they belong, in the personal privacy of Helen’s boudoir dressing room.

I think the idea which the MacArthur’s have worked out for antidating a husband’s moods might well be copied by every married couple who can possibly plan it.

Upstairs, far away from the other part of the house, there is a small suite set apart for Helen’s husband.

It is HIS, exclusively. No feminine foot can cross its threshold while that door is closed. It even has sliding wood panels over the windows to block out the entire world. And only a maid enters, on very special occasions, to clean it up.

There, in that quiet, sedate sanctum, MacArthur not only sips pondering over his dramatic brain children, but he can lock himself in for days and days with no one to bother him when he is in that sort of mood.

“You know how wives ask questions about this and that and other things,” Helen smiled. “I suppose it is annoying to a man when he is not in that mood for conversation. Men like to get away from everyone—be by themselves. I think. At least I’ve always found that true with Charlie, and I suppose nine other husbands out of ten feel the same way.”

Charlie has his little electric grill, his cups and saucers and plates and canned things up there. I was one of the privileged few to glimpse the interior of this sanctuary. It has a bed, a huge orange velvet chair and a wide desk, a desk typical of the newspaper man MacArthur used to be; bills and notes and scribbled jottings all scattered together. On the floor a dozen or more half smoked cigarette butts, a scrap basket with every sort of thing stuffed into it, a clock which hadn’t been wound for weeks and which was heavy with dust.

“No one dares to touch that desk.” Helen’s mother explained. “He came home one evening and started looking for a certain paper. It couldn’t be located because the maid had tidied it up.

Who in hock is so neat around here that they lose everything?” Charlie barked.

“We looked for hours. And finally found the paper in the file, carefully catalogued where it rightfully belonged. I suppose I did it, thinking I was helping him keep things right.”

Perhaps the first rule was born in the MacArthur household that very night. No one touched the MacArthur papers. And another argument in the married life of Helen and Charlie was settled.

“I don’t believe we ever thought of rules,” Helen laughed, when I asked her to outline some definite commandments for keeping marriage for keeps.

“We just like to make each other comfortable and do the best we can. We never deliberately try on each other’s rights nor on each other’s little eccentricities. Everybody has em.”

“You know how some women can fuss over things their husbands do? And men who nag their wives over little things? Well, we decided long ago that life was too glorious to take its bloom away too much intricate detail of living.

“I think that flexibility of opinion is a gift which many married people might cultivate. Far be it from me to preach, however. I’m only relating what has worked out so well in our own marriage.

“For instance, neither of us could make a concession on what type of school Mary would attend. I had a very definite, firm idea about it. And Charlie was quite as firm.”

“Suddenly, we began to see that we were reaching a stone wall. So what did we do? We merely flipped a coin and I won. Charlie lost like a sport and we laughed it off,” she said.

“After all, it wasn’t a frightfully important issue. Mary’s future will take care of itself, I suppose. But how many women might cause a rift in her romance by being too obdurate?”

I asked Helen how two high-powered earning capacities, such as she and her husband both enjoy, affected the financing of their home.

It was a delicate, personal question. But the expression that came into her keen blue eyes was not bewilderment over anything quite so personal. Rather it was bewilder-
meat that anyone should ever even think of such a thing.

"Why, really, I don't know that we ever thought about that," she said, after a moment.

"We just never bother with budgets or that sort of thing.

"Truthfully, I guess the answer is that whoever happens to open the mail and find the check is the one who takes care of 'em. Sometimes I find myself checking out for household accounts and sometimes Charlie has that obligation. We just stick each other unceremoniously now and then and neither of us thinks of anything.

"Concerning Mary's future, we have, however, a little plan. Charlie and I both deposit a certain amount of money each week with a trust fund account for our daughter. So that when she grows up she may use it to help get whatever she wants from life.

There is no place for petty jealousy in the lives of this charming couple. Yet it is amazing that two such desirable people should survive the studio atmosphere so successfully—the atmosphere where romance may be developed casually.

Take Charlie MacArthur, for example. He typifies the perfect lover every Gypsy fortune-teller might see in any girl's cup. Tall, dark and handsome and no mistake about it.

He's young and he's spirited and has a gorgeous sense of humor. Added to that he is eminently successful in his own literary career. So high has his star of success ascended, having turned out one hit after another, that scarcely a day passes when he is not besieged with invitations from Park Avenue hostesses, debutantes and dowagers alike desiring to honor him at tea.

Charlie has such rare balance that he simply grins whenever anyone approaches him that way. He'd rather come home to Helen and tell her the funny things that happened in the studio that day and hear her gay, infectious laughter.

She is an elfin creature, a living Peter Pan, who lives gayly and lightly and loves everything and everybody. That is the side Charlie MacArthur sees. And it is the Helen he loves to come home to when the artificiality of the studio begins to pall.

Lovely movie ladies have made love to Charlie MacArthur. He is too chivalrous to admit anything like that. But I have seen some of the glamorous sirens in action. And MacArthur still wears the same size hat he always did.

When Helen played in "Farewell to Arms," she did some romantic scenes with Gary Cooper. They were so realistic, so very natural that even the cast was amazed. And in the more famous of her pictures, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," it was Helen herself who insisted upon having Robert Young play opposite her.

Yet the finger of scandalous gossip has never touched either Helen Hayes or Charlie MacArthur. Somehow, they have survived, so far, the pitfalls which Hollywood understands so well.

"I don't know," Helen laughed. "I guess the answer is we just like each other.

"There is no doubt that propriety plays an important part in those romantic studio attachments. Stars wouldn't be human if they didn't respond," she said. "But when marriage is built on understanding, it has an excellent chance to hold on for keeps. One thing I will say is that we've never bored each other. Charlie has his own work and I have mine. And in both we have found a well of mutual interest which I hope never runs dry.

"Those are my rules—if you can call them that—for being happily married. Or perhaps I'd better say I'm just plain lucky in having Charlie as my husband."

And that makes it perfect, for Charlie feels the same way about Helen, too.

WINNIE'S Worry

—by Gil

1. NOBODY TALKS TO ME AT THE BEACH

2. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IRONIZED YEAST?
   THAT'S WHAT BUILT ME UP

3. 4 WEEKS LATER
   I'M GETTING ALMOST TOO POPULAR!

New pounds for skinny figures—quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. and lovely curves in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast 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," by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 269, Atlanta, Ga.
The Allure of Cleopatra

[Continued from page 24]

from way up there, where only the Weissmullers and Crabbles dare to climb. She also plays a mean game of tennis for a girl — though it is only in the last year that she has become any good at all. Her brother tried to teach her several years ago, but gave up in despair. It seems that Claudette’s idea of the game was to stand over on the side, and if the ball inadvertently hit her raquet well and good — but if the ball happened to hit the other side of the tennis court, well now, after all, she couldn’t be expected to run after it. So her brother nicknamed her Lead-in-the-Pants. But now I may say that old Lead-in-the-Pants Colbert has become so proficient at the game that she swats ’em wherever they fall.

Another sport that gives beauty to the Colbert physique is archery. We call it the De Mille influence. For it was while Claudette was on location in Hawaii with the De Mille “Four Frightened People” company that C. B. taught her the trick of the bow and arrow. Claudette is so good at that sport now that she rarely misses a bull’s eye on screen or off.

Studio News

[Continued from page 25]

Phil... Warren William
Bernice... Margaret Lindsay
Leland... Lyle Talbot
Stam... Robert Barrat
Sgt. Heath... Eugene Pallette
Markham... Robert McWade
Mrs. Stamm... Helen Lowell
Ruby... Dorothy Tree
Tatum... George E. Stone
Montague... George Meeker
Dr. Holliday... Robert Warwick
Creef... William Davidson
Trainor... Arthur Aylesworth
Hennessey... Charles Wilson
Doremus... Etienne Girardot

Table, William Gargan is sitting in front of it and Leslie Howard at the end opposite Reed.

Gargan is dolled up in an American officer’s uniform— or maybe it’s his riding habit— and the others are in civilian clothes— with their coats off.

It seems the instrument is clicking steadily and Gargan is taking it down, handing the sheets over to Howard to decode. “From Kronmollof,” he mutters, “from Kelt.”

“Locke’s army has deserted,” Howard informs them a moment later.

Reed begins to grow hysterical.

“Everything is certainly working out just lovely,” Bill observes sourly.

“What are we going to do?” Reed asks.

“There’s only one thing to do,” Howard says. “Wait and see if Tito has been able to find Zvobodu—there may be some explanation for this."

“It better be a good one or there’s only one place where we’ll find this little rebellion of ours,” says Bill, “and that’s up the flue.”

“It’s Lenin,” Howard speculates, nervously tapping the table. “He’s the brains of the Soviet. If he’ll only make one mistake— relax his grip for twenty-four hours, the whole government would go to pieces.”

“Un-huh,” Bill agrees dryly, through his chewing gum, “and a nice earthquake with a tidal wave would help, too— but it’s sort of a long shot.”

There is the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Reed jumps to go to the door but Bill is ahead of him. “I’ll go,” he says.

“Uh,” says Gargan catching sight of me when the scene is finished. “You’re the guy who was going riding with me, eh? But you’re so damned independent you can’t be bothered calling me, eh?”

“Oh, well,” I always say, “the best way to treat an insult is to pretend not to hear it.” I leave Mr. Gargan and his cast with our own qualm. If you’re interested in the cast, here ‘tis:

Medill... William Gargan
Stephen Locke... Leslie Howard
Elean... Kay Francis
LeFarge... Philip Reed
Puslov... Irving Pichel
Stanley... Walter Byron
Evans... Ivan Simpson
Sir Walter Carrister... Hallidroll Hobbes
Farmer... Arthur Aylesworth
Commissioner for War...

J. Carroll Naish
Del Val... Cesar Romero
Devigney... Alphonse Ethier
Lenin... Tenen Holtz
Lady Carrister... Doris Lloyd
Maria... Marina Schubert
How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest

Say, dear, why don't you enter the beauty contest at pine crest?

WHAT! With my skin like it's been lately? Nothing seems to clear it up!

DO YOU THINK THAT NEW YEAST WILL REALLY HELP ME GRACE?

It did wonders for me.

Are yeast foam tablets hard to take Mr. Jackson?

You'll like them. Sure, they're not like ordinary yeast. They don't ferment and can't cause gas.

6 weeks later

These yeast tablets are wonderful. My skin and complexion are just perfect now!

The judges vote to award the $5,000 grand prize to Mary Ellen White.

HURRAH for Mary Ellen!

Gee, I'd like to take Mary to the yacht club dance.

What yeast foam tablets did for Mary Ellen's skin, they should do for yours. A mildly, blithely, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's what yeast foam tablets provide. Yeast foam tablets contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty. All druggists sell yeast foam tablets. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
NORTHWESTERN Yeast Co., 1754 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive literature.

Name:________________________
Address:______________________

City:__________________________
State:________________________
SC-9

Voice

100% improvement guaranteed.
We build, strengthen the vocal organs
with active Yeast--used by professionally
trained and internationally famous Opera
singers, coaches and teachers of speaking
voices for at least 50 years. Yeast foam
tables work--try them. Our money-back
guarantee means that if they don't work
you can have your money back. (No
perspiration.)

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Alviene School of Theatrical Production

Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Hamilton, Fred Allen, Alan Ackerman, Ella Jenkins, Mary Pickford, etc., Tours, Drama, Speech, Musical Comedy, Musical Dramatics, Dancing, Dramatic Production. 42 years experience. For details write 21 Lake St., Chicaco, Ill.

Silver Screen for September 1934 67
Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people, working under pitiless lights, playing in glaring sunshine. They called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly proportioned women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin. With X-Bazin Cream or Powder any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms, and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, ef. client, and agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. Cream or Powder at drug and department stores—5c. Good size tubes of X-Bazin Cream, 10c in 10-cent stores. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

X-BAZIN REMOVES HAIR

A scene from "Kansas City Princess," showing Robert Armstrong scaring the daylight out of Hugh Herbert for the ultimate glorification of Joan Blondell, the star.

Poor Hughie's head bobs up and down as he blinks.

"What you need," Bob sums it up triumphantly, "is a bodyguard. Unthinkingly he points the pistol square in Hughie's face by way of emphasis."

Hughie can only nod by this time and gaze helplessly at the gun.

"Now," Bob concludes importantly, "I'm gonna do you a big favor. I'll take the job. What dya say?"

Hughie merely gulps. He is too scared to speak.

"Come on," Bob demands impatiently. "How's about it?"

"It's—good-idea," Hughie gasps.

"Okay, boss," Bob jubilates pushing the gun away and giving Hughie a hand up.

"Cut!" calls Keighley.

I notice several people eating the candy so I make a dash for it, too. Howard's got his mouth full so he can't talk, but he gets quite excited when he sees me pick up a piece and snatches it out of my hand. "Quit eatin' the props," he says as soon as he can get his mouth empty.

I glare at him violently but before I can think up a crushing rejoinder, Keighley comes up. "Haven't seen you around for sometime," he observes pleasantly.

Fancy a director missing me! Maybe I ought to be in pictures!

Meditating on that I wander over to the lunchroom. Lyle is there waiting, all right. Just as we sit down, Mervyn LeRoy, just pick up honey for his picture, is there. As soon as the "hello's" are over, Lyle turns to him eagerly. "Say, Merv, have you seen my last picture?"

"I hope so," says Merv, and Lyle subsides.

"Look it, Lyle," I begin, determined to make the best of a bad bargain, "we might just do an interview as long as we're here."

"Got any angles?" Lyle asks, brightening.

"Well, you told me once you didn't want to be a director. Let's do a story about the only actor in Hollywood who doesn't want to direct."

"But I do!" Lyle exclaims hotly. "I'm going to direct!"

"What you going to direct?" Mervyn coos softly from the next table. "Traffic?"

Lyle is just too utterly, utterly crushed. So crushed is he, he absent-mindedly reaches for the check when the lunch is over. My honor is saved and I duck over to Paramount before he discovers his mistake. I can think him for the lunch some other time.

At Paramount

THREE pictures in the works at this studio, but I don't mind. I nearly always have fun here. As I present my bearing countenance with a crumb or two purposely left on my mouth so they'll know I've had lunch and can give me an unusually welcome, Virginia Woods eyes me severely.

"You remember what happened last month," she begins. And then, as a look of injured innocence spreads across my face, she snaps, "Oh, you needn't look so darned hurt. You know what I mean. Now behave yourself this month."

"Yes, ma'am," I nod humbly.

The first set we grace with our presence (presences) is "Now and Forever." This is an important picture for several reasons. First there's Carole Lombard, and Carole as she looks today, in a filmy chiffon gown of periwinkle blue with a long train, is reason enough for any picture. "Hello, says she murmuring her victory march. I turn triumphantly to Virginia. "Don't get too close to me. From now on I'm going to charge to let people touch me."

"How come?" queries Virginia.

"How come? Why I've been kissed by Lombard, that's how come!"

"Huh," she sneers. "You call that a kiss? Now, where I come from—"

"Shut up," I mutter crossly. Always be-littling, that's Virginia for you. I turn to reason Number Two—Gary Cooper. "Hi, Cooper."

"Hi," says Gary. "Say, you should have been with me at the Colony Club the other night."

"Well, I would have been if you'd asked me," I reply brilliantly, and then, "All right, Mr. Bong, I have been with you at the Colony Club the other night?"

"You remember those women who used to go to a party last summer when we were down at Coronado?"

"Remember them?" I echo. "Will I ever forget them! Six feet two or three, serving green corn bread in their drink it, no idea who any of you were other than that you were celebrities, one of them mentioning that Oaklie looked like a dumb chook and asking was he in pictures. Do I remember them?"

"Yeah," says Cooper, "those are the ones. Well, the other night the mother of the tribe was out at the Colony. She sent word that an old friend of mine wanted to see me—Mrs. Steele. I thought maybe it was Mrs. Drexel Biddle Steele or somebody like
Jerry Bancroft is at work again at Paramount. This time he is making "Elmer and Else," which reveals the tender emotions of a truck driver.

his arm. George Barbier, president of the company, and Nella Walker, his wife, call on Bancroft and Frances.

Frances is going to play for them. She has just struck a chord when there is a loud knock at the door.

"That's probably someone to invite Elmer to dinner," Frances ventures. "They just can't hold a banquet without him." She rises, goes to the door and opens it, in time to see Jerry in the act of knocking.

"Bring in the rollers, Bill," he calls over his shoulder to his helper. They move in to the room but stop when they see George and Nella. The former half rises from his chair but the latter puts a restraining hand on his shoulder. There is a moment's silence as Bancroft eyes the small truck in Bill's hand.

"Hey!" he yelps. "What are you guys doing?"

"Takin' the piano," Shorty informs him tersely. "You're behind on your payments, ain't you?"

Imagine a contretempo like that in front of your boss! "Wait a minute, boys," Barbier says. "Is it true, he goes on darkly to Bancroft, "that you've been neglecting your payments?"

"There's a very good reason for it, Mr. Kincaid," Frances interrupts. "A very good reason."

"I am very strict at the factory about such things, Mrs. Beebe," Barbier informs her. Bancroft gets up quickly and starts for the door. He pauses a moment to whisper something into Frances' ear. "T'll be right back," he informs them and dashes out the door.

What a swell play that was! And what a swell picture it ought to make. A nice

KISS HIM WITH LIPS

... not lipstick!

Color-change principle makes TANGEE
part of Lips, not a smears Coating!

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UNTouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

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clean, lonely little comedy in which sex
is not dragged in, and in which the under-
world has no part. This should really be a
picture for the whole family. And see
who's in it:

Elmer Beebe, George Bancroft
Elsie Beebe . . . . Frances Fuller
Rocky Cott . . . . Roscoe Karns
John Kinscare . . . . George Barbiere
Mrs. E. V. Kinscare . . . . Nella Walker
George Simpson . . . . Charles Sellon
Ma Simpson, Helen Phillips Evans
Nestor Paullott, J. Robert Coni
Blanche . . . . Vera Stedman

From this set I trickle over to that
of "The Notorious Sophie Lang." I note with
dismay that Skippy (Alison Skipworth) isn't
working together. On the set all right,
dolled up as I have never seen her dolled
up before—when she isn't working. She has
on enough silver foxes to start a fox farm.
"It's not being chained to the tele-
phone waiting for a call from the studio,"
she explains, "so now I just come to the
studio to see if I'm wanted."

"When do you leave on your vacation?"
I query.

Skippy is what might be described as
"touchy." You never know when the sup-
posed option is gone. "I'm not going on
any vacation," she snaps. "I don't
need a vacation. I want to get
through with my contract and leave Holly-
wood for good."


"Yes, leave Hollywood," Skippy repeats;
"My option is due in January and I'm hop-
ing they take it. They're fools if
they pay me the increases my contract
calls for and I won't compromise for a
cent. I want to do a star's play."

"But, and Lord," I protest, "you work
constantly. Look at all the pictures you've
made."

"Trip!" Skippy informs me witheringly.
"Such trip! Why, if these Paramount of-
icials hadn't been stubborn as mules
I could have played in 'Reunion in Vienna'
in London. The thing is still running
there."

We are interrupted by Director Ralph
Murphy calling for silence. He wants to
make a call at Betty's shop and
they're in the throes of putting on a style
show. Racks line one side of the wall, with
the gowns the girls will wear hanging on
them. The models are standing around in
their seannors, waiting for the dressers
to get them ready for their next appearance.

Suddenly Gertrude Michael appears in
the doorway—not the one Lad-Jack Murphy
where the exhibit is being held—clad
in nothing but a bandeau and a very
abbreviated pair of panties. She hesitates a
moment as though afraid someone has
seen her enter.

"Here, you," snaps the man in charge
of the show. "Hurry up, You're late."

Skippy is in. The crooks mix up in the thing, some jewels are
stolen. Skippy, as she informs me, is the
biggest crook of them all. Here's

Sophie Lane, Gertrude Michael
Max Baer, Donald Cavanaugh
Aunt Nellie. Alison Skipworth
Peltz . . . . Lenor Errol
Inspector Far . . . . Arthur Byron
Capitan . . . . Ivan Targoff
1st Jeweler . . . . Arthur Hett
and Jeweler . . . . Edward McWade
Robin . . . . Norman Amesly
Countess de Cesar . . . . Grace Moore
August Telfen Ferdinand Gottschalk
Floor Walker . . . . Stanhope Wheatcroft
1st Clerk . . . . William Jeffries
and Clerk . . . . Jack Muhlall

On your left, ladies and gentlemen, we
have that peerless actor, Mr. Lee Tracy, in

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and Hay Fever

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DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing
and hard of hearing, who go to Church
and hear the Sermons, have
with these tiny devices. Their
with these tiny devices. They are called "Tinkers"
and are often given a
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from

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite
885, 70 5th Ave., New York
his first Paramount picture—"You Belong To Me." That is, we’ll have him when the film is completed, but today he isn’t working.

Today, the scene is a beer garden with a stage for outdoor entertainment. They’re rehearsing a number. The chairs are piled on the tables. At one side, just below the stage, sits a man in his shirt sleeves and derby, pounding a piano. On the stage, Helen Mack and Arthur Pierson are rehearsing a tap dance. Over at the side sits little David Jack Durant. What he is to the act, I can’t find out because Al Worky, the director, is too busy to tell me anything, and nobody else seems to know.

At any rate, Helen and Art are doing one of those routine dances that third rate vaudeville teams always put on and think they’re wowing the audience. As they dance, Helen looks up archly at Art and demands, ‘Tell me, Mr. Stanley—’

“What is it, Gorgeous?” Art obliges.

“We’re there any great men born in this town?”

“No,” says Art baldly, “only little babies.”

“Hey, wait!” indignantly from the brain of the man who has been watching them disgustedly from a piano stool at the side. “Fleurette always said that. That was her gag.”

“Av, gee, honey.” Helen pleads, stopping the dance and kneeling down beside him, “what difference does it make who says it is long, as we get the laughs?”

“After all, kid,” Art chimes in as he puts a linen robe around Helen’s shoulders, “who’s the comic in this act?”

David watches them as they walk off the stage. He returns to his stool, turns and delivers his parting shot: “If you ask me, there’s a woman in the act.”

They show no signs of ever getting beyond this one scene. Over and over and over and over they rehearse it and shoot it. It’s too fun there. Everybody’s working too hard so I leave. Here’s who you’ll see in the picture:

Bud Hannigan............Lee Tracy
Florette Faxon.............Helen Mack
Jim Paxson............David Jack Holt
But Stanley..................Arthur Pierson
Theatre Manager........Lyne Overman

On the R-K-O Lot

ONE picture shooting here. It’s “A Hat, A Coat, A Glove.” This, my dears, is the opus about which there was such a hullabaloo raised. First John Barrymore started it and then decided he no like. Then Paul Lukas was borrowed from Universal and Paul no like, too. After that, Adolphe Menjou said, “No” and they finally got Ricardo Cortez.

The story doesn’t sound any worse than most of them, so I can’t understand why nobody wanted to play it. It’s about a husband (Cortez) and his wife (Barbara Robbins) who decide on a trial separation. Babs goes to Greenwich Village where she and a younger man (John Beal) fall in love with each other. Just when divorce seems imminent, a girl from John’s past (Dorothy Burgess) turns up and we’re surprised. John, of all people, who says he knows nothing of the facts of life.

Well, to make a long story short, John commits suicide, John gets accused and this is how only one who can save him—yes, you guessed it!—Ric, because Ric was in John’s apartment when Dot kicked off. After the trial is over and John (you don’t mind if I call you Jack, Mr. Beal), Babs and Ric are in the judge’s chamber gabbing, and Barbara suddenly finds she loves Ric more than all. If I were a girl I’d prefer Jack. He’s younger and better looking but that’s Barbara’s business and the scenario writer’s.

“What makes you want to come back to me?” Ric asks curiously. “Love—or gratitude?”

“Love!” cries Barbara.

“Enough of it to last?” Ric persists. Barbara quite, quite overcome can only nod her head. When she regains control of herself, she goes on: “A strange courtship—own. Do you need a judge and a whole jury? Just to tell me what I should always have known?”

Mr. Beal is left holding the well-known bag.

“How’s it, Jack?” I ask when the scene is finished.

“What do you care? he comes back. You got nothing to worry about. Subtle! That’s Mr. Beal, for you. Incidentally, he’s probably going to be your next rive, girls. He’s the chap who played Henry’s nephew in ‘Another Language’—and good, too. Healthy, wealthy and wise. Well, anyhow, healthy and wealthy.

