

10 cents
October

33

MODERN Screen



Joan Crawford

THE TRUTH ABOUT KATHARINE HEPBURN'S MARRIAGE



"Be a Color Magician!"

. . . says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author Reveals a Simple Trick That Assures You a Smart, Colorful Wardrobe



"JUST wave a magic wand over faded 'undies', sportswear, dresses, stockings, etc. But instead of saying 'presto', use Tintex! Then watch all your faded apparel become gay and new again—in the original colors, or in different colors, if you wish. That's the trick of a gay, color-correct wardrobe. Yet, there's no trick to using Tintex. These famous Tints and Dyes are so quick, so simple, so professionally perfect in results. And so I say to you—for a *smarter* wardrobe, be a color-magician with Tintex!"



Here's a mighty important point about Tintex. Any material that water alone will not harm, you can trust to Tintex. It's as safe as it is sure. And no streaks or spots when you use Tintex!



Don't forget your faded home decorations—curtains, drapes, colored table-linens, etc. The magic of Tintex makes them color-bright, color-fresh. And think of the dollars saved!

Do you know that there are 35 Tintex Colors from which you may choose? And each is brilliant, long-lasting! Another fact—you will find Tintex, in its full range of colors, right in your neighborhood stores.



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .
But her Teeth are Dull...her Gums Tender
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

THIS young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look?*

She cleans her teeth. Of course she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough.*

Her gums are flabby, touchy, un-

healthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

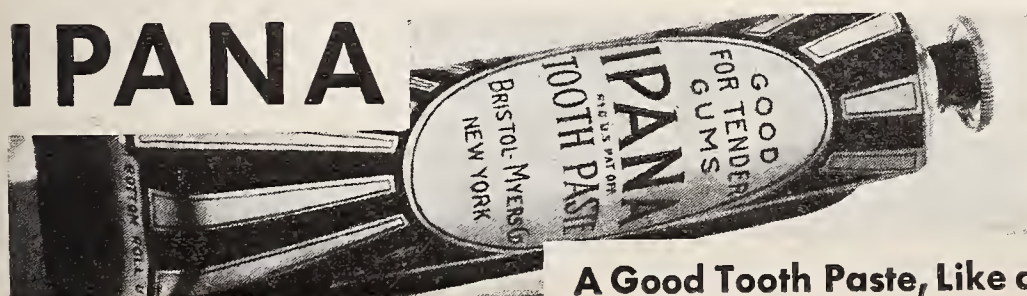
The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



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General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
Chicago, June—October, 1933

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MODERN Screen

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Published monthly and copyrighted 1933 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delocorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delocorte, Secretary. Vol. 6, No. 5, October, 1933. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States \$1.20 a year; 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, \$2.40 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

"A Good Number!"

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor" ... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



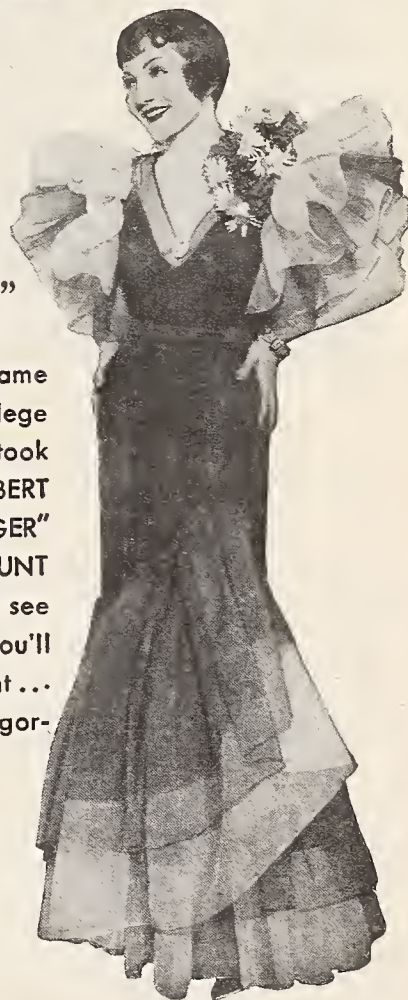
Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."



"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

REVIEWS

A tour of today's talkies

Zita Johann and Preston Foster in "The Man Who Dared."



LADY FOR A DAY (Columbia)

EXTRA swell. A rousing cheer to Columbia for putting out one of the most entertaining pictures this year and to May Robson for a performance that is perfect! Story, direction, cast, in fact everything, is swell.

The story concerns Apple Annie (May Robson) who sells her wares in order to keep her daughter in the most exclusive school in far-away Spain. The daughter believes her mother to be wealthy, as Annie writes her letters on expensive hotel stationery which tell of her extensive social life. When the daughter falls in love with a well-to-do young Spaniard, the two, with

● Recommended.
●● Specially recommended.
[Brief reviews on page 80.]

- Another Language
- Lady for a Day
- Captured
- The Devil's in Love
- F.P. I
- The Fiddlin' Buckaroo
- Headline Shooter
- Her First Mate
- The Man Who Dared
- The Midnight Club
- Morning Glory
- Rafter Romance
- The Stranger's Return
- This Day and Age
- Three-Cornered Moon
- Tugboat Annie
- Voltaire

the young man's father, come to America to look up the mother. And then the fun begins.

The cast is letter-perfect. Warren William is good as a superstitious gambler, who always buys an apple from Annie for good luck. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee round out the cast. This is a "must see!" Children will enjoy it, too.

THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount)

POWERFUL entertainment. Another bouquet to Cecil B. De Mille for this stirring, highly emotional picture of high school kids who take the law into their hands when the courts fail to bring (Continued on page 8)

“Follow our Hollywood way—

**We keep frocks
smart looking with LUX”**

says Joan Blondell



Official in all the big studios..

“We’re washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies,” says N’Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. “Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box.”

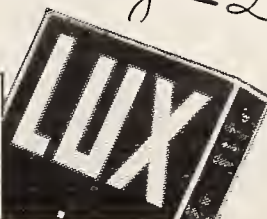


● “The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux,” says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in “Footlight Parade.”

“My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I’ve learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux.”

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there’s no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck



TRUST TO LUX



(Above left) The irrepressible Zasu Pitts and her long-suffering film husband, Slim Summerville, score again in "Her First Mate." (Above right) With so talented a trio as Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins, it is easy to recommend "The Stranger's Return." (Right) And here we have Richard Arlen and Claudette Colbert supplying the love interest in "Three-Cornered Moon."



justice. They witness the murder of a campus tailor by a gangster named Louie Garrett and his release by a "fixed" trial. When he commits another murder (this time one of their school-mates), they are aroused to action. They capture Garrett and carry him to a cave where the students of all the high schools gather for a trial. Through jeers and bodily torture, they wring a confession out of Garrett and, amid songs and yells and cheers ride their victim to the court-house.

The entire cast is outstanding. Charles Bickford plays Garrett, Richard Cromwell is the leader of the high school gang and Judith Allen is Cromwell's girl, who helps the cause by vamping Garrett's bodyguard. One of the most powerful pictures ever brought to the screen. Everyone should see it, both young and old!

MORNING GLORY (RKO)

GRAND show. If you're not already a Hepburn fan, you'll join that long line of admirers after witnessing her superb performance as Eva Lovelace, the eager, wistful little country girl, who comes to New York convinced she will become America's greatest dramatic actress. Katharine plays the role of this odd little girl with such fervor and vitality that the remainder of the cast is left somewhat in the shade. However, that does not mean that Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan do not do good work. They do. Menjou gives a sincere performance as the theatrical producer, Mary Duncan clicks as the temperamental star, and Fairbanks is most convincing.

But just the same, the picture belongs to Hepburn. Go see it . . . all of you.

TUGBOAT ANNIE (M-G-M)

SEE it for Dressler and Beery. You're probably due for a disappointment here. We warn you, this is *not* another "Min and Bill," but maybe that would be expecting too much, anyway.

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are, of course, swell. The weakness lies in the story, the first part of which is taken up with gags that are forced and boring. It concerns Tugboat Annie, her good-for-nothing husband, Terry, their son, Alec, and their struggles on board

the old tug. Later Alec becomes a captain of a large ocean liner and a stirring climax is reached when Annie and Terry use the old tugboat (now being used for hauling garbage) to tow the liner in from a storm.

Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan are okay as the heart interest, but it'll be Marie and Wally you'll go to see. Kids may like it.

THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox)

YOU classify it. This picture is based on the life of the late mayor of Chicago and will send you out of the theater talking. It's different from the average picture. Some will enjoy it greatly and others . . .

It starts out with the arrival in America of a young Czecho-Slovakian couple and their struggles to keep alive. Both determined to give their children the best. The second half of the picture deals with the son's rise in politics and his final assassination.

Preston Foster, as the son, gives the finest performance of his career. However, you'll want to hand the biggest laurel wreaths to Irene Biller and Leon Waycoff as Foster's immigrant parents. Zita Johann is okay as Foster's wife. So-so for children.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal)

GOOD 'n' funny. Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville score again in this rollicking, fun-provoking comedy. The human lil' story concerns a peanut butcher (Slim) who has a yearning to become a great navigator. For years he has saved his money to buy a beautiful ship and sail the seven seas, only to have his wife (Zasu) sink the whole nest egg into an old rickety ferry. (Y'see a boat's a boat to Zasu!). Of course the ferry turns out to be their life-saver. Both Zasu and Slim are swell as usual and most ably assisted by Una Merkel and her sweetie, Warren Hymer. Step the whole family out, and we guarantee you'll laugh yourself sick.

THREE-CORNERED MOON (Paramount)

GOOD entertainment. Here's a pix that's brimming over with clever situations, uproarious comedy and some real down-to-earth characters. Mary Boland is a riot as the scatter-brained (Continued on page 76)

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"



Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both—a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW.G.ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . .
Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George
Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another
WARNER BROS.
Hit . . . Coming
to your theatre
soon

BEAUTY ADVICE



"NERVES," NERVOUS HABITS,
NERVOUS TROUBLES—
THEY'RE ALL ENEMIES OF
BEAUTY. CONQUER THEM!

Write to Mary Biddle about your own
beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help
you in working them out. Address Mary
Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-
addressed envelope.

By
Mary Biddle

NERVES play the very dickens with beauty. Whether real or imaginary, nervous ailments, tenseness, jitteriness—all are deterrents to looking your best.

This is a funny subject for a beauty article, you think. But think a little longer and you'll decide that it isn't. What do you suppose puts at least fifty percent of the wrinkles in people's faces? What keeps girls in the too-skinny class? What prevents you from sleeping well and makes you heavy-eyed, sallow-skinned and lacking in vitality? What will often impair your digestion—and consequently blemish your skin? Nerves!

On page 74 of this issue, Jean Harlow has given you a swell article. She tells you that good health is the basis of beauty. She gives you a great deal of good information, some crackerjack exercises and a number of common sense hints. In my article, I want to supplement the material in hers. To enjoy the full boon of good health and the gift of beauty it brings with it, you must conquer nerves.

Watch out for them! They creep up on you. Take a nice, young, healthy and "nerveless" young girl—put her

in an office where a thousand irritating details confront her during a week, or get her married to a young chap without sufficient income, and let worry—and probably children—come into her life. . . . First thing you know, you have a young person who is so nervous she can't sleep, can't eat and can't spare you a civil word.

Catch nerves in time! That's one piece of advice. And another is: don't get the stupid notion that there's something rather attractive about being nervous. Don't look down upon even-dispositioned, rather placid people. Some folks will say, with a sort of pride, "Of course, I'm a very nervous type." They're delighted with the idea. Well, train yourself to consider nervousness as you would consider a bad skin or a bad figure—and avoid it.

One of the best ways to conquer the first symptoms of nervousness is to do a little deep-breathing. When you get the feeling that in one more second you'll just have to scream—when you're waiting for the boy friend to telephone you and think that you can't stand another minute of waiting—just do a little deep-breathing. Fill up your lungs and your diaphragm with (Continued on page 94)



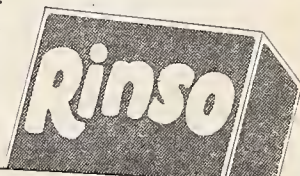
These "no work" washdays
 save clothes — save you — save your hands

WHY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter *just by soaking?*

Save work, save your hands — change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white — so sweet and clean — they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers — the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers — recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps — *even in hardest water*. One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

• THE • MODERN HOSTESS



Cary Grant and Randolph Scott claim sea-food combines economy with tastiness

IF you have a good memory, you may recall that way back last April we told you in this department about Cary Grant's favorite fish dishes. Well, at the time we were discussing fishing and fish with Cary he said, "See here! If you want to talk to a real authority on fish—particularly shell fish—you ought to get hold of Scotty some time. That lad's a hound for lobsters and crabs and shrimps and such—he could eat 'em every day and like it. Get him to tell you how he thinks they taste best."

"Scotty," as you probably know perfectly well, referred to Randolph Scott with whom Cary Grant shares a home. We'd been intending to corner the young man and find out everything he knows about shell fish, ever since Cary had boosted his stock as an authority on the subject. But somehow we never seemed to get the time, the place and the man, all together until the other day we spotted him with Cary as they were lunching together after finishing eighteen holes of golf. We joined them.

Cary recommended the shrimp in aspic, which he was busily working on himself, while Randolph assured us we were being just plain silly if we didn't order a crab flake and asparagus salad. Both men seemed to be enjoying their food so tremendously and both salads looked so delicious we couldn't for the life of us make up our minds which to have. Randolph settled the matter very neatly by telling the waiter to bring us some of each. Both salads were elegant and later we are going to tell you how to make one of them and how to get the recipe for the other one.

With the salads the men were eating potato chips and corn muffins and stuffed celery—and we noticed they had mint in their iced tea which, we think, adds a certain delicious something to its flavor. Then they ordered pineapple pie, just in case you're interested, and you really should be for you will find the recipe in this month's leaflet. All in all, it was a very satisfying lunch and you can do no better than to treat your family to a similar

(Above) Cary Grant and Randolph Scott busy over a sea food luncheon. The Modern Hostess gives you their favorite recipes. (Right) No—not scallops, codfish cakes! Small, crisp—and brown—and delicious.



Courtesy of Gorton-Pew Fisheries Co., Ltd.

menu one of these warm days.

As soon as we decently could, we dragged into the conversation Cary's remark about Randolph knowing the last word on shell fish. Randolph chuckled.

"I'll bet," he said, "if all the shells of all the creatures I've consumed were stacked in one pile it would make quite a sizeable bunker. I've even gotten Cary eating shell fish with the same enthusiasm, you'll notice."

WHAT'S your favorite shell fish, Mr. Scott?" we asked.

"I haven't any," answered Randolph. "I like them all equally well when they are well cooked. It takes both brains and skill to do right by shell fish; by any fish, in fact. The flavor of most fish is so delicate that it has to be prepared with infinite understanding. One trouble is most people never seem to eat fish except in the most obvious and banal forms. For instance, take lobster. Most people think lobster can be eaten only cold boiled, hot broiled—sometimes in a salad and even less frequently in a sauce Newberg. Now there's a dish called Baked Spanish Lobster that a chef in a little Spanish restaurant out here is famous for. You must get to

know that one, at once."

We have since made it's acquaintance and found that dish all that Randolph Scott reported it to be. And it is with a touch of justifiable pride that we report we speared the recipe and are passing it along to you at the end of this article. We're sure you will vote this a magnificent dish, with the lobster itself served most elegantly on a

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for October, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

..... (City) (State)

foundation of ground pecan meats, mushrooms, hard-boiled eggs and bread crumbs; then covered with a sherry-flavored sauce and baked. Fresh green peas are the only vegetable which should ever be served with this combination, and there really should be hot biscuits, too. And then just watch everybody go to it.

"How about that crabmeat chowmein?" put in Cary, and we could tell from the light in his eyes that here was another newly crowned especial favorite.

"That's right," agreed Scotty, "I almost forgot about that. Well, *there's* a celestial food, whether or not it has a single root of its origin embedded in the soil of the Celestial Kingdom. The crabmeat is shredded fine, combined with chicken broth, fried onions and celery and poured over crisp fried noodles. And of course there must be Soy Sauce to eat with it. You don't need a drop of Chinese blood to enjoy that dish! Even if you detest Chinese food, you'll like this."

You don't indeed. We tested it and tried it on friends who couldn't be pushed or pulled into a Chinese restaurant. We also gave it to Chop Suey and Chow Mein addicts and both groups were enthusiastic. It's a perfect luncheon or supper dish and you needn't serve one other thing with it, except some olives and the traditional tea, of course. For desert plain cookies or sliced pineapple is sufficient. Try it some Sunday evening when friends drop in.

HOW about other kinds of fish besides shell fish?" we wanted to know.

"Well, I've always liked fish cakes," replied Randolph. "The other day, at lunch," he went on, "I asked for 'some of *that*,' pointing to an order that had just been brought in to an adjoining table and found to my surprise and pleasure that something I took to be scallops was really good old-fashioned codfish cakes. But these were small and crisp and so good that if you can learn how they were prepared you'll be glad I mentioned them. And you'll certainly want to try them."

We did learn how, and we included the recipe in this month's Star Recipe Folder. (You may also see how they *look* in that picture at the beginning of this article.) In the Folder you will also find the recipe for that shrimp salad Cary Grant is shown eating, and for the famous crab meat Chow Mein we were telling you about. We have also included the pineapple pie which Randolph and Cary ordered as the perfect ending for a meal containing a fish dish. These recipes are tidily printed on convenient filing cards and we can hardly wait to send them to you, so do fill in the coupon on page 12 and mail it to us right away. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

And here are those recipes we promised you. We advise you to cut them out and save them to add to the other Randolph Scott recipes you'll get in return for mailing the coupon we mentioned.

(Continued on page 83)

**A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE
AMONG THE GREATEST...**



★ ★ ★ ★
**4 STARS AWARDED BY
LIBERTY MAGAZINE**

"It's grand entertainment!"

says Screenland Magazine.

"You will scream with delight!"

echoes Photoplay.

"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!"

predicts The New York Daily News.

"Only one word can describe this picture... It's swell!"

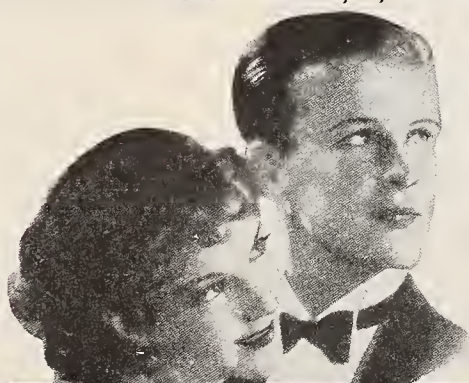
adds Screen Play and gives "AAAA"

See this great story of love and romance—
of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

**WARREN WILLIAM
MAY ROBSON**

GUY KIBBEE NED SPARKS
GLENDA FARRELL BARRY NORTON
WALTER CONNOLLY JEAN PARKER

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by DAMON RUNYON



A
FRANK CAPRA
Production



A COLUMBIA PICTURE

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE DIVORCE E P I D E M I C

By HARRIET PARSONS

HOLLYWOOD had some special fireworks of its own this Fourth of July. Beginning July 2 with the announcement of the Pickford-Fairbanks divorce, there ensued a steady stream of divorce statements and rumors. No sooner had the first cannon cracker been touched off than there followed a succession of front-page skyrockets. The Coe-Dix, Lombard-Powell and Eilers-Gibson marriages all exploded within a week, making a Roman holiday for the news-hounds. Then, just to top things off, Dave Hutton started divorce proceedings against Aimee Semple McPherson. Trust Aimee and Dave not to be outdone by any mere movie stars.

And now comes a new sort of divorce. The "trial divorce"—sister (or perhaps we should say sister-in-law) to the "trial marriage." Gloria Stuart and her sculptor husband, Gordon Newell, have decided to have some of that. They're not quite sure whether they want a divorce or not. They're living in separate establishments. (And

they immediately proceeded to make a date with each other the very first Sunday after their separation.) Perhaps they feel that the breakdown of the ordinary routine of married life will revive the spark of romance once more.

Now mind you, most of these divorces did not come as a complete surprise to Hollywood. Rumors of trouble in



Wide World

(Left) Richard Dix and his lovely wife, Winifred Coe, really seemed to be making a go of it. Then there was the baby. But— (Above) The Fairbanks divorce has been cruel to Mary. But it was inevitable. And young Doug, too, was not immune from this dread divorce sickness.

...The contagious disease, "break-upitis," has spread like wildfire through Hollywood. An insider discloses hidden facts



(Left) Reconciliation, quarrel. Quarrel, reconciliation. That was the history of the Eilers-Gibson split-up. Now, you know, all reconciliations are out. (Above) Well, they predicted it wouldn't last—the marriage of Carole and Bill. Was it another woman? Another man? Or both?

Pickfair began some three years ago and have continued more or less steadily ever since. The Eilers-Gibson separations and reconciliations had recurred so regularly that they were becoming almost routine. Dix and his wife had separated once before, to be reunited by the birth of their child. The Lombard-Powell split came as more of a shock, although even in their case there had been underground rumors that all was not well. However, even though no one of these divorces was completely unexpected, coming in a batch as they did, they were somewhat breathtaking.

Nor was it entirely coincidence that they happened just that way. Back of that rapid-fire succession of front-page yarns is an interesting story of newspaper warfare. It was because two rival dailies were breaking their necks to out-scoop one another that those divorce announcements came as close together as they did. The divorces would undoubtedly have occurred anyway, but probably not as soon or as noisily, had the papers not precipitated them.

'Twas like this. The "Examiner" led the way with the Fairbanks scoop. The "Times" yelled foul play, because the story was not given to them at the same time, and set out with a vengeance to even up the score. The "Examiner" slipped one over again with the Dix yarn. Then the

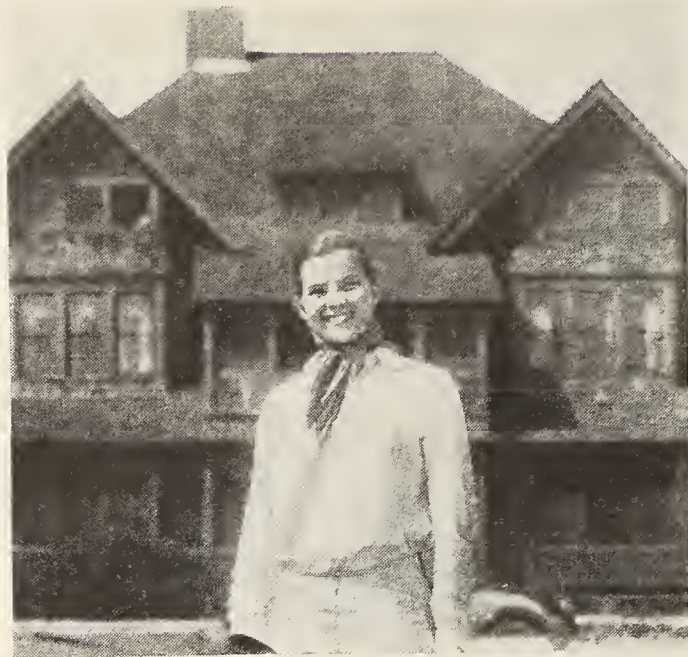
"Times" registered with an exclusive announcement of Carole Lombard's departure for Reno. And so it continued. There's no doubt that the two papers brought pressure to bear to cause all these stories to break just when they did.

But there are some inside facts that the energetic newshounds either didn't know, or didn't feel free to print.

For instance, one of the most dramatic incidents in the Pickford-Fairbanks upset was when Mary Pickford picked up the morning paper and was confronted with a large ad announcing that Pickfair, with all its furnishings and *objets d'art*, was for sale. The first knowledge Mary had of that ad was when she saw it in print. I believe it is not generally known that Pickfair belongs entirely to Doug. Mary signed over her interest to him some time ago. Nevertheless, it has been her home, she has paid her share of the expenses, and many beautiful and valuable things in the house belong to her. Although she knew Doug wanted to dispose of Pickfair, it was a cruel shock to come upon that ad in cold print.

And that is only one of many heartbreaking moments that Mary has experienced lately. There was the day she received the affectionate cable from Doug assuring her that he loved her. Later in the (*Continued on page 110*)

THE TRUTH ABOUT KATHARINE HEPBURN'S MARRIAGE . . . By MARTHA KERR



(Left) Two early pictures of Katie—one taken at the age of five, at which age one could easily determine that Hepburn jaw. The other was taken when she was nineteen. In the background is the Hepburn summer home at Fenwick, Connecticut, whither the mysterious Mr. Smith drove Katie on that dreadful night. On the opposite page the small picture shows Katharine in her costume for the role of Jo in "Little Women."

Decoration by
FLOHERTY, Jr.



ANY honest story of Katharine Hepburn's marriage cannot disregard the fact that she has made herself a target for most of America's gossips and tattle-babblers. You've heard the rumors, surely. She goes to New York regularly to visit a mysterious "Mr. Smith" . . . she once shared an apartment with him . . . she loves him . . . she denies that she is married. . . .

Listen to me, you who have glimpsed greatness in this fragile actress' "Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory" rôles. You are her friends and you will understand.

I know the truth.

It is as simple as this: Ludlow Smith is the first, last, and only man she has ever loved. They were married at the home of her parents on Bloomfield Avenue in West Hartford, Connecticut, on December 12, 1928, in the presence of her family, a few friends, and the servants. Katharine's grandfather, the Rev. S. S. Hepburn, the oldest Episcopal clergyman in Virginia, officiated.

Those are the facts, unimpeachable and undebatable. It is a pity that they have been kicked about so unmercifully by the second-guessers who have tried vainly to solve the secrets behind Katharine's own statements.

If you have read the now famous interview she gave reporters on her return from Europe, you were no doubt deeply shocked. She had come back to find herself a



... Katharine lied about her marriage. But it was a gallant lie. And there was a gallant reason behind all her evasions



Reporters have chased "Mr. Smith" until he—and they—are out of breath. He will say nothing. He merely smiles—and side-steps all questions. Why?



celebrity, remember? Her first picture, "Bill of Divorcement," had rocketed her to a seat high in the movie heavens. With news cameramen besieging her, flashlights exploding in her eyes, and reporters stabbing the air with questions, she first experienced the salty taste of fame—and the bitterness that accompanies it.

"Are you married?" those reporters demanded.
"I am not."

"Aren't you the girl who was married to Ludlow Ogden Smith in 1928?"

Under that burning query in two dozen eyes, Katharine Hepburn hesitated. Faintly, she understood that this answer would mould her entire future.

"It must have been another Katharine Hepburn," she told the reporters.

Why, why, why did she lie?

A startled world began to wonder, and to propound one silly conjecture after another. Here, for the first time, is the real answer.

It was because she was frantic with anxiety about Ludlow Smith. It was because she loved him so much and valued her marriage so highly that, in the confusion and haste of arriving home from abroad, she let a sort of school-girl panic seep into her heart. Fame! Here it was flashing in a dozen camera lenses, flying in scribbled black lines across a dozen notebooks. Would it mean that Hollywood and the blighting (Continued on page 112)



**"YOU CAN'T JUDGE
HIM BY ORDINARY
STANDARDS
HE WAS TOO BIG"**



**. . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS**

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE

RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges





GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Busby Berkeley for the creation of the stunning chorus numbers in "Footlight Parade." (Left) Mr. Berkeley and a mob scene. (Above) On the set, showing the huge space and equipment needed for a bit of water fantasy that takes place in Warner's new musical.



We honor Preston Foster
for his excellent portrayal
in "The Man Who Dared."



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Lionel Barrymore
for his superb performance
in "Stranger's Return."

DO YOU KNOW THE AND



... She has often said, "Lupe will never marry!" And Johnny declared more than once, "No second marriage for me!" Here is the inside story on their real plans

I'LL marry Lupe the minute my divorce becomes final—if she'll have me."

Johnny Weissmuller's eyes were opaque with invisible distances as he proclaimed his love. The girl, in her brief shorts and sweater and sneakers, looked across the room at Johnny with a new and a strange and a sweet dignity. And answered him with a pledge, while exacting a promise.

"Yes, if our love is *then* as it is now. If we can be sure it won't be spoiled by marriage. If we can preserve the precious companionship and understanding we have found together."

Lupe's tempestuous heart is at peace. The bewildered Johnny of a year ago is no longer afraid of Hollywood and its storms. Each of them has found in the other the ingredient for the happiness they both have sought. Their love has made them immune to idle gossip, to unkind criticism, to malicious attacks.

"I love Johnny very deeply," Lupe declares simply and honestly. "I have loved others, but not like this. Johnny is in my heart. He makes me humble and happy."

"I was bitter against the world. Hollywood had been cruel to me. Everything I did and said has been misinterpreted and misunderstood. No one had taken into consideration that I, a sixteen-year-old girl, had come here alone; alien alike to the language and the manners of the country. Motion picture stars thought it was funny to teach me bad phrases, to tell me they meant one thing when they meant another. And then they would laugh and say, 'That Lupe, such language!'"

"But Johnny and his sweetness have made me forget all that. We have shut out the world; we live for each other. I am content with an exquisite contentment. I have my flowers, my home, my career—and Johnny. It is enough. Other people don't mean anything to me any more. I leave everybody alone, if they'll only leave me alone!"

"Johnny and I go to shows and fights and night-clubs. We sit in a corner and laugh. Over silly things which escape others. We're like kids. We understand each other and forgive each other's bad qualities and appreciate the good qualities instead."

(Continued on page 96)

INSIDE ON JOHNNY LUPE?

By
SONIA
LEE



Johnny and Lupe attended the Air Races in Los Angeles recently. "Johnny and I go every place together," says Lupe, "for ours is a perfect companionship."

PITY THE POOR STAND-IN GIRL!



On the extreme left is a picture of Lillian Kilgannon. She's the regular stand-in for Marlene Dietrich. And she was stand-in once for Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." She has a duplicate of Marlene's costume for "Song of Songs"—a duplicate in line and color, but of poor material and shoddy workmanship. A costume never seen—like its wearer—except on the set.

By

GLADYS HALL

THESE stand-in girls have always fascinated me. Time and time again I have watched them standing-in for Marlene Dietrich, Connie Bennett and many others. Standing-in and then—just stepping out again. And always I have wondered what must be going on in their minds, in their hearts; wondered what resentments must scorch them, what jealousies sicken them, what hopes that some day, they, too. . . .

"We are shadows," Lillian Kilgannon, stand-in for Marlene Dietrich, told me. "We stand in while the set is being lighted, sometimes for an hour or more, so that all may be in readiness for the star who may then do the scene in five minutes. Everything is set up, you see, cameras focussed, sound okay, the big scene that means more fame for the star, ready to be shot and then—we just step out. We are the shadows."

Stand-in girls are, nine cases out of ten, as pretty as the stars they stand-in for. Less groomed, less dramatically pretty, perhaps, but very close to the star's standard. They are as young. They may or may not be as talented. They haven't had the chance to know. And they must, being human, say to themselves, "There, but for the grace of the devil, go I!"

They have always impressed me much in the same manner as would a pair of twins, one born extraordinarily beautiful, radiant and popular and the other a paler, dimmer shade of that beauty and popularity.

They are the Marthas, these stand-in girls, to the Marys who are the stars. They are the drudges of stardom upon whose lay-figures are draped the hard work, the behind-the-scenes rub-a-dub-dub of the stars' glitter and triumph.

They are, in a sense, less than extras. Because extras, at least, can see themselves in flashes on the screen. The extra has a chance of being recorded. Her work, however trivial, is photographed. If she speaks a line the mike takes it. The camera has no eyes for the stand-in. The mike has no ears.

STAND-IN girls, you know, do exactly what their name implies. They have to be the same height as the star. They must be the same build. They must have, or acquire, the same shade of hair. They wear the same make-up. They wear the same color and cut of gown, although of inferior material and workmanship. They must be, mainly, the same general type. And their job is to stand on the set for the star during all such times as the scene is not being actually photographed. They stand in while the set is being lighted. During that time, the stand-in remains there in the position the star will take when she comes on. So that the cameramen, director, *et al*, will know exactly where the lights and shadows will strike the star's face.

The stand-in must, and often does, go through the action of a scene with the leading man, with other members

• • • Nearly as lovely as Dietrich, Bennett, Gaynor. Yet unknown !



Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

Under a downpour of
studio rain for an
hour, Lillian had a
bad cold—but still...
Then Miss Dietrich
did the scene in a
few minutes.

They're shadows for the stars—shadows who do the dirty work • •



(Above, left) Mary Jane Irving, stand-in for Janet Gaynor. Miss Irving was a child star in the silent days. Now she's glad to earn twenty dollars a week. (Above, right) Rosita Fourcher, stand-in for Connie Bennett.



of the cast, rehearsing lines, rehearsing relative positions on the set, rehearsing bits of business with minor characters, so that all will be ironed out and in readiness for the star to go into immediate action.

The stand-in must, sometimes, stand *back* of the camera and give lines to other members of the cast while they are rehearsing. She is there, in brief, for the sole purpose of saving the star any unnecessary exertion or fatigue. She is the smoother, this unknown stand-in girl, of the stars' Milky Way. And for these unheralded services, she receives from twenty to forty-five dollars a week against the four to six thousand of the star.

LILLIAN KILGANNON stands-in for Marlene Dietrich. Lillian is vivid and ambitious and young. Very pretty. Her father is James Kilgannon, a character actor. Her mother was in musical comedy. Lillian herself once worked in the "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" series with Burr McIntosh. In those days, she dreamed of stardom for herself. She still does.

She said, "I work stand-in instead of extra because I think I have a better chance of getting a break this way. At least I am not one of a mob. I work steadily all through a production. I get \$20 a week and overtime. Miss Dietrich, I believe, gets four to five thousand. That doesn't bother me. It isn't her money I envy her, nor

her beautiful clothes and cars and houses. I don't believe she is so very happy. But I do envy her her chance to be someone. I envy that so much that, honestly, if I could, I'd gladly do what she does for *my* salary and let her have my job at her salary. That's how little the money end of it figures with me. And I'd be so *grateful*, if I were a star and things were done for me as they are for Miss Dietrich and others.

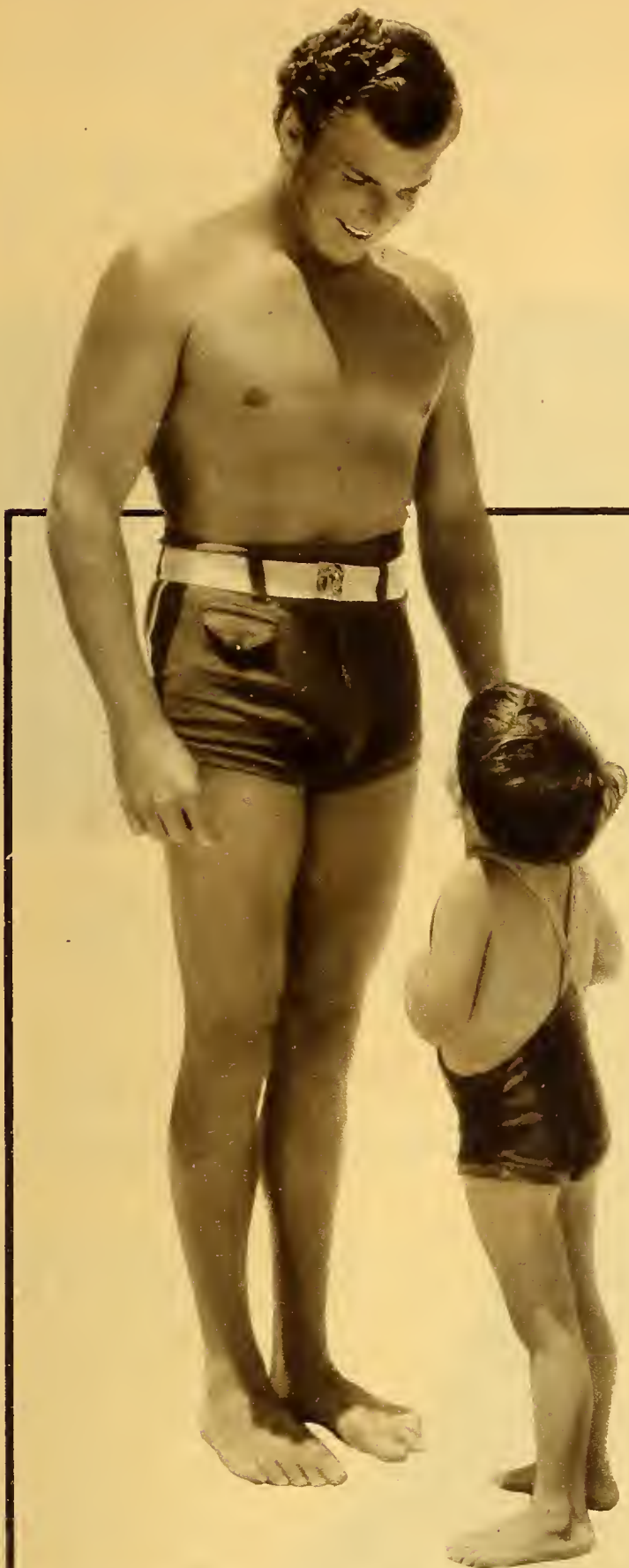
"I remember, one time on the set, hearing her refuse an interview to some magazine writer. I thought, then, how grateful I'd be if I were important enough for anyone to *want* to interview me. I'd be so grateful for all the studio does for the star—photographs and considerations and beautiful dressing-rooms and all."

Lillian is working as stand-in because she believes that she can learn more this way than she could by working extra. She said, "You have to follow a production through, from the first day to the last, as I've said. And that's very good training. You dare not miss a day."

"I remember one time when Miss Dietrich had a bad cold. She stayed at home. I had a bad cold, too, but I had to be there. They could use me as a model, you see, to rehearse some of the other players. And, being about so steadily, you get to know the director and the cameramen and the crew and they get to know you, which is valuable. Then you learn camera (Continued on page 86)

B A B E S

Here are four engaging little rascals—if ever we saw four engaging little rascals. (Left) Buster Crabbe is telling small Mickey Icaza that if he'll practise his Australian Crawl every day, he may grow up to be a Lion Man, too. (Below) William Gargan and his young hopeful, Barrie. (Bottom) Baby Le Roy, wanted in Hollywood for more picture-stealing. (Bottom, left) Guy Kibbee and his little daughter, Shirley Anne. Isn't she pretty?



THE LIFE STORY



Master Grant—Archie Leach he was, then—just prior to the age of his humiliating bath-tub experience.



(Center) Cary at four—a very serious young man. (Right) About twelve. He belonged to the Cadet Corps, then, during the war.

Early days in England...

By WALTER
RAMSEY



OF CARY GRANT



Cary's class at the Bristol Road School, where he began his scholastic career. You'll find the young man under the window. He fell in love around this time. But his love was sadly unrequited. And Cary decided that girls were worthless creatures.



James Leach—Jim, to Cary, always—who was a good scout and a grand parent. He was a clothing manufacturer in Bristol.

The Great War . . . The "stage bug"—and arrival in the States

WHEN Archie Leach was about three and one-half years along in life, somebody in the family got the bright idea of bathing him in the kitchen. A portable bathtub was brought in and set in the middle of the room near the stove for warmth. In humiliating view of the entire family, Master Leach was stripped and bathed! So outraged was his juvenile modesty that he screamed for hours. "That is not only my first memory of how humiliating life can be," grinned Cary Grant (who is that same Archie Leach twenty-six years later), "but it is also the first time I have ever seriously objected to an audience!"

Practically from the very beginning, Cary Grant has been surrounded by an audience of some sort. Even in his most impoverished moments, which most of us spend in boring seclusion, Cary, a stilt-walker, was being followed about by swarms of people holidaying at Coney Island. In another financially embarrassed interlude of his life, he slept at nights stretched out on a desk in the outer office of a friendly actor's agent in New York. Even in his sleep, he was exposed to the scrub women and the janitors. When a fickle fate finally smiled on him, he knew the large audiences that patronize New York shows, and later the even larger audiences of the screen.

The life of the proverbial goldfish has been private compared to the life of young Archie Leach, the juvenile public bather.

Archie was born in Bristol, England, on January 18, 1904. His parents were Elizabeth and James Leach. There had been one other child, older than Archie, who

had died in his first year. His father was a clothing manufacturer of medium circumstances. They lived in an eight-room house in the outskirts of Bristol, a thriving town of about 300,000 souls, 120 miles from London. They were a happy and modestly prosperous little family. An enormous garden of hollyhocks and apple orchards surrounded the house.

In the evenings, Jim Leach would take his young toddling son with him into the garden and, with a pipe glowing in the twilight, talk to him quite as though he were old enough to understand what he was saying. The first words Archie ever spoke were to his father. One evening he asked, to the delight of Jim Leach, "What's your name?"

"Jim," replied his father. From then on Archie never did, and never has, referred to his parent by any other title than Jim. They were buddies from the moment he could talk.

WHEN Archie was four he was entered in school, even though he was a year short of English school requirements, because Jim figured he was a year smarter than the rest of the children, anyway. It was Bishop's Road school and before he learned his a, b, c's they taught him to recite "Up In a Balloon So High." Because he learned it faster than any of the other children, he was invited to stand up and recite it to the class in "honor recitation." For this extra special occasion his mother made him a Fauntleroy suit and the four-year-old Archie faced his first professional audience with flying colors.

At the ripe old age of six, Archie acquired a romantic audience of one, a Miss Edna Smith, "six going on seven," plump daughter of the local butcher. Archie's method of wooing was to show off in front of Edna. He did nips-ups, nobs and handsprings for her exclusive entertainment. But if she was entertained, she never said so. She merely watched in phlegmatic calm and nursed on a lollypop that was inseparable from her mouth.

One day, in the hope of eliciting some sort of oral comment from Edna, Archie "walked the fence" with a bowl of hot soup juggled on his head. Just when the lady was on the verge of actually removing the lollypop and saying something, Archie got so excited at a sign of life in his love, he lost his footing and landed hard on the other side of the fence. Edna walked away in disgust and never again returned to watch his antics. Thus died his first romance.

From Bishop's Road, Archie went to private school, Tellesford House, and from there to Fairchild Academy, where he stayed until he was twelve. The death of his mother when he was ten and Jim's subsequent marriage to another woman, marked strictly the ending of his real kid days. The little "world for three" that had been so peaceful in the hollyhock garden was gone for good and with it had come a strange and different new world further complicated by England's first year's participation in the World War.

When the war broke out, the boys of Fairchild Academy were organized into a Cadet Corps. And theirs was a real and active participation of "helping the boys." As a full-fledged member of the Cadet Corps, he volunteered for "service" in Southampton where, along with other "older" (twelve to thirteen years of age) cadets, Archie handed out life belts to the real soldiers as they went on the small boats. The cadets were called "official demonstrators." They would wear a belt and then demonstrate to the soldiers just how they were to be buckled and strapped in the least possible time. When the cadets were not at Southampton on their "demonstration" jobs, it was part of their school work that they were to run official messages and otherwise make themselves useful to the service.

THREE years passed. Bristol was constantly threatened by air raids. The boys of the Cadet Corps had been detailed to turn off certain lights assigned them during these times of great danger to the town. When an enemy plane was reported nearing the city, a siren would shriek warning and the cadets would jump out of bed and do their duty by the lamps, and then run for their lives to the cellars.

It was thrilling, exciting, horrifying duty for young boys. But to Archie Leach it was the entire reason for his existence. He took great pride, that though his "nine lights" were two miles away from his home, they were often the first to go dark, assuring that neighborhood of his protection, the best he could give. One night he had been particularly tired when he went to bed. He

slept so deeply he did not hear the warning sirens until his father came to waken him. They had been going for three dangerous minutes, and he had not heard them!

It was a cold, moonless night. The boy was beside himself as he grabbed only the protection of his cadet coat before leaving the house. The sirens shrieked louder and longer, the raid was drawing closer and closer, his lights were two miles away! The kid's thin body was racked with raw sobs as he ran and stumbled toward "his lights." Suppose all the other lights in the town were already turned off, and only his remained to mark the city for the enemy. Faster and faster he ran, and never had the distance seemed so long. His teeth chattered with the cold, but his body seemed consumed with a burning fever. He was blind with tears and sick at heart. In his kid-like exaggerated fright, he pictured himself responsible for the destruction of a neighborhood of his townspeople, perhaps of the entire town.

When he finally reached his "lights" and dimmed them, he was on the point of collapse. For ten minutes he lay crouched against a house straining every nerve to catch the whir of those horrifying motors. He hardly dared to breathe. In the far distance he heard bombing, but he smiled to himself. His educated ear told him that the raid had missed its mark by many, many miles.

But Bristol was not always so fortunate in escaping the many air raids, in spite of the vigilance of her cadets. On one terrible occasion tragedy hit very close to Archie's home. Reg Bolton, a famous comedian in England at that time, lived next door to the Leach's. During one of the raids, Bolton's wife, out of curiosity, stayed

outside rather than running for the cellar as the others did. The result was that she was decapitated by a bomb that was dropped ten feet from where she was standing.

TWO more red years of war; then the Armistice; the confusion and bewilderment of adjusting life once again to normal after those hysterical, horrible, and yet somehow thrilling days of the war. Such customarily exciting events as "the first pair of long trousers" and the first "mixed party," in which self-conscious white-flanneled young "men" invited self-conscious befrilled young "ladies" for a dance, seemed anti-climactical to young Archie Leach.

He had grown into a strong, dark, extraordinarily handsome boy. He had plenty of bids for dances and social events from the smitten young debutantes of the town. But women and social life had become very unimportant to him. During his remaining school days at the Academy he went in for all forms of athletics. He became an outstanding stunt athlete. Later, his ability at handsprings, high-jumps and stilt-walking was to tide him over a very bleak period of his life in far-away New York. But in the meantime it was just a hobby which he alternated with his "chosen profession," electrical work.

At school nothing fascinated (*Continued on page 103*)



Cary with a pal and no less a personage than Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Cary made his first crossing on the Olympic. He nearly popped with excitement when he discovered Doug was on board.



HOW DOUG "DISCOVERED" HIS FATHER

The keen, decisive older Fairbanks. The sensitive, shy younger one. It was hard for them to be pals. They had never had a chance. But sympathy and intelligence helped.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

FATHER AND SON—BUT NEVER REAL FRIENDS UNTIL—
MODERN SCREEN GIVES YOU THE EXCLUSIVE STORY

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., suggested to his son that it would be a swell idea for the two of them to take a nice long trip to Europe, young Doug hesitated. Two thoughts were at war in his mind!

One was that he wanted to get out of Hollywood desperately.

That exhibitionistic town was slowly killing him, for whatever he did or said was being given an interpretation which he had not intended.

His appearance at any public place made a Roman holiday for the chatter columnists.

The failure of his and Joan's marriage and a run of average program pictures, which caused his release from Warner Brothers, were still fresh in his mind.

What he wanted to do was to look at himself impersonally and make a drastic change in his personality. But in Hollywood he knew that he would not be free to do this. Too much talk had flown under the bridge of gossip.

He wanted to learn to write better. He wanted to appear in a play. He wanted to do one or two good pictures—just to prove he could—but he did not want to be a part of Hollywood. And he knew he could not get a grip on himself as long as he stayed in that town.

One side of his mind cried out for flight and freedom. But did he want to go to Europe with his father? That was the other fly in the ointment.

This was the second thought: "I have never been alone with my father for so long a period of time!"

They had played golf together, watched football games, discussed minor matters, but they had never done anything so intimate and confining as traveling together. As a boy, young Doug had been with his mother. As a man he had been with Joan. His father had never been close to him.

And suddenly, as he thought it over, he realized—with a terrific shock—that maybe he didn't even like his father. Certainly, he didn't know him and a wall of timidity had always stood between these two.

How would all that bounding optimism wear on a long journey? Would his father even begin to understand when Doug, Jr., told of his desire to take a good, long look at himself and see what had caused his failures?

These were the questions that faced young Doug just a few months ago. But the need for getting away was stronger than the doubts concerning his father's companionship.

The two of them entrained for New York.

As the train pulled out of the station, Doug looked at his father sitting on the seat opposite him. How familiar the face was! But the man himself was a total stranger. Perhaps the trip had been a mistake after all.

They were silent for a long time.

"Are you happy?" the older Fairbanks finally asked his son, somewhat uncertainly. (Continued on page 107)



CAROLE LOMBARD (left) in a Banton gown of classic beauty. Chalk white satin, with a Grecian shoulder-line and a wide belt of tiny mirrors. There is an accompanying cape, which ties under the chin in a bow. (Above) Travis Banton himself, with Lil Tashman (what fashion show would be a success without Lil?) on the left and Adrienne Ames on the right. Lil's dress is black ciré—that shiniest of fabrics—combined with petals of black velvet. Isn't the shoulder line intriguing? Adrienne's dress is simply made of white crêpe. With it she wears a cape of ostrich feathers and there is a muff of ostrich feathers, too.



WITH FAMOUS STARS AS MANNEQUINS

TRAVIS BANTON OF PARAMOUNT PUTS ON A SPECTACULAR FASHION SHOW

ONCE AGAIN Carole Lombard (above, left) in a dress which illustrates a new fad—monkey fur. On her gown of sheer black crêpe, the fur is used to form a bertha and to make the entire lower skirt. (Center) Claudette Colbert's evening ensemble of ice-blue satin caused Mr. Banton's audience to gasp with delight. The tunic is of massed beading. The three-quarter coat is accented with the beading at the high neck and wide sleeve ends.

HELEN VINSON'S simple and dainty semi-formal gown (above, right) proves that the great designer occasionally thinks of you and me, as well as of the movie stars. The skirt is heavy white crêpe. The blouse is white organdie, trimmed with—of all things—rick-rack braid. There is an accompanying jacket, which, when worn, lifts the costume into the swanky class—it's of white crêpe, bordered at neck and sleeves with luxurious silk fox.



A ELEN VINSON (above, left) having modeled one simple gown for Mr. Banton, is now allowed to go in for great splendor. Her wrap is of silver lamé, generously adorned with white fox. There's a gown, too—also of silver lamé—very sleek and sheath-like. (Center) The visiting ladies envy Claudette's figure as she models a hostess gown of black velvet, trimmed with beading at the sleeves and neck. (Above, right) Eel-gray chiffon, a lovely shade for blondes. The gown has two circular flounces and a three-quarter jacket bordered with blue fox. (Right) It's by way of being a boa—that black velvet arrangement Claudette is wearing with her simple white crêpe gown.