Here’s the line-up:

Robert Mitchell........Ricardo Cortez
Dorothea Mitchell........Barbara Robbins
Jerry Hutchins............John Beal
Mitchell’s Secretary.......Sarah Hayden
John Walters...............Samuel Hinds
Ann Brewster............Adolphe Menjou
Thomas Sullivan............Dorothy Burgess
David Durand..............Paul Harvey
Prosecutor................Murray Kinnell
Mme. Dubarry..............Margaret Hamilton

At Fox

TWO of you going here. First, there’s ‘Judge Priest,’ starring America’s home- spun philosopher—Mr. Will Rogers. This story is by the illustrious Irving Cobb. I didn’t see the plot, but the scene is a courtroom in a little town on the Mississippi River. Mr. Rogers is the judge. And guess who is facing him from the witness box? Stepin Fetchit.

Mr. Cobb is visiting on the set. He’s telling a story about a negro who was arrested for vagrancy, but when he came up before the judge the poor devil was so scared he stammered out “Fragrancy.”

“Put that in,” yells Director John Ford excitedly. “So they do.”

“Who gave you the name ‘Poindexter?’” Judge Rogers inquires peering over his specs.

“M-m-in-a-m Mistah Ranny,” Step finally stammers.

“You don’t mean Major Randolph Poindexter—down yonder at Pine Bluff?” Will asks, interested for the first time.


Helen Mack and Arthur Pierson are rehearsing a tap dance for "You Belong to Me," Lee Tracy's new picture.

'LOST FAT'
CALIFORNIA Nurse Says

Recommends Easy Way

• Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1926
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writes Reno woman

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"Well, salt me down!" exclaims the judge, taking off his specs. "Major Ranny! Peers to me," he continues, "like you Poindexter always gettin' mixed up with chickens." Addressing an old soldier in the rear of the courtroom, wearing a gray uniform, "Seem lak I recollect, Sergeant, that you and the Major had right smart to do with the flesh of the fowl." There is a lengthy confab between the spectators in the courtroom and the judge about Major Poindexter's love of chickens, but the reminiscences are broken up in the story by Benton Churchill.

On the honor, he expositates, "is this a court of law? I ask you—is THIS A COURT OF LAW?"

"Now don't get hot up, Senator," Will adjures him, growing a little stern. Relucantly he turns back to the transcript. "What you charged with Jeff?"

"Fragrancy," comes in a plaintive voice from Step.

"You're right," opines the judge taking a tentative snuff. He turns to the sheriff. "You better open that window.

When the scene is finished, Will turns to Mr. Cob. "Funny thing," he draws. "Other night at the theatre he's playin' out here in 'Ah, Wilderness!,' I come out between the acts an' told 'em: 'Anybody who's seen George M. Cohan in this show in New York can get half their money back at the box office,' and some guy in the audience tells me, 'Why, you don't think you're half as good as Cohan, do you?'" At last Judge Priest, in the person of Will Rogers, comes to the screen and before him stands Stepin Fetchit, the most successful colored player.

Well, salt me down. I thought Bing Crosby was the only one who told jokes like that on himself.

With Mr. Rogers in this classic are:


Across the street is a little number variously known as "The Painted Lady" and "The Wanted." The painted one is Rosemary Ames and her sidekick is Pett Kelton.

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Learn Photography at HOME

Donald to sing them, what more could any one ask? And the most sumptuous sets ever assembled made a picture in my experience as a set-coverer.

This particular set is the royal bedroom. There’s no sense describing it because you’ve seen dozens of royal bed chambers, but this is bigger and more elaborate than any of them.

In the little kingdom of Marisbrow, George Brice is the Duke of Una Merkel as queen. Chevalier is a philandering captain in the Royal Guard, who is so successful in his manoeuvres he wants the name of the prince to be changed to his.

There’s a fabulously wealthy young widow—Jeanette MacDonald—who will have none of him but when he climbs her garden wall it stirs vainglorious longings. She puts aside her mourning and goes to Paris.

King George is alarmed. Her taxes keep his place going. He’s afraid she will marry and move away, and he wants to send the most dazzling of his courtiers after her and then Fate plays into his hand. He discovers Chevalier and Queen Una are carrying on a liaison. He has just sent for them to come to the royal bedroom. As they enter, badly frightened, George locks the door, having nothing to allay their fears. He crosses the room and locks another door.

As he starts towards the second door Chevalier hastily takes a diamond bracelet from his coat and hands it to Una, who knows quickly, while George’s back is turned, and clasps it about her ankle.

“As I have announced importantly, let’s keep this a scandal between ourselves. This must be kept out of history. Not a soul must know.”

“Now,” George announces importantly, “let’s keep this a scandal between ourselves. This must be kept out of history. Not a soul must know.”

“Wanted,” with Pert Kelton, will revive your interest in plantation killings.

They’re only some birds in a gilded cage—the cage behind a Malay hide, or in a gilded lily where vvhat the polite name is, I guess they were forced into the business because they’re plainly sick of it, and every dime or dollar they can save is laid by to open a tea room.

Victor Jory—and he is a sight in his make-up, with rubber stoppers in his nose to spread his nostrils—is a native who owns an island nearby. He kills his neighbor while trying to get his plantation, but the neighbor has willed it to his nephew (Russell Hardie). So Vic tries to have Russ killed, but Rosemary finds him and takes him home. She nurses him and they fall in love with each other.

Vic wants Rosemary (and who can blame him?) but she doesn’t want him. They’re arguing things out in the cafe, with a couple of Japanese dancers undulating around. Pert, in a blue satin gown with a lei of organdy petals around her neck, is at the bar accumulating funds for the tea room.

“Here,” says the drunk, “take this.” He pushes a roll of bills that would choke an ox in her eager fist.

“Oh,” murmurs Pert, returning his embrace, “I can’t.”

“Take it,” insists the souce who is so drunk he probably thinks he’s getting his money’s worth.

“Oh, I couldn’t.” Pert repeats as she stuffs the money in her dress and drifts off down the bar.

“Hi, pal,” Vic greets me when the scene is over. “Can you get hold of Jimmy Cagney and his wife and Chester and Sue Morris? I want you all to come by my place for drinks, and then I want you to take you over to the Pasadena Community Theatre to see ‘Cavalcade.’ They’re giving a great performance. See if you can get them lined up for Friday night,” he finishes as he goes back for another “take.”

Mona___________Rosemary Ames
David Landeen____________Russell Hardie
Beauregard__________Victor Jory
Gilda____________Pert Kelton
Dr. Otto Steiner______________George Irving

Over At M-G-M

There’s only one picture going out here today although “Stamboul Quest” is on the schedule, but, oh, gosh! kids, it’s “The Merry Widow” and every time I think of it I break into a fever of anticipation. I know all you know: I don’t often get excited about forthcoming pictures—old man Sverooge himself—the chronic grouch. But, gosh! What do I care what the plot is like? They’ve kept every single song that was in the original score, and with Jeanette Mac-
A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1 A young horse
2 The more entertaining negro actor in pictures
3 Most desirable
4 He was the patient doctor in "The Right to
   Romance"
5 A species of deer
6 A card game
7 A dry measure (abbr.)
8 The United States
9 Within
10 A term in bridge
11 Make a mistake
12 To race
13 Mary Boland’s mate in many films (initials)
14 An impromptu of celebrities (initials)
15 A measure of distance (abbr.)
16 The composer in "Sisters Under the Skin"
17 A Robin hood
18 Avenue (abbr.)
19 Leap
20 A shade tree
21 A man’s name (abbr.)
22 The sun god
23 You’ll be seeing her in "Mrs. Wiggs of the
   Cabbage Patch"
24 Well skilled
25 A mode of Transportation (abbr.)
26 Breaks suddenly
27 A definite article
28 A title of respect (abbr.)
29 To urge forward
30 Finish
31 A noun suffix
32 A beverage
33 The star reporter in "Tell Me the Truth"
34 A writer of gangster stories
35 A Belgian coin
36 Coming after all others
37 To serve unexpectedly
38 A modern volcano matter
39 An American soprano (initials)
40 Lyn Dublin in "The Affairs of a Gentleman"
41 Indefinite article
42 A small secluded valley
43 Pertaining to wood
44 A sketch
45 His first American picture will be "Crepapata"
46 Superficial knowledge
47 She’s in "Dr. Barry"
48 Thorne in "Fog Over Frisco"
49 Speech of hesitancy
50 Film in which Richard Dix was starred
51 Temporary shelter
52 A Norma Shearer picture
53 He was born in Racine, Wis.
54 A favorite English actor
55 An edged instrument for cutting stone
56 An important protagonist at a baseball game
57 "Little Mary, What Now?"
58 A musical term meaning very soft (abbr.)
59 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
60 Motoring
61 A member of the Moore brothers (initials)
62 Territorial
63 First name of foreign actress
64 German
65 A greasing of cheer and appreciation
66 Period of time
67 "The Great Flirtation" is her latest film
68 Una Merkel’s girl friend
69 An ingredient of bath powder
70 A gaseous element of the atmosphere
71 Articles of furniture
72 To become calm
73 A number
74 The greatest city in the U.S.A. (abbr.)
75 The first name of Swedish comedian
76 Beloved
77 Italian River
78 Two-toed sloth

At a party do this puzzle out loud—fun!

DOWN
1 Public conveyances
2 One of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
3 An army officer (abbr.)
4 Short essays on given subjects
5 "Born to be Kissed"
6 A wooden plant
7 Disintegrate
8 One succeeding another in the possession of prop-
   erty
9 Public conveyances
10 Horror story
11 Speech of hesitancy
12 Film in which Richard Dix was starred
13 Temporary shelter
14 A Norma Shearer picture
15 He was born in Racine, Wis.
16 A favorite English actor
17 An edged instrument for cutting stone
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36 The greatest city in the U.S.A. (abbr.)
37 The first name of Swedish comedian
38 Beloved
39 Italian River
40 Two-toed sloth

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

Silver Screen for September 1934

Editor

Garbo as Anna Christie

YOUR editor, as he puts Silver Screen for September, 1934, to press, recalls tucking away Screenland for September, 1934. And that is an epoch.

In these ten years a few pictures stand out clearly in memory, and if we were to make a list of the ten greatest of all time, we would first mention "The Covered Wagon" and then "The Birth of a Nation," because they seemed to open the screen to its full power. They were silent. Then there was "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford—but the recent edition was quite as good. "Stella Dallas" lingers in our mind. A few years ago there was "The Champ" and recently "Lady for a Day," which seems as fine as any of them. Run, you other one, "It Happened One Night," was also fine indeed.

We used to be more sentimental, and the cracking action of "Scarface" does not bring to mind as sweet a memory as either of the editions of "Smilin' Thru." What pictures "Don Q," and "Scaramouche" were! It was Bill Hart who taught the movies manure, but that was long ago. "She Done Him Wrong" was the beginning of suggestive entertainment but entertainment for all that.

We have seen the Red Sea part for Mr. DeMille's "Ten Commandments." We have seen Tom Mix ride and have enjoyed Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In." If we had to award a laurel wreath it would probably go to "Anna Christie"—to our two favorites, Garbo and Dresler.

Do you remember Jannings Laughton makes you think of him. Jeanne Eagels was wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten. Then there was a little fellow named Chaplin, Charles Chaplin, and a girl named Betty Bronson who played "Peter Pan" about the time that Gilbert was in "The Big Parade." No one fills their places and they made it very easy for any editor. People wanted to know about them much more than they do about our present players.

Which were the greatest pictures? Can you improve on our list?

Silver Screen for September 1934

Silver Screen for September 1934

Silver Screen for September 1934
Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Tattoo your lips and you'll dare romance! Tattoo... that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance... tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else... Tattoo is so softening, so tenderly smooth... lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply Tattoo... let it set... wipe it off... only the color stays. No pastiness... only the color... the warm red of challenge to adventure... to fate!

More than one shade of Tattoo will become you... try at least two for differing costume harmonies... select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo for lips, $1.

Then... Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

FOUR STARTLING SHADES

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light, Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature size of Tattoo (Lipstick) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, CHICAGO

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO
TIRED?

"When I'm tired and feel the need of a 'lift' I smoke a Camel and soon feel like my real self again!"

GEORGIA COLEMAN
OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION

After swimming... after a hard day's work... any time when you need new vim and energy — light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, rich flavor your flow of natural energy will be restored.

This "energizing effect" in Camels, a discovery confirmed by a famous research laboratory in New York, occurs in a harmless and utterly delightful manner. As your latent energy is made available, your fatigue and irritability become a thing of the past!

And so we say, whenever you need new energy, "get a lift with a Camel!" You can smoke Camels all you wish without concern over jangled nerves.

For the finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS in Camels never get on your nerves.

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on your Nerves

"Get a LIFT
with a Camel!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
READ "That Flair for Being Glamorous"

Silver Screen

OCTOBER

10c
IN CANADA 15 CENTS

Loretta Young

John Rolston Clarke
“Cleans better...costs less
...that's why I like it!”

These advantages alone account for the tremendous popularity of Listerine Tooth Paste

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

Solely because of the results it brings, millions of persons have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice with the fresh, cool flavor.

Listerine Tooth Paste does brighten teeth surprisingly. Improvement is noticeable after only a few days' use. Film and discoloring stains disappear quickly. The polishing agent is extremely gentle yet positive in action. Gritty tooth pastes have no place in today's dental care. If you are using one, try this better way.

You will be quick to notice the high lustre which Listerine Tooth Paste brings to your teeth and how much better your gums look and feel. How delightfully clean and refreshed your mouth is—just as you'd expect from a Listerine product.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more! LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
• Coming events cast their shadows before

TRIBUTE PAID AT DRESSLER BURIAL RITES

By Marjorie Driscoll

WHERE the friendly sunshine through a golden window laid its infinite benediction on marble and bronze, they placed yesterday the tired body of Marie Dressler's immortal soul had left behind.

There will be sunshine in the corner of the Forest Lawn Mausoleum where she rests, and the peaceful coolness of gathering dusk. There will be sun and shadow on the grass and the flowers outside, and the song of birds and the hurrying silver feet of the rain.

Quietly, tenderly they said good-bye to her yesterday, a hundred men and women who lout a beloved friend when Marie Dressler died, in Santa Barbara last Saturday, but whose tears were stung because rest and peace had come to her at last.

Flowers filled the Wes Kirk of the Heavens; flowers were massed on the lawn outside. And afterward, the flowers, loaded after load of them, were taken to the infantile paradox wards of the General Hospital where, during her last illness, Marie Dressler sent her own motion picture projector so little sick children might forget their troubles.

The organ music was only a breath at first in the blossom-sweetened air of the balsam-fragrant church, as Catherine Lewis played for the last time for her friend.

"Going home—going home—I'm just going home."

A great white cross of flowers looked down as six men, who were Marie Dressler's friends, brought the casket of dull bronze slowly up the aisle; Clar- ence Brown, Jack Conway, Myrna Loy and Charles Reiner, who had been her directors; William K. Howard and W. S. Van Dyke.

"On the Resurrection and the Life," intoned the Rev. Neil Dodds, and softly through his voice came the organ notes:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee."

They placed the casket among the flowers. It was very still in the little church. Outside, a bird began to sing.

The organ music rose again, and unseen, Jeanette McDonald sang:

"I shall see Him face to face;
And be with those I love once more."

Steady and comforting were the old words the minister spoke:

"The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

It had been such a long, hard struggle, before she had whispered: "I made a good fight, didn't I?—and closed her eyes for the last time.

And then the farewell:

"The Lord bless and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you. The Lord give you peace."

Only those nearest and dearest were there when the crypt received Marie Dressler's body and the last benediction was spoken. The others had gone out through the great gates where the crowd still lingered.

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Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", and Charles Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

Norma Shearer
Fredric March
Charles Laughton

in

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

with

Maureen O'Sullivan
Katharine Alexander

From the play by...Rudolph Besier
Directed by...Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

for October 1934
AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fine. A sophisticated comedy of Renaissance—with Fred MacMurray, a celebrated artist and lover, Frank Morgan the skittish Duke of Florence & Constance Cotton as his clever Duchess.

*BABY TAKE A BOW—Fine. Just the fact that Shirley Temple is in this picture should make you want to see it. She's an adorable youngster, and makes quite a force out of this "who's got the necklace" mystery. (James Dunn)

*BLOSSOM TIME—Excellent. The tender romance of the composer Schubert's life brought to the screen by the British in a fashion that is completely Viennese. Charming Viennese atmosphere, beautiful melodies.

*CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Good. A film made from one of the most exciting of the "Charlie Chan" stories, with Warner Oland again cast as the suave Charlie Chan who is always nipping at a scoundrel's heels.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—Fair. This costume picture with incidentel music is one of the least amusing of the Wheeler-Wooley comedies—but, you've got to like them to like it. (Thelma Todd & Dorothy Lee).

CRIME OF HELEN STANLEY—Fair. A red-headed, a Vermeer mystery with no melodramatic touches—and with the usual espionage intrigue, led by Inspector Ralph Bellamy. (Gail Patrick, Shirley Grey)

*ELMER AND ELsie—Fine. A nice whole-some domestic comedy of George Arliss as Elmer, a piano truckman, who marries Elsie, a small town concert pianist. Roscoe Karns furnishes much of the hearty laughs.

FIFTEEN WIVES—Fair. As if one wife wasn't enough for any modern man! Yet here's a modern Bluebeard who had all of fifteen. See and see what happens to them all. (Conway Tearle, Noel Francis, Raymond Hatton).


MONEY MEANS NOTH.ING—Fair. There have been rackets on almost every money commodity—now we have one on automobile insurance. A laugh led by Wallace Ford, Gloria Shea & Edward Kennedy helps this along.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Excellent. Jean Arthur turns in a remarkably deft characterization in a Madame X type of role. Donald Cook, Dick Cromwell and Anita Louise in excellent cast.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—Good. A murder mystery that, oddly enough, is highly amusing. There's not a creep in all its six reels. How could there be, with such comedians as Chas. Ruggles & Una Merkel in the lead?

NELL GWYN—Fine. An amusing episode in romantic English history, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II, the King who was completely bewitched by the rowdy, witty little actress who had no social background at all.

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG—Amusing. Gertrude Michael has her first big role in this spirited farce dealing with the cleverness of crooks. Paul Cavanagh, Alphonse Skipworth, Leon Errol & Arthur Byron in cast.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Excellent. One of the better films. It is the characterization of an introspective, played splendidly by Leslie Howard, and his inimitation for Bette Davis, an undeserving waitress.

OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Fine. This is a W. C. Fields comedy—good for those who like his brand of humor. For those who don't, there's Joe Morrison, of Last Round-up fame, who warbles some fine new songs.

ON SECRET SERVICE—Good. A spy story of the World War. The plot is packed with intrigue and excitement and there are no battle scenes. Made abroad, with Greta Nissen & Don Alvarado in lead.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Splendid. Really, you shouldn't miss this film. It has everything necessary for an enchanting night's entertainment. The exquisite Grace Moore sings beautifully and her Cariamini is perfect in the role of her operatic instructor.

OUR DAILY BREAD—Fine. Watching two gallant young members of the city's unemployed trying to dig a living out of a deserted farm gives one a thrill that strikes deep into the heart. (Karen Morley—Tom Keene).

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Fair. Fight enthusiasts will enjoy this yarn, even though the situations are a trifle time-worn. Cast includes: Pat O'Brien, Ulyda Farrell, Claire Dodd.

*SCARLET EM-PIRE—THE—Interesting. Jos. Von Sternberg directed this artily edition of Catherine the Great of Russia—and even if the drama doesn't entertain we have Marlene Dietrich in many glamorous poses.


*SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Good. When the best arrives in Shanghai, Alice Faye, who waltzes at a cabaret, has Lew Ayres (the pride of the Navy) on her trail. A rowdy farce with a familiar plot.

SHE LOVES ME NOT—Excellent. A fast-paced, amusing and exciting adaptation of a popular play—with versatile Miriam Hopkins taping to her heart's content and Bing Crosby crooning to your heart's content.

SHOOT THE WORKS—Fine. The plot is not original, but the acting is. No one is particularly clever, so scintillating that everything seems fresh and new. Good music, amusing theme, and Jack Oakie, Dorothy Dell and Arlene Judge.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Swell. Otto Kruger as the charming young chap whom the ladies can't resist. His decision to reform and "go straight" furnishes the basis of the amusing plot. (Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel).

STAMBUL QUEST—Splendid. One of the best of the Exposition epoch. With Myrna Loy utterly delightful as the exceptionally clever girl out to catch a traitor. (Geo. Brent, Lionel Atwill, C. Henry Gordon).

THEIR BIG MOMENT—Fair. This latest ZaSu Pitts—Slim Summerville story boasts a mixture of comedy and melodrama. It also boasts a splendid supporting cast, including Kay Johnson, Ralph Morgan, Julie Haydon.

*WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Fine. A splendid characterization for Walter Conolly of a man who—in one black moment of fright—commits the unpardonable sin of playing the coward. (Doris Kenyon, Robert Young).

*WE'RE RICH AGAIN—Most amusing. Even though they're on the verge of bankruptcy, those mad, mad Pages (so reminiscent of the Mergles) do the most outlandish things. A topsy turvy household that you grow to adore. (Dulcie Harvard, Joan Marsh, Grant Mitchell).

* Suitable for Children

Silver Screen
GIFT OF GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment Supreme!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

☆ Edmund Lowe
☆ GLORIA STUART
☆ PHIL BAKER
☆ Paul Lukas
☆ Ethel Waters
☆ Chester Morris
☆ Alexander Woollcott
☆ Douglass Montgomery
☆ Binnie Barnes
☆ Roger Pryor
☆ Karloff
☆ Gene Austin
☆ Graham McNamee
☆ Bela Lugosi
☆ Alice White

☆ Ruth Etting
☆ June Knight
☆ Victor Moore
☆ Andy Devine
☆ Hugh O'Connell
☆ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
☆ Sterling Holloway
☆ Henry Armetta
☆ Downey Sisters
☆ Beal Street Boys
☆ Douglas Fowley
☆ Wini Shaw
☆ Helen Vinson
☆ Candy and Coco
☆ Surprise Personality

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

for October 1934
The $10 Letter

MARY BELLE WALLEY of Butler, N. J., writes "When I think of movie stars, they arrange themselves in groups—something after the manner of instruments in an orchestra. There's Garbo and Dietrich, Arliss and the Barrymores, Irene Dunne and Elissa Landi, Dolores Del Rio and Claudia Colbert, Miriam Hopkins and Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy and Loretta Young.

Objection! Myrna has an alluring, secretive way, but Loretta is as open as a morning glory.

"WHY should the movies, where realism is concerned, be behind the best of modern books and grown-up conversation?" asks Jean R. Browne of Seattle, Wash. "Sugary sentimental pap is as bad for the mind as any filth could be, for the normal healthy-minded individual rejects the former as well as the latter."

They did reject "Daddy Long Legs" noticeably, nor spurn "Lady for a Day."

"WE HUMANS do so crave illusion!" writes M. Collins of Chicago, Ill. "What we cling to—read in books and go back to again and again in drama—are those tales and characters who create for us the illusion of undying romance."

"That's just why we hate to read of divorces."

"I HOPE that in the attempt to please the public, the producer will not bend over backward and put red flannels on the chorus girls," writes Mrs. E. H. Roberts of Waunatosa, Wisc. "It has taken many years for some of us to overcome the shock of seeing a pair of bare legs. With the brief bathing suits, shorts, etc., our children are growing up unconscious of their bodies. To keep that state of unconsciousness is rather splendid, I think, for the human body is after all a beautiful thing. Cleaning up the movies would seem to me a matter of building higher ideals, putting clean thoughts into young minds rather than covering up the outside."

Next stop Nudistville?

EVELYN TUCKER of New York City asks "Why not give us more actresses with such sweet and lovable personalities as Janet Gaynor and Jean Parker?"

Pretty good for little Jean to be coupled with Janet, the veteran.

"IN LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?" Alan Hale, in his character of both villain and Santa Claus, was lovable and charming," writes Helen Mayer of The Dalles, Ore. "I trust the directors will not submerge him again in minor roles, since he has proved himself an actor of real finesse. And he is the only actor with a theme song.

"MARGARET SULLAVAN in 'Little Man, What Now?' announces that she is in an 'interesting condition.' She continues her slim waisted way throughout the picture, and, just before the stork arrives, appears in a ravishing new creation, and is the last word in willowy wisps!" writes Mrs. R. W. Ballard of Charlotte, N. C. "Really, it must be marvellous. I've never had the pleasure!"

The yearning for realism!

"MISS DRESSLER proved that success depends on brains and courage. That neither good looks nor youth are essential," writes M. F. Doner of Seattle, Wash. "She also proved that popularity and wealth can be earned from plays that deal with the normal human interests of normal human beings."

Greatness is always simple.

"WHY do the producers think it necessary to change so often the title of a picture while it is being made? A good example of this is the new Jean Harlow picture. This picture has been announced under four titles, 'Fading War a Lady,' 'One Hundred Per Cent Pure,' 'Born to Be Kissed,' and 'The Girl from Missouri,'" writes Glen McCausland, Jr., of Lyndhurst, Va. "This practice is very confusing to the public and often causes someone to miss a picture they wanted to see."
Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

LESLIE HOWARD
KAY FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz • • • A First National Picture • • •
Fan Letter to Al Jolson

Dear Mr. Jolson:

I am delighted to hear that you are about to start a new picture. I doubt if you will have such a wonderful song in it as "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," which I am singing yet. That song made a hit with me because I heard you sing it at the Winter Garden in New York, and it seems to express so perfectly the spirit that you have always given to us.

Here's good luck to your picture.

Sincerely,

Ann Lowry
Binghamton, N. Y.

Al Agrees With Ann

Dear Ann,

What wouldn't I give for another "Rainbow round my shoulders!"

But you never can tell where it's going to lead you. And do you want anything better than to hear the new songs in my new picture of singing? Singing means anything to me if I hear you singing the song before your picture gets to me.

Sincerely,

Al Jolson

Fan Letter to Ann Sothern

Dear Miss Sothern:

Your charm and beauty added much to the loveliness of "Melody in Spring" and "Let's Fall in Love," and it is indeed refreshing to find such a vivid and delightful star nearing the peak of film success along with other Hollywood notables.

Do you plan to return to the stage? Do you believe that Hollywood offers more of an opportunity to achieve your ultimate aim than the musical comedy footlights?

Sincerely,

Marie Burr
Woodhaven, N. Y.

Ann Writes to Marie Burr

Fan Letter to Frances Drake

Dear Frances Drake:

You have been one of my favorite movie stars ever since I first saw you act. I don't know you so very well, but, regardless of that, I do like your way of acting.

What is your home city and state? I would like to know how you got into the movies and what was your first part on the stage? I am deeply interested in you. Loads of good luck, happiness and success.

Respectfully yours,

Carmen Anderson
Wakefield, Mich.

The Answer to Miss Anderson

Thank you for your charming letter. We are glad to keep from you how thrilled we were to hear. You have followed my advice to use your charm in every possible way. I hope you will continue to use your charm and be successful.

Yours sincerely,

Carmen Anderson

The Star Says "Thank You"

Dear Miss Weise:

There is a wonderful letter and I am so happy that you think this is the perfect American performance as The Missionary. Congratulations. I tried to live a life of kindness and compassion in my life, my work, my picture, and The Song of the Horse. Again thank you for your good wishes, yours sincerely.

Frances Drake

Fan Letter to Al Jolson

Dear Al Jolson:

Gosh, I've got the whoa-wham! I just saw "Murder at the Vanities," and last they have discovered a real star. I think you are perfectly well. I really can't express my feelings, but I do think you're swell. I hope you make loads of other pictures.

There's something about your attitude, the way you walk, and the little gestures you make with your hands, that everyone who sees you can't help but admire. I would greatly appreciate an answer.

Very truly yours,

Margaret Weise
Lake Worth, Fla.
Mail for Ginger Rogers

Dear Ginger—

You are all that your name implies—peppy, buoyant, radiant and utterly lovely. I have often wondered just how you acquired and are able to keep the vitality which you seem to possess. Your figure is the envy of thousands of girls, everywhere. How do you keep your trim, slender appearance—by dioting, exercise, or both?

Please answer, Ginger, won't you—for I'm certain there are many more interested in this question.

Virginia H. McDowell
Ronceverte, W. Va.

Ginger Answers Virginia

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for all the nice things you said in your letter.

So sorry I cannot give you a recipe for a nice figure, as I
have never even thought of it before. In face, when I was
and while I played tennis and danced, I did so
for the joy of it, and no one to judge. So
you see, there is nothing I can tell you, as much as I
would love to.

I guess a figure is like the color of the
jos in the hand; you just have it.

Moss Rilnev
Ronceverte, W. Va.

———

Reduce...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing

We want you
to try the Perfolastic Girdle.
Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

The massage-like action REDUCES
QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

1. The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

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Without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!


These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST... the Perfolastic Girdle at our expense!

1. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

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for October 1934
The best guessing game being played in Hollywood now—and by practically everyone—is guessing whether Garbo will sign a new contract or go back to Sweden. Her contract with Metro will be all fini when she completes "The Painted Veil," and Hollywood is wondering what she will do. In the meantime, Garbo, as usual, says nothing. However, it seems that she really is warming up quite a bit to the studio that first welcomed her as an Ugly Duckling and then discovered to its amazement that she had become the most beautiful Swan of all times. For the first time since she became famous, La Svede has permitted the telephone number of her dressing room to be listed in the studio directory. Also, the studio knows where she lives! And instead of hiding away in a dark corner between takes on her picture, Garbo now comes right out in the open and paces for half an hour at a time in the bright sunshine in front of the stage where she is working. You may be sure that studio employees and tourists take full advantage of this. But just in case you might forget that she's Garbo, there's a guard with a gun standing at the stage door.

When Mary Pickford heard that Doug Sr., was returning (she was in Chicago at the time), she said: "I cannot say what studio employees and tourists take full advantage of this. But just in case you might forget that she's Garbo, there's a guard with a gun standing at the stage door.

When someone asked Anna Sten in an interview what she thought of censorship, she said: "Sleep eat." Smart girl, Anna.

New Titles for Old

Some of the (New Pictures Have Brand New Names

"Straight Is the Way" (Franchot Tone) formerly .......... "Four Walls"
"Lovetime" (Nils Asther) formerly ................... "Serenade"
"Pursued" (Victor Jory) formerly ................... "The Painted Lady"
"We Live Again" (Anna Sten) formerly ............... "Resurrection"
"Chained" (Joan Crawford) formerly ................. "Sacro and Profane Love"
"Happiness Ahead" (Dick Powell) formerly .......... "Gentlemen Are Born"
"Belle of the Nineties" (Mac West) formerly .......... "The Belle of the GAY Nineties"
"That St. Louis Woman" formerly ................... "The Belle of New Orleans"
"It Ain't No Sin"

And One Starlet Also Got the Idea

June Lang formerly known as ......................... June Vlasek

Be sure to read Silver Screen next month. Enter the competition for a movie title and win one of the many prizes.

No complicated conditions—just two titles on the coupon. See November Silver Screen


**Topics for Gossips**

Some People Do Not Like Suggestive Films and Their Name Is Legion.

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**SILVER SCREEN**

The whole town's laughing about the wire that Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia pictures, sent to Director Milestone, who was out "on location" in the Pacific with "The Captain Hates the Sea" company. "Milly" had assured Cohn that he would only have to be on location for a week or ten days to pick up sea shots, but what with fog and strikes in Los Angeles Harbor the company was flapping about on the ocean waves for almost four weeks. So Cohn wired: "For heaven's sake, hurry and finish the picture stop The cost is staggering." To which the laconic Milly replied: "So is the cast.

The picture is now laughingly called "Harry Cohn and John Gilbert and The Captain Hates the Sea." But the studio is looking for a new title, as they say there isn't any sex appeal in "The Captain Hates the Sea." It will probably end up by being called "It Happened One Night at Sea."

The lovely sheen you see on Marlene Dietrich's hair, which gives it such a beautiful aura, is attained by sprinkling gold dust on it. You, too, can have an aura if you wish.

Phillips Holmes conscientiously saves every foreign stamp from his fan mail for the daughter of his favorite cameraman.

Elissa Landi was discussing actors and the art of acting with Mrs. Pat Campbell at a Hollywood party. Elissa said that she liked George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." "But my child," snorted Mrs. Pat, "he doesn't act. He merely behaves.

**ARROWHEAD SPRINGS** is now the place to go around Hollywood "to get away from it all." Situated on the side of a huge mountain, in the outskirts of San Bernadino, about two hours' drive from Hollywood, Arrowhead Springs Inn has become a most popular rendezvous. It was there that Lovetta Young Red to mend her broken heart after she and Spencer Tracy had agreed to go separate ways. And it was there that Lee Tracy went to regain his health before starting his strenuous Paramount contract. Jean Harlow rushed there the minute "The Girl from Missouri" (which had retakes three times) was done to get over the strain of picture-making. Higher up on the mountain, Garbo and Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy have hide-away shacks where they try their own eggs and paddle their own canoes on Arrowhead Lake.

**HERBERT MARSHALL** is the "most in demand" leading man in Hollywood at the present moment. He is working with Garbo in "The Painted Veil," and Norma Shearer is impatiently waiting to start "Marie Antoinette" as soon as he finishes the Garbo film.

When Helen Hayes played in "What Every Woman Knows" on Broadway about seven years ago, she had, as part of her quaint wardrobe, a pair of stubby-toed, high-laced shoes to which she became very attached. When the play closed after a long and prosperous run Helen insisted upon keeping the shoes—just in case she might play "What Every Woman Knows" again sometime. But the years went on and no producer, either on Broadway or in Hollywood, seemed to care the least bit that Helen wanted to play "What Every Woman Knows" again. So, finally, this last spring, when Kenneth MacNally (Kay Francis' ex) opened in a New York play, she sent him one of the shoes filled with flowers—because Ken had starred with her in her favorite play. Well, of course, as soon as she had parted with the shoe, Metro bought "What Every Woman Knows" from Paramount and assigned Helen to the rôle. Now she wants her shoe back.

**JOE** down as "most embarrassing moments." Lyle Talbot's experience in playing an Indian in "The Dragon Murder Case." With the aid of a little dark makeup, Lyle was doing nicely, until a scene came along requiring him to go swimming. It seems that Lyle had been unable to get down to the beach this year to get his seasonal "tanning," and when he walked onto the set in his bathing suit, ready for the "take," the sun about his neck where the make-up ended and his "lily white body" began, was nothing but startling! He lit out for the beach and didn't come back until he was a nice mustard color.

**CARL BRISSON** was quite the rage at Ernst Lubitsch's magnificent house-warming, which brought out most of the local celebrities. A cute little Wampa baby star, who had arrived with a big executive, started twittering: "Oh, I must meet Mr. Brisson. I think he is the cutest man. He's just adorable. I love him." A tall, handsome brunette smiled at her sweetly, and said with a slight accent, "I shall be charmed to introduce you, my child." It was Mrs. Carl Brisson.

[Continued on page 53]
With Mrs. Wiggs in Her Cabbage Patch

By Patricia Keats

Miss Hazy is married in style in the Cabbage Patch. ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields with Pauline Lord, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor.

You Will Laugh Through Your Tears at the Tender and Charming Picture That Has Been Made From the Beautiful Old Story.

JUST a minute now, folks, while Patsy the Pest polishes up her crystal. My, my, the patter of little feet all over the darned thing. I'm going to look into the future and do a little nifty soothsaying about coming events that cast their shadows on the silver screen. So hold everything now while I go into my medium all done up and transcend into the Great Beyond.

Whoops! Is this a trance! And am I psychic? I see—I see—great joy for you—laughter and smiles and that old tug at the heart strings that brings tears even to the eyes of cold-blooded bankers—those who aren't in jail. I see more entertainment than you've had since you were a small kid and went to your first thrilling matinee at the Big Opery House.

I see all of you going to see "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and loving it and adoring it and wondering why in heck you haven't seen Pauline Lord before on the screen. I see you going completely huffy over ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields, and Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor, and five of the cutest kids ever. And the Cabbage Patch—wait till you see the Cabbage Patch—and Cuffy, the sway-back horse. Goodness gracious sake alive, I'm getting all excited over it myself—so I'm off to the Lasky Mesa where the Mrs. Wiggs company is on location, and I bet it's going to be some fun.

"Well, for lookin' at the promised land," as Miss Hazy says. Back in 1901, when Alice Hegan Rice wrote the famous "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," that was the way ladies had to swear. They couldn't say "damnit" or "for cryin' out loud" or—oh well, never you mind. And I must say Miss Hazy's little remark was very apropos when I arrived at the location and first glimpsed the impoverished desolation that graced the Lasky Mesa. Talk about "po' white trash"—why the place was simply cooking with "po' white trash." And I felt like a homing pigeon. I love "po' white trash."

And what a Cabbage Patch come gloriously to life! There was Miss Hazy's dilapidated but tidy shack, with its sign on the front porch "Miss T. Hazy Plain Sewing"—and you'd just know they had to crowd up the "n" and the "g." And, next door, the Wiggs shanty with its roof of flattened tin cans, its salvaged cracked window panes, its Chic Sales in the rear, its barren chicken coop, its wash tub, and the clothes line simply weighed down with union suits, long drawers and corset covers. Next but not guilty. And on the corner was Mr. Bagby's General Merchandise—Est. 1892—with the window cluttered with lanterns and overalls and school satchels and fly paper in action, and something in velvet that the well-dressed Cabbage Patch lady might wear if her old man ever brought home four hits. And on the corner was Mr. Pridy's Junk Shop, wherein I found the most marvelous old baby buggies, dressmaking dummies, a sewing machine of the eighteen-ninety vintage, old mattresses, bath tubs (of the Saturday night variety) wagon wheels, broken china, old pewter—gosh, the swellest junk (antiques to you) I've seen since I went sight-seeing at Mt. Vernon. Oh, you've seen the Cabbage Patch hundreds of times. Every city has one. I always watch for them when I ride on trains. A little group of shanties, always "on the wrong side of the railroad tracks," with lazy mutt dogs and skinny cats and screaming children and gentle, uneducated folks who just don't seem to get the knack of making the almighty dollar.

The real Cabbage Patch, the one Mrs. Rice wrote about, was a settlement of poor people who lived down by the railroad...
tracks in Louisville, Kentucky, some thirty-three years ago. But the Cabbage Patch you're going to see on the screen is a location set built on the Lasky Men (on account of the action of the story is supposed to take place in the winter time and that's the only spot in this section of California which isn't covered with flora and fauna—Hi there, Chamber of Commerce) which is some forty miles out from Hollywood and as hot as Hades. A little 112 is nothing—nothing at all—and if you think movie people don't earn their salaries just you try parading around all day in the broiling sun in a high-collared, many-petitioned model.

As you probably know by now, Pauline Lord, the famous New York stage star, is making her picture debut as Mrs. Wiggs, and, according to Director Norman Taurog, Pauline Lord is going to be a household word as soon as the picture is released. She is so completely Mrs. Wiggs. I can hear her in my sleep describing the wandering Mr. Wiggs, "He was an awful mental man, Mr. Wiggs was. He didn't say nothin', he just sat and thunk. He set and thunk so hard he thunk himself to sleep."

I can appreciate Mr. Wiggs. I too can set and thunk myself to sleep any time there is work to be done.) When Miss Lord was asked why she had never accepted a movie offer before (she has been getting them for years) she said, "I agreed to do Mrs. Wiggs because the story is so good that the audiences won't notice whether I am good or not." Kinda smart, eh?

Zasu Pitts, my favorite comedienne on the screen and off, plays the genteel and re- ened Miss T. Hazy, who, as her old- maidish heart was just hankering for a husband. "Men are such mysteries to me," says Miss Hazy.

One of the most delightful scenes in the picture is where Mrs. Wiggs and Miss Hazy pull a wishbone the night after their Thanksgiving Dinner (provided by those rich folks, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor) and tinid Miss Hazy says, "Seems like wishin' just wasted on me. I don't know as I ever wished real hard on anything that ever come out." Don't you just adore her? And then imagine Miss Hazy's embarrassment when she had to break down and confess that she had wished for a MAN on that pulpy bone. This is the first role worthy of her talents that Zasu has had in ages—and if it doesn't mean a new high in Pitts, and a turning point for bigger and better Pitts pictures, I'll a-go'in out in the Cabbage Patch and eat worms.

W. C. Fields—the inimitable W. C. Fields—plays the MAN Zasu won on her wishbone—or to be exact she got him through a lonely hearts' club. As Mr. Stubbs, broken down, gin-drenched, ham actor Mr. Fields is at his best. His weddlin' to Zasu at the improvised altar in the Wiggs' backyard is a scene you will long remember—but it's so hard to decide whether to laugh or to cry.

Donald Meek as Mr. Wiggs, who "thunk himself to sleep," is watched over by Mrs. Wiggs—Pauline Lord.

Those Cabbage Patch people are so real you just can't laugh right out in their faces. It's interesting to know that Evelyn Venable, who plays Lucy Olcott, the rich young lady who is sort of a Lady Bountiful to the Wiggses, turned down the big lead opposite the world's greatest lover, Francis Lederer, in "The Pursuit of Happiness" to play a minor role in Mrs. Wiggs. Leads and heavy love scenes with matinee idols mean nothing to Evelyn. "I'd much rather have a role that suits my talents and tastes," she told me. "I'd rather play Lucy Olcott in Mrs. Wiggs than any other role right now." Evelyn is a grand girl with a swell sense of humor and the roughest cheeks and clearest complexion which sort of shriek wholesomeness—but don't let it fool you—Evelyn can dance just as long and as late as you can. In the picture she's engaged to Kent Taylor, who plays Mr. Bob. And the kids—ah, the little Wiggses. You'll recognize them all from former pictures. Jimmy Butler, the "Boka" of "No Greater Glory" and George Breakston, the little kid who broke your heart when he died in the same picture, are Mrs. Wiggs' two sons, Billy and Jimmy. The little girls, European, Asia and Australia (remember Mrs. Wiggs had quite a flair for geography) are played by Virginia Weidler, Carmencita Johnson and Edyth Felton. Europa is the natty little brat who was always threatening to hold her breath until she turned black if folks didn't do as she wanted them to. Shortly after I arrived on the location, lunch was called—I always time my arrivals perfectly, I'm no fool. The old "come and get it" system is used when a movie company is on location, and no matter whether you are a star or a grip you've got to stand in line and piggy wiggly (help yourself—I had you that time). I fell in behind a hair-dresser and beat Miss Pitts by two extras, and if you think heat takes the appetite away you're all wrong. The lunches were sent out from a restaurant in [Continued on page 53]
That FLAIR for BEING

Is It a Gift, Or Can Anyone Get In On It?

Janet Gaynor has a gift of charm—unconscious, irresistible.

Well, I'll never forget the day I decided to grab myself some Glamour. Practically all Hollywood was at Colleen Moore's cocktail party, and everybody was saying nice things to everybody else and not meaning them, and I was trying to make up my mind whether to go on to a preview in Westwood Village, or stay and see if the party would turn into a brawl—when suddenly it occurred to me that talent really didn't matter a hoot's hoot. There was talent and personality all over the place and personality certainly had the edge.

The thought depressed me so that I had another glass of shasta water and sat down on a Louis Quinze sofa next to Adrian, who does pretty things with his fingers for Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and other M-G-M beauties. "A Birmingham," said Adrian, "is two in the bush." Really, there ought to be a law! "I'll Sanctuary much," Adrian continued, "if you'll Chopenhauer or so with me." I always wonder why I ever go to Hollywood parties anyway.

Thoroughly depressed by then, I crept into a little niche at the end of the living room where I witnessed talent being ruthlessly routed by glamour. The pity of it all. There on the patio, shining luminously like Carrié's window in the afternoon sun, was Jean Harlow completely surrounded, completely enveloped, by one-third of the males in Hollywood, and the entire Press. The other two-thirds were busy bringing tea and caviar to Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers, and Mary Carlisle, and flipping gits, such as, "You old bat, you look too, too devaunian." While over in a far corner sat one of Hollywood's most talented actresses discussing pomology (look it up yourself—I had to) with something in a beard and a twitch. And in the dining room stood RKO's greatest star, whose superb acting thrills you to the core every time you see her on the screen, expounding on Russia to a young writer, who hadn't been listening for the last fifteen minutes, and who was desperately wondering just how he could abandon the Soviets and join the merry throngs around Harlow who were simply doing nip-ups over Jean's joke about little Audrey.

Now I'm not saying that Jean Harlow, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers, and Mary Carlisle aren't clever young actresses, but I am saying that they have not the inspired genius, the divine gift, of a Helen Hayes, an Ann Harding, and a Margaret Sullivan. They never seem to win Academy Awards, those girls with Personality, but, believe me, at a party they win all the males in sight, and I'd rather receive gardenias from Franchot Tone and be kissed by Ronnie Coleman any day (or night) than have the house cluttered up with a gold statuette from the Academy which always catches dust—the statuette, I mean, not the Academy.

Just glance over the list of "great" pictures of the last decade, now just for a second, please glance—surprise, surprise—there isn't a single Jean Crawford picture in the list! And still every time Silver Screen has run a popularity contest for the last two years Joan has won it by a flattering majority. How come? How come you voted for Joan instead of Ann Harding, Gladys? I know—it's because the girl's got Glamour. On the screen she epitomizes Glamour. She's your Glamour Girl. Well, Gladys, it seems like if you've got that flair for being Glamorous you can thumb your nose at talent and tell genius to go sit on a tack.

Five years ago, when she first attracted attention on the screen, Joan Crawford couldn't any more act than the rabbit that comes out of Fred Keating's hat, but she had that touch of personality about her that made her win picture fame in no time. And Clara Bow—the one and only "It" girl—in her heyday didn't know as much about the technique of acting as Flush knows, Flush of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." But I'll never forget the gala premiere of one of Clara's pictures in New York, which she attended on the arm of Harry Richman—and, eventually, in the arms of ten cops who rescued her just in time from her public. What a stampede that was, what a night of utter hullabaloo, I am still looking for the tail of my silver fox, the buckle off my right slipper, and a missing tie. Incidentally, across the street Mrs. Fiske and Ilsen were playing to an almost empty house.
GLAMOROUS

By Elizabeth Wilson

Well, thinking about all this while hidden away in my little niche, which was pretty crowded what with Venus and me both in it, I decided to give up my career and go out and grab myself a huge mass of Glamour. I too want a chance at Bill Powell and John Gilbert. So, said I, I'll just see what tricks these dames use, and I'll get hep to them for myself. Whereupon I pulled my polonaise about me (Claudette Colbert says that polonaise is a Polish dance written in three-four rhythm. But that's the way with the French—we teach them a little English and they think they know everything) and fled into the night, tipping over the young writer who was praying to heaven that he had heard the last of Russia forever.

The first week was Joan Crawford week. I decided that Joan's flair for being glamorous was chiefly the way she has of looking intensely into your eyes. You have a feeling when Joan looks at you, with the intensity that only a Crawford can command, that nothing has ever mattered before, and nothing will ever matter again. It is The Moment. Well, if I could make Clark Gable realize that it is The Moment, the neck until something cracks in the larynx. This gives that slightly suffering look which is the first stepping stone to Glamour. I practised that trick for a week until my neck and shoulders ached pitifully, and my friends declared I had

Carol Lombard and a few feathers. She carries a suggestion of recklessness that fastens all eyes upon her hopefully.

The titled Constance Bennett can adjust her fragile sweetness to win either the sophisticated or the intellectuals, the rowdies or the regulars.

So I did my eyes like Joan Crawford. I pulled my chin in and regarded the world from under upper eyelashes—which has a way of making the eyes look much bigger and the world much smaller, and gives that intense look. The rest of the trick is to pull the shoulders back and stretch

for October 1934
MOVIE stars can make as big and as pretty fools out of themselves and take as hard falls as you and I.

Have you ever thought: "Well, I won't do that again. That taught me a lesson!"

Or, as Stan Laurel might put it, "I know I shouldn't have eaten that!"

Well the movie stars feel that way, too. Listen to a few things that have happened to them and you may feel more comfortable about your own self.

Clark Gable looks big and strong and self-reliant, but Clark has had that silly feeling. And in regard to a horse, of all things.

It was in the first flush of the Clark Gable craze. Gable was the man of the hour, the big strong he-man who had overnight become the flappers' delight and THE boxoffice sensation. He'd had his salary raised and was beginning to think of small movie star luxuries such as high-powered cars, jewels for his wife, lazy days at Del Monte and polo ponies.