Black velvet gloves go with the costume, too.



SEPARATIONS, DIVORCES—AND RECONCILIATIONS

Famous Couples Change Their Minds—and Change Them Back

Adrienne Ames and her wealthy husband, Stephen Ames have separated. The reason is—no, not Bruce Cabot—that her career and his business keep them apart anyway. No divorce is contemplated.

The exotic Leonore Ulric and her husband Sidney Blackmer will get a Mexican divorce. Miss Ulric charges cruelty.

Now—about the Lombard-Powell divorce: Carole states that there is no other man nor other woman. Bill, she says, wants to retire—and travel. Carole loves her career. Therefore, divorce. No alimony. No settlement.

Apparently, the only ones who are ready to make up are the Laurels and Hardys.

Clara Bow Through Perhaps —Sam Rork Death Cause

It is probable that, due to the recent death of Sam Rork, Clark Bow will not continue in pictures.

Sam Rork was the It girl's best friend. Indeed, it was to him Clara has always gone for advice. She had no desire to make a picture come-back, but Sam's insistence finally induced her to try again. And now that the producer has passed on, Clara has little incentive to continue.

Vacation Trip for Janet Gaynor. Marriage Rumors Still Buzzing

Little Miss Gaynor—who, gossip writers insist, will wed Winfield Sheehan, Fox mogul, when her divorce from Lydell Peck is final—is now enjoying a grand vacation. First, there were four weeks' of complete rest at a Wisconsin camp. Then a motor trip through the Canadian Rockies, including a few days at beautiful Lake Louise. After that, back to the States and a look-in at the World's Fair, and a motor tour through the east. Nice?

Garbo Back at Work at Last! Gilbert Definitely Cast Opposite

"Queen Christina," all rehearsed, is now actually on the move out in Hollywood. Greta looks simply divine in the mediaeval costumes required for the rôle. The Swedish star is in what is known as fine fettle and everyone is happy. Including John Gilbert, who, after much dickering back and forth, is finally set for the rôle of the Spanish prince who comes a-wooing the Viking queen. The sets for this film are said to be magnificent. Wonder if this will revive costume pictures?



THE TALKIE YOU MAY NEVER SEE—"THE WAY TO LOVE," WITH MAURICE CHEVALIER AND SYLVIA SIDNEY. SEE STORY AT THE RIGHT.

STORK BUSY IN MOVIE CENTER

Girl Babies Coming Into Fashion—At Last!

It's about time! After the number of boys who have arrived in town lately—well, there had to be some way of equalizing the population. The John Gilberts and the Skeet Gallaghers kindly arranged to have girls. Skeet and Jack have bought up between them all the cigars in town and a new shipment of extra-special smokes has been ordered in time for the John Considines (Carmen Pantages) and the Robert Youngs, who'll be celebrating during November and December respectively.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Her sudden death was a great shock to the film colony. She was working in "Little Women" when it happened. Miss Hale asked that no flowers be sent to her funeral. "Instead, it would be a tribute . . . if you would remit an equal amount . . . to Louise Closser Hale's charity foundation."

Flashes from Here and There

Buddy Rogers will play the lead in Paramount's "Take a Chance."
Charles Bickford's star is soaring again after "This Day and Age." He has been rushed into four pictures, including DeMille's "Four Frightened People."
Tom Mix and author Zane Grey have formed a partnership—Grey to do Westerns for Mix to act in.
Zasu Pitts has been teamed with Skeet Gallagher. First film will be "Dummy's Vote."
Conrad Nagel is going to do two or three plays in the East. The first will be "There's Always Juliet." His family will join him later.
Dorothy Wilson's contract with RKO has not been renewed. She will free lance.
Estelle Taylor, now that Dempsey has re-married, may follow suit. The man is said to be Rowland Brown, director.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S WALK-OUT TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

Chevalier's Contract Quarrel Also Up for Much Discussion

Sylvia Sidney walked out of "The Way to Love," when the Chevalier film was but three-fourths completed. Her doctor stated if the star continued, a throat operation, causing a scar, would be necessary. Ann Dvorak was put in Sylvia's part.

Paramount's physicians claimed Sylvia could work, yet allowed her a vacation in Hollywood. She chose to airplane east.

Meanwhile, Chevalier declines to resign, declaring the studios have entered into an agreement to "keep my salary down." Yet, M-G-M offered him \$150,000, or 10% of the gross; RKO raising the ante to 15%, and Paramount bidding \$250,000 flat per picture!

Lyle Talbot Romancing with Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' Ex

They have been playing on the stage in Hollywood in "One Sunday Afternoon"—the same play Gary Cooper is doing in the talkies. The romance started, folks say, the day the two met for rehearsals. And, like the weather out there, it got warmer and warmer as time went on until the stage hands had to practically repaper the theatre in asbestos. We'll let you know what happens.

Virtuous Role for Harlow in "Age of Larceny"

Hollywood's naughtiest, sexiest platinum blonde is going to be awfully nice and prissy for once in her screen life. In other words, in "Age of Larceny," Miss Jean Harlow won't be the gal she used to be—in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" and others. She'll dress, act and talk like a girl you could introduce to your Aunt Matilda without the least qualm. This must be quite a relief for Jean. It must be a strain, playing "bad" always.

La Bennett Enters Into Three Publication Libel Suits

Connie Bennett is having a busy time with her law suits. Three of them—all against the press. An American newspaper, an English one, and a fan magazine are being forced to give an account of their opinions to La Bennett and counsel.

The charges, which used to come under the head of that old-fashioned, ill-sounding word "libel," are now picturesquely termed intrusions against "personal privacy." But no matter what it is called, it's gonna cost plenty!

... The inside on the Winchell-Jolson scrap
 ... Norma Shearer develops temperament—
 but recovers ... Joan Crawford's revenge on
 Bill Gargan ... and other news



Meet Will Rogers' daughter. The spunky little kid went ahead and got a job at Fox, under the assumed name of Mary Howard. In Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness." (Center) Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother, is in pictures, too. With RKO. (Right) Arline Judge doing all she can to help celebrate Beverly Hills Fire Prevention Day.

THE blow that was heard round the world. That's what Hollywood is calling the headline results of the sock Walter Winchell took on the jaw from Al Jolson. Just one blow was struck, and perhaps fifty million people know about it.

Walter was walking down the aisle toward the ring-side of the Hollywood American Legion Stadium last Friday (boxing night in Hollywood). As he neared his seat, he passed Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, seated in the tenth row. He claims he said: "Hello, Al." But he got no further. Al rose from his seat and aimed a heavy sock at the writer's jaw ... it landed ... and before either of the men could throw a punch, friends stepped between them and stopped the brawl.

Jolson: "My wife (Ruby Keeler) and I understand that this story that Winchell has just sold for motion picture production, 'Broadway Through a Keyhole,' is being called, 'The inside story of Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler and a well-known gangster in New York.' This has made my wife very unhappy and when Winchell walked down the aisle, I just saw red. I couldn't hold myself, and if I see him again, I will no doubt let him have it in the same spot!"

Winchell: "The plot of my story has no connection with Al Jolson and his wife. I am thankful it (the blow) came when it did. The advance bookings on the picture are over \$300,000 as a result. It did me a flock of good (in headlines) and other places!"

The "other places" are in the bank. Winchell got a check from his producer for ten G's for "extra publicity."

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW



J. B. Scott

J. B. Scott

Hi, Jeanette MacDonald! Here she is arriving in New York after her concert tour in Europe. She's busy now working on "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro for M-G-M.

Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen), Evalyn Knapp and George E. Stone at the Roosevelt Roof Garden in Hollywood. Der Baron iss vorking in "The Big Liar" and "The Hollywood Party" for M-G-M.

Here's Gene Raymond and MODERN SCREEN'S own Harriet Parsons at the Roosevelt Roof Garden. Yes, Miss Parsons is the author of that swell divorce story you'll find on page 14.

● What, ho! Connie Bennett's up on her high horse! Soon after the Marquis left for the South Seas to film his picture, Connie was rumored going places secretly with Gilbert Roland. But since she has been spotted and even photographed (MODERN SCREEN, September) with Roland, she evidently decided it was safer to treat the whole thing openly. She and Gilbert are seen everywhere together now, but, according to Connie, that does not mean there is anything amiss between her and the Marquis. Henri is fully aware of the friendship, and what's more, approves of it. He realizes that Connie must have an escort while he's away, and who better to pick than her leading man?

● Lupe Velez had a birthday the other day, and Johnny Weissmuller's gift to her was a huge cake with pink icing and eight men's sweaters. Lupe likes to wear these gaudy sweaters to the prizefights, which she and Johnny attend about four or five nights a week.

Incidentally, don't be surprised if these two suddenly decide to ankle to the altar. Lupe, quite frankly, speaks of the coming event, but we understand Johnny's sorta holding out. A young gal by the name of Irene Jones is the cause.

● The electric sign on a local theater reads: "Mae West and free electric refrigerators."

● Hollywood gossips almost wrecked Benita Hume's romance with her boy friend back in England by reporting that things were sizzling between her and Chevalier,

merely because he drove her to the studio one day.

After receiving a frantic call from her sweetie (Jack Dunfee), who had heard the gossip (the call, by the way, cost him \$450!) Benita packed her bag and started homeward. However, when she got to New York she decided she shouldn't wait any longer before becoming a married woman. It wasn't safe! So she and Dunfee were married across the ocean by radio.

ELEANOR AND ART MEAN BUSINESS

● Sooo, that whirlwind romance between Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett (swell crooner) really was serious after all. Art appeared on the scene just about the time Eleanor and Junior Laemmle had their little tiff, and naturally, folks thought Art was merely subbing until Eleanor and Junior kissed and made up. But now comes the hot news that Eleanor and Art have actually taken out that marriage license which certainly changes the perspective on that trio!

Rather odd that, just as Eleanor gives up her screen career to go back to swimming, Art gives up his radio work to take up a picture career. His first rôle will be in Joan Crawford's pix. "Dancing Lady."

● Bill Powell, who has been hiding out at Lake Arrowhead ever since the divorce story broke, surprised everybody by suddenly taking a train for Reno, where Carole Lombard is taking up residence pending her divorce. Can it be that Bill is trying to bring about a reconciliation? Some say he was pretty broken up about the whole thing. Then again, he may have wished to contest the suit.



LEARNING TO CROON A LULLABY

Acme

(Above) Will he be a crooner, too? Meet Master Gary Evans Crosby. And note the proud looks on Dixie and Bing Crosby. (Right) John Gilbert—Garbo's leading man in "Queen Christina." Until this last minute decision, it seemed as if Lawrence Olivier would be chosen.



LEADING MAN FOR GRETA GARBO

● Stop the presses! Hold up the last edition! Norma Shearer has developed temperament. She says so herself and is just as amazed as you are. For there was Norma, always to be depended upon, always sane and level-headed.

But not very long ago she read something about herself which displeased her and what did she do? She screamed and yelled and threw things.

"I'd always heard about temperament," said Norma. "I was so delighted when I found I had some of it. But, honestly, I'm awfully handicapped when I start to throw a real temperamental fit, for Irving just sat there and laughed at me. Wonder what really temperamental people do when they're laughed at? I couldn't figure out—so I laughed at myself, too."

● Alan Dinehart and his bride, Mozelle Britton, say that as far as they're concerned the recent studio strike couldn't have come at a better time. It gave them a chance for a little honeymooning that otherwise would have been postponed for several months. Right after they were married, Alan was rushed into a picture up at Lake Malibu, and after that three other assignments were awaiting him. So when the strike occurred, stopping production for a week or so, Alan and Mozelle decided that this was the time and the place for that honeymoon. They rented a rustic lil cabin right near the lake and had one swell time!

● Reports from Merry Ole England are that Sally Blane is quite the center of attraction among theatrical and social circles. First, the hot romance between her and the Earl of Warwick caused a lot of interested chattering,

and recently, she created another big stir when she walked off with Lili Damita's fiancé, Sidney Smith. Lili and Sid have been thataway for ages, but now Sid is devoting all his time and attention to Sally.

● Have you heard about the little blonde who, upon being asked how she liked Roosevelt's reforestation movement, replied: "I've never done it, but I'd love to learn the steps!"

● Never have we seen a gal look so happy as did Hannah Williams (now Mrs. Jack Dempsey) as she danced with her handsome new hubby at the Cocoanut Grove a couple of nights after they were married. Her face fairly radiated happiness, and Jack did a little beaming himself! They were the center of attention at the Grove, with everyone in the place offering congratulations including Estelle Taylor, who was just three tables away with her current flame, Rowland Brown.

● Sally Eilers no sooner arrived in Hollywood from her trip abroad, than she hopped right over to see Hoot, who is still recuperating from his smash-up. They talked and talked and talked, but still couldn't decide whether they really wanted to divorce each other. And this in spite of the fact that Hoot has stated that he's madly in love with June Gale, and Sally believes that a divorce is the best way out.

It's just a matter of time!

● Another "new deal." Karloff (that super creepie man of the movies) who had agreed to disagree with Universal officials over a new contract, has agreed to make

Lupe gives adopted daughter Joan a lesson in etiquette!



TALLULAH'S BACK AGAIN!

J. B. Scott



REVEALING MARY BRIAN'S BROTHER

J. B. Scott

(Left) Tallulah's back in Hollywood. Here she is with Lil Tashman, both of them looking as chic as you please. (Above) Mary Brian with Russ Gleason—other chap is Mary's brother, Terry Danzier, who performs at the Roosevelt Roof where this was snapped.

two a year. First one will be "The Return of Frankenstein," and rumor is that it will be released during the summer so that the audience will welcome the chills!

- Lupe Velez came into a room full of people the other day with her adopted daughter. She's a sweet little kid and has a nice shy manner. As Lupe introduced her to everyone she shook hands very sweetly when suddenly Lupe shouted at her, "For heaven's sake, didn't I tell you to be a lady and hold your stomach in when you say howdydo!"

- Mae Murray was terribly provoked the other Sunday night at the Miramar when a pretty young miss vamped her good-looking boy friend, Ashton Stanley, right from under her nose. In fact, Mae was so provoked that she stamped out into the foyer and threw flower-pots out of the hotel window.

However, the next Sunday Mae was again at the Miramar, looking very luscious in a white chiffon. Stanley was not at her table. He was at another table with that "pretty young miss!" Before the evening was over, we noticed Mary McCormick (Mae's former sister-in-law, or something like that) go over and whisper something in Stanley's ear, and now Mae and Ashton are cooing once again.

GLORIA'S TRIAL SEPARATION

- Another film star and her husband are resorting to a "trial separation" in an effort to save their marriage from going on the well-known rocks. Like Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, are going to maintain sepa-

rate establishments, and when they see each other, it will be by appointment only. Gloria and Blair have been married for several years and recently, when their conflicting careers were bringing discord into their home, they decided on this friendly separation.

- When the movie-going public learned that Stanley Smith (and not Dick Powell) was slated to play opposite Ruby Keeler in Warner Bros. next musical flicker called "Footlight Parade," such a howl was put up that the studio had to send Smith back to New York and start the cameras grinding all over again, this time with Dick in the cast.

- Ever since Clark Gable was forced to withdraw from the cast of "Dancing Lady," M-G-M has been looking around for someone to replace him. It's been a terrific job. Finally, the studio officials hit upon Bill Gargan. The same big he-man type. Sure, he'd be swell! Everything was settled, until Joan Crawford heard about it. And then things began to pop. It seems Joan absolutely refused to have Bill Gargan in her picture.

And this is why: Bill once made the remark that Joan Crawford wasn't an actress. This was right after the production of "Rain," in which Bill, you remember, was the leading man.

- Will Rogers and Andy Devine, who has a part in Rogers' next picture, have become great pals. Now Andy chews gum, too.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 82

Frankenstein returning . . . Nick Stuart-Bobbe Arnst romance

I'VE DRESSED



Lilyan Tashman - Oct 11-27
Lois Wilson - October 12, 1927
Anna Q. Nilsson Oct 14-27
Elizabeth Williams Oct 19-27
Bessie Love October 21, '27
Greta Nissen Oct 25.
Frankie Dwyer Oct. 25-
Helma A. Todd Oct. 29, 1927
Mae Sneider Nov 14-27
Mrs. Charles H. Thompson Nov. 12-27
Miss W. J. McDonald Nov 22-27
Dr. W. B. Bunkley & wife



(Left) Greta Nissen, for whom Mr. Greer succeeded in designing gowns in spite of a dressmaker mother and a temperamental director. (Below) Estelle Taylor beat Greer at his own game once. (Opposite page) Lil Tashman! A "holiday" for dress-designers. And (right) little Bessie Love in her Greer wedding gown.



By HOWARD GREER

LIKE every person who lives in Hollywood and does anything connected with motion pictures, I've been interviewed many times.

I've been asked a thousand questions concerning not only my own work but the likes and dislikes, the personal tastes and habits of the stars. But, I must now confess, I held out on these interviewers.

For I knew that some day if ever I could get away from satins and chiffons and furs long enough, I'd sit

Hollywood through the eye of a needle. . . ! Here are a great designer's

T H E M A L L . . . !

One of the most lavish and beautifully spectacular spots in Hollywood is the exclusive gown shop of Howard Greer. Here, not only every star in Hollywood, but women of fashion throughout the world come to buy their clothes. Greer designs personal wardrobes for the stars as well as some of their picture creations.

If you were to visit the shop you would see an ordinary sized book lying on a black and silver table at the head of the stairs. It is Greer's autograph book and upon its pages every great, near-great and once-great star has written the famous name. There in firm, bold script is the name "Greta Garbo"—one

of the few autographs of this star in existence.

We have persuaded him to tell all, exclusively for MODERN SCREEN. Beginning with the old guard of screen luminaries he will work his way through the famous book up to the present day—and no exciting, amusing or glamorous incident will be left untold.

For five years Greer designed for Paramount, leaving the studio to open his own magnificent establishment. Not only is he an ace designer of Hollywood but one of its most famous wits.

MODERN SCREEN is proud to present to you Howard Greer's memoirs, gleaned from his famous autograph book of stars.



down and Tell All myself. My autograph book was a constant taunt. Every time I looked at it I was reminded of the circumstances under which the names were written.

At last the thing goaded me until—here I am, typewriter on knee, mind seething with memories. This is the works! When this series is finished I'll have no more stories to tell. Or will I? For new stars are being discovered every day. And eventually they all come to my shop.

But right now this is the story—all of it—as far as it goes. And I promise not to hold out a thing!

The first name ever inscribed in this book must have been a good omen. Lilyan Tashman, known for her abil-

ity to wear clothes and launch new models, signed her name at the top of the first page even before the shop was officially opened.

The *fournisseurs* and painters were still fussing about the rooms. Harold Grieve, later to become the foremost interior decorator in Hollywood and, incidentally, the husband of Jetta Goudal, was still sketching the big exotic flowers which lend a bizarre charm to the walls of the upper entrance hall.

The workroom equipment had not yet been installed and the fitters and finishers were hard at work in a small bungalow near the shop upon the models for the initial

intimate and amusing recollections of the stars of the present and the past



Madge Bellamy, that once great Fox star. When Mr. Greer opened his Hollywood shop, Madge was his first customer.

collection. Everyone was working at top speed.

I was dividing my time between fittings on my mannequins in this hot, stuffy little cottage and trips of inspection to the shop, now rapidly nearing completion.

THREE weeks before the Grand Opening (and that was an opening) I was commissioned by First National to dress a picture in which Lilyan Tashman and Lois Wilson were co-starring. I had known both of them for years—Lilyan in New York before either of us ever thought of going to Hollywood, and Lois at the Paramount Studios where I had costumed her for many pictures.

But I'll wager that neither one of them ever had had fittings under such unusual circumstances. We had no fitting room (the models had to stand for their fittings in the workrooms, surrounded by sewing machines and dummy figures) and the two stars were forced, in the face of having no other retreat, to use the bathroom for privacy while changing their clothes.

I will never forget that bathroom—nor will Lilyan and Lois! One of its most important fixtures had a demoniacal way of overflowing at the most unexpected intervals. It was late October and as hot as only California can be at that time. Although at the time no one thought it funny, I still treasure the picture of the beautiful Lilyan Tashman rushing from that bathroom in a gorgeous satin gown with a long train which she had let fall to the bathroom floor and which was soaking wet.

The third name in the book is that of Anna Q. Nilsson. This was written before the unfortunate accident which kept her out of pictures for several years. Anna Q. reminds me of enough incidents to fill an entire book of memoirs just about her. She was the first person for whom I ever designed a dress in Hollywood—and that

was eleven years ago! I had been brought from New York to design particularly for a most important and terrifically temperamental star—Pola Negri (about whom more later)—but at the time of my arrival Pola was having a rest between pictures and my first assignment was for "The Rustle of Silk" with Anna Q. and Betty Compson.

Anna Q. was one of the most gracious stars for whom I ever worked and one of the most courageous, certainly. Since the accident everything she has attempted has seemed to be ill-fated.

Just recently she tried a come-back via the legitimate stage and did "Hedda Gabler" in one of the Hollywood theatres. I attended the dress rehearsal which took place the night after the earthquake. The actors, stage-hands and invited members of the large audience were still shaky from the previous night's quakes. The curtain went up an hour and a half late!

ANNA Q. was to walk behind footlights and speak the lines of a play for the first time in her life! The paint of the scenery was not yet dry and all the members of the cast had been warned to walk about the stage with care. Anna Q. had no time to practice wearing her dresses—most of which had long trains—so she stepped upon the stage severely handicapped. All this would have been enough to make a *seasoned* actress forget her lines. But on top of everything just as Anna Q. entered the scene another tremor shook the town.

The walls of the theatre creaked, several women in the audience shrieked, a piece of furniture on the stage fell over and Anna Q. clung perilously to a freshly-painted doorsill. A stage hand darted out from the wings and shouted to the half-paralyzed audience, "Keep your seats. Please!"

And Anna Q. opened her mouth and spoke the first line she had ever spoken before an audience!

Here's a name which only the old-timers will remember. Kathlyn Williams—the gal who chilled wild animals with a neatly-flung look in the good old days of serial thrillers. She was still a most important person at the Paramount studio when I first went to the Coast.

She now works when she feels like it, for she is still immensely rich. She was wise enough to save her money when she made it. Here's an example of her caution in money matters and this happened years ago when she was in the *very big salary* class.

She wanted a new ermine evening coat. She could have afforded a dozen ermine coats but her money had been invested elsewhere so carefully that she couldn't get at it. So, in order that she might not feel she had squandered a sum, she did what she called "an extra picture," the money to be earned for this one luxury alone!

Bessie Love—well, there's a name that had meant a lot for years and was to mean still more, a few years later, when "Broadway Melody" was made.

I always remember Bessie for her giggles and her appalling trust and faith in whatever one told her was correct in clothes. I wish there were more like her!

I did her wedding dress and I still consider it one of the "lucky" wedding dresses, since the marriage "took" and there are no signs of its breaking.

Heavens! Here's a name which upsets me! Greta Nissen—one of the most beautiful girls ever to be in pictures and one of the most difficult with whom I've ever worked. Miss Nissen herself was not difficult but she had with her—and I mean *always* with her—a mother who, from reports, had once been a dressmaker in Sweden.

Well, there's no one more hard to please than a retired dressmaker. I often wonder, since they know so definitely what they want, why they bother to take up the time of the people who are supposedly (Continued on page 114)

READY FOR WORK . . .

... Norma was ready to sacrifice her career, if need be, to nurse her husband back to health. The story of that—and what's happened since—should be read by all her fans



By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

I WANT to tell you what has been happening to Norma Shearer.

She is back, now, from a long holiday in Europe and, revived and refreshed, with new wells of energy springing up inside her, she is ready for studio work.

A star returning from a vacation is not such an amazing phenomenon, you say. The boats bring them in all the time. But this was a different sort of vacation and one that involved a terrific sacrifice at the outset.

In Norma's own words the trip was "just children and nurses and husbands and wives and more fun than I've ever had in my life."

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'll get to that trip and Norma's return in just a minute. I must first flash back a bit and tell you something about the happenings that took place before the tour was decided upon.

She has been called calculating and cagey. The last few months have proven how untrue all that is. (Below) With Irving Thalberg and Irving, Jr., who's getting to be quite a big boy.



When "Smilin' Through" was completed, Norma was given two months' rest before her next picture. Upon the eve of her return to work her husband, Irving Thalberg, came down with the flu.

She immediately notified her employers that she would have to be excused from work just then because her husband needed her.

Irving convalesced, suffered a relapse and then his heart began to give him trouble. Eighteen hours a day at a strenuous studio job weakens a man's resistance.

Those were anxious days when Irving, fretting about things at the studio, must not be told anything which might worry him.

There were rumors of studio upheavals, of political shake-ups. Rumors that Irving was being gently and neatly deposed during his enforced absence. Norma had to deal with these things as best she could, alone—and stand between the sick man and those nebulous and disturbing matters. She had to take his place, as nearly as she could, in studio tasks (Continued on page 101)



John Boles



Gloria Stuart



Margaret Sullavan



Slim Summerville

FORECASTING YOUR FAVORITES

IF it can be said of any producing organization in Hollywood that it is imbued with legend, that studio would be Universal, with her low Spanish buildings sprawled over acres and acres of a North Hollywood Valley, her many "sets" that have stood for years, and the colorful groupings of real and motion picture cowboys that habitually group around her gates and entrances.