"And so I went to Del Monte prepared to give myself a good time," he told me, a grin spreading over the Gable face. For he's not only a good looking devil, but he has a sense of humor and tells a story on himself with delight.

"I decided I'd learn to play polo from Tyrell Martin, the British expert, a woe of a player who held forth at Del Monte. Certain I could ride—all I wanted to know was how to bat balls. Handle a little polo pony? Of course, what did they think I was!"

"Tyrell shook his head, warned me that these innocent looking little ponies were spunky, quick as lightning and comparable to nothing I'd ridden. But I paid no attention."

Gable stopped to light a cigarette. He grinned and then said: "Sure, I did a Prince of Wales that first afternoon and spent the next two recuperating. I tripped my own pony with my own mallet and she threw me so quickly I didn't know what was happening. I never bruised so easily or so thoroughly before. And, boy! I was henceforth known as the Prince of Wales on that field. Luckily the story didn't get back to Hollywood and I've never told it before. Yep, that taught me a lesson. Never brag about something you don't know about."

To look at and to listen to W. C. Fields, you'd never think that this good-natured, red-faced, red-nosed fifty year old had ever enjoyed a serious moment. He couldn't look foolish because he's always being foolish. Hah!

Mr. W. C. Fields told me he used to save his money. A long, long time ago, his mama told him that he should put by for his old age, so that he could be comfortable and secure and happy. And so Mr. W. C. Fields did put by a tidy nest egg as he cavorted his way through life.

Boom, came the stock market crash while he was trying to enlarge this nest egg. Mr. Fields had $75,000.00 left. He put "the remains" in the Harriman National Bank. No more investments for him. A good safe bank. Well, you know the Harr...
That Left Their Mark!

man bank folded and in the folds were the Fields’ bank notes.

“And now do you know what I do with my money,” said he to me as he lolled in his shirt sleeves on the grass at the Paramount studio. “I spend it just as fast as I can. I went and bought myself a trailer, the biggest most expensive automobile trailer I could find. Silly thing, but I enjoy it.

“You oughter see my sun bath cabinet—the minute you close the door, the temperature goes way up. Swellest thing I ever played with. And my golf equipment—there’s nobody living with prettier clubs than W. C. Save my money for my old age. Applesauce! I learned my lesson. I spend it.”

The moral of the following yarn told me by Una Merkel is directed toward you girls. And, it is, use hooks and eyes, not snaps, on your step-ins.

Una was walking down Holly-

Paul Lukas found that a dreaded experience is seldom as unpleasant as you imagine it will be.

wood Boulevard one fine day when she felt something slipping about her ankles. To her horror, she discovered she was losing her panties. In great confusion, she stepped out of them, picked them up and clutching them to her rushed into the nearest store, which turned out to be a men’s haberdashery.

“Please,” she said to a startled clerk, “may I use a dressing room for just a minute?”

He led her, as she thought, past hundreds of curious eyes to a fitting room where she donned the panties. She emerged, scarlet with confusion, and practically loped out of the door, the clerk looking very curious.

Miriam Hopkins has a reputation for never planning a minute ahead. Friends complain bitterly that you cannot count on her for any given time. She will never commit herself to dates.

There’s a really serious reason behind this. In her youth, the little Hopkins was bent on a great career and studied, worked, planned to that effect. She wanted to be a toe dancer. At 17, she fell and broke her ankle and learned she could never dance again.

“It was a tragic moment in my life,” she said. “I then and there made up my mind never to plan for anything again, because my disappointment was so great.

But I did plan for other things. I fell in love and became engaged. It ended tragically. Later, I married with high hopes. This didn’t work out.

“Now I make no plans—for anything. I let each day come and live that day as it is. Life has taught me a lesson—never to count on anything.”

Have you ever been so high in the clouds that you weren’t really conscious of what was going on about you? Have you ever been so thrilled and excited about good fortune that you were “ripe” for anyone to make a fool of you?

Ann Sothern is a young lady who has just begun to taste her first success in Hollywood. She was here several years ago and flopped. Now, suddenly this spring, she found herself an overnight sensation.

“I started to ride on high,” Ann remarked. “I was so excited I was practically unconscious. And when fans began to call me by name and ask for autographs, I thought I’d burst. I signed ‘em right and left with a gladsome smile until one day my bank called me. There was a check there for five thousand dollars properly made out with my signature. Thank God, they were hesitant about cashing it and telephoned [Continued on next page]
Paul Lukas has turned into quite a philosopher and all because of his experience when he first made talking pictures. A sensitive soul, Paul worries at the slightest opportunity, so when he first heard the records of his foreign sounding voice, with its fascinating accent, he was quite beside himself. His career, he knew, was over—despair hung a funeral wreath round his shoulder and with heart bowed down he mourned his wasted life. Imagine his surprise when these very quirks and twists have been particularly liked by the public, and even, in fact, imitated by others. Paul Lukas says—"That taught me a lesson. Never worry over fears and there is no use worrying over facts."

Am Harding cannot bear the sight or smell of roast duck, because she once said in the hearing of a dozen friends that she adored it. She ate roast duck at their dinner parties for the next three months, until at last she rebelled.

Gloria Stuart, who came from the sedate campus of Berkeley to the noisy movie lots, acquired a liking for brilliant nail polish. She made an engagement recently to meet her former speech instructor, Professor Neumayer, at luncheon in Pasadena, and sallied forth in her best bib and bonnett and—new nail polish.

"My child," said Professor Neumayer, after the first greeting, "what have you done to your finger nails! I wanted you to meet some friends of mine and I have told them you are not like a movie queen. You are simply and sweet."

Gloria repaired to a drug store for some nail polish remover. "I'd forgotten," she told me, "just how conservative university people were. I was dreadfully embarrassed but I would have been more so had I embarrassed my instructor."

Did you ever hear the tale about Ben Lyon's marvelous valet? Ben found a manservant that he thought was about the best in Hollywood. He bragged about his perfect training. Until—one day, Ben met the valet dressed in Ben's new suit. The man was such a good servant that that incident was passed over, but when similar embarrassing things occurred, the valet went. And the next servant Ben hired was a gent who stood six feet tall, had massive shoulders, and who couldn't possibly get into a Lyon suit!!

Here's a story with a happy ending. Warren William has two Scotty dogs which he adores, but which, he admits, are hellions. They ran away the other day and went cruising in the vicinity of a chicken ranch. Before they could be captured they had killed nine broilers.

Well, the rancher was pretty mad. He didn't know whose dogs they were but he placed them at a filling station with instructions to the attendant not to give them up until his bill of $9.00 for the chickens was paid.

"I found my little dogs," William told me, "and I willingly paid the bill. But, imagine my surprise when I received a sack of nine chickens along with them."

And not to be outdone, the actor left $25.00 for the rancher, pretending that a reward had been offered.

And you think that movie stars do not get into foolish jams. Ha, my pretties, if you have read this far, you KNOW they do. So take comfort. The next time an insecurely fastened petticoat falls off you on Fifth Avenue, or you fall flat on your face in Grand Central station because you were gaping stupidly into space, remember Hollywood trips and falls too. And Hollywood realizes, as Stan Laurel plaintively puts it, "I knew I shouldn't have et that!"

CAMERAS that CLICK!

Picture Subjects Are Found in All Sorts of Places From Portrait Galleries to Tree-Tops.

Anna Steen and Fred March are at the top of the Cinema tree in very truth. Mamoulian climbs up to direct the shot. Constance Bennett in one of her Iris March dresses, for Michael Arlen's "Green Hat"—whatever they name it after the censors have trimmed it, and we don't mean decorated.
“Hollywood
Has Always Spelt
GOOD
LUCK
For
ME”

Jeanette MacDonald Is at the Top Now,
But Then She Always Was.

By Mary Sharon

Jeanette with Chevalier in “The Merry Widow,” Pre-war
days live again in the catchy tunes that dad used to sing.

HOLLYWOOD has been blamed for many wrecked lives,
ravaged careers and broken hearts. However, once in a
blue moon, it works a miracle for somebody, and it doesn't
hurt to hear about these cases when they happen. It helps to
balance the scales a bit sometimes.

Hollywood has worked a miracle for Jeanette MacDonald. She
says so herself.

I hadn't seen Jeanette since she came out to play opposite
Chevalier in “The Love Parade.” I had just missed seeing her
at a dozen different places, because she had always just gone or
I had to leave before she arrived. So, although I had heard
many favorable comments about her beauty and charm, I never
gave them a lot of thought. I supposed they were “yes” flatteries
to a ruling queen of the moment.

When I met and interviewed her on her arrival in Hollywood,
there was nothing unusual or startling about her. Nothing to
make her stand out from the hundred and one other actresses
who were trying to get a foothold in pictures then. She was
merely a charming, soft-voiced little blonde girl.

I remember when I first met her, she was wearing a navy-blue
silk dress with long sleeves, no gloves, dress a little large for her
and a close-fitting felt hat. She was not wearing any make-up,
and, sitting in the office where there were a number of stenogra-
phers wearing both rouge and lipstick, she looked very pale.

Almost anaemic.

I visited her on the set of “The Merry Widow” today and I
have never seen anyone so completely transformed as she has
been. Beautiful, poised and magnetic, she has little in common
with the girl who first came to Hollywood, except her lovely
voice and friendliness.

In the beginning, she was a little too much in awe of Holly-
wood. Now, she is sure of herself and fits gracefully into the
setting provided for her. She dominates every scene without
seeming to do so.

There may be more beautiful girls in Hollywood than Jeanette,
but I dare anybody to dispute my assertion that there are none
more glamorous. She is exciting. She sweeps you off your feet.
To quicken the tempo of everybody’s pulse is no small matter,
yet Jeanette does it as easily as I might dunk a doughnut.

I arrived on the “Merry Widow” set a trifle earlier than she
did. It was a regal set, with walls and pillars draped in crimson
velvet, and old-fashioned gas lights lending a soft glow to the
scene. There were gorgeous cigarette girls, dressed in form-
fitting gowns that reached to the floor. Hundreds of beautiful
women at the small tables, dining with their escorts. Dozens of
Albertina Rasch dancing girls in their beruffled white costumes,
with myriads of pleated flounces edged in black; big, white satin
picture hats with plumes of black curling over their edges.

Beauty and allurement ran riot all over the place. Yet, when
Jeanette made her entrance, there was a burst of involuntary
applause. When she sang you could hear a pin drop in the
fairest corner, everything was so still. Her loveliness was breath-
taking. She was wearing a satin gown, with the laces and ruffles
of the early nineteen hundreds.

I had not expected to see her for more than a few minutes as
it was a “big set” day. However, an unexpected interruption
gave us time for a lengthy chat. One of the dancing girls got
kicked by her partner and, while the make-up girl took her away
for treatment, Jeanette and I renewed our acquaintance.

“I asked her to tell me how she acquired so much poise and
glamor. She was very frank about it.

“I owe Hollywood for everything good that has happened to
me,” she confided. “I know I dress much better now than I did
when I first came, because I have [Continued on page 50]
If you have traveled about a bit, met men and seen places, you will inevitably, some day put your feet under a table in the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Perhaps, if you have worked and sweated a little here and there, have felt the blown spray of the Atlantic and the stinging dust of a dust storm in some tropical desert, you will feel a little contemptuous of the men in Hollywood who paint their faces with make-up and pretend to be rough and rugged.

But we would advise you to keep such thoughts very, very closely guarded, look respectfully at your neighbors at the adjoining tables and revise your ideas of the men you have classified as "softies." They are good looking fellows, poised and gallant, with the courtly charm and grace of gentlemen of leisure. But "softies" they are not, and it is this that Hollywood is proud of. There probably isn't a place from Port Said to Singapore that holds more of these gay soldiers of fortune, these adventurous, footloose wanderers of the waste places than does this movie town of California.

Suppose you should admire the diamond your dinner companion is wearing, and, as you express your interest, you try to impress her with your knowledge of precious stones. Soft pedal the authority in your voice. Better by far that you ask George Brent to step over and say it for you, for George knows all about diamonds—their composition, how they are mined, from the crystallizing process, which makes them possible, to the color and cut of Tiffany's most expensive stone. George should know. He spent nine months as a worker in a diamond mine, wrenching from the bowels of the earth gems which might even now be gracing his lady. Not content with this, he served for two years as a secret service agent for the rebel leader, Michael Collins, during the Irish Rebellion. Quite a considerable fellow this George Brent.

Oh, it's just possible that with the war scare topping the headlines you would like to know more of its agony and terror, of the horror of trenches and the chatter of machine gun fire. In Hollywood these things need not be left to your imagination. Call over Ronald Coleman and let him tell you of the ghastly days and nights he spent as a private with Kitchener's "Contemptibles," that gallant "First Hundred Thousand" of England's army to land in France, in the first battle of Ypres. He received his baptism of fire in the front line trenches and was wounded during an advance at Messines. He has staggered under heavy shelling, the terrifying song of "Minnies" in his ear, as he carried the body of a wounded comrade, bruised and torn and sticky with blood, to temporary safety. He can give you first hand information of the horrible, needless massacre which laid Europe in waste.

If you prefer to go into the matter even further, Victor McLaglen can tell...
Many Picturesque Characters Gather Where the Make-Believe Settings Remind Them of Their Own Adventurous Lives.

you how, as a lieutenant with the Irish Fusiliers in Mesopotamia, they fought the Turks and Arabs, forcing their way toward Baghdad, of which he later becameProvost Marshall. Ravaged by fever and short of water they ploughed painfully across the burning sands without even the relief of medical aid. War... he can tell you all you want to know about it... he knows it not as a great and glorious adventure but as stark, crucifying misery that tears the soul to shreds.

With a shudder of aversion you pick up a small book, lying beside you on the table, which your companion has brought along. It is a copy of Robert W. Service's poems. The pages open to the immortal songs of Alaska. But why waste time reading about those heroes from the Yukon country. And don't spout poetic lore. Away over in the corner, to your right, two faces look familiar. They might have stepped from the covers of a Curwood novel. Looks like Jack Holt talking with Victor Jory, a native born Alaskan whose adventurous spirit took him all over the world and made him one time lightweight champion of British Columbia. They will, perhaps, be discussing the days before Jory started out to see the world, when Holt was musing over frozen trails in the far north, carrying government mails and looking after his fur traps, while waiting for the thaw to make it possible for him to get back to his claims and the search for the precious metal which had lured him to Alaska.

Suppose the waiter at your side has asked for your order at least three times, but your interest in the faces around you has distracted your attention. He is becoming a bit pugnacious. Take it easy. If you are in need of assistance, why not ask the quietly dressed man at the table directly in front of you to show you how to handle the waiter. Yes, it's Nat Pendleton who, in his pre-picture days, won so many wrestling championships that it would make you dizzy to keep track of them all. He covered himself with so much mat glory that he became a member of the 1920 Olympic team. I'll bet this is the closest you've ever been to an Olympic hero. He'll undoubtedly know the proper way to put the waiter in his place.

But wait, who is that giant with the shock of red hair who has just come in. Looks familiar, but he's probably just another of those movie men who were for the screen and fights with pulled punches. But don't be too sure of that. This man is Charles Bickford. Ever hear of him? He has stood, stripped to the waist, his stubby muscles dripping with sweat and rippling like slow music under the play of motion which carries the coal to the gaping jaws of a fiery furnace in a ship in Roosevelt's fleet, on which he went around the world. Those mighty shoulders aren't an accident. They are the result of labor.

From somewhere near by a quiet voice, educated, authoritative, is speaking and you find yourself listening.

"Must have been a magnificent sight. They put 6 quarts of nitro in the pool this morning and brought in a new gusher." Peeking around the edge of the booth where you are seated you spy a gentleman and a very lovely lady. He is wearing a turtle neck sweater and white slacks. He looks like a candidate for collegiate honors, lunching with a fair gqirl. Don't be deceived. It is Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames. There is the blood of an Indian princess in his veins. It may account for the urge which has impelled him to chase the rainbow of adventure over two continents. Bruce can back up his talk about gushers. He has waited expectantly on fields that oozed black slime, with derricks rearina their stark skeletons on all sides, and at the signal which heralded [Continued on page 61]
They SHOULD Have

By

Ben Maddox

Norma Shearer, whose "Barretts of Wimpole Street" is expected to be one of the great successes of the new season. Fredric March and Charles Laughton are in the cast.

Some "smart fella" has just defined Hollywood as the place where even the midgets have delusions of grandeur. Now I have bumped into almost everyone but a Little Man in my constant snoopings about town. I can’t enlighten you on midgets, but I can tell you how the really worthwhile people in pictures react to their success. Conceited, snobbish, high-hat? Well, movie stars ought to be—considering the spot we’ve got them in.

They are famous for their personal charms. They’re highly-paid, admired and desired. And they can’t help knowing it because they are always being reminded of their superiority. Suppose you or I were as popular and as pampered! But come, come, Marie. We’ll go into that during the next rhumba. Meanwhile, let’s proceed to cases.

Disclosing details about the movie mighty is my business, but you mustn’t worry. I have no intention of reeling off a lot of whoopers. I shan’t proclaim that every star twinkling down the boulevard of dreams is an angel. Fact is, I’ve never seen an angel herculeous, ‘cause angels do not act! Until one pops along, look with me at those who should have the biggest swelled heads in Hollywood today.

Norma Shearer, unquestionably more than any other woman star, ought to have delusions of grandeur.

Why? Because without a doubt she has more than any woman in town. She has an A-1 career which grows more brilliant with each passing year. She has the satisfaction of having carved out that career herself.

Furthermore, with her husband producing her pictures, she is assured of excellent roles.

Combining stardom and wifehood permanently is an achievement that is most enviable. To top her triumphs, Norma has the joy of motherhood.

So what? So Norma Shearer’s head should stretch from that away over to that! But does it? If you only knew her personally you certainly wouldn’t ask.

Getting into her presence is not an easy deed. I’ll admit. Naturally she couldn’t be three women-in-one—star, wife, and mother—if she didn’t make every minute count. Which is precisely what she does. Efficiency is Norma’s "secret." Even when she's leafing you sense that she's deriving some

He receives more fan mail than any male star on the Fox lot, but Warner Baxter is still a regular fellow.
When All the World Knows You, and Goes Out Of Its Way to Say "Hello," How Can a Star Keep from Being Conceited?

great good from just lolling around! When you do crash through to Norma in person, what do you find? A woman who is as friendly and gracious as can be. Her home is typical. Rather than queening it in a vast Beverly estate, she has chosen a lovely but comparatively small beach house in Santa Monica. Everything in this miniature French château is in perfect, modernistic style. But it definitely is not grandiose. There is no home "theatre." When Norma and Irving want to view a new film, they just pull up a screen from the floor at one end of the living-room. Remembering that both of them earn top salaries, this modesty is astonishing.

You would imagine that Norma would have a secretary trailing her around. All she has is Ursulla, her colored maid. Norma isn't the sort who has to be pushed. She thinks for herself and Ursulla is chief carrier-out of the orders she has to give. On the Metro lot Norma is treated with the utmost respect, not awe. She retains the same tiny dressing-room given her when she got her first featured assignment there, years ago. Garbo demanded and got a fancy private entrance. Marion Davies has a palatial bungalow. Shearer insists upon regulation working quarters.

To me the most marvelous thing about Norma is that she specifically hasn't illusions of self-importance. This is borne out, for instance, by her refusal to go "society." She is content in her own domain. "Being a social leader is a career in itself," she has often told me. "I have neither the desire nor time to entertain lavishly or attend rounds of parties."

The most revealing incident I can pass on to you, to point out Norma's wonderful modesty, is something that only I happen to know, because I was once the recipient of an unusual courtesy. I wrote an article quoting her at length and when I showed her my final draft, she said, "This last paragraph isn't just as I might express the thought. When do you have to send this in?" [Continued on page 59]
Henry B. Walthall, A Gentleman of Hollywood

His characterizations Have Contributed Many Fine Moments to Pictures Since "The Little Colonel."

By Gertrude Hill

MY SEARCH for Henry B. Walthall led me far into the High Sierras, California's magic mountains. Higher and higher I climbed, until at last I came to a trilogy of luxurious hunting lodges—one for Wallace Beery, one for Fred Kohler, and one for Henry B. I entered the last stronghold, and found myself in a great room writhing with furniture made of twisted manzanilla wood. There were deep pools of Indian rugs, mounted deer heads and long buried antiques from the forgotten mining town of California's booming gold days. There were guns and knives and a row of purple bottles, all empty, but no Walthall.

Through Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills I tracked him, through ranchos and vacant lots, to his brooding Colonial home, recently abandoned. He owns so much of Southern California that the chase could go on for days. Almost every time you put your foot down you are trespassing on Walthall's property. At last, weary and travel-stained, I made my way through a deep garden of sleepy flowers to an old Spanish doorway. The evening sun poured down over the warm red roof tiles and showered the white stucco walls with rose. I knocked on a big oak door, and entered Walthall's last stand. Sure enough, there he was, sitting in his authentic Spanish house in front of a genuine Adam masterpiece! A man who would combine a casual Andalusian atmosphere with a bit of old English formality would do almost anything. I clutched my five-pound dog closer, and stared at my elusive quarry.

Slim, graceful, rather short in stature, he smiled back at me. His iron gray hair, growing far back off his forehead, is long and flowing like that of an artist. His kindly, tired blue eyes are very deceiving, for, just as I thought they were lost in contemplation of something miles away, they lit up with a joyous, roguish twinkle. It was all most disconcerting. Really, if those critics who so mercilessly lampoon Hollywood could know this actor, who is so gentle and unassuming, it might influence them to sing another tune.

"Please, Mr. Walthall," I began. "They tell me you are a great man, a great actor. Are you?"

"Well, child," he answered, sliding down in his chair until he was sitting on the middle of his spine, "it all depends. Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I'm not." Which was not getting us anywhere.

"I have never been myself in any part," he said, deep voice continued, "so I, as a person, do not enter into the discussion. However, when I played President Madero in 'Viva Villa,' I felt uplifted, exalted. Madero was thoughtful, powerful, gentle. He had to control the fiery Villa tenderly, but convincingly. If he had ever dared oppose Villa with physical strength, Villa would have knocked the stuffing out of him. My Madero wasn't going to the mat with any Villa played by Wally Beery. It was a lot safer for President to control his bandit boy-friend hypnotically," Walthall hesitated for a moment, and smiled, "I don't mind telling you the truth about my career, you understand, if you won't hold out for the whole truth."

I asked him if he had liked all the characters he had been on the screen—that is, with the exception of the villains, of course.

"On the contrary," he replied. "I liked the villains best of all. There is sauce to a villain. He has [Continued on page 56]
ISABEL ON HER OWN

Isabel Is Hollywood’s Ninety Pound Jewel

By Lenore Samuels

TWO years ago a slim young blonde named Isabel Jewel was playing a small but highly dramatic rôle in “Blessed Event” on the New York stage. So outstanding was her performance that, when M-G-M bought the play for the screen and commenced to cast it on the West Coast, they sent for Isabel to recreate the same part.

Although Isabel had often heard of Hollywood in those five years during which she played in mid-western stock companies, and also during the year in New York while she played in such hits as “Up Pops the Devil” and “Blessed Event,” Hollywood had never heard of her at all.

Yet, when “Blessed Event” was released as a film, Hollywood sang her praises in the same key as they sang Lee Tracy’s, the star of the piece. Which brings us, as do most stories on Isabel Jewel, to Lee Tracy. But not in the same fashion, praise be to heaven.

Prior to this, poor Isabel has generally been referred to as “Lee Tracy’s girl friend.” In spite of her obvious histrionic ability, Isabel never succeeded in lifting herself out of that social morass in which the fan writers, in their enthusiasm for love’s young dream, had thrust her.

When I told her that “just to be different” I would like to present her to the fans as an individual personality that could stand up bravely on its own account, she almost burst into tears. She was that grateful.

“It isn’t that I’m not just as fond of Lee as ever,” she assured me quickly, “but oh, we both got so tired of that phrase. Lee realizes, too, that if I’m ever to achieve anything that matters I’ll just have to divorce myself from such foolish cognomems, or they will end up by spilling my epitaph so far as a screen career is concerned.”

Isabel’s a bit young to be referring to epitaphs of any kind as yet, and I laughingly told her so.

“That’s just the trouble,” she informed me. “I look so young, and yet I’m not the ingenue type at all. I look very wise and sophisticated on the screen, and yet young, too, and there’s not always a part in a story written to my measure.

“When I finished my part in “Blessed Event” there was a long, bleak stretch in which I did nothing at all.”

“But you got such marvellous notices,” I said in surprise.

“That’s just it,” Isabel continued. “I was typed as a dramatic character actress, and when sophisticated comedy roles appeared on the horizon, they didn’t consider me at all. ‘You can’t play comedy,’ they informed me. ‘You’re only good for a dramatic part.’

“Of course I had to abide by their decision, although I was convinced that I could do a lighter rôle. Well, for eight months I hung on and on at M-G-M without any part at all. If it wasn’t for Lee’s constant friendship and his grim determination to buoy my spirits up, I would have left for New York a half dozen times during that empty stretch.

“Then came a few small parts with other companies—nothing that mattered much—and then, at last, a real break. I was cast in the Hollywood stage production of ‘Counsellor-at-Law,’ with Otto Kruger in the starring rôle. If you’ve ever been to Hollywood, you know that everybody goes to the openings of the legitimate plays. And ‘Counsellor-at-Law,’ which had made such a hit in New York with Paul Muni in the lead, brought out all Hollywood’s ace producers. I played the shaggy telephone operator—the part was a gem—and I’m really not too modest to say that I got everything out of it that I could, including the marvellous press notices.

“That part turned the tables for me for a while so far as my dramatic career was concerned. Now all the producers insisted that I was a comedienne of the first water. Cast me in a dramatic rôle! Why, are you crazy, Miss Jewel, you’re a comedienne. Who ever said you could do drama? That’s what I heard where-

[Continued on page 65]
IF SOMEONE would just explain why things always have to happen to me in such a rush. At five o'clock—in the morning, mind you—my phone rings and it's Richard Hemming of Columbia. "I've got two weeks off," he announces by way of greeting, "and I'm going up to Yellowstone Park. I thought I'd call you early so you could have a full day to get caught up with your work and go with me."

The idea of saying "No" never occurs to me so I fly around in a frenzy, cut myself shaving, start packing my other suit, put my old toothbrush into the grip, instead of my nice new pink one, and off I go without my breakfast.

At Twentieth Century

THE first stop is at the above studio, humming after a silence that has endured for months. The picture is "We Live Again," starring Freddie March and Anna Sten. Look at the cast!

"We Live Again"
Katerina Mashlova ...........Anna Sten
Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch
Neklyudov .......... Freddie March
Missy Korchagina .......... Jane Baxter
Prince Korchagin ....... C. Aubrey Smith
Aunt Marie ............ Ethel Griffies
Aunt Sophie .......... Gwendolyn Logan
Matrona Pavlova ........ Jessie Ralph

Freddie, as the Prince, is on his way home after six years away at school. With him in the carriage are his aunts—Marie (Ethel Griffies) and Sophia (Gwendolyn Logan). The carriage rocks and sways along the road towards the castle, but evidently all is not well, Freddie is arguing.

"Of course you're going into the army," announces Miss Griffies. "You'll spend the summer studying. There'll be no loafing.

We shall be very much disappointed if you fail to pass your officer's examinations." "But, Aunt Marie," Freddie protests, "I don't like the army. I don't like what it represents. Why must I be an officer?"

"Because your father was one," Marie announces decisively, and adds as if that were not reason enough, "your grandfather was one. But, she concludes triumphantly, "the Neklyudovs have always served the Czar!"

Fine thing, I think. She might as well have said that because his father and grandfather and all the Neklyudovs had always been drunkards, Freddie had got to be one too.

But Freddie, the nitwit, can't think of an argument like that.

Well, I can't sit here all day listening to him argue whether he's going into the army or not. And, anyhow, I'm not interested in what happens in Russia—least not since Sten left it. So I start off the set, but Freddie catches a glimpse of me.

"Hey, you," he yells, "where you going? Come back here. I want you to see my new dressing-room which Florence fixed up for me."

It's elegant. A miniature bar, a studio couch, a couple of chairs, a make-up table, an ice box, a clothes press, a tiny bathroom and an electric fan. And the whole thing on wheels, so no matter where he works he can have his dressing room.

"Marvelous!" I murmur.

"Wait'll you see our new house," Freddie exclaims proudly. "Now that is something."

"What period?" I demand skeptically.

"French provincial."

At this point Miss Griffies, who plays Aunt Marie, sticks her head in the door and Freddie introduces us.

"I thought I recognized you," she smiles. "You probably don't remember me but my husband, Ted Cooper, often speaks of you."

"Is my face red? Me that's always so touchy when people forget me. I'm so sorry," I stammer. "How is Ted?"

"He'll be back next week. He's opening at the Playhouse in 'The Green Bay Tree'. Drop back stage and see him, won't you?"

The only way I can cover my embarrassment successfully is by leaving, which I do in short order.

On the Columbia Lot

I SKIP over to Columbia and the gods are certainly smiling on me. They have only two companies shooting—"Broadway Bill," starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, and "The Captain Hates the Sea," starring John Gilbert, Victor McLaglen and Alison Skipworth. They are both on location so you'll have to wait until next month for them.
"I tried to get hold of you all day yesterday," Mary Bartol explains when I appear.

"Among the Missing has been on location every time you've been over here and they were finishing up yesterday. I wanted you to see it before we went into the can."

"What a shame," I lie.

Well, I can't tell you about the picture now, but I can give you the cast. Here it is:

**Among the Missing**


"Don't you want to know the story?" Mary asks.

"No!" I shout, dashing out the door.

**At Paramount**

I MUST live right because everything is just going ducky. Three pictures in the works over here but one of them—"You Belong to Me," with Lee Tracy and Helen Mack, I've already told you about. The most important one of the month, on this lot, is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

I step boldly on to the stage. It's a screwy set. At the back, in the doorway, hang some of those old rope portieres, and beyond that is a bedroom. I know it's a bedroom because there's a cheap iron bed in it. But this front room where the action is taking place, I don't know what it is. It may be a kitchen, because there is an old iron stove-cove in one corner. Again, it may be the living room because in another corner is a sewing machine. It might even be the conservatory because on the machine is a vase in which some flowers are fighting for existence. But they're waging a losing battle and they look pretty droopy.

Before I have a chance to go into this further, Director Norman Taurog catches sight of me. "Can't you see that sign on the door?" he screams.

"What sign?" I ask innocently enough, although I know perfectly well he's referring to the "No Visitors" sign.

"What sign?" he gurgles, beginning to froth at the mouth. I always go out of my way to throw Norman into a rage. When it comes to frowning, there's no one in Holly-wood can even approach him. "That sign which says, 'Positively no visitors without a production pass.' That's what sign. And it says 'Positively,' too."

"I have a production pass," I inform him when I can get a word in, and after he's wiped the foam from his lips.

"You've got a pass?" he yelps. "Where did you get a pass?"

Julie gave it to me. Julie is his wife and that was about enough of that. Norman got very busy with a "take" about that time.

"Let's go," he orders.

I watch the scene with interest. ZaSu Pitts is buttering around. W. C. Fields, in a frock coat buttoned wrong and carrying a silk hat, is facing her. At his side stands the one and only Pauline Lord. She is in a calico house dress.

"Oh, oh," quavers ZaSu. "There's a funny kind of something goes right through me when you speak of marriage."

"I—er—" Mr. Fields begins pompously, "I experience a similar sensation at the mention of the event. However," he contin-ues postentiously, "there is one thing I must know before the wedding bells ring out the joyous tidings: CAN YOU COOK?"

"Well," ZaSu falters, "I think maybe—"

But Miss Lord interrupts. "Can she cook?" she breathes in a tone that leaves no doubt of it."

"Can't," Norman directs.

I glance curiously at Miss Lord. She has always been an interesting figure to me. She created the name part in "Anna Christie" on the stage, but that isn't why she interests me. A few years ago she opened in a new play in San Francisco. Suddenly, and without warning, she withdrew from it in the middle of the run. Approached by newspapermen for a reason, she blandly informed them that the part was not suited to her youth and beauty. Nor is that all. Arriving on the Chief, she disembarked in Pasadena in company with Richard Arlen and his wife. "We'd like to get a picture of you and Mr. Arlen, Miss Lord," the cameramen asked as she stepped off the train.

"Is this beginning already?" snapped The One and Only. "You'll learn, Polly, old girl—some day."

Ed. Note: See page 14 for further gossip on "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Wherever They Are Shooting A Picture in Hollywood, Up Pops S. R. Moor.

The other picture going over here is "The Pursuit of Happiness," starring Francis Lederer.

It seems Francis is a young violinist who has been conscripted into the Hessian army during the Revolutionary War. In New York he opens a sack of tobacco smuggled into camp by an American spy and finds a note offering forty acres of land to every soldier who joins the American army.

He deserts and finds his way to Joan Bennett's home, where he discovers her at the well. She turns a musket on him but he smiles engagingly and tells her she isn't holding it right. They are discovered by Joan's father—Charlie Ruggles—and Mr. Watson—an American recruiting colonel.

He is taken into the house and what a swell set it is. Real colonial. Very rough and primitive—but attractive! Werry atrac-ta-tive.

"Now, then," Minor begins, sitting down at a table and taking up a quill pen, "what's your name?"

"Maximilian Leopold von Oberdsdorf Christmann," Lederer volunteers, saluting and clicking his heels.

"What?" demands Minor.

"You can just call me Max." Lederer offers and smiles. "May I write it for you?"

"Yes, Here! Minor orders, giving the paper and quill to him."


Taking the last scenes of "Four Walls," with Jack LaRue and Francho Tone. And then they changed the title to "Straight Is the Way."

"Look here," Minor storms. "Am I conducting this examination or are you?" Joan Bennett stops by for a moment—and is she a picture in her colonial costume! "Gene is furious at you," she breathes. "You haven't even called up since we're back from Europe."

"Gene" is Gene Markey—her husband—and if there is a man in Hollywood who has gone out of his way to befriend me it is he. I ought to be ashamed of myself. I am ashamed of myself. "I'll call him as soon as I get back to town," I promise, and duck. [Continued on page 64]

Much is expected from Francis Lederer, in the filming of "Pursuit of Happiness," because of his tremendous Broadway reputation.

**G. P. Huntley and Dorothy Christy as they are discovered by Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance."**

she blandly informed them that the part was not suited to her youth and beauty.

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THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN...

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley
An Academy winner, Fredric March will give Anna Sten the support without which no star can do her best.
A ROSE slowly budding and coming to bloom exhibits the same peaceful, unhurried tranquility as Myrna. Her progress, since the "half caste" make-up was thrown out the dressing-room window, has been one quiet success after another—"When Ladies Meet," "The Thin Man" and "Stamboul Quest." She even spread her certain charm over the pugs and gangsters of "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—all in the days work. And then she was borrowed and cast with the also borrowed Warner Baxter (a team we could never have seen but for Columbia) in "Broadway Bill." All males appear at their best with Myrna. Can Baxter surpass Bill Powell as Myrna's man?

In "Broadway Bill," Mark Hellinger's story, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter mingle with the horses and touts, the jockeys, trainers and bookmakers of the racing game.

The great race scene. Clarence Muse, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter with pulses hammering to the rhythm of the pounding hoofs of "Broadway Bill"—that's the horse, Giddapl
THE Czech is a talented actor and Paramount has borrowed him for "Pursuit of Happiness." Now that he has temporarily escaped from the management which parked him in parka and mittens beneath a snowbank, and is to play with such talented Continentals as Charles Ruggles and Joan Bennett, we think you'll like him.

Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in the film from the Broadway success in which that "bundling" scene occurs. You know, the bed with the board between them.
FASHIONS
FROM EUROPE

OATMEAL ensemble worn by Pamela Ostrer, English starlet. Note the hip-length cape with scarf ends thrown nonchalantly over the shoulder. The belt, which is of double dyed calf, has a chromium fastener. The beret is brown grosgrain ribbon, with amusing points standing up on the crown.

AT RIGHT. Miss Diane Cotton is seen wearing a scarf with hat to match, made of stitched taffeta in navy contrasted with grey.
ELLENIS LORIMER, Junior G-B star—and very pretty, too—wears a black angora frock which is fastened with thongs of white kid to match the belt woven through decorative eyelets.

By special arrangement with Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Silver Screen Shows the Advanced Fall Fashions.
The California sun first drew the distracted cameramen to California (in those days the emulsion on the films was slower) and while the movies have gone from arc lights to kleigs to incandescents, Old Sol still covers the waterfront and the far location spots. Ralph Bellamy told us recently, apropos of New York's sizzling July season, that he went on location at the edge of Death Valley last year when the thermometer was one hundred and thirty-eight.

Some famous location expeditions have set up regular tent cities. Other trips have been famous for the news that developed (Lee Tracy in Mexico for instance), and some have been tragic-like the one taken for that Columbia river picture—when three men were drowned. The players often object to going out to the wilds, to the snow country or prairie land, and then they usually turn to and transform the whole thing into a frolic—that's actors!
Montgomery and Maureen on loca-
tion for "Hide-
Out."

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Morgan making "Lost Lady" far from the Warner Studio.
SINCE "42nd Street," Dick has been singing his love songs to Ruby, and Ruby's charming manner, beauty and dancing feet have done their share to make Keeler and Powell the Number One Team of the Screen. Perhaps this is because, in addition to their personalities (personalities bloom everywhere on the screen), they are each solo artists in their own right, and both young and unspoiled.

SILVER SCREEN
October, 1934.
In "Love-time," Nils Asther holds Pat Paterson, the new English beauty. This is the beautiful love story of Schubert, the great composer.

Ann Dvorak holds George Brent in "Housewife."

In "The Dragon Murder Case," Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay both face the camera and love can go hang.
"My Arms"

In Hollywood Your Allure Will Measure
Your Future and Fate Will be Exactly As
Kind As You Are Kissable.

When the lovely heroine pretends to yield to the handsome hero, she actually is submitting herself to her public, and her future will be just as bright as her lovenaking is appealing. Jean Harlow, in one of her early pictures, won all hearts by the eagerness of her embraces. No turning back for Jean.

In the studio, when a kiss picture is being taken, a little ripple of excitement touches the "grips" and "juicers," and while the lovers press together, lips seeking other lips, the old cosmic urge stalks across the world and destinies rock on their foundation—sometimes, indeed, crashing into matrimony just from a studio kiss. Take John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce or Sue Carol and Nick Stuart or Stu Erwin and June Collyer.

One touch and the fires burst forth—the beacon flares that guide lovers to happiness and make mortals strive toward noble ideals.

Kay Francis and Leslie Howard in the much discussed "British Agent."

The difficulty is to keep from meaning it too much, just Art for Art's sake with no loose ends left over. Stuart Erwin and Rochelle Hudson in "Bachelor Bait."
"Picture Girls Are"

Beauty, Romance, Thrilling Companionship and Exciting Embraces All May Be Found Upon the Dance Floor—And Perhaps Fame As Well.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance in a picture titled "The Gay Divorce."
Always Dancing

The Rhumba echoes back from the Beverly Hills, the Carioca lifts them out of their chairs at the Vendome—all Hollywood is dancing. Sometimes they dance for love of a partner, sometimes to parade a new frock, but usually because dancing moulds and fashions the figure, strengthens here and flattens there. The true Hollywood figure is the dancing figure.

Moving pictures, with fast and catchy dance tunes, often get their publicity thereby, as did "Flying Down to Rio"—and imagine the plight of a picture girl, in such a film, who could not sway to a seductive rhythm or stamp her little castanet-like heels.

There are no better dancers than the girls of the studios, nor is there a spot on earth where talent is so generously applauded or more handsomely repaid. Every night club dance floor is a battle ground where graceful forms swing to lilting rhythms and hard-headed directors watch intently, just as you might search a field of clover, hoping and hoping to find a four-leaved lucky one.

Joan Crawford, in a swimming pool scene from "Chained," reveals her lovely dancer's figure which has been famous since "Our Dancing Daughters."

Old waltz tunes never die, and Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier dance today to the irresistible beat of the Merry Widow Waltz.

In the new M-G-M musical piece, "Student Tour," there is a new step which will set the world to prancing. It is called "The Carlo," and when you dance it with someone you love you take your heart and life in your hands.
IF YOU DROPPED IN ON MADGE EVANS—THE LIVING ROOM

The walls are a deep cream, and the drapes are figured, the predominating color a rich henna red. This same color is used for the velvet covered couch and the velvet lampshades on the tables at each end. The bases are white china. Oriental rugs are upon the dark wood floor.

THE DRAWING ROOM OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY

The color scheme combines pale green walls with a darker shade for the heavy damask brocaded davenport and love seats. The pillows and occasional chairs are of petit point. The secretary in the background, of typical colonial design, is of curly maple, as are the tables and bookstand.
When you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, and of Sylvia Sidney... remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up... harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick... created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.

Claudette Colbert, featured in Paramount’s “Cleopatra” using Max Factor’s face powder.

Powder... A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings... that clings for hours... that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up... that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert... black hair, dark eyes and olive skin... is Max Factor’s Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up... Max Factor’s Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.

Carole Lombard, featured in Paramount’s “Now and Forever” using Max Factor’s rouge.

Rouge... A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth... as fine as finest skin texture... it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard... light blonde hair... fair skin... and blue eyes... is Max Factor’s Blondine Rouge. And, Max Factor’s Rachelle Powder and Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Vermillion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.

Sylvia Sidney, featured in Paramount’s “Thirty Day Princess” using Max Factor’s lipstick.

Lipstick... Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony... and to keep lips lovely... must be permanent and uniform in color... smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Sylvia Sidney... to harmonize with her brown hair... deep creamy skin... and hazel eyes... Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor’s Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Society Make-Up... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Like the Screen Stars... you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

Test Your Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

Just fill in the coupon for Face-Sized Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades: Ruddy Red, Crimson, Carmine Rouge, and Vermillion. Get Max Factor’s New Art of Society Make-Up... Free.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

© 1934, Max Factor
If Margaret Sullavan had never made "Little Man, What Now?" she would still rate your admiration for her performance in "Only Yesterday." She settled all doubts by again winning her audience with her frank and disarming charm. Her next picture will probably be "The Good Fairy."
WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE MOVIES

The Silver Screen Gold Medal Awaits the Votes of the Readers. It Will Be Awarded to the Most Popular Male Player in Hollywood.

ANNUALLY, SILVER SCREEN offers its readers the opportunity to express their admiration in permanent form. This year the Gold Medal will be awarded to the Most Popular Man on the Screen. The ballot below is one vote for any hero you care to select. The pictures on this page illustrate some of the best known of our screen heroes, but there are many others who will receive enthusiastic support at the polls. Any man or boy who plays in motion pictures is eligible to win the Medal. It will be sent to the one who receives the most votes.

Motion pictures marked the beginning of fan mail, and the idea of sitting down and writing advice or encouragement to a player, without any expectation of a reward, became a natural thing to do because of the feeling of gratitude that we all experience after we have had a delightful evening at the movies. It is but a step beyond writing a fan letter for you to help to present a more enduring token to your favorite. So clip the coupon from the bottom of this page and write upon it the name of the man you believe deserves the much desired title of “the Most Popular Man in the Movies.”

There is no charge of any sort, neither is there any prize to be given to any reader for voting. This is purely an opportunity for Silver Screen’s readers to express in beautiful form their admiration and loyalty for a favorite.

While the photographs on this page illustrate some of our handsomest players and some of our busiest, the only point to be taken into consideration is which man you like the most. It does not matter whether he be young or old, screen lover or character player. Your vote will be counted, and his name entered in the contest. This is your contest and the Medal will represent the voice of Silver Screen’s family.

There is a sense of satisfaction in having your own judgment backed by the judgment of the majority. Can you pick the fortunate winner? Are you appreciative of the qualifications that win for Hollywood players the widespread fame that they enjoy?

The Academy of Arts and Sciences has several times awarded honors to men of the pictures, but such awards do not establish which player is the leader in popularity. Popularity is a separate honor. It is the result of certain charms, perhaps, instead of talent. In any event, it is the highest prized honor in Hollywood.

Ballots received up to midnight on Friday, October fifth, will be accepted and tabulated. No vote will be counted unless the ballot which appears on this page is used. You may send in as many ballots as you wish. When the votes have been counted and the winner determined, the Gold Medal will be forwarded to the Most Popular Man in the movies and his name will be announced in a forthcoming issue of Silver Screen.

Fill out the ballot below and mail today.

Help Award the Silver Screen Gold Medal to the Most Popular Man on the Screen.

Gold Medal Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

I vote for ________________________________ to receive the Silver Screen Gold Medal for the Most Popular Man in Pictures.

(Signed)  

(Address)  

(City)  

(State)
Carrillo

Leo Carrillo Pretends to be a Foreigner,
But Actually He Descends from the
First Governor of California.

By Helen Fay Ludlam

I hadn't seen the act Leo Carrillo put on at the Capitol Theatre in New York before I interviewed him there. If I had I would have saved myself considerable embarrassment. Naturally, having watched Mr. Carrillo through Vio Villo and other pictures, I was prepared to meet a dashing Mexican and there he stood at the dressing-room door, even to the sombrero.

With hands extended in greeting he said cordially in perfect English: "How sweet of you to come all the way up here to see me. I looked at him in astonishment.

Noticing my hesitancy, the man smiled. "I am Leo Carrillo," he said.

"But—but I thought—well, it's very stupid of me, but I thought you didn't speak English."

Carrillo threw back his head and roared with laughter. "You thought I was immature—yes?"

I pulled myself together slowly, as I listened to his perfect dialect. "I can only comfort myself by remembering that I'm not the only one you have completely fooled. Do you know, I don't believe half the people who see you on the screen realize that you speak English at all. And now it suppose you'll be telling me that you are an American."

An amused chuckle from Mr. Carrillo. "I'm afraid I'll have to if I am to give facts." And then this genial, gentle person proceeded quite calmly to take the wind completely out of my sails by telling me that he had been born in Los Angeles, which is my own home town, and that his people for generations back had been Californians. In fact, a great grandfather had been the first Governor of the state, and an uncle the first Mayor of Los Angeles. He was born down in the Plaza near Olivero street, which is now the swank place to dine when one visits the City of the Angels.

He owns a small theatre down there now, right near the old home site, where he and his friends occasionally make whooppee. Across the picturesque square stands one of the oldest landmarks of the state, a Catholic Church. Down that side walked Leo's mother and father toward their new life together, and in that same church Leo himself was baptized. His people owned miles and miles of California soil in the old days, and relatives still have ranchos and haciendas scattered about.

"Mr. Carrillo," my voice was very small, "where did you learn to speak Spanish?"

Again that deep infectious laugh. "Oh, all over and, besides, I went to Spain. The other dialects I also picked up in my wanderings. I've been to China, and I speak Chinese, but the lingo I use on the stage I picked up in San Francisco when I was a newspaper reporter. I knew Chinatown and the Barbary Coast when these two places were something to talk about. I hobnobbed with every interesting type I found down there, interested, because I was then a writer, in their slant on life, interested in the strange influences that brought and kept them there.

"Is that why you are able to understand your audiences?" I asked. Carrillo looked pleased.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," he said quietly. "I try to understand my audiences and try to give them what they want. Many people go to the theatre to see the stars, and wondered if I can make them do it. Caruso, who was my very good friend, gave me my first valuable tips on how to handle an audience. I had remarked about a brilliant matinee performance he gave when the house was slack. He asked why he hadn't saved himself for the evening when it was sold out. I'll never forget how earnestly he replied, 'Leo,' he said, 'if there are only two people out there—give them all you've got. Play to those two people as though there were a million. They have honored you by coming to your theatre; it is your job to see that they don't go away disappointed. From a business point of view you must also keep in mind that a small house affects the spirit of the audience. Empty seats give out an unfriendly atmosphere—cold. People go away undecided whether they have enjoyed themselves or not. The artist must make up for this lack of warmth, undo the chilling effect and send them out happy and enthusiastic.'"

"Sometimes later I happened to be playing in Chicago during a bad period of..."
"I Have Grown Up"

says

LORETTA YOUNG

By Helen Louise Walker

Her future has the greatest promise in all Hollywood.

SROWNGE things have been happening to Loretta Young—at least, I should say, they have left a strange effect. For she is at this moment the most discussed young woman in Hollywood. This is not entirely because of her recently announced "renunciation" of Spencer Tracy, although that has had something to do with it. Just what effect it has had I shall try to make clear to you.

Let's get some facts together before I try to tell you what I think is really happening to Loretta . . . what sort of person she was and what she is becoming. After "Man's Castle," Frank Borzage (whom I consider one of the three or four finest directors in pictures) told me that he considered Loretta the most promising young actress on the screen today.