But deeper than all external "color," is the spirit of the two men, father and son, who are not merely the production heads of Universal, but actually its life and its morale.

The Laemmles, benevolent and revered Carl Laemmle, Sr., whose smile is slow and kind, who at one time or another has held the contracted services of three quarters of the great names of Hollywood, and his son, Junior, whose eyes are alert, and whose smile is quicker to come because his is the newer blood of enthusiasm that lives for the future.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., born only twenty-five years ago: born, in fact, on the very day his father started his first motion picture, is the youngest executive in the industry and the only head of a studio who was "born in the business." When Carl, Sr., handed the entire management of Universal Studios over to his son when Junior was twenty-one years old, Hollywood shook its head and muttered: "It won't be long." Since then, "Junior" has made them admit that a boy of twenty-one *can* operate a studio and have complete charge of paying out ten millions a year, if that boy is *born* to the business.

Newer organizations, with glittering new stars and personalities, may come and go. Movie trails may be blazed on foreign fields. But I think it might well be said that Universal, like Tennyson's famous brook, probably will go on forever.

Even in the midst of their most ambitious film undertakings, "All Quiet on the Western Front," all the Boris Karloff thriller series, the sensationally successful "Back Street," with John Boles and Irene Dunne, there has been an atmosphere of siesta and calm pervading the sun-

baked lot with its great, pepper-shade trees. The visitor feels that even the hectic life of the movies has somehow become more leisurely and tempered here. The throb of production is muffled. One senses that a great deal of time and thought has gone into the preparation of those companies on the various sound stages. The constant rush of speed that is so noticeable on other lots is mysteriously missing here.

I had not talked long with Junior Laemmle in his comfortably appointed office on the studio grounds before the affable and gently-mannered young man himself supplied the keynote of this impression:

HE said, "My father and I enjoy making pictures. Our production schedule is never so crowded that we are forced to lose intimate, personal contact with every picture being produced on this lot, from the Westerns and short features, to our 'specials' and feature productions. We try not to lose sight of the fact that the movies are a creative art as well as a commercial industry.

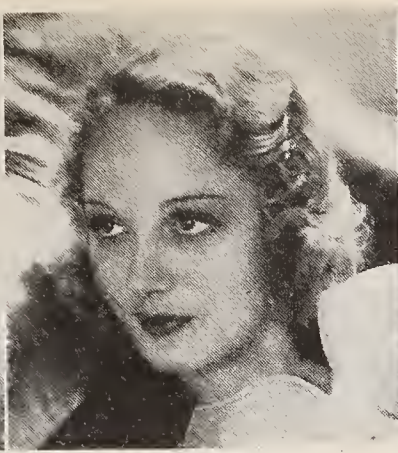
"Perhaps a year or so ago I, personally, permitted that idea to run away with me. Our production output was tremendously slowed down so that more time and effort could go into the polishing of certain 'dream pictures,' such as 'All Quiet on the Western Front' and 'Back Street.' My idea at the time was that a great story was the thing.

"But, you will notice in our 1933-34 production schedule, something of a change in this policy of the past two years. Not that we are going to put less time, effort and enthusiasm into our films, but only that we are going to speed up the tempo of production.

"Last year we made twenty-six feature length films. This year there will be thirty-six. The recent two months shut-down of production at the studio allowed the necessary ample time to prepare carefully the stories and scripts of this increased production. Last year fifty percent of our screen material was original screen plays. This year a decided majority of our stories are from established plays and best sellers and popular books. In



Paul Lukas



Leila Hyams

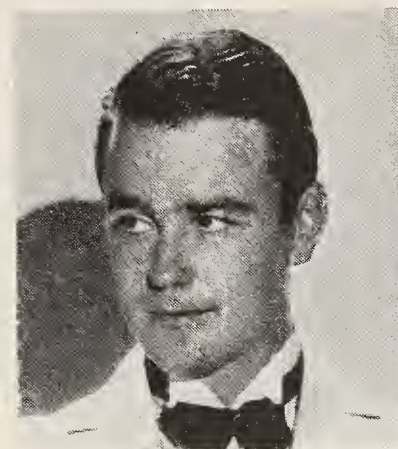


June Knight



Onslow Stevens

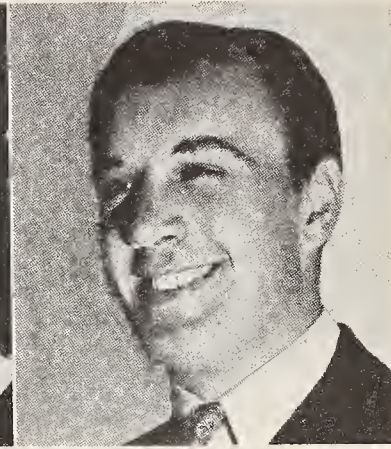
By
WALTER
RAMSEY



Lew Ayres



ZaSu Pitts



Russ Columbo

... Hollywood shook its head when, at the age of twenty-one, Carl Laemmle, Jr., was put in complete charge at Universal. A mere boy to decide how ten millions a year should be spent! Now he confides in you what's in store for his stars



Carl, Jr., filmdom's youngest producer, who decides the fate of many of your favorites.

this category are: 'Only Yesterday,' now in production with Margaret Sullavan, John Boles and Billie Burke, under the direction of John Stahl; Charles Norris' 'Zest,' Fanny Hurst's 'Imitation of Life,' 'S.O.S. Iceberg,' 'The Good Red Bricks,' 'The Man Who Reclaimed His Head,' two elaborate musicals, 'Blossom Time' with John Boles, and 'The Great Ziegfeld,' and many others.

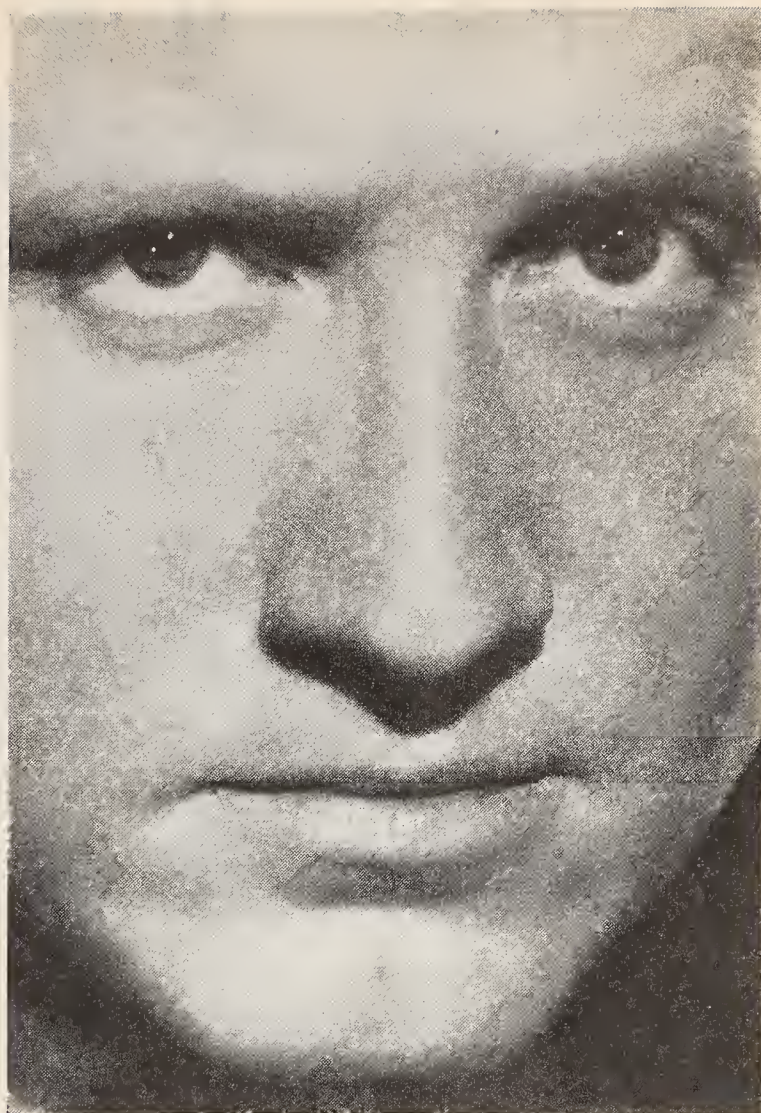
"You can judge by this that we have not changed our original idea that a great story is the thing, but there is one important factor which will be a change. And that is, Universal is going on a great 'screen personality' hunt. From now on, our policy will be great stories *with* great personalities.

LIKE every other studio in Hollywood, Universal has discovered that the greatest movie success is based on the greatest movie personalities. *We want stars.* We are planning to develop them, borrow them. We must have them to successfully carry out our elaborate plans for the year.

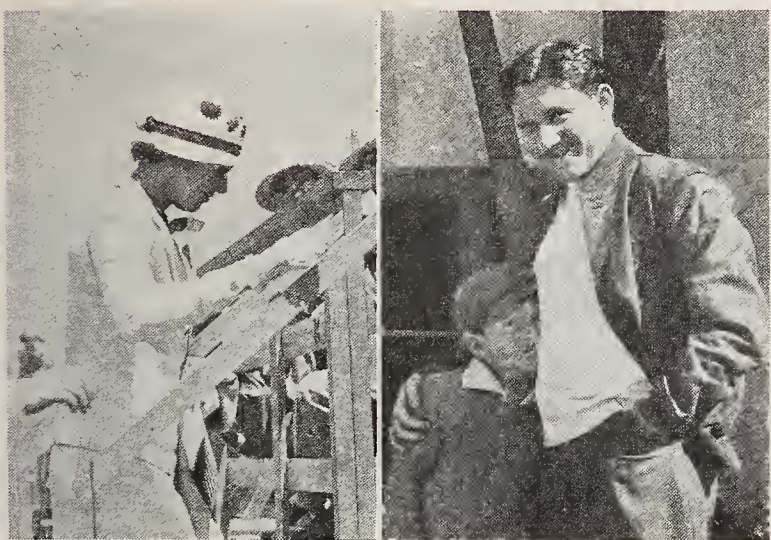
"So anxious are we to discover and exploit sensational screen personalities, that we are at present conducting a Junior Stock Company to (Continued on page 99)



"I'm glad I married BEFORE I came to Hollywood," says Spencer Tracy



(Further left) Louise Tracy. He married her because she was pretty and nice and agreeable and—well, because they fell in love. They have stayed married because of a thousand and one bonds that Hollywood cannot break. (Left) Johnny Tracy with his pa. (Opposite page) Tracy and Colleen Moore in a scene from "The Power and the Glory."



By CARTER BRUCE

One of the frankest stories on marriage ever given by a Hollywood actor

THE day I had lunch with Spencer Tracy in the Fox Hills commissary, two divorces had "broken" in Hollywood and the news of two others had preceded them by a bare seven days. In order, they had been the sad, legend-shattering separation of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; the "surprise" divorce of Carole Lombard from William Powell; the parting of Richard Dix and his wife and, just that morning, the "trial separation" of Gloria Stuart and her sculptor husband.

Everywhere you heard: "What's wrong with Hollywood marriage?" It is only natural that we eventually got on to it, my almost-red-headed host, and I.

Before Spencer finished talking I had an idea I had heard probably the most illuminating truth on the subject of Hollywood marriage I would ever hear from the lips of a Hollywood actor. He didn't say *this* thing or *that* thing is wrong with Hollywood marriage. Because

he, personally, happens to be in that rapidly diminishing category of Hollywood's happily married, he did not under-estimate the pitfalls that have snagged other marriages.

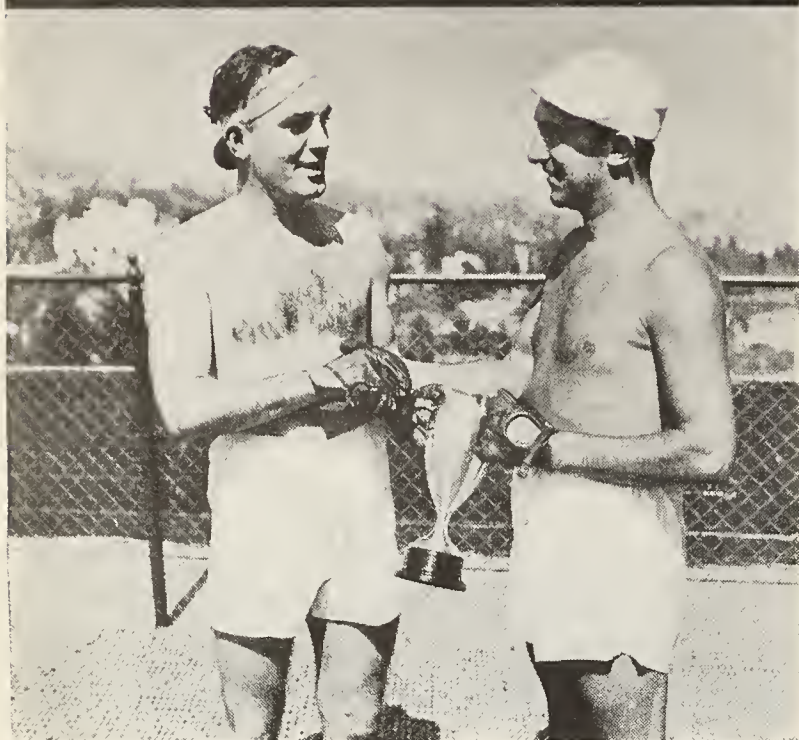
I am not going to try to phrase Spencer Tracy's off-screen personality in that typical interview I'm-telling-you-about-him sort of way. All I ask is that you listen in, as I did, that warm August day, to Spenc's ideas about marriage and then you let me know what sort of fellow you think he is.

HE said, "I'm glad I married *before* I came to Hollywood because I wouldn't have had the guts to try to make a go of it with anyone after I had been here for a while.

"If I had not been married when I came to Hollywood, I know that I should never have married, and I would have missed the finest (Continued on page 92)

PICTURE NEWS!

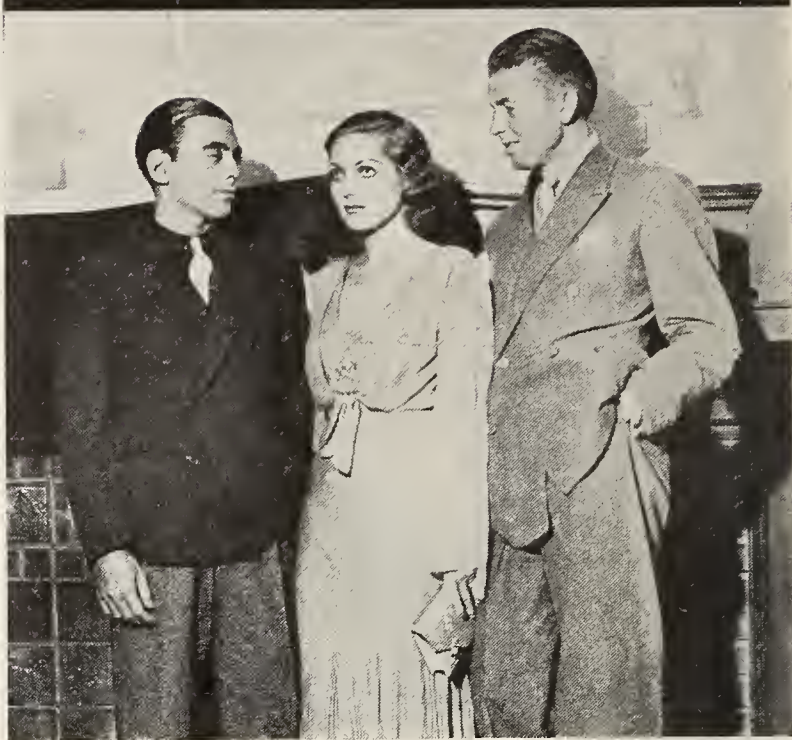
YE HANDBALLE CHAMPE



(Above) Atop Hollywood's Equitable Building is the Butler Health Club, to which many stars belong. They had a handball tournament recently. Pat O'Brien defeated all comers. (Below) Sue Carol and Ken Murray at the Roosevelt Roof. Another marriage?

All pictures by J. B. Scott

MEET ADRIENNE AMES' HUSBAND



(Above) Stephen and Adrienne Ames—now separated—and Bruce Cabot, who, the Ames' insist, is not the other side of the triangle. (Below) Gloria Stuart and her husband, Gordon Newell, who have started something new—a trial separation.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE FOR SUE AND KEN!



TRIAL SEPARATION FOR GLORIA



Would YOU like to visit JOAN CRAWFORD in Hollywood?



WHAT would you rather have than a free trip to Hollywood?

Don't gasp! You probably think nothing in the world can top that! But, there is!

Yes, as fantastic as it seems and sounds; there is. How about a free trip to Hollywood and a week's visit with Joan Crawford?

Joan will be glad to see you. She is all set to entertain you. She wants to take you on a dancing party at the famous Cocoanut Grove. There, she'll introduce you to movie royalty and they will become your friends! You'll be dated up for beach parties at Santa Monica and at Malibu. Joan will see to that. She's a grand hostess, you know. And she'll find a choice spot, just off the set, so that you can get a real close-up of her at work. Then, you will lunch with her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's cafeteria. And she'll see that you meet Clark Gable and Jean Harlow and Robert Montgomery. And ALL the stars on the M-G-M lot!

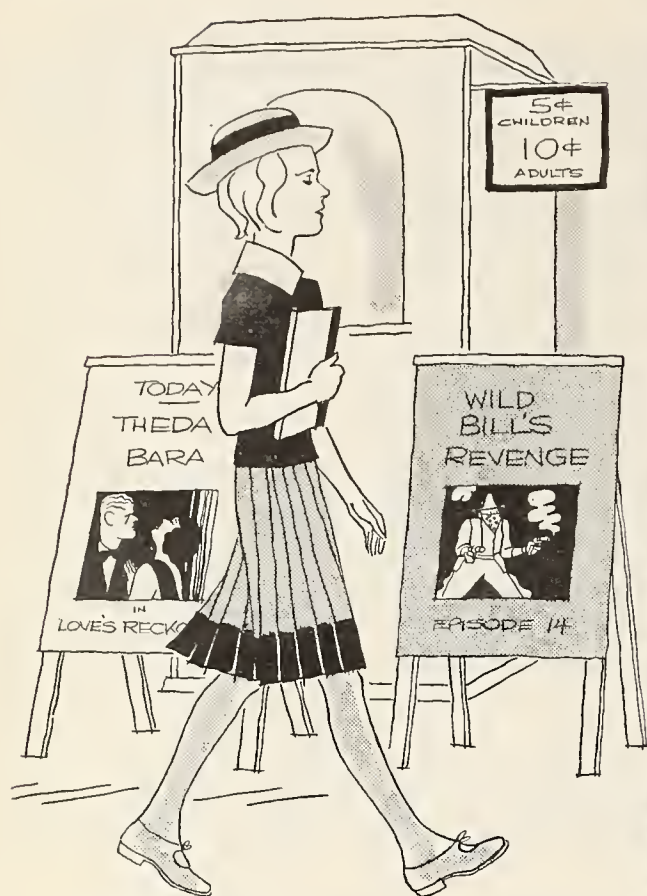
What's the catch in all this?

It isn't a catch—it's a contest!

And, next month, MODERN SCREEN is going to tell you all about it. In the November issue. When you read the details, you'll agree that this is just about the best contest with the biggest prizes that has ever been held anywhere at any time! In fact, there's going to be a prize for everyone who enters the contest. And the prizes besides the first—the trip to Hollywood and the week as Joan's guest—are just as exciting.

The Editor

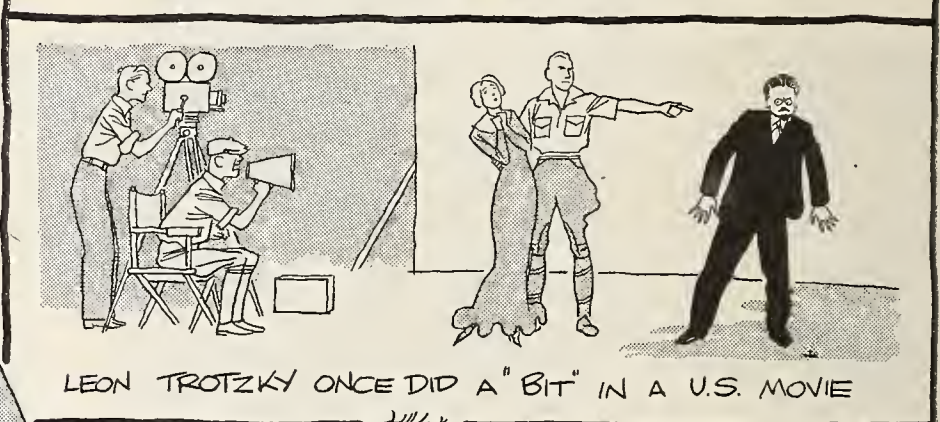
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



BETTE DAVIS HAS NEVER SEEN A SILENT MOVIE.



GROUCHO MARX SANG IN A "GIRLS' TRIO" BEFORE HIS VOICE STARTED CHANGING



BRUCE CABOT USED TO BE A BOUNCER IN A HOLLYWOOD CAFE

Portraits

The gal who knows all the answers—and tells 'em! Mae West and her curves and her diamonds and her love of prizefights and her priceless remarks have been publicized until there's practically nothing more to say. People are still asking her if she is married. To which Mae replies that she isn't now and never has been and, furthermore, there's no one scheduled, as yet, for the role of Diamond Lil's husband. Mae's next picture is "I'm No Angel." She says she'd love to do the role of Catharine of Russia sometime.





Will Rogers has just finished "Doctor Bull," which is a picturization of that excellent novel, "The Last Adam." In it Rogers plays the role of a Connecticut small-town doctor. His next picture will be "Always Tomorrow." Not long ago, Will took a day off from work to fly down to Arizona to offer a hundred dollar prize for the best calf-roping at a local rodeo. He always lunches in the Fox cafeteria, whether working or not, usually with Spencer Tracy and Director Frank Lloyd, who are his chief pals.





Photograph by Hurrell

Robert Young had himself a grand time working in "Tugboat Annie" with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. When that was completed, he hopped over to the Universal lot (M-G-M consented to loan him) to do "Saturday's Millions." Dolores Del Río (below) is working in "Dance of Desire" with Joel McCrea. The lovely Mexican has gone very modern, with bobbed hair and everything. Outside her modernistic home is a kennel for her dawg—an exact replica of the home. My, my.





Frances Dee will play the role of the sweet, womanly Meg in RKO's "Little Women." Above you see her with Joan Bennett (Amy), Jean Parker (Beth), and Katharine Hepburn (Jo). There seems to be quite a romance between Frances and Joel McCrea. Joel is building a honeymoon cottage on his ranch. When folks ask him questions about it, he replies "It all depends on Frances." Wouldn't these two make an ideal couple? "Speed King" is now planned as Frances' next picture.

Photograph by Robert W. Cohurn



Won't Joan Bennett be lovely as that elegant little minx, Amy, of Miss Alcott's immortal work? Joan was delighted to get the role, for Amy was always her favorite character. Above you see the four girls again with Spring Byington, who plays their mother. Joan is very much in love with husband Gene Markey, who is much better looking in real life than he is in his photographs. They live very quietly. Papa Richard Bennett visits them often—Joan is his particular pet.

Photograph by Hurrell





Can you imagine this sensitive, extremely intelligent and rather shy man as a bank clerk? Well, he was. And how he hated it! When his artistic nature asserted itself, Ruth Martin Howard backed him up every step of the way. (Left) In his "Berkeley Square" costume. (Opposite page) With Mrs. Howard at the Beverly-Wilshire in Hollywood, before the trip to England.

LOVE IN THE LIFE OF LESLIE HOWARD

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

... It's quite an unusual love—for Hollywood. Because it's so serene. And because Ruth Martin Howard is quite content to play the role of wife and mother—and constant inspiration

IT was about twenty years ago. In London, England. In the various brokerage houses, shops, offices and banks, that year's crop of young Britishers were starting out in business, adjusting themselves to being adults and earning their own living, planning how they might get on faster.

In Cox's Bank, however, there was a young clerk none too pleased with his new estate. He had been trained in clerking and banking at Dulwich College and he was by no means a dull young man, so he did his work well. But he hated it none the less. He thought:

"This is life. This is being a man and earning your salt!" And he also thought: "*This is Hell!*"

His family was distressed. Not every family can place their boy in Cox's to begin with. His father thought him ungrateful, to say the least.

This young man's name was Leslie Howard.

It never occurred to Leslie Howard to quit his job, however. He was only nineteen. And when you're that young, it's no easy matter to stand up and tell your family you're going to chuck the polite, dependable living they've been at such pains to arrange for you.

So every day Leslie Howard went to that bank on Charing Cross near Whitehall. And every day he hoped that it wouldn't seem quite so dreary, that he wouldn't hate it quite so much, that the rebellion within him would have worn down a little. But it never did.