"Do you think she knows it?" I asked him. He smiled. "She has not the faintest notion of what her possibilities and her talents are," he told me. "She is just now maturing, but she has not matured enough to know what she has."

Darryl Zanuck waxed lyrical about her when he signed her on a long term contract for Twentieth Century. "Now we have something!" he gloated.

And yet . . . I talked with Loretta only a short time ago. "I want, more than anything else in the world," she said, "to marry, retire and have several children."

Loretta has a funny little way of sitting when she talks to you. She sits very straight in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap, like a child who is repeating its "exercises." She was doing that. Her eyes were simply enormous. Sometimes I think that Loretta's eyes are larger than Joan Crawford's; only Loretta's change color, while Joan's are always hazel-brown. Sometimes Loretta's seem a deep, deep blue, while at other times I am convinced that they are pure yellow.

There she sat, very straight, with her little, rounded chin lifted, saying, "I want marriage . . . and children."

This was a girl who had recently renounced the man she undoubtedly loves . . . because he is married to another woman, because he has two children, because Loretta is a devout Roman Catholic and divorce and remarriage are difficult in her faith. Yet her faith makes her believe that she will eventually, somehow, achieve the happiness she craves and understands.

"Wouldn't it," I asked her, "be a serious loss to the screen if you were to retire?"

Loretta said, "What?"

Her bewilderment was real and it was then that I began to realize what it was that Frank Borzage meant when he said she did not know what she had.

I talked with her about her new, growing maturity, while she moved restlessly about her dressing room. "I know this," she admitted. "I know that only recently have I begun to profit from, to assimilate my unhappy experience with Grant Withers. That was a school girl thing. It hurt terribly. But it did not mean anything to me until recently."

Her body is like an arrow. You watch her move, like a child, unconscious of her graceful motion. A lovely thing, when she moves, is Loretta!

"I have grown up," she told me, suddenly. "I have grown up in the past few months!" I asked her whether she thought her experience with Spencer had not deepened and helped to mature her. She gazed at me with wide, shocked eyes. "It isn't just an experience!" she protested, in a horrified voice. And I realized that my term had been for her a declaration . . . I had been irreverent. Something cosmic and permanent has happened to her. No one knows now what will come of it. But it has left permanent marks on Loretta.

You see, Loretta went into pictures when she was thirteen. Pictures have been a job, a routine business to her, very much as school might have been to other young women of her age. Except that for Loretta's efforts, she has received pleasant and incomprehensible checks with which she could buy things for that scrambled, delightful, devoted family of hers.

The combined attitudes of her family and of pictures, in general, have had something to do with her immaturity. Pictures thought of her as beautiful, pitifully valuable and fairly innocuous. They treated her that way. She has thought of herself in that way. Her family has treated her as a beloved, if sometimes rather foolish, child, even after she returned home following her unhappy marriage. They have teased her, advised her, laughed at her, disciplined her.

Once Loretta learned that Ruth Chatterton always had dinner in bed when she was working on a picture. She dined from

[Continued on page 53]
Compliments and Criticisms
Without Fear or Favor.

THE BARRETT OF WIMPOLE STREET
Rating: 90°—Words Fail Us—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

If we get out our dictionary and line up all the flattering adjectives from "a" to "z," we will still not be able to do justice to this magnificent picture. It just happens to be a perfect example of perfect casting, perfect directing, and is as near a perfect picture as comes along every once in a blue moon.

Norma Shearer, lovely, fragile Norma of "Sunlin Thru," gives a beautiful and sincere performance that will shine brightly in your memory for years and years to come. To me Norma will always be Elizabeth Barrett Browning—and her first weak step to the window to see the departure of her future husband will always be one of the most memorable scenes in pictures.

As the dashing, impulsive Robert Browning, Fredric March is utterly delightful, and when it comes to exquisitely tender love scenes, Mr. March is the best on the screen today. Charles Laughton is splendid as the tyrannical father, who makes you so furious that it's all you can do to keep from jumping up there on the screen and punching him in the nose. And Maureen O'Sullivan is nothing less than sensational as Henrietta, the younger, lovesick sister. So grand is she in this rôle that you have a feeling that for the first time you are really seeing Maureen O'Sullivan.

You doubtless know the plot of this picture, the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett by Robert Browning, and how he managed to snatch her from the gloom and tyranny of Wimpole Street. Also in the excellent cast, and giving brilliant individual performances, are Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, Katharine Alexander, Ralph Forbes—and of course "Flash" Don't let the "Browning" frighten you and call to memory the horrors of English III—this isn't a high-brow picture.

CLEOPATRA
Rating: 88°—Breath-Taking Beauty—Paramount

Claudette Colbert as Cleopatra, that gorgeous, seductive Queen of the Nile, is the best idea the movie industry has had in years. Claudette has everything it takes to make a perfect Cleo, and she is so beautiful in those little Egyptian costumes that Travis Banton whipped up for her, you don't wonder for one instant that she enslaved the world's two most famous generals.

The picture itself, directed by the old maestro C. B. De Mille as you well know, is about the most lavish spectacle you have ever seen, and at times actually breathtaking in its beauty. But, with all its lavishlyness, De Mille never forgets his story, which he has flavored with humor and drama and pathos so perfectly that you are thoroughly absorbed up to the final fade-out, though you know darned well that Antony is going to die by his own sword, and Cleopatra by the asp in her bosom. And you actually care.

There is a large sequence that alone is worth more than the price of admission, and if you aren't thrilled to the core by the beauty of it, and the musical accompaniment, why I think you're just an old hunk of granite.

Warren William is excellent as Caesar, and his death in the Roman forum is far more dramatic than it ever was in school. Henry Wilcoxon is perfect as the hot-headed, virile Antony, who arrived in Egypt with every intention in the world of capturing Cleopatra and taking her back to Rome in chains—but that was before the night on the barge in the Nile.

Other parts are small, but each one outstanding. There is Gertrude Michael as Caesar's wife, Joseph Schildkraut as King Herod, Ian Keith as Octavian and C. Aubrey Smith as a Roman general. And there are battle scenes and sybaritic orgies that are magnificent. And you mustn't miss seeing Cleo do her stuff.

BRITISH AGENT
Rating: 85°—Kay and Leslie and the Russian Revolution—Warner

Luscious Kay Francis and Leslie Howard are teamed in this extremely clever and intelligent picture, with Soviet Russia as a background. It's a strong, dramatic story about Russia and her relation to England during the World War, and if you
Frank Lawton, Diana Wynyard and Mrs. Pat Campbell in Galworthy's "One More River."

have a yen for history, this is right down your alley. But don't think for one moment that it's dull—for there's more intrigue packed into it than in any cheap spy thriller you ever saw.

Leslie Howard plays Stephen Locke, young and ambitious diplomat, who is appointed by the British government to be its unofficial ambassador in Russia, to negotiate with the Russians to keep them from signing a separate peace treaty with Germany. He meets Kay Francis, who plays the beautiful Elena, an aristocrat who has become the secretary of Irving Pichel, the head of the Soviet secret police, and the two fall desperately in love immediately—but always there is Russia and patriotism standing in their way.

There's a happy ending—though this is one of the times we sort of wished there wasn't, for the picture reaches a powerful, dramatic climax which leaves you tense and breathless, and then the bells begin to ring and you know Von Sternberg must be in the oiling. Also in the excellent cast are Bill Gargan, Phillip Reed, Cesar Romero, Ivan Simpson and Walter Byron, Tenin Holtz and J. Carrol Naish are perfect as Lenin and Trotsky respectively. A picture that is well worth your while.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI
Rating: 82—Blondes Prefer Gentlemen—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HERE'S a grand, slightly sophisticated and thoroughly enjoyable story cooked up by Anita Loos and John Emerson, the writing team who made "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" a household word. (Why in heck didn't Jean Harlow play Lorelei on the screen?) Anyway, here's the Harlow herself having a lot of good clean fun and looking like a million. She plays Eadie, a small town girl who runs away from her mother's beer garden, for bigger and better things in New York.

Eadie is determined to marry money, big money, and she has no intention of trading her virtue for anything less than a wedding ring and a marriage license. She goes after a couple of old millionaires, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore, but ends up with Franchot Tone. Lionel's son, and Franchot buys the ring.

There's swell dialogue, and frame-ups, and comedy scenes—and Patsy Kelly, who is one grand comedienne, and is rapidly climbing right up on top of the Hollywood ladder. Patsy sort of acts as Jean's chaperon—but, dear me, Miss Kelly falls for everything from a bell-hop to a gob. It's Jean who has the "class," and she gives everything to this role which is the best she has had since "Red-headed Woman." The censors cut out a few scenes I'm told, after the preview—tsch, tsch, too bad. [Continued on the next page]
Una Merkel, Harold Lloyd and Grace Bradley in "The Cat's Paw."

TREASURE ISLAND
Rating 75—Wally and Jackie Together Again—M-G-M

ARE you a devoted admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson? Did you sit up all last night rereading with pleasure his tales of Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins and the jolly Roger? Or was it one night twenty years ago. Never mind—you'll love the screen version of "Treasure Island" just as much as you did the printed one. Good old Metro has left Sex in the safe keeping of Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow for the nonce, and has brought to the screen the "Treasure Island" vein of romance, adventure and murder, chapter by chapter, from the time Billy Bones staggers into the Hawkins Inn that stormy night with his map and rifle, which Wally Beery is excellent as that charming old scoundrel, Long John Silver, the leader of a bloodthirsty band of pirates as ever sailed the Spanish Main. Jackie Cooper, now getting to be quite a big boy, plays Jim Hawkins, the lad who sails aboard the Hispaniola with Doctor Livesey and Captain Smollett in search of the hidden treasure, Lionel Barrymore is the rum-drenched, bellowing Billy Bones, and no child's imagination could ever conceive a more dreadful Billy than Mr. Barrymore. Your favorite hero, Otto Kruger, plays Doctor Livesey, and Nigel Bruce is the rather dull but brave Squire Trelawney. Captain Smollett is played by Lewis Stone, and no one ever took his duty to the Union Jack more seriously.

Little Cora Sue Collins and Dorothy Peterson (as Jim's mother) have a few scenes in the beginning of the picture, but when the excitement gets under way these women folks just aren't needed and it's a major picture from then on. There are thrilling scenes aboard the Hispaniola—which is a thing of beauty with its sails fluttering in the breeze—and an exciting fight at the stockade on the island, when Long John Silver and his pirates attack our heroes. If you liked Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," you can't help but like M-G-M's "Treasure Island."

NOW AND FOREVER
Rating: 68—Carol, Shirley and Gary—Paramount

WEIl, here she is, the little girl you've been tearing your shirts over—Miss Shirley Temple, the cute little kid who has caused the biggest flurry in moviedom since Mae West first said—oh well, you know what she said. This time Shirley is Gary Cooper's little daughter, whom he hasn't seen since his wife died about four years before.

Gary is one of those charming crooks who wanders over Europe and always puts off reforming until tomorrow—and tomorrow never comes. He loves his old pal, so hard it hurts and does her best to make him reform—finally even walking out on him. Gary decides to be a model Father and wins the approval of his parents with him, is re-united with Carole, who just can't give him up, and the three live happily down on the Riviera until Gary needs some cash, and a crook plays an emerald necklace presents itself.

At the preview of the picture there was a tragi but logical ending—but since then there have been "re-takes" and a new and happy ending has been tacked on. Gary is very lovable as the crook, and as the seri-ously-minded young father who sits up nights reading "What Every Young Mother Should Know." There is far too little of Carole Lombard. "Tis she who gives the picture vitality—and more vitality is just what the picture needs. Shirley is her own cute self again, but really shouldn't be made to sing silly songs, and hold up the action of the story needlessly because she is this year's "child wonder." Or am I just a crochety old maiden?

HIDE-OUT
Rating: 6—Good Clean Comedy—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THANK you, no, we don't need any Dutch Cleanser today, for here's a com-edy that's as clean and exhilarating as a breath of fresh air. One of the "school" charm chain going around town now, but as long as charm doesn't get tangled up with the whimsies we can take it the way it was given, or weakish, but with Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan playing the young lovers, and never-fail Van Dyke directing, and some swell dialogue, you just naturally find your- self well entertained without a lot of odd plots and sub-plots cluttering up the place.

Bob Montgomery plays a racketeer who is forced to hide out in the country when things get too hot for him in the big city. Of course he meets Maureen O'Sullivan, a sweet and lovely little country gal, and she teaches him a bit about farming and loving. The soul of the Bad Boy goes in for regeneration, and you know that when the film's through with him he will return to the soil and Maureen. The priceless Elizabeth Patterson and little Mickey Rooney take care of the comedy, and are grand. Also in the cast are Edward Arnold and C. Henry Gordon.

THE CAT'S PAW
Rating: 78—Harold Lloyd's Here—a Fox

WHEN Harold Lloyd makes a picture it is always an Event. But this time Harold departs from his usual brand of comedy, which is generally just a string of gags tied together, and makes the story as tight as a spring and steps right out into a full-blown plot. Per- sonally I like it better than his slap-stick comedies—but how do you feel about it?

Harold and the rest of the cast is brought up in China, who decides that he must have an American mother for his "children to be." He arrives in a typical American town and finds himself involved in a political mess. Practically overnight he becomes Mayor, and with delightful mirth and honesty he attempts to break the political machine, which in time breaks him—but not before he has had a grand time fright- ening the living daylights out of all the nifty politicians and gangsters by using old Chinese methods.

Una Merkel is perfectly elegant as the cigar counter girl, who sort of takes Harold in charge and wises him up to American ways, and who eventually becomes the "mother to be" of his children. The picture could have used more of Una and her smart wit—in fact a lot of pictures have found Una to be the screen's busiest politician, who is so amazed by Harold's honesty that he becomes honest. Alan Dangle is a swell menace and Nat Con- dleton and Vince Barnett have some hi- drous moments. It's a picture that every man, woman and child can see and get a big kick out of. Here's hoping Harold will keep on making comedies with plots.

ONE MORE RIVER
Rating: 75—John Galsworthy on the Silver Screen

HERE's a dramatic picture that will test your sophistication, for there's no charm, or glamour, or comedy about it. It's a sincerely honest and believable pic- ture about a group of people who act like human beings. If you aren't suf- ficiently sophisticated, my pet, you may not like human beings who act like human be- negings.

The picture, as you know, is taken from Galsworthy's famous novel, "One More River"—and has been beautifully and in- telligently adapted by the screen's best dramatist. The action takes place in England, and, with the exception of Jane Wyatt, the entire cast is an English cast, and this makes the picture even more convincing.

It's a story of divorce—English divorce. Diana Wynyard, sick with loathing of her bully of a husband (played by Colin Clive), is on her way back to England and on board the boat from Ceylon meets Frank Lawton, a personable young man, who practically without a shilling. He falls in love with her, but she has been too badly hurt by one man to take him seriously.

Clive follows her to London, where she is living with her family. He submits, re- fuses to return to him he has her and Lawton shadowed by a detective agency. Rate plays right into the hands of the badness. Diana and Lawton are forced to spend the night together in a parked car with a wound-out battery. That's all the evidence Clive needs and he starts his screen divider suit. A very slight plot as you can see—but it becomes intensely dramatic. In the cast are Henry Stephenson, C. Aubrey Smith, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Reg- ginald Denny and Alan Mowbray.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN
Rating: 63—Cinderella 1934—Universal

CHARMING little romance that the inevitable Family will enjoy—this modern version of Cinderella, and a Prince Charming who doesn't click. The dialogue is very gay and sprightly and the laughs are as sharp as they are spontaneous.

Roger Pryor and Heather Angel are the young lovers—and quite a loveable pair they make. They seem to be a jolly little couple, and they laugh right through the picture, from beginning to end. When Diana and Lawton are forced to spend the night together in a parked car with a wound-out battery. That's all the evidence Clive needs and he starts his screen divider suit. A very slight plot as you can see—but it becomes intensely dramatic. In the cast are Henry Stephenson, C. Aubrey Smith, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Reg- ginald Denny and Alan Mowbray.

[Continued on page 51]
MORE
Gossip

NORMA SHEARER was quite funny the other day—when we were chatting down at her beach house—without all meaning to be funny. She became very attached to “Flush” while she was making “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” and wanted to buy the cocker spaniel, “the dog’s owner seemed to be very tickled to sell—and reasonably. And then came the preview of the picture with “Flush” getting a tremendous ovation from the preview audience. The next day when Norma asked “how much?” for the doggie, the ambitious owner announced, “A thousand dollars.” “We’d say that’s a dog’s crazy,” said Norma. “A thousand dollars. Why he must think he has another Shirley Temple.”

Shirley Temple has received a fan letter from the Governor of Maine, which says, “This is the first fan letter I have ever received. I wanted to tell you that your are my favorite actress.” She’ll value it someday—but not today.

John Gilbert is sending very red roses to Sally Blane, who is his latest girl friend. Madcap Jack always sends red roses to his girl friends. But Sally sort of plays the field.

Francis Lederer’s dressing room harbors the picture of Stefi Duna (supposedly the heart of young Marlene Dietrich, and three of Joan Crawford.

“I Have Grown Up,” says Loretta Young

(Continued from page 10)

is getting ready to try her wings alone aging you know it is very serious these days when she talks to you. There is a new boldness in her voice, in the way she moves, in the way she uses her hands.

Unhappy she undoubtedly is just now. But she is thinking of herself as a woman instead of as a child, as a separate and important individual instead of an inseparable part of that international family circle. And she is giving the finest performances on the screen that she has ever offered.

If it so happens that she and Spencer Tracy are able to be married, I doubt very much whether she will retire from the screen... however much she thinks now that she wants to do that. She has, by this mysterious ripening process, become one of the most interesting women in pictures, I think she will continue to be increasingly interesting. She is becoming aware of herself, of her relation to life, aware of the power within her. And Hollywood is aware of her, is discussing her, speculating about her. The next year... or perhaps the next six months... may make Loretta one of the most important figures in pictures. Certainly, strange things are happening to Loretta Young!

Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch

(Continued from page 15)

my favorite being the one about the longest sleepers jump in Hollywood. I took thirty-nine days to travel from Australia to Syra-

The Cabbage Patch was already famous when it opened in Australia. It was the favorite haunt of the old-time movie stars, and was a favorite of all the new stars. The story was about a girl who worked in a restaurant and fell in love with a boy. They got married and went to live in Hollywood. But the girl was never happy, because she missed her old life in Australia. One day she decided to go back. She took a boat and sailed for Australia. She arrived back in Australia and was welcomed by her friends. She was overjoyed to see them again. They were all happy to see her. She told them about Hollywood and how much she missed them. They were all so happy to see her back. She spent a few months in Australia and then decided to go back to Hollywood. She lived there for a few years and then decided to go back to Australia. She was happy in both places. She spent the rest of her life traveling back and forth between Hollywood and Australia.
cover to his chagrin that he is in love with her himself.

That splendid stage comedian, Victor Moore, does a bit of some sneering, and so does Esther Ralston, who's a tasty looking dish, and has a nifty line of patter. Here's charm for you, me hearties.

**LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**

**Rating:** 50°—*Merrily We Roll Along—Paramount*

HERE'S as cute a little farse as you ever found on the summer Broadway stage. It bounces along merrily on rubber heels, and isn't a strain on any part of the anatomy. Cary Grant, popular young man about Paris, is so rushed with calls at his hotel (and from women, my dear) that Frances Drake, the hotel telephone operator, gets worried and starts the age-old custom of "listening in." She's in love with Mr. Grant herself, though he doesn't know her from Adam, so she just sort of takes charge of his affairs d'amour via the switchboard.

She saves him from a couple of crooks, Rosita Moreno and Rafael Corio, but at the same time she gets everything so balled up that, to her horror, she finds she has made poor Cary engage himself to a frightful little trumpr, Nydia Westman, who is the heiress-fiancée of Edward Everett Horton.

But just give her time— and Frances straightens that out too. It's all very fast and amusing. Charles Ray plays a small part in the picture and at the preview got a tremendous ovation—which all goes to show that the public isn't as fickle as movie executives would like to have us believe.

**STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**

**Rating:** 35°—*Way?—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

**FOUR Walls do not a prison make, as the poet said, and neither do they make a good picture, as we said. Why a studio ever saw fit to produce it in the first place is something that we can't understand, but even we don't understand the Russian situation either, so maybe the fault lies with us.

You'll die laughing when we tell you who plays the nice Jewish boy who calls his Maiter "Momma"—that elegant gentleman, Franchot Tone. And poor Franchot isn't the only one miscast, for Karen Morley, who can usually do wonders with nothing, finds herself completely at a loss over her insipid role of a beautiful and good East Side Jewish orphan. May Robson as "Momma" manages to get by.

The story's about a minor racketeer, fresh from a five year term in prison, who loves his mother and tries to live up to her ideals. But there's a naughty wench and the call of the flesh, and that leads to an accidental killing, which, in time, leads to the end of the picture. Also in the cast are Gladys George and Billy Bakewell—and those two excellent mugs, Jack La Rue and Nat Pendleton.

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What About His Influence? [Continued from page 26]

originality. He is not bound by the conventions which put a fence around the juveniles and heroes. They have to act a certain way, or they will not be accepted. Walthall, on the other hand, is a fellow for you. He can do anything he thinks of, and usually does. It is the villains of the world who break the monotony, add the danger and suspense, the drama and the spice. Without villains, where would the screen be? Or the stage? Or literature? They are as useful as the lave.

Little by little I was backing against that Adam mantle. There is something reassuring about an Adam mantle. It simply looked slapped on villains and amok during the stage. The rest of the house was not so safe. It was Hispanic, as I told you, and Spaniards carry stilettos in their stockings. "Take this role I'm playing now," Walthall continued, unconscious of my strategic withdrawal. "I'm Roger Chillingworth in the film, "The Scarlet Letter." I'm Hester's husband---Hester is played by Colleen Moore---and what a time I give that poor girl! I played the same part years ago with relish---and Lilian Gish. Walthall, as any other actor, Walthall can look back upon the films and know them intimately. It all began in 1900 when he divided his time between villain and villain in a faithful picture for the old Essey Company. "The Convict's Sacrifice" was the name of the epic, and Mary Pickford was the heroine.

Twenty-five years later, we find Walthall again playing around with questionable characters. You'd think a man would know, but he just can't leave them alone. It is in his blood. However, as that archbandit Villa's guiding star, Walthall turned in a performance that is heart-breaking in its pathos. He had felt so excited to cloak the tragedy and pathos of Madero with such dignity and idealism. The man is a consummate artist to be able to hold his own in such a character against the lusty animation of Beery's Villa. A lesser actor would have made of Madero a weakling, a poor sort of fanatic. Inspired by Walthall's sincere flame as well as of sincerity and strength, spiritual strength.

Walthall was born on a wide plantation in Alabama many and many a year ago near a river that winds to the sea. He ran away from home and went on the stage, "God only knows how, or why," he says. Being a young boy, his first role was of an Indian! He has played everything but female impersonations, and if he had been a Chinaman, he would have played those too, since no women were allowed on the stage when little Henry began his career.

In "Birth of a Nation" he won his professional spurs and America's heart as the Little Colonel. He played the undistinguished romantic lead in films at that time, despite his vigorous denials that he ever portrayed matinee idol parts. Lovely Mary Charleson, a great star herself, had no rival in the romantic field, either. So it was only right and befitting that they should consolidate such a vaster role. Unlike almost all the younger starring couples, Henry and Mary remained happy through the years, and are just as romantic today as when they first thrilled audiences to their pictured embraces. They have one little daughter, Patricia, who is in high school. It is a long time now since Mary has appeared on the screen, but Henry has kept on toping.

"With the exception of a year in vaudeville and a year on the stage," he told me, "I have been in pictures continually ever since 1909. If I'm lucky, I'll be in them until I drop. I want to take my last curtain call with my make-up on. I've been so many years in front of the camera, it is hard to tell just what has become of the real Henry Walthall. But between pictures he manages to come to life and goes to the hunting shack on June Lake, high up in the mountains. "There have been several parts I would have liked to play, but they would not have been as good as the others. I don't say I have never had a chance to do them. Queer, artsy sorts of roles, you know, that the public would not take at all. Unlike most actors, I have never wanted to portray "Hamlet." The reason Hamlet is so popular, I believe, is because he is a melancholy type of chap who can moan around for hours, and I just can't talk about his troubles and philosophizing on life. All he does is moan and arouse sympathy. It is innate in men to want sympathy, and Hamlet has a great role. I have a feeling I would rather have more action and less talking."

Walthall has no explanation to give of his continued popularity on the screen. Since his death, as reports from critics all over the country, he has been offered long term contracts by two studios, but he will continue to free-lance. As my little dog chased after me on the deep plum-colored carpet, past the rows on rows of books and the special case of rare first editions, we were both tears to leave the old personal fame so full of vivid complexities and rich memories. It is impossible to classify Walthall. He is too distinct and different to be grouped with anyone else. Like a single immortal Madero, he stands alone. More colorful than any character he has ever played, more emphatic, even in reports, he gives the impression of being even more than a great actor. But he did confess that the time he felt the greatest was when a girl took him to be years younger than he really is.

"Hollywood Has Always Spelt Good Luck for Me" [Continued from page 21]

noticed that I kept moistening my lips during the scene where the madman filled my mouth with water. Still another fan wrote me that I kept putting my fingers to my lips, when I was addressed, before I would answer. I cured myself of this by paying a lot of attention to my fan letters.

"Sometimes I can't do anything about what they tell me. One of my Texas fans wrote me a letter about the way I am forced to undress in most of my pictures. I was unfortunate enough to undress in the first picture I made and I have had to do so in practically every picture since. I suppose I will always be asked to do so. I used to battle in an effort to get around it, but nothing was signed. Now, of course, I guess it is the same sort of thing that happened to Jimmy Cagney. Because he soaked his leading lady with a grape-fruit in the beginning, and was applauded and liked for it, now he has to keep it up. I don't like to undress. I do refuse to pose for undress stills, but I can't get around scenes that require such things in the picture."

"About my diet. I eat sensibly but never thin. As a matter of fact, I have a tendency to be too fat. I eat everything in moderation, I do not try to keep up my strength. I don't exercise, except for my dancing and I don't do much of that. When I come in from a picture up at 6:30, I eat breakfast, go to the studio, work, rehearse, return home at seven and go to bed at nine. I am usually very tired when I work all day. Singing is strenuous work, stressful and nerve-wracking. I have a comfortable credited with 18 pictures come in three times a week when I am working and give me a body massage before I go to bed. This keeps my weight under control and also keeps me in first class condition. I find massage restful. I often have her finish by rubbing my head for me. I am not related to any of those persons who, whenever they have their hair worked with, get sleepy. Nights, when I am fidgety, I need only my head rubbed to get absolutely relaxed."

"I drink lots of water. This is as good as a tonic. It helps to keep one's complexion and eyes clear, too. I have learned to keep my eyes moist. The tearing up in pictures, my eyes have bothered me considerably. For that reason I use a wash of boracic acid each night before I go to bed. I have never used belladonna or glycine in my eyes as so many girls do."

"I told the cameraman the other day that my eyes hurt when I look at the lights and he said that if a person has eye trouble, especially near-sightedness, their eyes usually photograph much better than others. He also gave me some advice which I do not complain if they hurt a little now and then. I may be getting near-sighted and don't know it."

"I am not sure if I can looking better or more appealing than when I first came to Hollywood, it is because I have tried to make the most of what I have. I used to practice walking up and down before a
full length mirror at home, because the screen showed me that I moved in jerky fashion. I learned to carry my head at a better angle and I corrected a very bad slouch.

"My hair was a dull blonde shade and I touched it up slightly with henna. Everyone thinks the red tone has improved it. Any woman or girl can easily do what I have done. I have already searched for defects and have corrected them."

Jeanette is successful and happy in doing well the work that she loves. She lives quite simply with her mother in Beverly Hills. But she goes out much more now that she married, Robert Ritchie, who returned from abroad. She had planned to meet and vacation with him in France at the close of "The Merry Widow," but was unable to do so when she signed to do two pictures as soon as it is finished.

She almost lost a good fiancé, the day I visited with her. I was just preparing to leave when the boy brought her the cable from Robert telling her that the plane in which he was riding the day before had crashed. He was the only passenger to escape unhurt. All the others had been either killed or injured. Altogether, it was an exciting day on the set. Chevalier, who is a good friend of Ritchie's was almost as concerned as Jeanette, and she was as upset as any girl would be to know that the man she intends some day to marry had just escaped death.

The marriage plans of Jeanette and Robert have tormented Hollywood for several years now, but neither will say anything except that it won't be for a long time yet. I think Jeanette is just a wee bit superstitious about tempting old lady Luck too far. She has received so much already that she is going a bit carelessly about marriage. I only know that during these last few years, Jeanette has changed herself from a good-looking little girl into a beautiful and glamorous woman. And she asked Hollywood to step forward and take a bow.

We love frank people. So we're crazy about Johnny Mack Brown for admitting he likes to sign autograph books (Most of the stars do—but they pretend to be annoyed, or else very condescending.) And we love Madge Evans because she frankly admits that contrary to the popular custom in Hollywood she has absolutely no desire to "get away from it all." She likes Hollywood and moving pictures and hopes to stay around for a long time. And we like Claudette Colbert who explains that she "got a break" and that genius and talent had nothing to do with it.

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To correct OILY hair:
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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**WE MUST** make her over into a totally different person,” said the Director in the muck studio.

That’s easy,” declared the Make-up Man.

“We’ll do it with her hair.”

And they did.

You have only to see Jean Muir in “Dr. Monica,” or Sylvia Sidney in “Thirty Day Princess,” or Ann Harding in “The Life of Vergie Winters,” to realize that the way you do your hair determines the impression you make on people.

So, with this in mind, we interviewed a gentleman who has created some of the newest and smartest coiffures worn in recent pictures by your favorite stars.

We were just full of questions. First we asked him: “If a girl’s face is too round for beauty, what can she do with her hair to make it appear longer, more nearly the perfect oval everyone admires?”

She can do a great deal! In the first place there is the new diagonal part. It is the best friend of the girl with a round face. She should wear it by and practice with it until she has discovered exactly where to place it. Remember that the way you part your hair is one of the most important things. It determines the success of your coiffure. Decide first whether this diagonal part is to start high or low on the side of your face. If you start it fairly high on the left side, slant it back across the top of your head until it ends on the right side of the back of your head. If you start it low on the left side and slant it sharply, it should end just a little past the middle of the back of your head on the right side.

This is a most attractive slenderizing line for a full face. Watch for it in pictures. You will see it do clever things for round faces.

Then wear your hair softly over your ears. This also will lengthen and slenderize your face. I do not mean to have you push it too far forward. It should always look sleek and soft. But to draw it back severely and show your ears, is to produce the very effect you are trying to avoid, that of width. Beware of bangs if your face is round. They will make it appear rounder. The only exception to this rule is the girl with a round face, whose hair grows back off her face, high up one side. Bangs if brought down over that part of her face will help shape it into becoming lines.

Suppose, instead of being round and full, your face is too long and thin for beauty. Then in order to make it look oval you want to shorten it. Brush your hair back off your face, showing all of your cheeks right back to your ears. Wear your hair soft and thick at the sides of your head. If you are having a wave-see that it is brought back and out as far as possible on the side of your head. That good old stand by, a middle part, will make your face look fuller, especially if you bring your hair down on your forehead.

Sometimes a neck which is too long and thin will mar the appearance of an otherwise very pretty girl. If this is your problem, a clever hair style can be a real help to you. A medium bob will be most becoming. Let your hair come down far enough to cover the lower part of your ears. It can be a little longer in back than at the sides. A too long bob is not becoming, while a short one will only make your neck look longer. Do not yield to the blandishments of the gentlemen who cut hair and have it thinned too severely. Wear it full, soft and round in order to look your best.

If your neck is short and stocky avoid a long or medium bob. Get your hair up off your neck. Brush the curls UP in back. Even though you may feel that your neck is not a pretty one, don’t try to hide it.

For evening a more elaborate hair style than that worn daytime is appropriate. Many of the screen stars, who have had their hair bobbed recently, have had curls made of their own hair, which they pin in high up on the back of their heads for an evening coiffure. A little elaborate and theatrical? Well, perhaps. But mighty attractive if you can get away with it.
They Should Have the Biggest Swelled Heads

[Continued from page 25]

"I'll bring it in to you," she went on when she learned the story had to catch the evening's air-mail, "I'll work on a better ending and leave it at your apartment.

And she did! How simple it would have been to have requested I come to her home again, or that I hold up the story to await her pleasure. Can you visualize Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Sullivan, et al, demonstrating such consideration?

On a different occasion Norma remarked to me that 80% of the success of any star, including herself, depended on the public, directors, photography, and exploitation the studio afforded. Very obviously she is not an addict!

Many actresses have commented on Snaer's "luck" to me. I would add a letter. In my estimation she has "pluck.

She has never forgotten that she started from less than scratch. That she was a poor, plain extra for two heart-breaking years before she won a break. That a genuine person is never risky.

The other feminine star with a legitimate cause for going grand is, of course, the inimitable Hepburn. Our capricious Katy currently holds the talkie throne as "best screen actress." It's hers until next winter, when the movie colony votes on the finest performance of 1934. By then "The Little Minister," on which she is busily engaged, will be confounding her competitors.

If you were tagged best, how would you react? Much has been made by writers of Katy's eccentricities. Perhaps you've been led to believe that she is riding rough-shod over her Hollywood associates. If so, you have overlooked the significant fact. She's been kidding her predecessors, the Cinderellas who persist in swallowing themselves in the riches to which they've risen!

Remember, please, that Hepburn is a college graduate and hails from a distinguished old Connecticut family. Analyze her doing minutely and you'll note that there is no reason other than method to her madness. She just realized Hollywood's gullibility and capitalized on it!

To everyone who does not intrude into her private life but respects the anonymity she has chosen of the friendship. Back in California after the late unpleasantnesses (i.e., her Broadway venture and her Mexican divorce) she has settled again in a Bel-Air home which she shares with Laura Harding, her closest chum. When she isn't working she is exercising lustily, and at nights she is catching the outstanding previews.

At the studio Katy continues to be her "regular guy" self. It is this informalities which have really endeared her with the public and encouraged a law unto herself. She is the one big star who lunches in the Radio commissary, the rest retiring regally to their dressing rooms. She plays handball and baseball with the prop men, between shots. She boosted Adlyn Doyle, her stand-in, into genuine roles. Befriended one who has no money or pull is unorthodox! The trouble with the Hepburn knockers is that the queen is too democratic a damsel to suit the snooty. (Hepburn, among the men, there are three who should have gigantically swollen heads.

Warner Baxter ought to be "taking it big."

He is the foremost romantic male at the Fox studio. Currently he has just finished the most coveted masculine role of the summer, the lead in "Broadway Bill." Frank Capra's successor to "It Happened One Night." He receives more fan mail than any star at Fox.

So what? So Warner hasn't a swelled head at all. He is as genial as he is handsome. He adores his wife, to whom he has been married for fourteen years, and recently he moved her into a gorgeous Bel-Air mansion. Their new home is the epitome of luxury, but it is for themselves and their relatives. They didn't build it to show off. He continues to drive his own roadster to the studio and you would never think, to talk to him on the set, that he lives in splendor.

The reason? Well, Warner Baxter is a "regular guy." If he has splurged with the new house, it's because he once walked the streets of Los Angeles—hungry. And it's human to want luxuries when you have plugged away at a profession as long as Warner has. He made his stage début singing and dancing in a vaudeville act, nearly twenty-two years ago. So now, in his early forties, he is reaping the rewards of persistence and kindliness.

He would be furious if I publicized how many people he has aided. I will say, though, that I personally know how he frequently calls on acquaintances in distress, and materially helps them.

It will be betraying no confidence to repeat something I learned about him quite accidentally. The other morning I was buying a newspaper on the street corner. The sky was cloudy and a downpour threatened. I asked the lame newsboy what he did when it rained. "Oh," he bemoaned, "don't you see that raincoat hanging on the telegraph pole there?" I looked. "Mr. Warner Baxter worried about me, so he brought that!"

This seems to be the lucky season for Powells. William the elder—he's no relation to Dick the crooner—is bouncing about in positively a jovial fashion these days. The inner nature of the man has at last come to the fore. What with a flock of mediocre vehicles and a smashed love-life, he had been a dejected soul.

Finally his own boss, William Powell swore to me that he'd never be hired into another "chain-gang." Then Metro gave him some swell breaks and he elatedly put his name on their dotted line. With a top salary rolling in regularly, a gorgeous new estate nearing completion in Beverly's swankiest sector, he could be overflowing with self-satisfaction.

I went to lunch at his house to see for myself. Yes, he has that same gentlemanly flair, and—pardon me—it's "lucchini." Distinctly so at William Powell's! But puffed-up? Not this wise individual. He told me point-blank that he attributes his renewed vogue to the fact that it is apparently nigh impossible for newcomers to receive the proper consideration from casting moguls.

He lives in genteel luxury. Why not? For thirteen years he struggled to repay the money he had borrowed to "stake" him as an actor. During these stretches in stock, when Broadway and Hollywood were vague visions, and during the frequent periods between engagements when he survived on as near nothing as a man can, he dreamed of the material ease he now can afford.

There is nothing gaudy or newly-rich about him. Nor does he ever refer in any way to his equably enviable rating with the local ladies. Having wealth and being charming company, and the personalization of politeness, he is never turned down when he asks for a date. "Being a man of the world," he declared to me, "does not mean being a prude!" His actions speak louder. Experienced, but not blasé, his superb nonchalance is the enemy of "airs."
Carrillo the "Gringo" [Continued from page 48]

That Flair for Being Glamorous [Continued from page 17]

a goître or else my eyes wouldn’t look so flat. And that’s how my darlings disappeared. I met Clark Gable at a party on Saturday night, I leaped to him and gave him the eye business with the maximum of intensity, while Mrs. Gable wasn’t looking but I regret to say Mr. Gable choked in his highball and immediately left to hunt mountain lions in the high Sierras.

The next day was Harlow week. One of Jean’s best tricks, I have discovered, is to run her hand over her hair and give a voluptuous wriggle that elevates the left shoulder and undulates—and how—all the way down. All that Avery brought me was gags, elevate, undulate—take a deep breath and a mouthful of spinach and begin all over again. The undulating I found a little difficult at first but my biggest problem was to bring it to Hawaii or the World’s Fair, but I found that with the aid of a good rhumba record I could sort of get a naughty rhythm to the thing. Well, I made the mistake of telling out my new Harlow glamour on one of those "private people" who don’t count in Hollywood—and all I’ve got to say is that

a consecutive, neutron of dazzling,复仇, undulate—take a deep breath and a mouthful of spinach and begin all over again. The undulating I found a little difficult at first but my biggest problem was to bring it over to Hawaii or the World’s Fair, but I found that with the aid of a good rhumba record I could sort of get a naughty rhythm to the thing. Well, I made the mistake of telling out my new Harlow glamour on one of those "private people" who don’t count in Hollywood—and all I’ve got to say is that
if I ever meet that goop again I will black his other eye, the poltroon.

Then there was Garbo week, when I smashed and combed my hair back from my face and didn’t use any make-up except on my eyes, and sort of thrust myself at nature like a radiator cap. But Garbo week wasn’t much of a success. I looked so silly with most of my eyebrows shaved off and I couldn’t do without food long enough to get that emaciated hungry look. When I think it over I really believe that pernicious anemia did more for Garbo than I’m not sure I could do the Carole Lombard snotty business, but I’ll probably never get a chance at it, what with every body being snotty these days. Carole is swell, and it’s a question whether she gives all those parties or whether everyone rallies round just to see her and the parties give themselves.

Well, Gaynor week was some fun. I decided that Janet’s trick is to hold her head way back and look sort of coyly up at men out of wide big-open eyes. This trick makes you look childish—and is simply devastating to men, especially the big brute, protective type. (Natural, if you’re five feet nine, don’t bother with this one.) And of course you’ve got to make your voice very sweet and gentle, sort of like Pauline calling to Wendy, or Miss Temple coaxing Little Shirley to be a good girl and go do what the nice director man wants her to. Janet handles that voice business beautifully—it gets’em, how it gets’em—but I must say that every time I tried it I unconsciously lapsed into baby talk. One lamentable night I said, “Itty betty, Betsy wanna go byebye” whereupon my best boy friend became violently primitive and then called up Carole Lombard.

Well, it went on for months. I tried to be like Ruth Chatterton and cultivate a broad English accent and simply recked with culture. Then I decided to do a Colette Bennett type, blantly and Hollywood Boulevard giving the famous Bennett smile—which caused the passersby to stare and then automatically point their fingers towards their temples. I became very brittle and sophisticated and was having a grand time insulting people, but suddenly I discovered that the back-to-the-soil movement was on so I started longing about like Jean Muir.

Norma Shearer lasted a month. To me Norma’s brand of Glamour is the best. She so fresh and alive, but with it she has a tantalizing sort of mystery that’s as unapproachable as the sea. Poor Irving Thalberg—that mystery glamour mystified me, and I couldn’t get a hold on it when he was courting Miss Shearer and didn’t know exactly where he stood. She has a gracious manner and a hearty handshake that make you feel that she has been sitting around all day just waiting for you to get there. There’s that gracious cordiality and then, suddenly, imperceptible mystery—and you have a definite feeling that you know absolutely nothing about Norma Shearer. So I scrubbed and brushed and praced a cute little giggle and a warm handshake and what I considered a touch of mystery, and was all ready to go to the Miss Shearer dance where I knew I would meet both Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall. But they didn’t even bother to speak to me. In fact no one particularly tried to speak to me except one of the waiters who said, “Madame, your friend asked me to give you the key to your car and tell you that he has gone home with Miss Shearer.

Well, anyway, as long as there’s life there’s hope—and faith and charity, I trust—and this is Dietrich week and I’m working very hard on that eye of trick, One, two, three, shift! So long, try to be good and see how you like it.
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Y ou could almost take a bet—eight unseenc—that a girl born in Yonkers would know how to cook. And Muriel Kirkland, who first saw the light of day in this small city adjacent to New York, could bake up this bet. Because New Yorkers, for apparently no good reason at all, always use Yonkers (along with Brooklyn) as a target for jokes. Muriel didn’t remain in that town very long, but moved over to New Rochelle, which is just as small a place but enjoys a swankier reputation. And Muriel, in her adolescent days, was all for swank.

After graduating from school, she commenced studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, later serving her apprenticeship in stock companies dotted hither and yon over these United States, never forgetting her kitchen accomplishments.

One of her favorite recipes, remembered from those early days in Yonkers and New Rochelle, when the kitchen regions were no mystery at all to the little Muriel, is for a desert called Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf. When I cornered her recently at the Universal Studio, where she is working on the Dickens’ story, “Great Expectations,” she gladly gave me the recipe, and here it is:

Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf

1/2 pound marshmallows
1 cupful water
1/2 cupful chopped nut meats
1/2 cupful pitted dates
21/2 cupfuls graham cracker crumbs

“I cut the marshmallows into quarters,” Muriel explained, “and then pour the water over them. Then I add the Borden’s Sweetened Condensed Milk, the chopped nuts, chopped dates and cracker crumbs. I blend this mixture thoroughly and form it into a loaf six inches long. When this is done I place the loaf into a deep mould, lined first with waxed paper. I let it freeze for about twelve hours. When serving, I cut it into slices like a loaf of bread, and sometimes, when I feel especially ambitious, I whip up some cream as a garnish. Now, how does that sound?"

I told her it sounded simply swell to me. That’s why I’m passing it on to you. Try it sometime, and see if this little lady who hails from Yonkers doesn’t know her pastries.

Another dessert favored by Muriel is Chocolate Biscule. And here is the recipe.

Chocolate Biscule

3 squares bitter chocolate
11/2 cupfuls condensed milk
1 cupful hot water
3 eggs, separated
1/4 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful graham cracker crumbs

Muriel melts the chocolate in a double boiler. Then she adds the condensed milk and stirs over boiling water for five minutes until the mixture thickens. This is removed from fire and hot water and slightly beaten egg yolks are added. When it cools, the stiffly beaten whites and the salt are folded in. The freezing tray of the refrigerator is buttered and then lined with graham cracker crumbs before the chocolate mixture is poured over it and allowed to freeze. Four to six hours are allotted for freezing, and the Biscule must not be stirred during this time.

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STARS MUST EAT

By Ruth Corbin

Desserts That Tempt the Beauties.

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Isabel On Her Own
[Continued from page 27]

ever I went, and along came one wise-cracking commedia's role after another. I was beginning to get a bit muddled with myself by this time, and thought I'd better pipe down about a dramatic role. Perhaps I had been commedia all the time, and I just needed Hollywood to discover the fact.

"Underneath I was still seeking for drama, just the same, but on the surface I decided not to quibble. I had wanted a Hollywood career, and I was now determined to get it whether by the high road or the low."

When John Barrymore was planning to do "Counselor-at-Law" on the screen, he conferred with Otto Kruger about the casting of various parts, and Kruger suggested Isabel Jewell as the only logical person in Hollywood for that of the telephone operator. Isabel was still at work on a picture at M-G-M, but she had been recommended so highly that Barrymore—

the Barrymore himself—decided to hold up production for three days in order to get her. Isabel, who had been obliged to accept a good many set-backs in her checkered career, was almost overwhelmed with happiness. She also felt very humble to think that a Barrymore, who had only to raise his hand to get what he wanted, should desire her services and, not only that, but wait three whole days for her arrival. If this wasn't getting somewhere, well it was a good initiation anyway.

A good many screen players have thought John Barrymore rather tyrannical to work with, but not so Isabel. Instead, she accues him of having a superb sense of humor. Although he may be extremely taciturn when he is studying his lines on the set, the moment he is free his drolleries have the entire cast in constant giggles. And he is always eager to assist minor players with the reading of their lines, provided, of course, that they're not too proud to admit that he may know a trifle more about this business called acting than they do. So far as Isabel herself is concerned, she was more than obliging to both Kruger and Barrymore for the pressure they have brought to bear on her budding career.

One day, while Isabel was working in a small part in "Advice to the Lovers" at Twentieth Century, Lucien Hubbard, an important M-G-M producer, came over there to look at some of the rushes. He was on the lookout for a girl to play the leading feminine rôle—that of a sophisticated chorus girl, who was to be apporitioned several highly dramatic scenes in a forthcoming Otto Kruger picture called "Women in His Life." Madge Evans, an M-G-M contract player, was too much the ingenue for the rôle, which called for a certain superficial hardness masking a warmly emotional nature.

Isabel, who had already been signed to play a small part in "Women in His Life," knew just whom Hubbard had in mind when he came to look at the rushes of "Advice to the Lovers." But she said tactfully: "Please look at my rushes, too, Mr. Hubbard. You'll be surprised, really. It's the first time I've been the tiniest, weakest bit pretty on the screen. I was quite bowled over when I saw myself."

Mr. Hubbard smiled at her as he might at an eager child who is not used to such attention, but he looked, nevertheless, with the result that Isabel captured that coveted rôle opposite Otto Kruger, and U. Merkel was cast for the rôle Isabel had originally been set for—that of a wise secretary.

To listen to Isabel, it was all quite wonderful after this. For the first time she realized what it meant to be a player of

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consequence. Expert hairdressers experimented with her lovely golden hair until they had achieved the most becoming coiffure for her type. As her cheeks are quite thin, cosmeticians did all sorts of marvellous things with make-up so that, when the lights were thrown upon her, her face would not exhibit deep hollows under the cheekbones. Accommodating cameramen photographed her two profiles as well as her face full face from every conceivable angle, in order to satisfy me familiar "Ma'am" that some of the Southerners use. She really hails from Wyoming, and got the habit from the cowboys. Her father, a painter who first sent her to school in Minnesota, and later to college in Kentucky. Then came the theatrical bee in her home, which seems to be buzzing right merrily out in Hollywood just now.

As for Lee Tracy—of course they're still gossips about her hair. She didn't believe in dyes of relief and re-fixed for a moment, until I prodded her with some last-minute questions. Although Isabel is not from the South, she is a lady folk with a kind of Reconstruction, very much like the old-time Southerners. Her real name is Barbara J. Johnson, and, besides being a model, she really is a normal one, although only a frank and very honest woman would admit its existence—but I hope you're all agreed that this extraordinarily ambitious and intelligent young actress should not be written down in the annals of screen history as "Lee Tracy's girl friend."

After all, there may come a day when Lee will be referred to as "Isabel Jewel's boy friend."
inventor who is working as chauffeur for Janet's father, but, as he got the job after Janet left home, she doesn't know who he is, nor does he recognize her.