No one, of course, could go on this way very long, giving their very youth to a thing they so completely loathed. Instinctively, all living things, be they vegetable, animal, or human, will turn to that which they need.

So Leslie Howard began to write plays. One act plays. And the amateur theatrical society of the suburb in which he lived with his parents began to produce them. This pleased him. He'd always felt he could write. And he had no desire whatever to act. In fact, he was so shy that even the thought of getting up on a stage before a lot of people made him turn a little sick and cold.

He's still self-conscious, as a matter of fact, famous as he is today.

"I've still difficulty," he told me. "I'm still shy when I play a fairly straight part. I doubt really if I'll ever get

over it. I'm always happier doing the odd sort of fellow I played in 'Animal Kingdom.' In such a part I can lose myself."

After Leslie Howard began writing plays, life was a little better. Endurable, anyway. When he left his desk at night, there were the amateur theatricals to look forward to. That was pretty good. But there was also the next morning . . . and the bank again. And that was pretty bad.

To many men, the beat of the war drums was far from a welcome sound. It called them away from sweethearts and wives and children. It called them away from jobs in which they were getting ahead.

To others, never meant to live in the ruts and grooves into which economic conditions had forced them, these drums sounded escape. Escape and maybe great adventure.

Leslie Howard numbered among the latter. And the day he walked out of Cox's bank to join up, he was walking out for good and he knew it. He knew this was, for him, the break; that he never (Continued on page 102)

J. B. Scott





1. Marie Dressler —because she's Marie Dressler. 2. Marion Davies, for, among other things, her beautiful generosity. 3. Clive Brook, for refusing to become Hollywoodized. 4. Joan Crawford, for her inquiring mind, her intensity, her capacity for growth. 5. John Boles, for keeping his chin up through adversity. 6. Dick Barthelmess, for his dependability. 7. Barbara Stanwyck, for her amazing loyalties. 8. ZaSu Pitts, because she has suffered the tragedy of being funny for so long.

What is this Legion of Honor to which these players are nominated?



FAITH BALDWIN'S LEGION OF HONOR

NOWADAYS committees seem to abound and flourish in order to select "bests". Best books, best actors, best screen stars, best plays and the like. Their selections never please everybody, but the passion for pinning figurative or literal medals prevails. So it occurred to me that I would like to draw up a legion of honor selected from the screen players. Having made my list, I realize that it isn't complete and that I may be deluged with criticism from fans who feel that many of their favorite heroes and heroines have been neglected. However, at the outset, I desire to state that my list is not based upon performance. All of the people I mention have given us good performances. Some have given consistently sterling performances, and some spectacular ones. But my Legion of Honor is predicated upon characteristics which have nothing to do with acting. And here it is.

I nominate to my legion of honor:

Marie Dressler, because of her indomitable faith in mankind, her sacrificial giving of herself, her unquenchable humor, her tenderness, her magnificent comeback, and her struggle to keep on keeping on in the face of her recent long illness, an illness which, after a consultation of her doctors with her producers, unknown to herself, resulted in a set of stringent rules. Marie was to take two hours for lunch, during which she was to rest in her dressing-room. She was to stop work at four

in the afternoon. She was, in short, to spare herself all she possibly could. But did she, and does she? She did not and she does not.

It is a legend on the lot that Miss Dressler turns back her watch and so works "overtime" and, as for resting in her dressing-room when there are so many people she wishes to cheer and amuse, advise and help—well, just look for her in her dressing-room, that's all!

Marie Dressler is a great actress by virtue of a talent which is inborn and which she has developed. But she is more than this, she is a great personality and a great soul. and her character entitles her to my Legion of Honor. It is something she has built herself, from excellent material, down the long, glorious, adventuring years of success and failure and success again. A character which is the reward of a giving and not a merely taking spirit.

I NOMINATE to my Legion of Honor:

Clive Brook, because of his refusal to be affected by Hollywood in any way, shape, manner or form. Here is a gentleman who is impervious to the altering winds of chance and rumor which blow so freely and at such cross purposes out Hollywood way; whose private life has serenity and dignity and is unpublicized; whose attitude toward press and interviewers is courteous and gracious, but whose personal sanctity has not been penetrated by the sharpest eye or the quickest ear; a man who is not

Every fan will be interested to learn Miss Baldwin's choices and reasons



good copy because he is
lines are made.

Clive Brook, like a
hears only of unhapp
which are enduring
The same is true o
screen gives me a
ence in Hollywood
after all, a man
can be a public pe
can be a motion
gentleman, a faith

It is told of him
he saw, assisted a
distress. No one
would have been
man whose root
than the glamor

I NOMINAT

Joan Craw
against great o
nings and the
tense, dramatic
blatant and tawdry, sh
her dramatic sense and her
to live this down in public life.
she has, and because of her cease
self as a person and as an actress; be
to learn, to be somebody, to achieve in a
what it has taken other people generations of ge
ing and the sheltered life to achieve.

There are no pretenses about Joan Crawford. She
doesn't understand anything, whether it's a word, a situa
tion or what-have-you, she'll ask. She reads, voraciously,
with a dictionary at her elbow. Her grounding in past
and current literature must be far better than that of
most of us who have had the leisure to read for several
decades. She doesn't skim books, she reads them, thinks
about them, digests them. Therefore, because of her de
sire for a fuller life, a life not merely on the surface, she
has been criticized.

But this has not stopped her, although it must have
hurt her.

She is not like most of the women on the screen and
stage and in society who, when they attempt to make a
home, call in a decorator and give him *carte blanche*.
When Joan Crawford changed her house from the Span
ish to an English period, she did not merely give Billy
Haines the order; she worked with him. She read about
period furniture, she learned, and when Mr. Haines sug
gested this or that change, she asked "Why?" No going
it blind for Joan Crawford. She wants to know *why*.

Not long ago, she wondered if she could ever achieve
the nonchalant smartness in dress of notable women of
the screen. There had been a time when her taste in
clothes ran rather to the flamboyant. When her taste in
almost everything ran that way, too. But that time was
no more. Take the little matter of clothes, important only
because it points a moral.

For Ernest Torrence, Miss
Baldwin pens a heart-felt re
quiem. There is always to
be reserved in every fan's
Legion of Honor a special
place for this splendid actor
and gentleman. And to Kay
Francis—great honor for hav
ing, and using, her common
sense as well as her beauty.

When she decided to be
smart, with that smart
ness only one in a mil
lion really masters, be
cause it is compounded
of line and simplicity, of
utter suitability, of a
dash of astonishment, of
perfect grooming and yet
an air of carelessness,
she went at it in the right
way. She studied for
(Continued on page 88)



HERE'S PEGGY AGAIN...!



By JAMES
FIDLER

A COME-BACK FOR MISS SHANNON! AFTER BAD BREAKS AND LONG WAITING. WISH HER LOTS OF LUCK!

HAD you wondered what had become of Peggy Shannon? Had you feared that Hollywood had cast her into the discard, that pictures no longer wanted her? For a time, it looked that way. For a time, it almost *was* that way. Do you know why?

Peggy, you remember, made her debut with great fanfare and ballyhoo as "The New It Girl," "The New Clara Bow." That was when she was rushed into "The Secret Call" to substitute for Clara. What was the result? Why, the result was that Peggy began her picture career with a million fans hating her. A million Bow fans. They wrote letters which burned Peggy's fingers as she opened them—and nearly broke her heart as she read them. She had begged the Paramount studio not to bill her as the new Clara Bow. She thought it bad taste and bad judgment. But—there you are . . .

After "The Secret Call," Peggy was shunted into a series of mediocre pictures which did her considerable harm. And then, for a time, nothing was heard of Peggy. But she isn't Irish for nothing. And she isn't lovely to look at and talented for nothing, either. She has fought for a come-back—and won. So be looking for Peggy again. In RKO's "The Deluge," first. And then with Lee Tracy in "Turn Back the Clock" for M-G-M.

And now—meet Peggy all over again. Find out what

sort of a vivacious little person she is—off screen.

She curls on the divan one minute. She's up and mixing cocktails the next. Before she has been in a room an hour, she has sam-

pled every chair, sofa and footstool handy. She's like a miniature cyclone; maybe cyclones are in her blood, for she was born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where they sweep through at least a few times every year.

Her real name is Winona Shannon. Flo Ziegfeld made the change. When Shannon was very young, she visited the Follies backstage with Ziegfeld's secretary, whom she knew well. Winona had just come to New York from Pine Bluff, and she still wore a gingham dress and allowed her hair to hang to her waist in two braids. She looked pretty green. Ziegfeld's press agent seized Winona's hand and dragged her across the stage, where he stood her up beside the producer and ordered the photographer to shoot them. Next morning, the picture appeared in the newspaper with the information that Ziegfeld had discovered a new pearl in the rough—a gal from way daown in Arkansas. Flo couldn't make a liar out of his press agent; he had to give Winona a job.

"But Winona—that name will never do," muttered the impresario. "It sounds like a medicine ad—'Winona taken twice daily will build your blood. Take Winona for emaciated bodies.' You must (Continued on page 106)

SOCIAL HOLLYWOOD TURNS OUT FOR THE LOS ANGELES AIR MEET

Scotty, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman, snapped all the grand pictures in this feature at the Los Angeles Air Races. 1. John Farrow insures their comfort by renting a couple of cushions for himself and Maureen O'Sullivan. 2. It was all right for Adrienne Ames to be here with Bruce Cabot; he was the young man whose companionship her husband okayed. 3. The handsome Tito Falconi, famous Italian ace, thrills the crowd with some daring planing. 4. That's Virginia Cherrill wearing smoked glasses. And of course you've guessed who is about to pilot her to a seat. Cary Grant. 5. The Spencer Tracys. 6. Art Gobel, who won the flight from Oakland to Hawaii. With him—Anita Page and Monroe Owsley. 7. A general view of the big outdoor event.



AT THE AIR RACES



WATCH THE STARS ENJOY- ING A THRILLING HOLIDAY

1. Lupe and her Zhawnee arrive at the arena. 2. Who else but Jack Gilbert, looking very genial, and his wife, Virginia Bruce. 3. And here is Hollywood's most popular girl, Mary Brian; this time with Gwinn Williams. 4. The Charles Farrells are seated just in back of Mary. 5. Fay Wray favors the photographer with her attention as hubby John Monk Saunders concentrates on the action. 6. Hoot Gibson with his new girl, the lovely Joan Gale. Later, Hoot did some flying himself. His plane crashed and there to the right (7) is a picture snapped immediately after the accident. 8. So enthralled are Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay that they are unaware of the cameraman's presence. 9. The beautiful Helen Twelvetrees and her husband, Frank Woody.





MORE FIRST FAMILIES OF CAMERALAND ARRIVE!

1. Mrs. Robert Montgomery applauds as Bob looks on. Behind Bob is Roscoe Turner, cross-country race winner. 2. And here we have "Schnozzle" Durante (Jimmy, the well-dressed man) accompanied by his wife. 3. Lilian Harvey is interested in the race and Ernst Udet, German war ace, seems interested in Lilian. 4. A pair of aces, Udet and Falconi, accompany Mary Pickford to a reception after the meet. 5. Stuart Erwin and June Collyer attend with the Ralph Bellamys. 6. The young woman leaning over the rail is Mrs. Paul Lukas and of course you recognize Claudette Colbert. 7. Irene Dunne looks skyward. 8. Myrna Loy is going to sprain her neck if she isn't careful. 9. Isobel Jewell with Lee Tracy. 10. Wally Beery stands by as Los Angeles' Mayor, Frank Shaw, broadcasts.







ROMANCERS, HAPPILY MARRIED FOLKS AND YOUNGSTERS ATTENDED

1. No less an aviation light than Amelia Earhart greets our Mary on her arrival. 2. The Ruggles lads, Wes and Charlie, attend with Wesley's pretty wife, Arline Judge. 3. Phillips Holmes takes Florence Rice to the big event. 4. The lady behind the field glasses is Helen Vinson and with her is the boy friend, Al Hall. 5. Jean Harlow is there, too, looking less sirenish than usual. 6. Will Rogers who knows a thing or two about planes himself, talks it over with Mildred and Harold Lloyd. 7. Richard Barthelmess brings his wife and her son and his little daughter, Mary Hay. 8. And here's Will Rogers, again, this time with the Missus. 9. Alone in the bleachers—Jack La Rue.







(Above) Adrienne Ames had Milgrim tailor for her this classic suit. The single-breasted, single-button coat of dark brown men's wear woolen has slightly padded shoulders, nipped waistline and wide revers. The skirt is beige and white striped, slim, straight and simply made. (Top small picture) Patricia Ellis wears with her blue suit a stitched red hat, red gloves and a red belt. (Lower small picture) Joan Blondell's picture hat is of chocolate brown taffeta, stiffened and stitched. (Right) Black chiffon is smart, practical and fetching for dinner dresses. Frances Dee's is of slightly stiffened chiffon, with full length sleeves.

By
Margery Wells

JUST at the beginning of this season, there is going to be an awful mixture of fashions presented, from which both the wary and unwary customers will have to make their choice. It's hard to keep a clear head in the face of so much that is new; hard to know just what to buy, which will last out the season and do as much for you next February and March as it does today. You will find prices higher. This fact is unbalancing enough in itself. But all the more reason for beating the game by refusing to spread your budget over too thin a

surface. Buy one good thing, or more—as many as you can easily afford—but be certain that they are fool proof insofar that they follow recognized lines of fashion which will last. Then here are the warnings:

Demand simplicity.

Avoid tricky trimmings.

Select good, wearable materials.

Don't go in for outré styles.

Keep your colors harmonious.

At the beginning of this season, as at the start of all



Patricia Ellis appreciates the flattering value of black satin, which has been used in the costume at the left. It's a three-quarter coat and skirt. The revers, cuffs and blouse are of white sheer material dotted in black and her hat is one of the new stitched sailors, set slightly askew and its brim turned down over her blond hair. (Above) Plaids are always youthful looking and, just now, particularly smart. Una Merkel certainly knew all of this when she chose her simply made dress plaided in blue and gray. Her hat carries out the scheme, as a big strip of the same light woolen material is used for its softly folded brim.

other seasons on record, many new ideas will be tried out. Which will stand the test of time? That is the burning question.

Take, for instance, all those shoulder lines you will see that perk up toward the ears. Be restrained in this direction. They may not last. At first they will look new and interesting, but when you begin to see the streets and drawing-rooms filled with them, you may not think that you look as distinguished in your own as you did when the first new thrill was upon you. (Continued on page 95)

Patterns

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

2845—Dorothy Jordan's charming sheer wool frack (pictured above) is our star pattern for this month. The pattern itself is shown immediately right. Simple to make, extremely wearable, and adaptable to sheer wool (as stated) or to washable rayon crepe. A brown and yellow check would be lovely. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36 and 38 bust.

2819—There are many reasons why you'll like this new ensemble. The coat is so dashing with its raglan shoulders, and so easily wearable. The dress has intriguing scalloped seaming and a grand scarf neckline. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36 and 38 bust.

2806—Its smartness lies in its extreme simplicity. It emphasizes the new feeling for height through the French bretelles over the shoulders. Plaits give a graceful swing to the skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

For back views see page 92



2845

2819

2806

... All the news on what is being worn and done in the fashion world of Hollywood. Plus an extra treat in the form of a grand sweater pattern

And here is the treat. Do you knit your own? Do you want to? Well, here is a sweater, worn by Mimi Jordan, which can be started and completed in a day—so the experts say. It will be wonderful for wear with your fall suit. Thick, lightweight wool is used, with large bone needles to take care of the stitches. Write to Modern Screen Sweater Pattern, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for the complete instructions. Send a stamped, self-addressed large envelope, please.



HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

PICTURESQUE! That's the ticket on which you travel to smartness this fall. These new rumba costumes will make you feel more exciting than you've ever felt before. And romantic! You should see Joan Crawford in her new white satin one. It's tubular—all the newest silhouettes are—and then three huge ruffles go swishing and swirling around the bottom. Her satin cape crosses dramatically in front and the ends swing back across the shoulders.

Pansy blue crinkled crepe fashions Loretta Young's latest dance frock. It does dazzling things to her gray eyes and light hair, and the taffeta "sweeper" that finishes it is of burgundy red. Loretta carries a burgundy red chiffon hanky with the costume.

● And here's another item for you blondes. If you want to look as mysterious and lovely as a summer night, choose

an eel gray chiffon gown. No fluffiness, mind you. Straight slim lines and no adornments. That's the way Carole Lombard does it. She appeared in such a gown at a casino in Reno recently and simply took the place by storm.

On page 34 there's a picture of Carole in the dress.

● Cigarette cases are springing up in the most unexpected places. Now they pop up from belts! Conservative, wide suede belts with steel heads that you'd never suspect of hiding cigarettes until you jerk a certain end. And you know how tobacco does get into your handbag and ruins the daintiness of it despite all precaution? Here's the way Heather Angel solves that difficulty. She has a very ornamental zipper arrangement on the outside of her bag that looks most attractive and innocent of duplicity. Then, you do a little (Continued on page 91)

DON'T SCOFF AT "GOOD HEALTH"



By JEAN
HARLOW

As told to
VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT'S basic, this secret of charm. All the other qualities that tend to make a person popular rest on it. Without it, beauty means nothing. Life, itself, becomes just a routine matter without color or fascination.

But if you have *vitality* you have everything.

The vital people are the ones who intrigue. We pick them for the winners every time. They do things. They carry you along on their enthusiasm, their buoyancy. And when they concentrate that tremendous energetic force on any set purpose—zip, they accomplish it. Like that.

I think it must have been mother who first pointed

this out to me. She has been the heroine of every chapter in my life. I don't say that with undue sentiment. It happens to be so and I am proud to acknowledge it. A sensible mother with good, sound ideas is the greatest asset anyone can have. She starts you out right. Mine taught me an invaluable lesson: That to have the gusto for life that makes for charm, you have to acquire the day-by-day habit of health. She made it sound like fun. It was fun. As a youngster, I played a kind of game with her to see how much stronger I could grow each day.

Even when that terrible spectre of childhood, spinal meningitis, took me, we kept on playing it. Not for an instant did she let me suspect her fears. Crooked legs, a twisted spine—there was no mention of them.

Undoubtedly, there must have been many black hours for her while she waited to see if the serum would do its work. But I was not aware of them. I remember only wondering how long it would (Continued on page 99)

"The basis of beauty," cries Jean—who makes an amazing confession here

You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.



For more than a Century—as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 8)



New Natural Make-Up gave her lips more Allure!

LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking color... without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth and kissable!

Lips Colorful... Without Paint

Ordinary lipsticks coat the lips with paint. But Tangee cannot give your lips a painted look. It isn't paint.

Tangee actually changes to the color hidden in your own lips. In the stick, it looks orange. But on your lips, it's *your* shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Use Tangee and see your lips youthful with fresh, natural color! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks... at all toilet goods counters.



The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the new Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick... therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! MM10

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York
Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

mother of four children who squanders the family fortune in the stock market. The pampered children are then forced to face the cold, cold world and work out their own destinies. And how they do is plenty good entertainment. Claudette Colbert realizes the worthlessness of her artist sweetie (after he runs off with the blonde next door) and falls for a substantial doctor (Richard Arlen). Tom Brown, William Bakewell and Wallace Ford, as the three sons, all do splendid work. The high-light of the picture is the scene where the son, who aspires to become a great actor, finds his part requires him to utter but one word: "Yes!"

First rate entertainment for everyone.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN (M-G-M)

If you like Barrymore. An enjoyable, if not totally exciting, story centering around a picturesque farm in the middle-west, with Lionel Barrymore giving one of his grandest characterizations as the human old "Grandpa." Miriam Hopkins gives a nice performance as the stranger who returns to the farm, meets and falls in love with Franchot Tone, who is already married, and finds her salvation in work. Tone is completely natural and believable in his rôle. Stuart Erwin comes in for some chuckles as corn-whiskey-drinking Simon.

Although the tempo is slow throughout the picture, there are dramatic spots that stand out. The photography is exquisite and, we repeat, Barrymore is superb. Okay for children.

F. P. I (Fox-Gaumont)

Something different. A far-fetched picture centering around a floating island built in the middle of the ocean

for the purpose of providing a landing field for airplanes. Leslie Fenton is the inventor of the island and supervises its building, all the while being aware that some hidden menace is working against him. The day of the grand opening he learns the menace is his assistant, who tries to sink the island and kill the crew with a poisonous gas. A famous English flyer (Conrad Veidt) comes to the rescue, prompted by Jill Esmond, with whom both men are in love. Exciting and different. Children may not understand what it's all about.

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO)

You'll like it. A funny little comedy that will give you a good evening's entertainment. The story is about two young things who can't pay their rent. George Sidney, the big-hearted landlord, figures things out this way: The young man (Norman Foster) is a night watchman. Therefore, he only needs a room during the day. The young gal (Ginger Rogers) sells refrigerators over the phone by day, so she needs a room only at night. Result: One room for both. Each hates the unknown roommate. They meet elsewhere, spend a lot of time telling each other about the trying roommates. Laura Hope Crewes and Robert Benchley add their brand of humor in a couple of priceless parts. Good entertainment for the whole family.

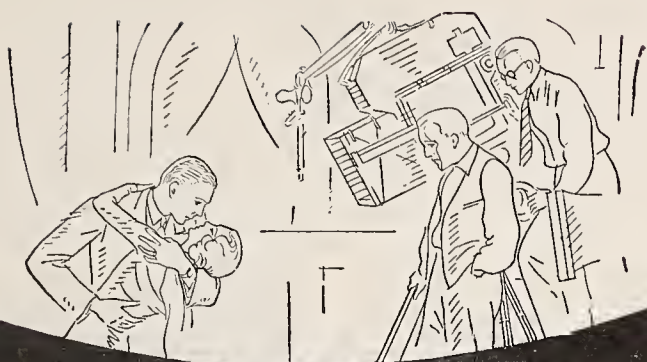
THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount)

Crook drammer. Here we have a pretty fair number in a crook comedy. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson and Alan Mowbray are three high-powered jewel thieves. They employ doubles who take their places at the night club they own while the three originals go about their

(Continued on page 78)



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Leslie Howard and Paul Lukas in Warners "Captured."
An unusual story of the war—which you all must see.



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MADE IN U.S.A. AMERICA
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TAKE A TIP FROM

HOLLYWOOD • •

GIVE YOUR DRESS *Kleinert's* GUARANTEED PROTECTION

Young and warmly emotional women—not only in Hollywood but *everywhere*—have discovered that, even in the *coolest* weather, under-arm moisture is immediately increased by any intense and stimulating emotion.

It's the truest kind of economy to guard

your pretty frocks from fading and under-arm friction with *genuine Kleinert's* dress shields.

And there's no *need* to gamble with inferior substitutes when you can buy real Kleinert's shields for as little as 25¢ a pair *in the store where you bought this magazine.*

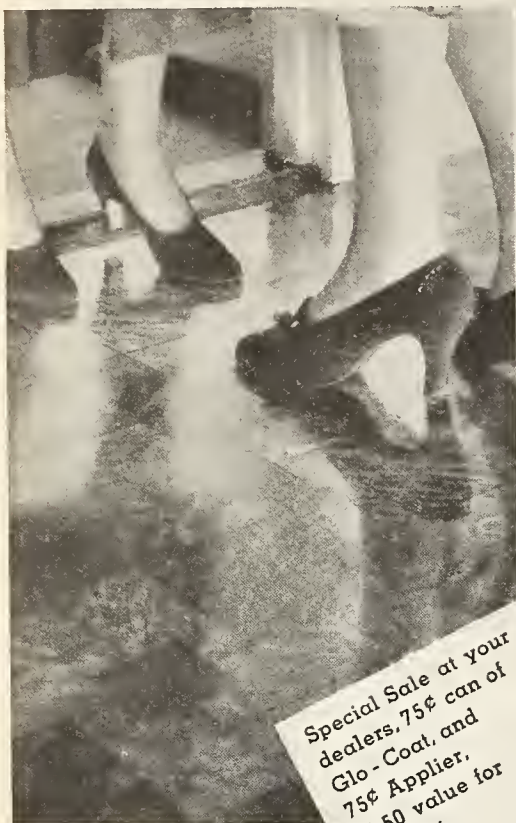
PROTECT YOURSELF
—INSIST
ON THE GENUINE!

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T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

as low as **25¢** a pair

A BRIGHT POLISHED FLOOR *like this*

WITH ONLY 10 MINUTES WORK



Special Sale at your
dealers, 75¢ can of
Glo-Coat and
75¢ Applier.
\$1.50 value for
98¢

NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

Watch Glo-Coat change your dull, dingy floors to bright, shining floors. You merely wipe it over the surface like water. Glo-Coat does the rest. Dries in 20 minutes or less with a hard, clear polish that protects the floor against wear. You don't have to rub it or polish it. Glo-Coat shines as it dries. Beautifies linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted wood.

Send 10c for trial can—enough for small kitchen or bathroom.