She gets a job as chambermaid somewhere and, from what I gather, Mr. Huntley turns out to be a gigolo of sorts. At any rate, Janet's father loses his money on something and it is necessary for Janet and Huntley to be married sooner than they had anticipated.

She gets into a boat and goes out on the lake looking for him. There are two or three rowboats in the picture—one of them near Janet. In the night air the clear tones of people laughing and talking are audible. In one of the boats someone is singing and playing a mandolin. In the distance can be heard the hum of a speedboat. In a nearby boat are two people, but they are silhouettes in the darkness and cannot be identified. As Janet paddles near them we see it is Huntley and, with him, Dorothy Christy.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were like this all the time?" he asks.

"There is no reason why it shouldn't be," Dot replies, looking at him through narrowed lids. "I have enough for two—more than enough."

"But I'm just a chauffeur," Huntley protests.

"I knew you were no ordinary chauffeur the moment I saw you," Miss Christy informs him. "I was mad about you before I found out you were Karl Berghoff. Your family is one of the finest in Sweden. I'm nobody—except that my husband left me a fortune."

"You're awfully sweet," Huntley informs her.

Poor Janet. She's been taking all this in and she's found out once again that gilded tombs do worms enfold and so do gilded carcasses—especially when they belong to attractive young men.

Never mind, Janet. Lew is waiting for you—less than a reel away. And there's a boy who'd do right by you—if you let him have his own way all the time.

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"

Hedda Hopper..... Janet Gaynor
Eric Landstrom..... Lew Ayres
Hans Nord...... Ned Sparks
Viktor Van... Walter Connolly
Mrs. Hanson..... Louise Dresser
Karl Berghoff..... G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Sigrid Hanson..... Astrid Allwyn
Hans Hanson..... Siegfried Rummel
and others

At M-G-M

I JOG on over to M-G-M and what an upset my plans get on this lot. It seems they've got everybody on their contract list working just to make it tough for me.

First, there's "The Green Hat."

"We can't take anyone on that set without Constance Bennett's permission," Kay Mulvey begins when I appear in the publicity office.

So I write Connie a note and send it in by Cliffon, her chauffeur, and in a minute out comes Gladys Young, her secretary, and personally conducts me on to the set.

Kay's eyes are sticking out like cherries on a stem. "This is unheard of," she breathes. "There hasn't been another writer on this set since the picture started. Do you mind if I touch you?"

"Not always told you nitwits around Hollywood that, if you play ball with Connie, she'll play ball with you," I retort.

"Now, don't talk to me today," Connie smiles as she passes by. "Because I'm working like mad to finish up so I can get away. But you call me up at home and come out to see me before I leave. Stick around as long as you like, though."

It's a nifty scene—Napier's (Herbert

SILVER SCREEN for October 1951

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Silver Screen for October 1934

**Silver Swell**

She's a fireball, of course, with some geraniums on the mantel, chintz curtains, red damask dian in front of the fireplace and a conglomerated piece of furniture, representing no particular style—basically simple. She returns to built-in book-shelves at one side of the mantel.

Off at one side of the set—out of camera range—is a phonograph that goes continually. Joan Crawford isochen from her collection of records until she started working herself and then she took it back. So Con stant had to get one of her own. It would drive me crazy.

This book of Michael Arlen's has a tremendous sale and most of you saw Garbo's version of this picture, so there's no use giving you the story again.

After Connie's husband has killed himself on their wedding day and her brother (Hugh Williams) goes against her because she lets him think she was to blame, she is ostracized. She lives a wild, reckless life abroad, but when she learns her brother is dying she returns to England to tell him the truth about her husband, so Hugh won't die old joking. He refuses to see her and dies without knowing the man (her husband) was only a roister, a wastrel and a lot of other things.

Broken and hurt, Connie turns to Marshall.

"I don't know if I could have been happy," Marshall admits, "but at least I wouldn't have known this awful sense of defeat. You are the only thing I've ever really wanted, and I wasn't strong enough to take you and keep you. I was born to live and die like a man in a dream who can never touch the woman he sees beside him always."

"And whose fault is that?" Connie demands harshly. "Not mine. Wasn't I yours—here in this very room before I married Boy Fenwick—if you'd wanted me?"

"It wasn't my fault that Boy killed himself because of you," Marshall throws at her.

"Please," Connie begs, "I thought we were friends tonight.

"I must make myself remember all I have against you or I'll never let you go again." Marshall mutters, and then his voice takes on a harsh tone. "I'm sure you've led me a great deal of happiness, Iris."

"No," she whispers. "It's hurt.

"Hum?" he mutters in a low voice.

"Yes," she says, though she seemed unfaithful to you—and that hurt."

I know it is considered heresy to compare anyone to Garbo but it seems to me that Crawford is set to be better in this part than the Great Svede. Here's who:

**The Green Hat**

Iris .................. Constance Bennett

Napier .................. Herbert Marshall

Lady Eve .................. Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Vincente .................. Elizabeth Allen

Gerald ............... Hugh Williams

Sir Maurice ............. Henry Stephenson

Hilary .................. Robert Loring

Warden .............. John MILLS

Dr. Massell ........... Leo Carroll

Trubel ................... Abe B. Francis

Incidentally, it was just after he finished this picture that grand old trooper, Abe B. Francis, passed on.

On your left, ladies and gents, right where the phonograph is loudest, we have "Sacred and Profane Love," with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Otto Kruger. That is, M-C-M paid a hunk of money for a title to the cheap play that Elsie Ferguson starred in years ago and had a new scenario written around it. Then, along came clean-up week, so now they changed the name to "Chained." Ho-hum.

Everybody is chained to the wrong person. Otto Kruger (as Field) loves Joan Crawford (Diana) and wants to marry her, but is chained to his wife (Mary Astor). The latter refuses to divorce him. He sends Joan to South America on a trip and Joan falls in love with her (Clara Bow). He returns to New York and tells Otto about it and finds that Otto's wife has relented and is on her way to Reno for a divorce and Kruger has told everyone he is going to marry Joan. Joan is chained to Kruger through loyalty, and gives Clark his conge. But Clark meets her later in New York, follows her and Kruger to their Mount Airy estate at Lake Placid, and tells Kruger the truth.

Kruger is always the gentleman. He orders his place set for the wedding and the three of them sit down, while Kruger in his casual way, lets them know he intends going back to his wife and leaving them free for each other.

Also mixed up in the proceedings are Stuart Ervin as Johnny and Una O'Connor as Amy.

"Hi, pal," says Clark. "How's tricks."

"Fine," I nod. "Where you going this time when you finish the picture?"

Down around Encinada and into the interior of Mexico, with Clark grins. Get him talking about his wonton fish or fishing and Clark is in his glory.

Dick Arlen told Me he would borrow his yacht any time they're not using it. I suggest: "We can go fishing on that if you like."

"Lord," says Clark, "I wouldn't know how to act on a yacht. That's too luxurious. I really rough it when I go out anywhere. Anyhow, I want to go up to the interior of Mexico."

"Well, happy landings," I wish him as I leave.

"Hail and farewell," says Joan as I pass her dressing room. "You're not staying long."

"Gotta hurry. It's getting late and I've got to do."

"Well, come out sometime when you're not in such a hurry and let's have a chat," Joan invites me. Swell gal!
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**In "Hide-Out," Maureen O'Sullivan and her kid brother introduce that note of purity which we are all so crazy about now-a-days.**

Lucky Wilson is a racketeer. When things get hot for him he hides in the Catskill Mountains. Special Investigator McCarthy pursues, and, in a race through the night, Lucky escapes but not until a bullet has pleased through his shoulder. Weakened from loss of blood, far out along the Connecticut countryside, his car careens into a ditch where he is found unconscious, hours later, by a farmer named Miller. Recuperating under assumed identity at the modest Miller farmhouse, he at first hates the place. But Pauline, the lovely schoolmarm daughter, soon arouses his interest.

We pick them up after one more night, when Pauline is correcting examination papers and her kid brother is practicing his piano lesson. Suddenly a bell rings upstairs. Mrs. Miller picks up a glass of milk to take to him. "I'll go," says Pauline. "You got your work to do," her mother objects. "It's almost finished," Pauline informs her, taking the glass out of her hand and starting from the room. "I'll go," yells Willie. Anything to get out of practicing. "You sit right down," her mother admonishes. "Well, if he gives you anything," Willie screams, "I get half-"

Maureen O'Sullivan, who plays Pauline, disappears immediately after the shot is finished and I don't know any of the others in the scene so there's no sticking around. But here's the cast for you:

**HIDE-OUT**

Lucky........... Robert Montgomery
Pauline........... Maureen O'Sullivan
McCarthy.......... Edward Arnold
Mrs. Miller....... Elizabeth Patterson
Willie............. Mickey Rooney
Mr. Miller........ Whitfield Kane
Tony................ C. Henry Gordon
Babe................ Muriel Evans

The last, thank goodness, on this lot is "Student Tour," and when I arrive on the set, guess who's there? You never could "nuss so I'll tell you. Two of my favorite Warner Brothers' players who have been borrowed for this epic—Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan. Maxine, I'd told you about, love. Phil is new and both of them are getting their first real break in this picture.

Golly, it would take someone a lot older and more than much to unravel all the plot in this picture for you. All I know is what I'm told, and I couldn't remember a third of what I was told about this one.

There's a beautiful garden and Maxine wearing a flirty dress, shell-rimmed glasses and holding a text book in her hand wands into it. There isn't any dialogue. But when the scene is finished Phil turns to me: "Want to hear a swell number?" And he gets them to play the recording he has just made of a song called "Taj Mahal." It's a play, and I start a voice that boy has. Wait'll you hear it.

"Where you going now," Phil demands.

"Over to Warner Brothers and Universal," I reply.

"Come on," he says. "I'm all through in the picture and I'll go over to Warner with you and show you and the band doing a big shot now since I've been borrowed."

"Nuts," I answer. "I was afraid of that," says Phil sadly. "Come on, I'll be generous even if you won't let me be big.

**STUDENT TOUR**

Hank............. Jimmy Durante
Lippincott........ Chas. Butterworth
Anne.............. Maxine Doyle
Ben........------- Phil Regan
Lilith........... Florine McKinney
Musby........... Douglas Slovay
Jeff ............. Monte Blue

At Warner Brothers

"I've been out here six months," Phil vouchsafes as we drive along, "and this is my first real break. I've taken up my option for another six months and my girl will be out here from New York for a visit in a couple of weeks and, boy, am I happy."

Suddenly he bursts into song: "I'm sitting on top of the x-o-orld," he carols. By the time he's finished all the songs he knows about how happy he is, we're at Warner Brothers and I've had about a thousand dollars worth of entertainment for nothing. Phil Regan is a New Yorker on a sustaining program for Columbia, and his broadcast went out over a mere sixty-one stations. Probably you've heard him.

"Now, here," he begins when we get inside the studio, "you have Barbara Stanwyck in 'A Lost Lady'."

"It's a pleasure," I respond. "You see," Phil explains earnestly, "she marries a chap—Philip Reed—and less than forty-eight hours later he is shot to death by her father and thinks life isn't worth living so her uncle sends her to the mountains. She meets Frank Morgan up there and he falls in love with her."

"That's not half a believable story," I murmur. "Shut up," says Phil. "When he gets ready to leave she realizes she'll be pretty much alone so she marries him after telling him she can never love him or anyone else again."

"Good old Babs," I enthuse. "Honesty is the best policy."

Phil ignores my enthusiasm and continues: "He's trying to make her happy, so he builds her a house and what a house! We get on to that later but it is I'll say it's a house. It's an estate."

There are a series of laps dissolve showing all Morgan has done for Barbara, and at the end we come to him looking at the gates to the garden in a big roadster. The head builder comes up as they are about to drive in, tips his hat and hands Morgan the keys to the place. Morgan nods and hands them over to Barbara.

Barbara is touched but I don't believe she's much impressed because the house Morgan is giving is way too big to compare to the one she really owns.

There's no dialogue in this scene. When it's finished she goes gasp down into the group of people who are waiting. Imagine my dismay and consternation when she doesn't recognize me. Me that had such a swell interview with her only a week ago. Oh, well. After failing to recognize Miss Griffies, I guess I can't grouse if Barbara fails to remember me.
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Noxzema
"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN"


"Big Hearted Herbert" and 'Desirable' are on location. Phil informs me, so I guess that about washes us up. Give me a ring when you get back. So long.

At Universal

TEDDY MACDONALD, who has turned down several offers to act, because, as he says, he wants to eat regular, is waiting to show me around. At least, he isn't exactly waiting. I happen to catch him in the publicity offices so he can't get out of it.

"Say, Dick," says Teddy as we start over to the stages, "how'd you like to write the story of my life? I've never starved and nothing very colorful has ever happened to me but, there's my love life. Now, you take this Creole I've got a luncheon date with today."

"You take her," I suggest. "This is my busy day."

"Okay," says Teddy totally unperturbed. "You're breaking away the chance of a lifetime. Well, anyhow, if you want to be strictly busy, this set we're on is 'Imitation of Life' directed by the incomparable Frank Borzage and starring Claudette Colbert. Claudette and Louise Beavers are partners in a pancake business. Louise's little girl is a white Negro and Claudette's little girl has just called her "a nigger."

The scene is Claudette's sitting room in back of the restaurant. The two women with their little girls are there. "Jesse Pullman?" Claudette exclaims to her daughter, "for shame on you."

"There, now, Peola," Louise attempts to soothe her little girl quietly. "You gotta take it, chile, and you might as well begin now."

"Apologize to Peola this instant," Claudette sternly pronounces. "No, Miss Bea," says Louise philosophically, "don't make her 'pologize. Ain't no good in dat."

Suddenly Peola turns on her mother and beats her with her little fists. "You—" she cries, "it's cause you're black! I ain't a 'nigger—you're the nigger. You make me black!"

"Peola!" Claudette exclaims in horror. "How can you?"

She can't he 'persuaded just now, Miss Bea," murmurs Louise. "Fixes like her pappy was. He beat his fists 'gainst all his days. It jus' eat him through and through. Huck, now, ladies," she goes on. "You gotta learn to take it."

A scene like that has a sobering effect on anyone. I can't help wondering how many people go away from that picture—without realizing there's a terrific social problem to which there seems no solution.

They haven't finished casting the picture yet, but as far as they've gone, it's...

"IMITATION OF LIFE"
Beatrice Pullman, Claudette Colbert Delilah........... Louise Beavers Jesse Pullman.......... Joann Quigley Rollette........... Lyle Talbot

"Claudette and Louise have equal parts all through the picture," McDonald informs me. "It's the first time anything like it has ever happened."

Well, I really always felt I'd like to see more of Louise than the bits she usually plays. I'd bet she'll be terrific in this.

"Next on the list," McDonald continues, "since you don't want my love life, is 'Wake Up and Dream.' How's that for a title? If I remember correctly, it's one of those I thought up myself."

"I'll bet," I begin.

McDonald looks hurt at my skepticism and says nothing loudly.

Presently we find ourselves in a dump of a dressing room with a quarter sawed out upright piano. Russ Columbo is sitting in front of it, with one arm resting on the music rack. His head is resting on his arm. He is lazily strumming a tune—one he rehearsed in Atlantic City.

Suddenly the door to the bedroom opens and June Knight pops out, with speed in one of Russ's hands too big for her—and a pair of his slippers. She pauses in the doorway a second, regarding Russ with a worried, soliciting expression on her face.

Then, "Found this little outfit in there," she says gaily. "Do you mind?"

"Very smart, too," says Russ straightening up and turning to her. He doesn't want to be caught moping. "It's kind of you got down, hasn't it?"

"Jesse Pullman?

"Charlie and I have been together for ten years," Russ reminisces. "We broke in together—watering elephants—running errands. We've even taken a way through carnival shows, saloons, circuses and what have you. Do you think I'd split with him now? It takes a lot of ballast to get me off. He's just like my brother."

"Where do I fit in?" June wonders, a little bitterly.

Russ looks at her for a moment and I can tell where she fits in, but he only says, "You know what Charlie thinks of you. He's been walking around in a dream ever since the first day I met him."

"Did you ever like anybody very much?" June asks after a minute. "Like you say Charlie likes me?"

"No," he answers without looking at her. "I'm kind of a catch-as-catch-can guy. Maybe I haven't met the right one."

"I'm still the girl against you, miss no."

What a swell theme song for Lyle Talbot that would be: I'm a catch-as-catch-can guy. I must think to tell him about it.

"Who else is in this?" I go on to McDonald.

He plays them off glibly:

"WAKE UP AND DREAM"


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Honorable Guy

3
"There’s one other little gem you must see," McDonald goes on. It’s called "The Gift of Gab." Practically everybody in pictures and on the radio have parts in it. Right now, some of the principals are having a little argument in Eddie Lowe’s apartment.

When we arrive on the set, Eddie Lowe, attired in a red Satin dress gown that looks suspiciously like the one Phillip Reed wore in "Glamour," is lying on the divan. Doug Fowley is sitting on it. Hugh O'Connell sits, facing them. Suddenly as she comes into the room, followed by Victor Moore, we hear Gloria Stuart demanding, "Who’s boring whom?"

"Good morning," Mr. Moore pipes, but no one pays any attention.

"Hello, honey," Lowe mutters absently to Gloria without even bothering to rise. "Well, I mean--it looked like a good morning to me," Vic insists.

"What an effective greeting," says Gloria. "Are you afraid I've got poison ivy?"

"Sit down, sugar," Eddie invites her and turns to Vic. "Whaddaya know, Colonel?"

"Well, my bird hasn’t used his bath yet," Vic offers, "but this morning he went in wading."

"What about your broadcast?" Gloria demands of Eddie. "You’d better get going."

"I’m not going to broadcast," says Eddie calmly.

"You--aren’t going to broadcast?" Vic stutters in terror.

"But, Phil," Gloria protests, "you’ve got to. You can’t let Bailey and the Colonel down like this."

"You’ve got to think of my liver," Mr. Moore whines.

"Think of your own liver," Mr. Lowe snaps peevishly, sitting up. "I told Bailey this morning unless he kicked in with the dough I want, I’m washed up. And I’m not kidding."

"Can’t do that, Phil," Gloria protests once more. "Why, if it weren’t for the Colonel here, you wouldn’t be where you are today. You can’t let him down like this."

"She’s right, Gabby," Hugh chimes in, to Lowe. "No kiddin’. Argue with them new week, but..."

"Listen, fat boy," Eddie turns on him angrily, "there are half a dozen things I’m getting tired of and you’re all of ‘em. See?"

"All right," Gloria rages, "I tried to help you but you’re just a loud false alarm. You let everybody down. You let me down one of these days, only I’m not going to be here to let you do it. Don’t broadcast the game. Just be a heel. That’s easy for you. Startins’ towards the door, ‘I’m through with you for seven months. You make my car ache.’ To Vic, ‘Come along, Colonel.’ And with that she flounces out of the room.

"Oh, I know just the thing for an earache," the Colonel promises, following her. A little bird whispered to me that the only arguments on this picture were not the ones in the script. With an array of talent such as they’ve got for this masterpiece, I’ll bet there was plenty of wrangling. Look at it:

"The Gift of Gab"

Gabney.....................Edmund Lowe
Barbara....................Gloria Stuart
Singer.....................Ruth Etting
Margot.....................Alice White
Trina......................Victor Moore
Janitor....................Henry Armetta
Mac.........................Douglas Fowley
Patsy......................Hugh O’Connell
Sound Man..................Sterling Holloway
Others: Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Gene Austin, Candy and Coco, Win-

**Silver Screen for October 1934**

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It is the "Age of Innocence" and John Bolos and Julie Haydon can no longer resist. It is Irene Dunne's picture—and what she will do about this!...
Erik Rhodes is sitting at a piano off to one side of the stage, playing and singing a chansonette to Alice Brady. It sounds like "T'Amour toujours amour" but he says it isn't. Alice has a pretty swell voice herself. When she and I were very young but not together—I heard her sing in a revival of "Pinafore." Nowadays she remembers me as the chap she called "darning foot" because the first time I came to interview her I had a glass of beer with my lunch when I was on a diet. Mr. Horton doesn't know me at all and Mr. Astaire labors under the same misfortune, but Ginger knows me now. Now, there's a girl for you! The only thing I don't like about Ginger is her waiseline. When I look at my own, which is fast approaching 34, and then glance at hers which looks about 18, I lose all taste for Ginger, and become a very dull conversationalist.

Just about this time, the director calls them in for a scene. Ginger and Astaire take their places at the breakfast table, and Alice and Horton, along with Erik (who is a professional co-responsible) have just come in. Evidently Messrs. Horton and Astaire have been up to some trickery that Eddie eagerly demands, "Did it work?"

"Did it work?" Fred echoes. "Meet the future Mrs. Holden."

"Egbert and I are going to be married, too," Alice informs them, putting Eddie on the arm.

"You yes, we are," Eddie agrees and then he remembers and turns a quizzical gaze on Alice. "Why, darling," he exultates, "we were married—last night—on our way back from London." "Were we?" Alice asks and then seeing his confusion, she covers it up to her own satisfaction if not his. "Oh, of course. How stupid of me. I forgot. Let's all hurry back to London and have a big celebration."

"Scuse, please," puts in Erik. "I am also going to get married."

Fred sweeps Ginger into his arms and they joyously dance around the room, over Alice and tables, and have never seen the equal of that dance. It was the sensation of New York last winter. Only while they're doing it in the studio, Ginger slips and falls flat on her face. She looks in agony but it's the final scene in the picture so she insists that the doctor tape it up and she goes right on with the scene.

At Fox's Western Avenue Studio

JUST when I think I'm all through and can throw my rose at the studios for awhile, I remember I've never been to Fox's Western Avenue Studio.

I dash madly around there and find my old friend Charlie Chan, at work—this time in London. It's an impressive set—a library with a huge carved desk. Come to think of it, every time I've been on a film set, it's been an elaborate room with a desk in it. Apparently nothing ever happens except in rich circles. Warner Olafson is nowhere in sight, but Dr. Leyser is there in a smart little coattail with a black hat and white collar and cuffs. Mona Barrie, whom I confused with Nydia Westman when I reported "One Night of Love," is in a beaded, blue satin evening dress with a long fringe, and Alan Mowbray is impeccable in a dinner jacket.

Drue is pacing up and down the floor when the door opens and Alan and Mona enter.

"I—hope you don't mind my coming here," Drue begs in subdued tones.

"What's happened?" Mary asks.

Neil thinks Hugh is guilty," Drue tells them. "He thought so all the time he was defending the man and he's telling someone who might have helped. Now, I've got to start all over."

"eer," says the director.

"See that chap," Frank Perret whispers as we leave. "His name is Walter Johnson. He used to be in a respectable business, then someone saw him and he suggested he take a test and now he's in pictures."

Mr. Johnson is a good looking chap but I'm not fully capable of explaining it. He's especially nifty o'clock and I've still got to finish packing. Before I go, though, I must give you the roster:

"CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON"

Charlie Chan..............Warner Olafson

Pamela Gray..................Dwyce Leyton

Hugh Gray....................Douglas Walton

Neil Howard....................Ray Milland

Lady Mary Briton.............Mona Barrie

Margo Jarding..............George Barraud

Richmond...................Alan Mowbray

Hepplewhite.................Murray Kinnell

Garron......................Walter Johnson

Mrs. Fashergill.............Madge Beaver

Home Secretary............David Torrence

That's all. Scuse, please? See you next month!

THE new over-night plane service to New York from Los Angeles is bringing more and more celebrities to the East. Gary Cooper worked in Hollywood on Monday, visited friends in New York Tuesday, and returned to the studio to work Wednesday.
IF YOU know a young, budding genius, see that he or she goes to "One Night of Love," the Grace Moore picture. It is the story of a girl who wants to become an opera singer, and does. The glorious voice of Miss Moore makes it all very real and musical and, before you know it, you too feel the stirrings of ambition and yearn to make something of that talent of yours.

So inspiring is this picture that the sensitive artist souls everywhere will be stirred and many of them will be swept from their moorings. They will say farewell to mothers and friends, and soon we will be meeting them in Greenwich Village.

Israel Zangwill in "The Master" expressed his wonder that even in the lowliest places a great artist may be born; strange to his parents, never understood by his boyhood friends, and then, finally, honored and loved by all the world.

So Grace Moore's picture will go across the land. And because of its marvellous spirit, many pictures will be painted and verses penned. Some inspired youths will start on paths leading to Salons and Academies and some will set forth for trails that end in garrets.

Thus does Fate shape our destinies.

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