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By the Makers of Johnson's Wax

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. MS10
Racine, Wisconsin. Enclosed is 10c. Please
send me generous trial can of your new
easy-to-use floor polish, Glo-Coat.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 76)

work of robbing society matrons of their gems. George Raft plays a detective who joins up with the thieves, falls for and reforms Helen and breaks up the gang. Alison Skipworth is swell as one of Brook's victims. Fair entertainment, but not the type recommended for children.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M)

Good. An enjoyable drama about a young wife whose married life is almost ruined by her husband's smug, meddling and impossible family. The sisters criticize her and the jealous mother insists on continuing to rule her son's life. When the young wife speaks her mind, the mother becomes insulted and the husband sides with his family. Later he realizes his mistake and it's a happy awakening.

Helen Hayes is very human as the mistreated bride, Robert Montgomery does all right in a part that doesn't particularly suit him, and the late Louise Closser Hale is perfect as the dominating mother. Not recommended for children.



Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in that human drama, "Another Language."

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)

If you like action. All about the dangerous and rather hectic life of a newsreel man with some stock shots of earthquakes, fires and floods that are plenty dramatic. Bill Gargan plays the part of the newsreel man and Frances Dee is a sob sister. She is engaged to Ralph Bellamy, but he does a fade-out when he realizes she and Bill are in love. Fair little picture, with Gargan giving the best performance. Children may enjoy it.

VOLTAIRE (Warners)

Reviewed last month. Just to call this excellent historical film to your attention again . . . It's Arliss' last for Warners, you know. He is superb as the brilliant 18th century wit and the picture is remarkable for its authenticity. Reginald Owen's performance as King Louis XV is second only to that of Arliss. Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay are in it, too.

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE (Fox)

A fairly good opus. Don't let the title of this one fool you. It's not nearly as exciting as it sounds. It's a story of a young doctor (Victor Jory) and his friend, David Manners, who are stationed in one of those hot spots in Africa. They're dyed-in-the-wool pals. Vic gives David a helping hand when he needs it, and when Jory is accused of murdering the wicked major, Manners helps him escape. So, when Jory

meets and falls for Loretta Young, but learns she is betrothed to Manners, he goes noble. A fever breaks out in Manners' post, he dies, and Loretta and Vic take on the job of battling the disease. Children won't go for it particularly.

CAPTURED (Warners)

Reviewed last month. This is superb. It gives you a different slant on the war; there is suspense, excitement and pathos in the story of the two Britishers—Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—and their German captor, Paul Lukas. There's a girl, of course—Margaret Lindsay—loved by Howard but in love with Fairbanks. Young Doug's performance in this is the best thing he has done. Howard, always convincing, is a bit too restrained.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)

So-so. A fair western with Ken Maynard as a government agent who gets into a pack of trouble when he joins up with a gang of thieves in order to get 'em. He does some fancy cross-country dashing that will make the kids cheer. Gloria Shea is the gal and, tho' Ken's performance is okay, his horse "Tarzan" completely steals his thunder.

FOR BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT MOVIES, SEE PAGE 80



● I couldn't go through a winter without HINDS to heal Junior's chapped knees



● Hanging out wet clothes on cold mornings always meant chapped hands until—

How nice it makes my **ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS** feel!

"I'm a busy woman just as you are. I've a house, a husband, a 5-year-old boy. I'm cook, laundress, family chauffeur. My hands must be in and out of the dishpan, the washtub. They used to get terribly chapped and rough—until one happy day I discovered HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

"I'd been using some of those quick-drying lotions! But none of them ever brought me the relief HINDS does. HINDS seems to go deep down under the skin and draw out all the soreness. I can almost *feel* the chapping and roughness healing—almost see my hands getting smoother and whiter right before my very eyes.

"Of course I use HINDS regularly

now. I only wish someone had told me about it long ago!"

Quick relief—sure protection

HINDS isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "shellacs" the surface of the skin with a temporary smooth coating. It is a delicate, fragrant *cream in liquid form* that penetrates! Its soothing, healing ingredients sink deep into the tender, inflamed tissues, bringing instant relief.

After exposure, after hands have been in water, and *always* at night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. It pro-

TECTS against chapping and roughness—keeps hands comfortably smooth and soft in spite of work and weather. Quickly heals children's chapped hands and knees. Get HINDS today!

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream. Made by the makers of HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Light and delicate, the type used by costliest Beauty Salons. Liquefies at skin temperature; *floats out* dirt; won't clog or stretch pores.



HINDS Products on sale at S. S. Kresge Co., S. H. Kress & Co., W. T. Grant Co., G. C. Murphy Co., McLellan Stores Co., McCrory Stores, F. and W. Grand-Silver Co., F. and W. Grand, Silver's Stores, Metropolitan Stores, and at all drug stores and department stores.

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

... "Let's go to the movies. What's playing? Wonder if its any good?" Well, take a look at the short reviews here and make sure before you waste a perfectly good evening—and that hard-earned cash of yours!

● RECOMMENDED.

● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.



*It's fun to
be 40—
but not with gray hair!*

A grand time of life—forty! Professor Pitkin's book says life begins at that magnificent age. [Doubly magnificent, may we add, for those who keep the secret to themselves.]

No tell-tale gray hairs, mind! They have a way of spoiling all the fun. And there's no need to stand for them today. Inecto Rapid Notox recolors gray hair so beautifully, so naturally that even your best friend would never suspect it.

You see, Notox is a new, scientific way. It doesn't paint the outside of your hair as old-fashioned methods do [that's what gives hair that dull artificial look.] Instead Notox colors the hair inside the shaft—just where nature does. It leaves your hair enchantingly shiny—enticingly soft to the touch. What's more, Notox keeps its natural, even shade as perfectly as natural color. Sun it, wash it, wave it all you like!

Remember, Notox shades match even the most difficult hair colors, from palest gold to deepest black. So don't lose a single precious day. Hurry to your hairdresser—and insist on Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute. No product like Notox exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

● SEND FOR FREE COPY of that fascinating booklet, "Heartbreak Age." Learn how to avoid that most unhappy time. We will give you, too, the address of a convenient shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Dept. 74, 33 West 46th Street, New York City.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as a winsome little princess in a delightful story of a mythical kingdom. Henri Garat plays opposite. A new and perfect leading man. Acting excellent. **Very good—take the youngsters.**

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BABY FACE** (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck as an ambitious gal of the slums who uses men to get where she is going. A bank president gives her a surprise in love. **Very good—but pretty dull for children.**

● ● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—The desert, the sleek, warm, romantic love and a cold dignified English lady. Maybe she doesn't weaken! Ramon Navarro is the sleek and Myrna Loy is the girl. Exciting—not especially interesting for children.

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—A story of two gals just out of prison. All about virtue, sin and what happens. Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever. Pert Kelton does a swell Mae West role. **Good—but put the kids to bed that night.**

● ● **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY** (Columbia)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—Foreign musical comedy (English speaking). Lots of good singing and excellent acting. **Very good if you like music—tots may like parts of it.**

● ● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A very modern twentieth century young man suddenly finds himself living in the eighteenth century. He wished for it and he got it. Leslie Howard is the hero and what a hero. Heather Angel opposite him does a difficult role very well. One of the best—nothing in it for young folks.

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—A beer picture full of foam and fun. Frank Morgan and Joe Cawthorne are the battling pères of Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon. Greta Nissen is the vamp. **Very funny—take the kids.**

THE BIG BRAIN (KBS-Tiffany)—George Stone as a bootblack who uses old and new means to become a big shot in Wall Street. **Fair—the youngsters won't like it.**

BIG EXECUTIVE (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—A powerfully gripping war story with an unusual love triangle. Leslie Howard, the husband, discovers his wife (Margaret Lindsay) loves his pal (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.). Excellent—children won't be interested.

● ● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—Historical drama (if you don't know it already) with Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard. A great picture—its scenes will overwhelm you with their power. Excellent—take the children.

● **CHRISTOPHER STRONG** (RKO)—Katharine Hepburn as a young girl flyer who falls in love with a married man. An unusual ending to a courageous fight against love. **Very good—not for youngsters.**

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia)—A scary, blood-curdling mystery murder in a circus tent full of wild animals. **Good if you like this kind of entertainment—too exciting for children.**

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. Quiet but good—okay for kids.

● ● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—The irresistible Lee Tracy as a foreign newspaper correspondent. He stirs up assassinations for news and surprises himself with what happens. **Good—take the kids.**

● ● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Charlie Murray and George Sidney in another of these comedy series. **Very funny—tots will love it.**

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Amusing melodrama and lots of funny nonsense on a college campus. Bing Crosby as a crooning college professor furnishes the music. Dick Arlen is a disgraced football star and Jack Oakie the goat of the campus. **Good—kids might like parts of it.**

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—Story about the effect a mysterious stranger has on thirteen people aboard a lost runrunner when he suddenly appears and guides it to safety. **Very good—children will be bored.**

THE DEVEIL'S IN LOVE (Fox)—Reviewed starting on page 6.

● ● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—An intriguing and sophisticated story about the guests invited to a dinner party. An all star cast including John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. Excellent—but leave the youngsters at home.

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. Kids will love it.

DISGRACED (Paramount)—Helen Twelvetrees as a pretty little poor girl who believes rich man, Bruce Cabot, promise to marry her in spite of the fact he is engaged to one of his own kind. **Poor—not for children.**

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)—Story of a lad with the horse-racing mania. He falls in love. When he chooses Saratoga as the honeymoon spot things happen. Lew Ayres with Ginger Rogers as his gal. **Fair—kids will be restless.**

● ● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant in a powerful drama of the horrors of war. Excellent—take the youngsters.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—A funny baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown. Kids will go for it in a big way.

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness in a hospital story. **Good—children will like some of it.**

● **EX-LADY** (Warners)—Daring experiments to achieve the real thing in love. Bette Davis and Gene Raymond. **Good—pretty dull for children, however.**

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO (Maynard-Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FLYING DEVILS (RKO)—Arline Judge, Ralph Bellamy, Bruce Cabot and Eric Linden as daring flyers in a carnival air circus. **Fair—children might like it.**

● ● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners)—A swell musical that is getting a long run. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and others are in it. Excellent—youngsters will enjoy it.

● **'FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough gal whose son becomes her unknowing enemy. **Very good but send the kids to a Western.**

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Jimmy Dunn in a not-so-good crook story. Nothing in it for kids, either.

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames in an amusing race track story. **Very good—take the tots.**

GAMBLING SHIP (Paramount)—Cary Grant and Benita Hume in a mild gangster comedy. Jack LaRue, Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karns are also in it. **Fair—not much in it for the kids.**

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—Melodramatic yarn centering in a police hospital. Jimmy Dunn is head and Gloria Stuart is the unknown beauty brought in dying. **Good—youngsters might like the excitement.**

● ● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Guy Kibbee and others put over some excellent music and swing dancing. Be sure to see it—take the whole family.

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Hilarious comedy of an insignificant husband, a wife is enamored of a brilliant author, the author (Warren William) and his secretary (Joan Blondell). Hugh Herbert is the husband, Genevieve Tohin his wife. A good dose of laughter for everybody except young children.

HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● ● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery and Jimmie Durante in a gripping story of men and submarines. Excellent—kids will like it, too.

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—Snappy little comedy all about a musical star (Wynne Gibson) who employs a bodyguard to keep off a couple of unpopular sweeties. Eddie Lowe is the bodyguard and you know Eddie—Plenty of pep and fun—for the youngsters, too.

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HEROES FOR SALE (Warners)—A depressing and sordid story of an ex-doughboy down on his luck. Only the fine acting of Dick Barthelmess and Aline MacMahon recommends this picture. **Depressing—not for children.**

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Hotcha Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a little drama with lots of lovin' before marriage and after. Plenty of sex, laughs and tears. **Good—send the tots to a Western.**

HUMANITY (Fox)—Ralph Morgan as a country doctor with high ideals. His son (Alexander Kirkland) takes up the same profession for selfish reasons and thereby ruins his father's happiness. **Poor.**

● ● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Artists)—An exciting, breezy entertainer with Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and the late Ernest Torrence. **Very good—but not for the kiddies.**

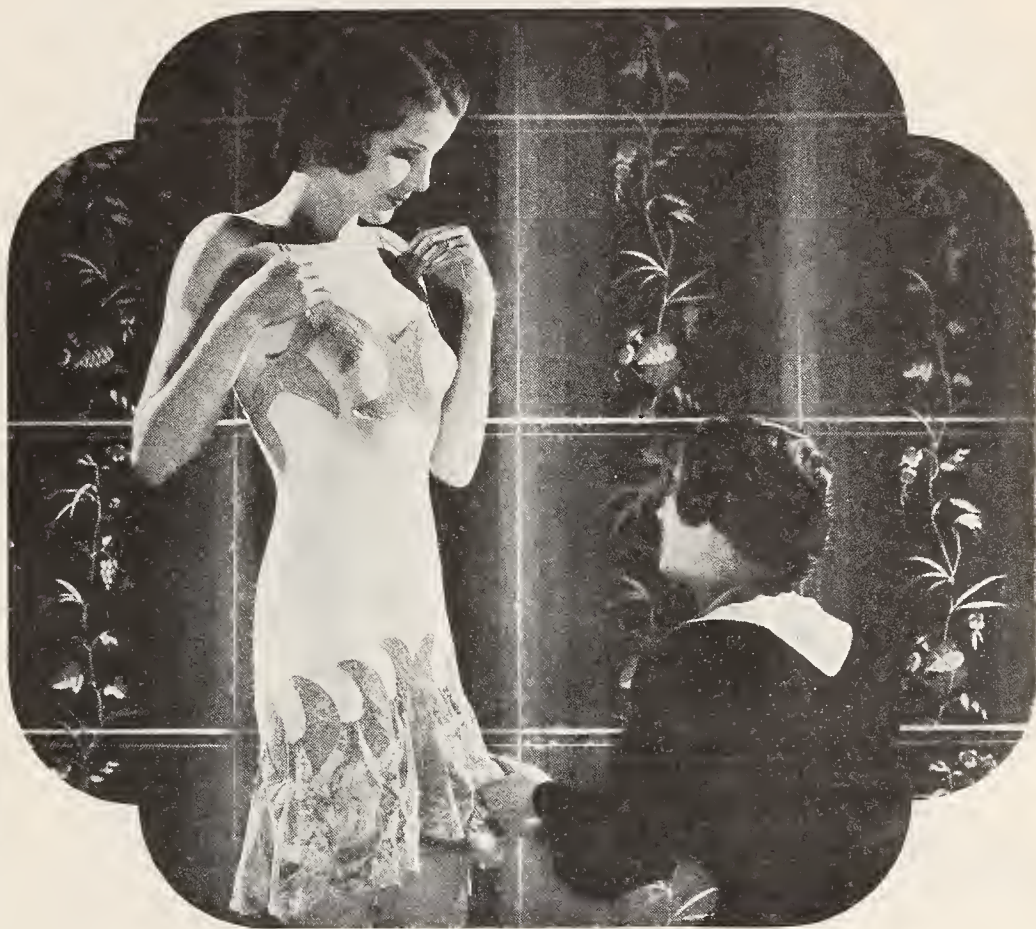
● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Snappy, fast talking Eddie Lowe with a racket for every sucker. He gets caught and almost reformed by the lovely Nancy Carroll. Excellent—not much in it for the youngsters.

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox) Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter as a very sophisticated foursome. Landi is a dancer with love affairs from Paris to South America and back again. Excellent acting. **Very good—children won't be interested.**

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount)—Funny slapstick comedy with lots of smart gags and shapely legs. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Edmund Breese, Burns and Allen and others are in it. **Good amusement—don't leave the youngsters home this time.**

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—A tragic love story with Sylvia Sydney and Donald Cook. **Good but sad—children will be bored.**

Silhouette Expert at **BONWIT TELLER** says "Use **IVORY FLAKES**"



Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!

And the head of Bonwit Teller's famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs \$5.95 or \$225, we say, 'Wash it often with Ivory Flakes. We have found that a stronger soap is actually almost as ruinous to elastic and silk as perspiration itself.'"

"Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and

they'll last much longer," she adds.

Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: Lukewarm water—very important. Ivory Flakes, most important, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these curly flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use soft brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

Special Edition News!

You get bigger boxes and more Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap.



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● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Wayne as a cowboy who turns detective to catch a mysterious murderer. A good Western—send the kids.

● **LADY OF THE NIGHT** (M-G-M)—Loretta Young gives a superb performance in a swell little drama about a gal who gets all the tough breaks in life until a young attorney teaches her about love. Ricardo Cortez is the gangster. Franchot Tone the attorney. Very good—the kiddies won't be interested.

● **THE LAST TRAIL** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Grand entertainment with Eddie Robinson as a former beer baron taking up culture. Russell Hopton is his side-kick. Mary Astor and Helen Vinson are the gals. Swell comedy—take the kids.

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Action, speed and comedy in a fight over water rights. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey, Vince Barnett and a family of mountain lions are in it. Good Western—tots will like it.

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **MARY STEVENS, M.D.** (Warners)—Story of a gal M.D. (Kay Francis) whose lover (Lyle Talbot) marries another (Thelma Todd) for political reasons. Almost a tragedy—but it has a happy ending after all. Fair—dull for the youngsters.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—A yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. Good—plenty of action and excitement for the kids.

● **THE MIDNIGHT CLUB** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warners)—A love triangle with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy and Patricia Ellis. Little plot but excellent acting—not for children.

● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Speed, laughs and gags with Richard Dix in another swaggering role, this time as a cagey ad man. Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon play opposite. Swell—not very interesting for children.

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—Lee Tracy makes an amusing little drama as an ambulance chasing lawyer. Frank Morgan, Madge Evans and Charles Butterworth are also in it. Good—for kids, too.

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville as a newly married pair who just try to take a honeymoon at Niagara Falls. Very funny—okay for kids.

● **PEG O' MY HEART** (M-G-M)—That old and beloved story with Marion Davies who is a delightful little Peg. Onslow Stevens and Juliette Compton are in it. The dog, Mike, is perfect. Excellent—take the tots.

● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—Exciting and funny picture with James Cagney as an ex-jail bird who steals pictures for a scandal sheet. Amusing comedy—youngsters might like parts of it.

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Drama of a mother who regrets sending her boy (Norman Foster) to war to separate him from the girl (Marian Nixon) he loves. Good if you want to weep.

● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—A daring drama of the life history of a much hated and feared railroad man. The sequence of the story is unusual. Spencer Tracy does a superb piece of acting. Colleen Moore and Ralph Morgan support him. Excellent—children won't go for it.

● **PRIVATE DETECTIVE** (Warners)—William Powell in a crook story. He turns detective and saves the girl he loves. Very good acting, but plot is vague—not much in it for young people.

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—A radio star is publicized as America's "Purity Girl." Ginger Rogers is the gal. Norman Foster is the Kentucky hick who believes it all. Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins are swell. Good comedy—take the tots.

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE REBEL** (Universal)—A not very exciting story of the Napoleonic invasion of the Tyrol in 1809. Picture is breath-taking for its glorious mountain scenery. Also, it brings back the lovely Vilma Banky. Unusual scenery recommends this picture for everybody.

● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard are superb. See it but don't take the youngsters.

● **ROME EXPRESS** (Universal)—Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston making romance on a continental train. Excellent melodrama—kids will go for it.

● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—A beautiful love story of the old frontier days. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. Excellent—okay for kids.

● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—Mae West in a sizzling hot yarn of the gay old days. The best—but send the young folks to bed.

● **THE SILK EXPRESS** (Warners)—Murder and mystery on account of a load of silk. Neil Hamilton and Shelia Terry. Fair—nothing in it for kids.

● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—Irene Dunne as a courageous young wife who denounces a selfish mother's love for her sons. Superb acting. Laura Hope Crews is the mother. Very good—youngsters will be bored.

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—The glamorous Dietrich in an immortal story of beautiful passion that will go down the ages as something more than a memory. Good—decidedly not for young folks.

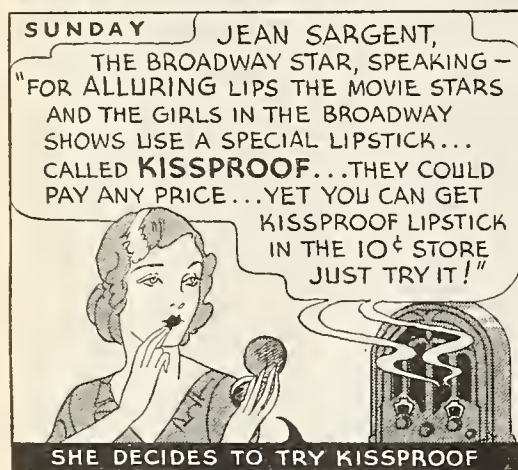
● **THE SONG OF THE EAGLE** (Paramount)—A not so very funny beer story. The cast including Richard Arlen is excellent. Fair—kids won't stay till the end.

● **THE SPHINX** (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney, deadi and dumb philanthropist whose hobby is murder. Good if you like mystery—children won't care for it.

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—A fast moving, vigorous drama centering around the time of the world war. Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther in a convincing love triangle. Very good—young folks won't enjoy it.

(Continued on page 93)

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



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Let's Talk About Hollywood

Clark Gable convalescing . . . About Will Rogers' darter . . . and other news

ALTHOUGH Chaplin is busy working in his next picture, he and Paulette Goddard (who, incidentally, is his leading lady) managed to find plenty of time to go cruising on Charlie's 55-foot yacht, the *Panacca*. They have perfectly grand times together. Charlie does some of his famous pantomime for the entertainment of Paulette, whose laughter can be heard all the way down the boardwalk. In his more serious moments, Charlie plays his accordion and how that man can play! Another time, we saw them out on the deck posing for funny pictures. Charlie's skipper, Captain Johnson, was the photographer.

Well, well, Gloria Swanson has at last put her signature on a contract. 'Tis with an independent production, too, and is for two pictures a year for a period of two years. Rather a coincidence that she will make them on the old Pathe lot, the spot where she rose to the very peak of her dazzling career.

Pretty June Knight certainly got a coupla bad breaks lately. A heavy romance was reported to be going on between her and Max Baer, the prizefighter, with a wedding scheduled to take place as soon as Baer's divorce became final. Then, also, she was up for the feminine lead with Baer in M-G-M's picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

However, now that Baer's wife has decided to stick by her hubby, there will be no wedding bells for June and Max—and that cherished fem lead goes to Lupe Velez.

Clark Gable is still a very sick man. He returned from Oregon, where he had been receiving treatments at a Hot Springs Sanitarium, only to be rushed to a hospital for a tonsil operation. He was in such a weakened condition, and his resistance at such low ebb, that the doctors had to put him through a series of treatments in order to build him up so that he could stand the operation, which most people think of as a rather minor affair. The operation was a success and right now things look a bit brighter for Clark than they have for a long time.

PROUD PAPA!

Will Rogers is right proud of his 18-year-old offspring, Mary. Fresh from a finishing-school in New York, this young lady walked into the casting office at Fox Studio and applied for work as an actress under the name of Mary Howard. And it wasn't until

she had passed her screen test, and was given a part in "My Weakness" (Lilian Harvey's picture) that the news leaked out that she was Will's daughter. Both Will and Mary were terribly mad when this news popped. You see, Mary wants to make good on her ability, not her name.

Eddie Buzzell, director over at Universal, has quite a unique way of directing a comedy. He stops every now and then and bursts into a song, a dance and a joke or two. He claims this keeps his cast in good humor.

Although Dick Powell's recent personal appearance tour was rated as a howling success, to Dick it was somewhat of a flop. During his last week, he caught a nasty cold, but because the manager begged him to finish out the week (his house was packed for the first time), Dick continued to sing "I'm Young and Healthy" with a temperature of 103. After the last performance, he was rushed to the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia.

The irony of the matter is that Dick has spent every dime he made on the tour for medical care. Now isn't that a tough break?

If there is a good Bostonian flavor to the speech of Eric Linden and Frances Dee in the forthcoming "Little Women," credit John Davis Lodge, scion of the famous New England family of Lodges. On the job as an actor in "Little Women" (he plays the role of tutor) his broad a's and meticulous use of English "as it is spoke" in good old New England circles, quite took the fancy of the director. He put young Lodge, much to that gentleman's surprise, to work to tutor Frances and Eric in their speech. And so the a, e, i, o, u's have been resounding through Stage two, RKO lot, ever since.

Incidentally, Lily, three-year-old daughter of John Davis Lodge, is following in her father's, not her grandfather's, footsteps. She's an "actress" in the picture with her father.

PLEASE NOTE

In connection with the article "Hunted Men of Hollywood," in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN, relating to Duncan Renaldo, we are in receipt of a letter addressed to our editor in which the wife of Renaldo claims that she did live with her husband for some time preceding his trip to Africa and claims also that she did not try to win sympathy because of her child.

We gladly call the foregoing to the attention of our readers.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

ASPARAGUS AND CRAB FLAKE SALAD

- 1½ cups chopped asparagus tips
- 1 cup flaked crabmeat
- ¾ cup shredded lettuce
- ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives.
- French dressing.
- mayonnaise
- lettuce

Combine asparagus tips and crabmeat, moisten with French dressing and place in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add the chopped olives and shredded lettuce. Mix well and pile in nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise.

BAKED SPANISH LOBSTER

- 3 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup ground nut meats (preferably pecans)
- 4 scallions (or 2 small onions) minced fine
- 2 hard cooked egg yolks
- 2 sprigs parsley, minced
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon thyme
- ½ cup cooked mushrooms (fresh or canned)
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 2 cups lobster meat (fresh or canned)

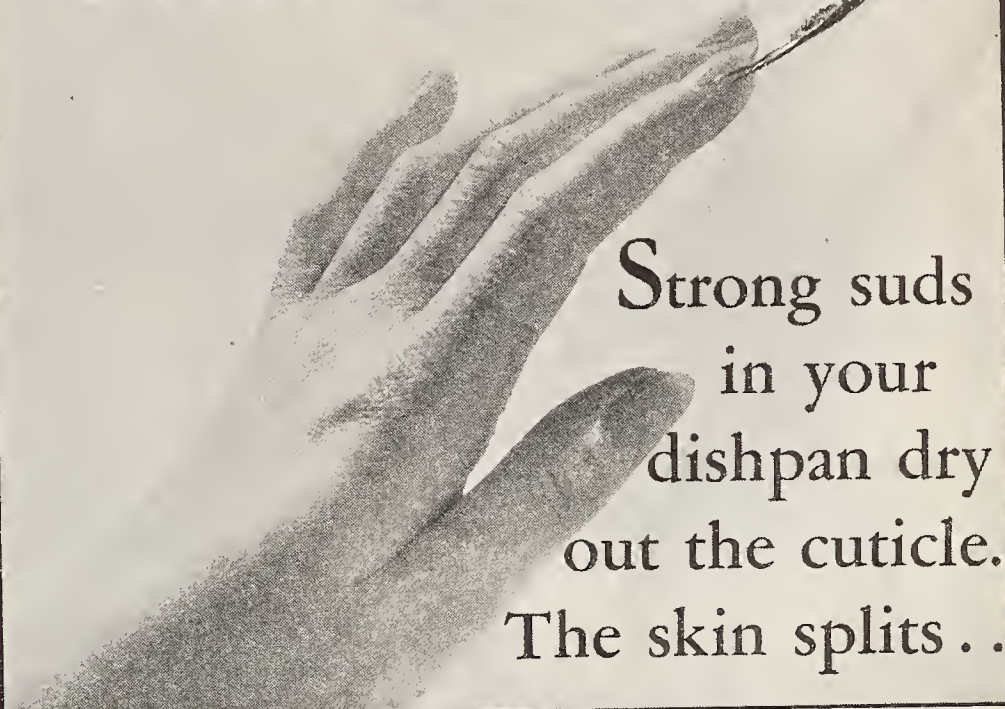
Melt butter, add crumbs and fry to a golden brown. Mix together the nut meats, scallions, egg yolks, parsley, salt, pepper, thyme and mushrooms, add to fried crumbs. Mix well and cook over low flame for 5 minutes. Spread this mixture on the bottom of a greased, heat proof, casserole and cover with pieces of lobster, canned or freshly boiled. Sprinkle with the lemon juice and cover with the following sauce:

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup scalded milk
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 2 tablespoons cooking sherry

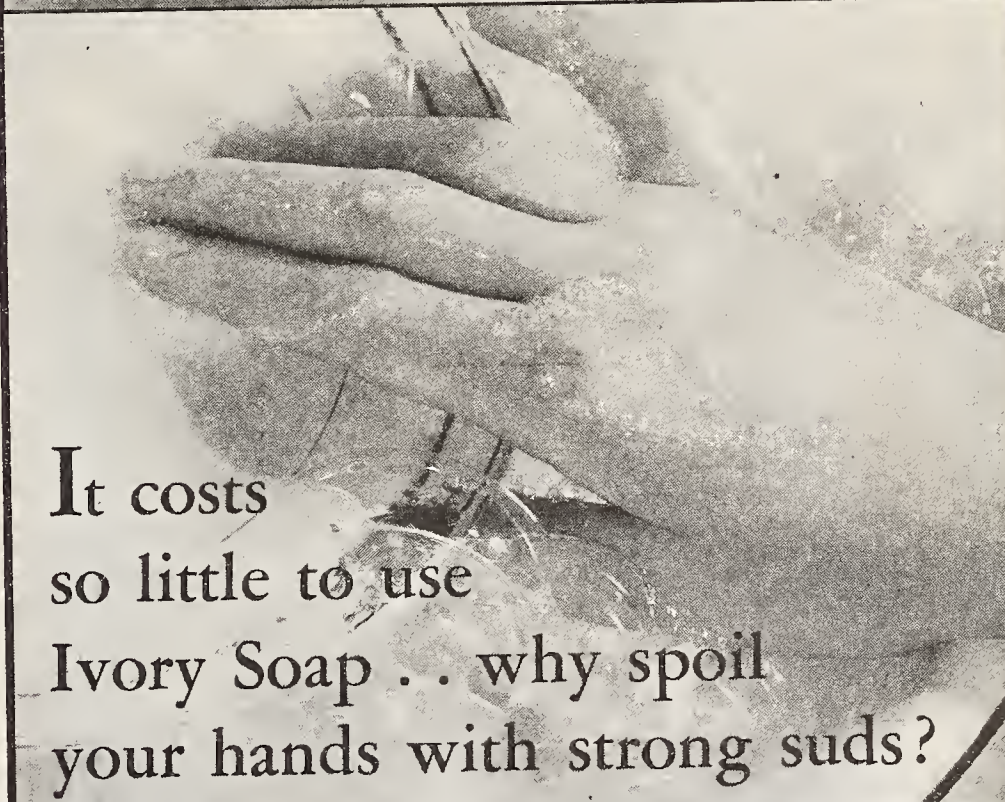
Melt the butter, add the flour, blend well. Add the milk slowly. Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly; then add salt, pepper and cooking sherry. Pour this sauce over the lobster in the casserole, sprinkle thickly with buttered crumbs and bake in hot oven (45°) for 15 minutes or until the crumbs are nicely brown.

The Modern Hostess' grand recipes come to you every month in MODERN SCREEN. They cost you nothing—except an envelope and a stamp

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dishpan dry
out the cuticle.
The skin splits..



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Ivory's pure foam is kind even to a baby's sensitive skin—and it will make dishwashing (and every soap-and-water task) a beauty bath for your hands . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

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prevents “Housework Hands”

BETWEEN YOU and ME

Mr. Reader and Mrs. Reader! And Mrs. Reader's sons and daughters, too! Here's where you tell MODERN SCREEN your pet and particular views on the talkies

Dear Friends:

Many of you liked my "write-me-a-post-card" idea. In fact, some of you wrote me a letter to tell me so! Now I have another labor-saving device, my patent letter-writer. You just fill in the blanks. Why don't you try it?

My favorite actress is because

My favorite actor is because

The best picture I have seen in the last month is

I want a story in MODERN SCREEN about

My favorite photograph in this issue is

Among the lesser players, the one most fitted for stardom is

My favorite story in this issue is

Why don't they team with ?

Then just put your name and address here

..... and mail it to me today.

This page is reserved for you and I hope you'll use it.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

then-silent pictures.
(Myrna is playing in "Night Flight"
note.)

Myrna Has Made Good
R. H. McILWAINE of Lakeland, Fla., has something to say about Miss Loy:

I consider myself an average movie-goer, though perhaps not a fan in the accepted sense of the word. That is, I do not follow "guides to films," nor worship at the shrine of any film divinity in particular. Indeed, I accept unquestioningly what is shown at the neighborhood theatre Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Yet, the pourquoi of this note is to give that little girl, Myrna Loy, a great big hand! I have viewed this actress more or less consistently through the years; in fact, from the days when she wore her hair in be-frizzled Zulu fashion, exaggerated the slant of her eyes (doubtless with a nod to the Chinese), bared her prominent teeth, and draped her form in a yard or two of silk.

Never could I have imagined that, from such lurid beginnings, Myrna Loy could have evolved into the competent, poised and versatile actress she is today. Much credit is due her for getting on in spite of, and not because of, her early rôles in the

A Little Checking Up. And a Lot of Erudition!

A. C. HINTON of Victoria, B. C., writes indignantly:

It is an astonishing thing that, with the talent available, picture producers are unable to produce a really technically perfect picture. For instance, in "Cavalcade," there are several silly mistakes. Namely, an English boy wearing an American sailor's uniform. An American tune "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is played, instead of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Toys played with by children in 1900, manufactured in 1933. Badges of rank of Robert were two stars which, in 1900, meant the rank of captain. One star is for lieutenant.

In some phases, the psychology of the picture was bad, too. I maintain that no man, who had been the butler, the debtor and friend of another, would treat that man's wife with disrespect, as was done by Alf when Diana Wynyard was insulted in the Public House.

In "The Barbarian": What about the Shepherd's hotel boasting a revolving door? And don't producers



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know that waiters at Cairo and Mena dress in Gyppo style? In Egypt a Colonel is called by his Egyptian rank, which is not "Colonel," and he should not be wearing medals! British officers also wear the sword frog on their Sam Brown belts.

A Plea for Animal Actors

R. VIVIAN of Berkeley, Calif.,

I wish to voice a protest against the deliberate and planned fights between animals which are becoming so common in this season's pictures. During the past two weeks, I have seen three films in which animals have been set to tear one another to pieces.

When scenes of this type first appeared, they were said to be authentic; real fights which expedition cameras were accidentally on the spot to photograph. Perhaps that was true.

We all know that there will be conflicts in nature no matter what we do, but there is no excuse for producers cold-bloodedly arranging fights for these dumb beasts, just to try to reproduce so-called thrills.

It is beyond understanding how people, who recoil from the abuse of animals in their daily surroundings, who willingly sign petitions to prohibit bull fights and the more inhuman features of rodeos, can enjoy such cruel exhibitions on the screen.

I'm for bigger and better animal pictures just as long as the public wants to see them, but let's hold out for a square deal for the beasts that "act" in them.

(There's a point in justification of the producers, however. When such fights are "arranged," trained animals are used and the fights are not actually bloody, as the scene pretends, any more than fights between human actors are.)

Praise for the Boys

FRANCES HELMER of Forest Hills, Long Island, writes:

In writing my first letter to a screen magazine, I think I voice the opinion of a group from whom you do not hear often—those guided in their movie-going by your reviews. So, when a criticism seems prejudiced—well, it is just too bad.

To be specific: The notices on "Forty-Second Street" gave well-deserved recognition to the girls' work, but, charming as they were, wasn't the acting of the more mature male players worthy of more praise? Again and again we read glowing accounts of the picture's beauty, its settings, the dances—and the phase that was spectacular—but what of the comedy of George Stone and his knowledge of pantomime? And how about the sincerity and vigor of Warner Baxter's playing? Most reviews dismissed him with half a line!

Perhaps the younger group of fans attend movies because of the continued ballyhoo about shapely damsels constantly posing in provocative bathing costumes, but there are still some of us who prefer acting.

(Continued on page 93)

LOVE IS *not* BLIND



COULD *Your* COMPLEXION STAND THIS TEST?

OR WOULD you be worrying about an ugly shiny nose that mars both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. Half-Hour Nose is a thing of the past. You no longer have to powder every time you turn around. At all times, in all circumstances, you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian not only clings for hours, but it gives the skin the smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The ingredients are as skilfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores, nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and moderate in price. Regular sizes are available at all department and drug stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

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Margaret Sullivan and
John Boles in a scene from
John M. Stahl's production
"Only Yesterday," a
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Windblown through Silk

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Pity the Poor Stand-In Girl!

(Continued from page 26)

angles perfectly, because you have to take them. You learn not to be afraid of the camera. You learn about voice. You learn to read lines and you learn all about make-up and proper lighting. You learn from the stars themselves, watching them as you have to, every minute.

"Miss Dietrich is inclined to be moody when she works. Temperamental, you writers would call it. She is friendly and sweet one day and the next, she doesn't offer to shake hands with me. That's one reason, I think, why stand-in is *not* good work for a girl. It gives you an inferiority complex. I've learned to submerge myself completely where Miss Dietrich is concerned. I never speak to her unless she speaks first. I've made it a policy not to be forward, ever—which is a paradox, as I've observed you have to be forward if you hope to get along.

I ONCE stood in for Mae West. On 'She Done Him Wrong.' She's the grandest sport in the world. She's always singing funny songs between scenes, and kidding with the cast. And when she works she works with a concentrated fury that is like a driving inspiration. She is the most human and considerate star I've ever watched. Several times, when I was about to stand-in for her on that picture, she'd come over and say, 'They're nearly ready for me. You sit down awhile; I'll do it.' And that, in spite of the fact that she was wearing those tiring built-up shoes and tight corsets.

"It's nervous work, too, of course. Not only the exhausting part of standing in for long stretches of time, but the feeling, all the while, that it is all for nothing, getting you nowhere. Then there is nothing to do with our spare time. Unlike Miss Dietrich, I have no lines to learn. No one comes to interview me. I haven't any dressing-room or place to rest or lie down when I'm tired. I can't have visitors on the set as the star can if she wants to.

"We are not even the equivalents, we stand-in girls, of the understudy on the stage. An understudy, if the star is ill, gets a chance to go on and do the show. If the star of a picture is ill, they get another star, that's all. Actually, being a stand-in is complete frustration. Because there is no frustration *more* complete than to work for no result.

"Someone once said, 'You do the dirty work.' We do, but that's not what bothers me. It is that the dirty work is not a means to an end, but the end itself. There are lots of instances, all the time. For one, we took a rain scene for 'The Song of Songs.' I had a cold that day. So did Miss Dietrich. And I stood in under that deluge of studio rain for one hour so that, with the positions all set, everything ready

to shoot, Miss Dietrich stood under for three minutes.

"Well, I am doing it because I hope that some day my break may come and when it does I will know what it's all about. Being the shadow of a star may help me to stardom."

JANET GAYNOR'S little stand-in is Mary Jane Irving. Mary Jane was once a child star. She played in such pictures as "Almost A Husband" and "Water, Water Everywhere" with Will Rogers. She played in pictures with Bill Hart and Bessie Barriscale, back in the days when those grand troupers were grand stars. She has been on the screen since she was two years old and she says she'd rather stand in at the back door of pictures than the front door of any other profession in the world.

She is so much like Janet in real life that, viewed at a distance, one day on the set Janet's mother came up to her and began talking to her about some personal matter. She'd taken Mary for her own daughter.

Said Mary, "It doesn't mean a thing, this job of standing in. It doesn't get you anywhere except the chance to be around. The most awful part of it is that anyone could do it. It doesn't take talent. It doesn't take individuality. It takes the mere accident of being born something the same type as the star you stand in for. And that often hurts more than it helps. It is so ironical. I remember one day on the set when Janet and I were on together for a moment, reflected in mirrors in that bedroom set of 'Adorable.' Our reflections seemed to blend together, to merge so that you couldn't tell which was Jane and which was me. It was the wierdest experience. I felt dizzy and I found myself hoping that when our reflections were disentangled, she would be me and I would be her. Confusing, but you get what I mean, don't you?"

"One time, on the same picture, I had to rehearse a scene with Henri Garat and other members of the cast fifteen times. It just didn't seem that I could step off that set without really doing it for the camera. But I did. And Janet stepped on and did it in five minutes and one take.

"I'm not envious of the things Janet has, though. Of course, there are times when I'm tired, when we've worked late and things look dark to me; times when I seem to sag under the burdens that are mine, the partial support of my sisters and brothers, the strain of it all. Times when the sight of Janet driving away in a car to a world without such worries as these seems cruel. But the only thing I *really* envy her is the chance to *do* the thing I'd love so much to do myself. It's her work I envy her. I sometimes stand in the background and imitate her songs and

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Marion Davies, because of her sense of humor, her tremendous generosity, much of which has never been made public, for her great strides in her profession in the last few years; for her popularity—she is by far the most universally popular person in Hollywood today and has been for a long time—for her charm and intelligence and appeal. I remember seeing her at Palm Beach years ago. She was not yet on the screen—was in, I think, the "Follies." She was at that time merely a very pretty girl, like other pretty girls, with no particular indication that she was to develop into the beloved and brilliant and merciful personality she is today. Yet she has done so.

I have never heard anyone say an unkind word about Marion Davies and, therefore, I very much doubt if she says an unkind word about anyone. She has financed more people in trouble and illness than I can count. Her charities are not merely of the cold check-book kind. Anyone with means can write a check and let it go at that. She gives something of herself, always her personal interest, her personal warmth. She is a very fine person, Marion Davies, with her delectable beauty, her gamin wit, her naturalness and her great, comprehending heart.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Kay Francis, for her intelligence, as well as for her beauty. This is not a press agent affair, this intelligence. It is the real thing and the manifestation of an alert, open mind and a keenness of thought which goes straight to essentials. Kay Francis is a fine actress, but she would have been a success in almost any other profession she might have cared to adopt; an excellent business woman, for instance. She is one of the few women on the screen to whom directors listen, from whom they are willing to take suggestion and advice. She might, therefore, have been a super-director herself. Perhaps some day she will be. She has the keenest eye for bunkum I have seen in a screen star, and she can even perceive the fine line between sentiment and sentimentality.

It is very easy to praise her beauty and her clothes sense, her performance and her carriage—and everyone does. But she goes into my legion, not because of these things, treasurable and important as they are, but because of her mentality.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

ZaSu Pitts; because of her fight against odds; a fight she hasn't won and probably won't win, because the public who adore her as an unusual and excellent comic can't see her as a great tragic actress although Von Stroheim himself selected her for that dramatic role in "Greed."

It must be salt in an open wound to know that you can do the big and inspiring things and yet be condemned to roles which make people laugh. Have



AFTER THIRTY DAYS
Ruth's teeth were unchanged
SHE USED TOOTH PASTE "E"



BUT BEULAH'S
TEETH WERE DAZZLING!
SHE USED PEBECO

Ruth and Beulah Green, age 27, living at 15 West 81st Street, New York

Twin Test reveals Pebeco superior to other Leading Tooth Pastes!

"We'd like to measure Pebeco's efficiency scientifically against 5 other leading tooth pastes," we said. "How about testing them on twins?"

"No testing ground could be fairer," declared Dr. David B. Freundlich, the leading New York dental authority we chose to make the test.

So Dr. Freundlich made the test on twins. One twin of each pair used Pebeco twice daily for thirty days. The other used one of the five other leading brands.

On the five main points of mouth hygiene—Whiteness, Lustre, Film, Gums, and Acid Mouth—Pebeco proved itself more than twice as effective as the other well-known tooth pastes tested. Why?

Because Pebeco uses Potassium Chlorate as a base. This element, more than any other, stimulates the flow of alkaline saliva which checks acid mouth. Whitens the teeth, removes stains and mucin plaques. Polishes, gives a brilliant lustre without the slightest scratch. Heals and hardens the gums to firm, vigorous health... You test Pebeco on your own teeth and gums! You'll FEEL it working for their good. BUY A TUBE OF PEBECO TODAY!

On These Five Vital Points Pebeco Wins!

- 1. WHITENESS**... Pebeco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%.
- 2. LUSTRE**... Pebeco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 40%. Pebeco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the teeth.
- 3. FILM**... Pebeco removed mucin plaques in 88% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 32%.
- 4. GUMS**... Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.
- 5. ACID MOUTH**... Pebeco alone actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of alkaline saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.

Why and How I Tested Twins

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other used Tooth Paste A, B, C, D, or E—one of the five other leading brands. At the end of 30 days I submitted my report, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information about these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York City.



(Signed) David B. Freundlich, D.D.S.

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ON SALE AT:

F. & W. Grand—F. and W. Grand-Silver Company—W. T. Grant Company—S. S. Kresge Company—S. H. Kress & Company—McCrary Stores—McLellan Stores Company—Metropolitan Stores—G. C. Murphy Co.—Silver's Stores.

AND AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Free We want to send you free a regular 10c card of

BOBBY LOX

HAIRPINS 36

To prove to you that they



**Have the Strongest Spring
The Smoothest Enamel
Last the Longest!**

Send your name for free sample. Then make this test.

Bend open a Bobby Lox; note the strong spring that does not wear out; feel the perfect smoothness of the enamel on the INSIDE as well as the OUTSIDE. No other hairpin has this. That is why Beauty Shops use and sell more Bobby Lox Hairpins than any other make. But find out for yourself—send your name now for free sample—paste the coupon to a post card or mail in an envelope to

Scolding Locks Corporation,
Appleton, Wisconsin

Scolding Locks Corporation, Appleton, Wisconsin
Please send me free a regular 10c card of Bobby Lox Hairpins

Name.....MM1

Address.....

City.....State.....

I usually buy in the store checked below:


- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> S. S. Kresge Co. | <input type="checkbox"/> F. W. Woolworth Co. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> S. H. Kress Co. | <input type="checkbox"/> McLellan Stores |
| <input type="checkbox"/> W. T. Grant Co. | <input type="checkbox"/> McCrory Stores |
| <input type="checkbox"/> G. C. Murphy Co. | <input type="checkbox"/> Grand-Silver Stores |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scott Stores | <input type="checkbox"/> Neisner Bros. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> J. J. Newberry Co. | |

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

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MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of future positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

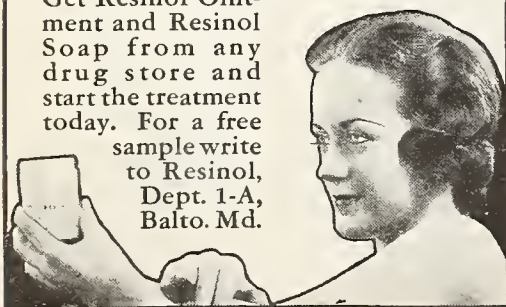
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Don't Be Tortured By The Itching Of Eczema

No matter how long you have suffered from eczema, or some similar itching, burning, scaly skin disorder—no matter how many treatments you have tried without success—just apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots, and see how quickly your skin is comforted. The itching is relieved at once, and the soreness and roughness gradually cleared away. You can use Resinol safely anywhere on the body—no parts too delicate.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from any drug store and start the treatment today. For a free sample write to Resinol, Dept. 1-A, Balto. Md.



you ever noticed the real beauty of her strange little face and of those long hands, which, in her comedy parts, she makes so expressive of fluttering helplessness? She is. I imagine a repressed woman, inhibited, even neurotic. Why wouldn't she be? She would have ample release from all inhibitory qualities were she permitted the rôles she could and would play magnificently. But she isn't. The public is accustomed to see her falling down stairs and chasing seals and flitting through uproarious honeymoons with Slim Summerville. The public, argue the producers, might, therefore, laugh at the wrong time were they to see her in a serious situation, and ruin a picture. Audiences associate ZaSu Pitts with comedy, not tragedy and that, I think must be *her* tragedy.

It is well-known that she played the part of the mother in "Journey's End" and that she gave a wonderful performance. But the part was taken away from her and the scenes replayed by, I think, Beryl Mercer, in the finished production, because I suppose the producers again felt that an audience which thought of ZaSu as comic would continue to do so. I hope audiences, in the main, are more intelligent than that. I hope that some day they may be educated to the art which Miss Pitts is not allowed to display.

ZaSu Pitts is a sacrifice to short-sightedness. Meantime, she goes on playing her really funny parts, and preserving some sense of balance and taking care of her children, her own and those she has adopted. I hope someday that she will find her real star in the ascendant. But for her courage and her patience, ZaSu Pitts, a changeling if ever there was one, deserves a place in my legion of honor.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Ernest Torrence; because his death leaves an irreplaceable gap in the hearts of so many people and because it leaves too a place on the screen which cannot easily be filled; because, apart from his gifts as a great actor, he was a fine musician and composer. Ernest Torrence had a fine singing voice, he played the piano magnificently, he composed lovely songs, both words and music. I knew him many years ago and used to sit and listen to him play, his great height hunched up over the keyboard, stooped over the keys, the big hands making exquisite melody. And because too, he was happily married for thirty years, a beloved husband and father, and a man whose private life was beautifully beyond reproach.

Not long ago I saw the old silent "The Covered Wagon" once more. It still has drama, it still grips you; and mostly because of Ernest Torrence's unforget-

table performance. His life was that, too, an unforgettable performance, which was not acting. Hail and farewell. People forget quickly, that is the way life goes, but none of us who knew him will forget Ernest Torrence, he towered spiritually above most men as he towered over them physically.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

Barbara Stanwyck; because of her loyalties and her fearlessness, because of her impulsive gestures in the name of those loyalties, because of her sacrificial glowing youth and, above all, because of her recent cry, "Let us alone; let us be happy." She is not the first person to learn that it is hard to be happy in a profession and a community which takes happiness as a mortal affront and in an age where the gossip columnist is king. But she has character and stamina. She makes mistakes, but she keeps on, trying to be happy, trying to prove it to us. All honor to her, Barbara Stanwyck. She's had a pretty tough time.

I NOMINATE for my Legion of Honor:

John Boles, because of his off-screen personality, vibrant and vital, amused at life and wholly friendly; because of his courtesy; because of the pleasant ways of his private life and because of his refusal to admit there could be a failure for him. For the day came when it looked as if there might be. After all, his first screen success was based upon his glorious singing voice and he wandered, singing through the various technicolored, much be-uniformed parts assigned to him, and created a furor. But technicolor perished, for the time being, and also, for quite a long stretch, the musical offerings of the screen were few and far between.

But there was a period during which John Boles could not rely upon his voice, but solely upon his acting. He did so; and was successful. Do you remember him in "Seed?" He proved that ability to look handsome and sing a love song was not his sole ability. And through the chances and changes of screen fortunes, he has kept his head and gone his way serenely.

There we have them, ten of them. And somehow, I dare not stop without offering a couple of honorary memberships; one to Mickey Mouse for his eternal hold upon the heart of the populace and his versatility, and one to Baby LeRoy, picture-stealer de luxe, whose little head has not yet been turned by Hollywood and whose mother has just bought him a ranch. Ride 'em, Cowboy LeRoy, and please accept your nomination because certainly every Legion of Honor needs a baby.

HAVE YOU A PHOTOGRAPHIC FACE?

All the inside dope on how to judge your face for its screen possibilities. This information comes from one of Hollywood's greatest cameramen. Watch for it—soon!

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 73)

zipping and out pops your favorite brand. And nary a contact has it with the inside of your purse.

● And while we're on the subject of purses, have you seen those wooden ones which are a million times more marvelous than they sound? They blew in on a fall breeze and it seems as if they're here to stay. Mimi Jordan and Janet Gaynor are among the cinemalites who rushed right out and bought one. These bags are of thin birch bark with big brown wooden clasps and they're lined in brown and white gingham. Terribly smart and washable.

● This may be a romantic age, but it certainly has a pleasingly practical side. The bags are not only washable but the dance sandals now come in unscuffable versions. Something I've been looking forward to for years. They're of tooled leather in various shades to match the dresses.

● Having trouble with your nail polish chipping too easily? Or does your dark polish refuse to go on smoothly? Irene Dunne has a remedy. She applies a colorless polish first. That seems to make the bright polish have a much more finished look and gives added lustre to the nail.

A new Chinese red shade is very much in vogue when you're wearing white. If you're going in for cypress greens and wine reds in your costumes, then by all means try that new opalescent nail polish and use platinum color for the very tips. These days you have to be careful or the wrong nail polish can ruin your romance.

● That sartorial genius, Adrian, is doing surprising things this season. First of all, he appears to shun every bright color. All the shades he is using have that dusty, powdered look. Even the sheer velvets in turquoise and aquamarine of which he is so fond. His belts are all wide and stiff. Crushed girdles are passé for the moment.

And he's making the most astonishing use of padded cording nearly the size of your thumb. On Maureen O'Sullivan's new white satin pajamas, for instance, which he just designed for her, the trousers are tailored and the blouse has a Russian tunic effect. That padded cording provides the main feature. It extends over the shoulders, giving them that very wide air. You see it again around the bottom of the blouse. The sleeves are formed of fringe, which falls below the cording, and the fringe is repeated at the ends of the belt.

Adrian gives warning about the black and white velvet hats which are the mode of the moment. To look well, they must be kept thoroughly brushed.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

Everywhere you will find Faoen in distinguished company. At a fashionable Ball, for example, you will see lovely, gorgeously gowned ladies using Faoen Lip Stick, Rouges and Face Powder. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢ have been scientifically proven equal to \$1 to \$3 brands in quality. And they are proud to herald the return to common sense in cosmetic values. It's smart to use Faoen!

FAOEN PERFUMES, Nos. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odors that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes.

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

== 10¢ each at ==
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores



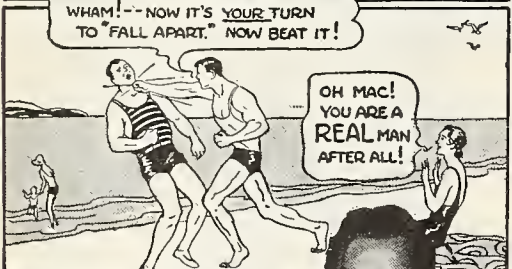
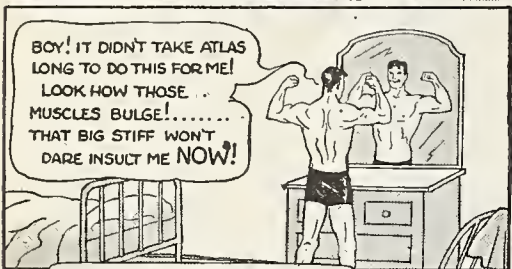
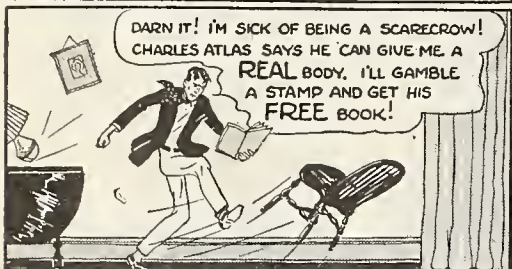
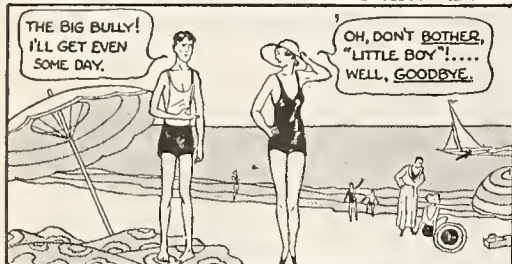
PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



**This 97-lb. Weakling Be-
came "World's Most Per-
fectly Developed Man."**

They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'LL PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 87-10, 133 East 23rd St., New York City.

Mail Coupon Now For My FREE BOOK

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 87-10,
133 East 23rd Street, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

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"I'm Glad I Married Before—"

(Continued from page 47)

experience and the greatest friendship of my life.

"Don't get me wrong . . . I'm not trying to say that I can make a go of marriage in Hollywood, where a lot of the other fellows can't, because I'm smarter or wiser or less susceptible.

"You see, I was fortunate. Marriage happened to me two or three years before Hollywood did and by that I don't mean that someone legally ordained to the job said a few words over us and therefore we became 'married.' Real marriage doesn't happen that fast. The day Louise and I 'stood up,' we were just two half-scared and also half-starved young stock actors who had felt mutual attraction, part mental, but a greater part sex.

"Marriage came to us over a period of years during which we shared each other's life. Those years weren't any too fat, either. When I married Louise, I thought she was a pretty girl and about the best actress I had ever seen. But I didn't know then that she was the kind who could laugh on an empty stomach . . . who could kid away the tough sledding and never care that she wore the same dress day in and day out months at a time.

IT was not until six months after the birth of our son, the night my wife and I clung together in tragedy because we knew our little boy was deaf, that the real and great meaning of marriage was borne home to both of us! From that moment on we were bound to one another in a *friendship* that passed understanding, in an experience that bound us more closely than original vows had done, and which could not be undone if ten judges should pronounce the word 'divorce' between us.

"In time that overwhelming sense of disaster passed and as Johnny grew into a regular little he-guy, normal and happy, we grew, too. Learning together to cast pity out of our hearts and supplant it with an absolutely normal attitude toward the child, only served to strengthen the bond of marriage between us which was now the bond of

the finest friendship of my life.

"Good times and good breaks as well as struggles are a part of marriage . . . and ours came with the offer of a swell contract to come to Hollywood and make movies. Lord, you don't know what a great break that seemed to us!"

"WELL it only stood to reason that if I was going to make movies in Hollywood and become a Hollywood actor, that pretty soon we were going to start hearing rumors about *me*! Because practically no one in Hollywood knew a darn thing about me and absolutely nothing about my wife, I was actually rumored 'smitten' with one or two, or maybe it was three of the pretty girls who played opposite me on the screen.

"I'd be a downright liar if I tried to make you think that I hadn't ever been attracted to one or two of the glamorous women I have met in Hollywood. Of course I have! What man in the world wouldn't be?

"But I have never met one of them that I feel I could make a go of marriage with, providing I were a bachelor . . . and providing any one of them would want me, which I seriously doubt. It's not that the women in Hollywood aren't as regular and as fine as any you would meet anywhere in the world, but my point is this:

"By the time they get around to the idea of marriage, they have taken most of the tough and rough spots by themselves and there's nothing left but luxury, easy living and two distinct *selves* to bring to marriage . . . the woman and the Fame!

"Maybe I'm silly and old-fashioned, but I think it takes a lot of shared background to make a happy marriage and *not* all that youth and beauty and money you spoke of in the beginning.

"Sure, I've heard 'rumors' that Mrs. Tracy and I might separate. They make me laugh. They're too silly to even deny. I don't think anyone could ever say enough words between us to dissolve the amount of marriage we've experienced—long before Hollywood and her standards happened to us".



2806



2819



2845

Here are the back views of the patterns shown on page 72. As you can see, Dorothy Jordan's dress (2845) may be made with long sleeves.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 81)

- **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount)—A southern girl seeks romance and gets mixed up with gangsters. Tragedy, love, and unexpected happiness. Very good—but leave the children at home.
- **THE STRANGER'S RETURN** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.
- **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A good Western with action and excitement. Good—kids will be thrilled.
- **SWEEPINGS** (RKO)—A self-made man who hasn't instilled his own high ideals into his children. Lionel Barrymore. Excellent acting, but picture moves slowly—children will be bored.
- **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.
- **THREE-CORNERED MOON** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.
- **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—An emotional drama of an English girl's love for two men during the World War. Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. Very good—children might like parts of it.
- **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Chester Morris in a creepy murder mystery thriller. Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh as hick cops are simply screams. Good—kids will go for it.
- **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—Murder and mystery and two magicians. Excellent—take the youngsters if they are allowed to see this kind of picture.
- **TUGBOAT ANNIE** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.
- **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss in a delightful portrayal of that famous writer and wit of the eighteenth century. Very entertaining and enjoyable comedy for the whole family.
- **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—Comic story of a mythical country where the gals are heroes and the men are nursemaids. And then those Greek warriors come along. Excellent—kids will like it, too.
- **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—A gem of a triangle about two women and a man. Robert Montgomery is the man. Ann Harding and Myrna Loy the rivals for him. Alice Brady furnishes some swell comedy. Very good—tots might be bored.
- **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—All about a young engineer who takes a spoiled society deb to the African jungle. Good—several thrills for the young folks in the last few reels.
- **THE WORKING MAN** (Warners)—A George Arliss but not up to his usual type of picture. Good but children will get restless.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 85)

Short Paragraphs and Requests

RUTH NOLZE of Delaware, Ohio, says: "While this teaming business is going on in the movies, why not let us see Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres together again? They were ideal in "State Fair," Lew seeming more romantic with Janet than the elder, brotherly-appearing Charles Farrell."

DORALENE WINTERS of Cleveland, Ohio, thinks Helen Hayes is well-nigh perfect. "I have seen all of her pictures," she writes, "and they're wonderful, 'The White Sister' stops them. Perhaps it is because Clark Gable was the male lead. The unhappy ending also added to the film's beauty." (Helen is in "Night Flight" and "Another Language," Doralene.)

CLARA USELMAN of Elkhart, Ind., says, "This divorce episode that has hit Hollywood isn't making a hit with the fans. Many are keenly disappointed in their favorites and the stars' statements that 'we are going to be legally parted, but are still friends' has incited disgust in the paying public. Do they think we are imbeciles or is it a sign of modernity to be able to 'take it'? I'd just like to know."

VOICES IN THE DARK



JENNY, DEAR...NOT
QUITTING NOW?
THEY'RE PLAYING
OUR SONG

SORRY, BUT I...ER...
HAVE A HEADACHE.
PERHAPS LATER WE...



LATER

MAYBE SOME FRESH AIR WILL
FIX ME UP. CAN'T HELP FEELING
LOW — JENNY'S "HEADACHE"
SOUNDED SO FISHY. SHE WAS
FULL OF PEP AT
FIRST. SHE'S TIRED
OF ME — THAT'S
ALL!



NEXT DAY

DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO
GET LIFEBOUY AFTER THAT
WARNING. HOW DIFFERENT
IT IS! YOU CAN TELL IT'S
SPECIALLY MADE TO END "B.O."



JENNY'S INSIDE CRYING.
I WONDER WHY SHE
WOULDN'T DANCE WITH HIM?

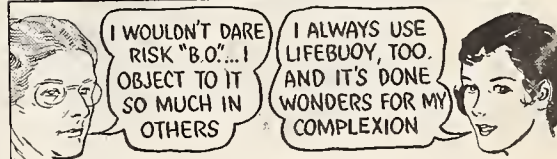
MY GUESS IS "B.O."
IT'S A CRIME SUCH
A SWELL FELLOW IS
CARELESS AT TIMES



"B.O." GONE — partners for life!

OH DARLING, THEY'RE
NOT STOPPING SO SOON!

NEVER MIND, JENNY SWEET,
WE'LL BE DANCING TOGETHER
FOR YEARS TO COME!



I WOULDN'T DARE
RISK "B.O."...I
OBJECT TO IT
SO MUCH IN
OTHERS

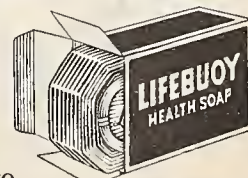
I ALWAYS USE
LIFEBOUY, TOO.
AND IT'S DONE
WONDERS FOR MY
COMPLEXION

YOU can't condemn "B.O." in others—
unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing
with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway.
Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves
you feeling fresh as a daisy—pores purified,
freed from every trace of "B.O." (body odor).

Your complexion freshens

Lifebuoy deep-cleanses face pores of clogged
impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin.
Wash with it nightly
—gain the healthy, radi-
antly lovely complex-
ion Lifebuoy's quickly-
vanishing, hygienic
scent promises you.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 10)

Longlex

MANICURE LIQUID POLISH

Its glamour lasts a whole week!...



Like the highest priced polish—in lustre and long wear!



You get weeks of smart manicures out of one bottle...



ONLY

10¢

5 smart shades

At your favorite 10¢ Store

air and let it out slowly, to a count of ten. Think of nothing else except the count of one to ten. You'll feel better.

EVEN if your figure is good, get into the habit of doing a few exercises in the morning—just to start the day in a nice, healthful, systematic manner. I don't care what sort of exercises you do, so long as you do them faithfully. Bending and twisting never comes in amiss and a little jumping peps up the circulation no end.

The above are things that anyone can see to. But, sometimes, nervousness is a deeper matter. It has been going on for years and is hard to cure. The people who can't eat and can't sleep are the ones I feel sorriest for. The eating problem requires very delicate handling. Better consult a doctor if you can't conquer it yourself. My first piece of advice would be to cut out that nibbling between meals. Oh, yes you do. I know how it starts: you don't feel very hungry—you think you'll just have some tea and toast. A few hours later, you are so hungry that you simply must have a sandwich. Then you have no appetite for your next meal. First thing you know, your digestion is entirely out of kilter and you can't eat a complete sensible meal to save your soul. Save your appetite till meal time—and then do justice to it. My advice would be to eat what you like—within reason. You should coddle your appetite a little bit—treat it to a few light delicacies until it gets into good working order. But avoid greasy foods and highly seasoned foods—they are hard to digest. If you can't take a large quantity of food at one time, concentrate on foods which will give you the maximum of nourishment for the minimum of eating. Light puddings for dessert. Ice cream now and then. A chocolate malted milk with an egg beaten up in it with your lunch once in a while. Cream soups. And—I take back something I just said—you can have *two* things between meals—a glass of milk in the middle of the afternoon, if you're anxious to gain weight. Or a glass of tomato juice if you feel your vitality ebbing away.

TO conquer sleeplessness, I suggest that you get yourself thoroughly tired out, physically, just once and see what happens. I'll bet you sleep like a top. Go for a long walk—do some strenuous housework—play tennis or golf. This will work for most people. Sometimes it won't, to be sure—when a person is so overworked that she becomes "too tired to sleep." Well, then, she must kid herself to sleep by round-about methods. A nice hot bath would be the first step: Put some bath salts into the water. Cleanse your face with cream before your bath and then put on another layer of cold cream and keep it on while you're in the tub.

Massaging the scalp and the back of the neck is a grand way to relieve tenseness. If your girl friend or sister will consent to give your back a gentle massage or an alcohol rub, that is relaxing, too. Plenty of ventilation, light covers that do not hamper the body, and a very flat pillow—or none at all—are, of course, all important.

Don't lie in bed if you really can't go to sleep. Put on the light and read or get up entirely and start about some task rather than lie there and fret. The next night you'll be so tired you'll go right to sleep.

I have one more "off track" beauty suggestion to make in this article. Along with nerves—and one of the causes of them, as a matter of fact—mistreated feet are a great beauty deterrent. At the end of the summer, your feet will probably, if you have been outdoors a great deal or at the beach, be in good shape. See if you can't keep them that way. Many an irritable disposition, many a premature wrinkle in the face, has come from mistreated tootsies.

In this connection, I want to tell you about some grand little gadgets that have been on the market a short while and which were designed for foot comfort and foot health. They're like the foot of a stocking, only they fit better and wear better. Inexpensive and just as washable as a stocking is. You can wear them inside your house sandals when you want to go without stockings. It never *was* a good idea to put on any sort of shoe right next to the bare foot. Inner soles get wet with perspiration, get dry and crackly and just aren't good for the feet. Also, if you suffer from calloused soles, these little trifles, worn over your stockings, will give you extra protection and save you from burning feet on busy days. They won't show above your shoes. They come in several styles and you can take your choice for oxfords or for pumps. With the cold weather not too far off, they're a grand idea for folks who suffer from cold feet. Write and ask me about them if you're interested.

In addition to the beauty hints given above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Avoid "Fussy" Fashions

(Continued from page 71)

Far better it will be to select a dress or a coat that is cut with square shoulders, to be sure, but on a line that runs from yoke to sleeve allowing more softness at the shoulder line. This will not tire you as the former sort will.

Again, in the matter of evening clothes you will be apt to see many flounces, ruffles and frills. All right. We are having a Victorian revival. But make it good Victorian instead of a bad example of that period. Ruffles and flounces are quite O. K. when there is not too great an abundance of them.

You will find that the fabrics this season are the keynote of all styles. They are so delicately and beautifully woven, with such unusual technique used in their compositions, that they just naturally bear the burden of whatever distinction the costume, for whatever purpose it will fill, has to offer. This is another reason why you can afford to keep the making of the dress down to its simplest elements, giving the material a chance to show for all it is worth.

COLORS run next in importance after fabrics. There is a strong tendency to use daring combinations of tones, as a brilliant red against black; one of the new olive or reseda greens used with brown or tan. Black and white—large splashes of white under the chin—will be a high style note. And for evening, all of the brilliant hues which are known to the color chart will have full play. Fuschia tones, ranging all the way from the lavenders to the purples are extremely good.

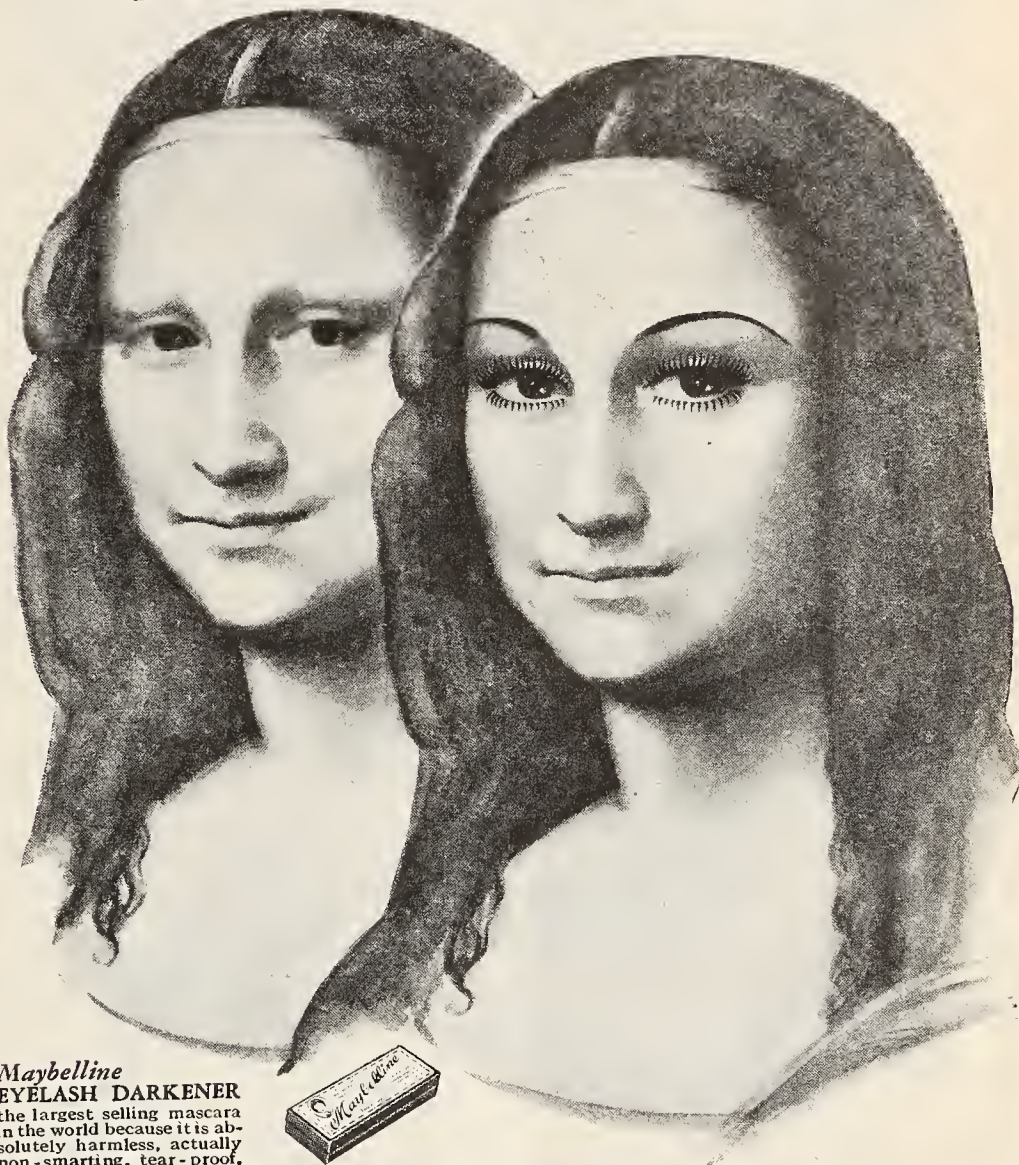
Watch out for the hats. They are changing their shapes in a marked degree. No longer does a hat perch on the side of the head at a perilous angle. It takes on much more of the shape of the head and still it is draped, as to its crown, with an upward, pointed feeling which takes nothing from its chic or its daring, but which certainly makes it more wearable and becoming to all types of faces. Soft wooden fabrics are used for hats, and felts, of course, but also silks, satins, and velvets. Even leathers of soft, pliable texture are employed with a dashing effect.

Accessories are very important. For instance, a pair of gloves can make or mar the effect of an entire costume. There will be a black street dress of wool with a daring red scarf tied tightly about the throat—a nasturtium red with yellow in it—and then there will be a pair of fabric gloves, wide of cuff, dyed so that they match the scarf.

A brown suit will have a blouse of bottle green and a hat which not only matches, but is made of the selfsame material, and brown gloves.

Remember then, to think of your Fall and Winter clothes as a series of fabric and color combinations with due attention given to restraint in designs.

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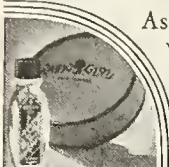
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The Inside on Johnny and Lupe

(Continued from page 23)

"When my name was first linked with Johnny's, I didn't even know him. And then I thought, 'I might as well meet him.' I did. We liked one another.

"Bobbé Arnst had said that Johnny left her alone and so, when we became friends, I said to Johnny, 'I want you to be free. I don't believe in possession. Three nights a week you go wherever you please—the other nights are mine with you! But on his days away from me, he'd turn up at my house just the same. He didn't want to leave me. Because he knew he was always free. People should never be enslaved, not even by love.

"We have been very honest with each other. There is no concealment of our individual thoughts or our actions. While I was in New York in 'Strike Me Pink,' I talked to Johnny over the telephone every night. He was lonely. And I'd say to him, 'Johnny, don't stay home, take girls out.' I knew what Johnny was doing every minute of the day. I knew who was with him. Where he went. And when people would come to me and say, 'Did you know that Johnny—' and I could break right in with, 'Yes, I know that Johnny was dancing at eleven o'clock last night Los Angeles time with Miss So-and-so at the Ambassador!' And they'd go away mad because they couldn't make trouble between us. Because Johnny had my confidence and love.

JOHNNY has given me a motive for living. It makes me happy to select the dinner menu with an eye to his likes and his needs. I make certain that there is a basket of fruit close to the swimming pool so that Johnny may have some when he is through swimming. He's like a little boy in many things. He loves desserts, ice-cream, especially. And at first I used to say, 'Would you like some more?' But no—he didn't want any more—he was full. So now, the maid who serves and I have an understanding. I attract Johnny's attention. She removes the empty dish; puts a second helping before him and he eats it. Like a little boy.

"He is my ideal of what a man should be. He is a comrade and a lover, and a friend and confidant. He has strength and tenderness and understanding; he is kind and gentle. I can depend on him.

"I used to be selfish; I admit it. But now Johnny is far more important to me than anything else. I consider him first. I like to do things for him, adore looking after him. It's only when I'm asked whether I still care for Gary Cooper that I realize what a different person I am from the Lupe who *did* love Gary.

"It's so easy to censure, to find fault with another person's shortcomings. But

Johnny knows me. He understands what's behind everything I do and say. He knows me as no other man ever has, because he has found the real Lupe, who hid away so that she might not be hurt too much.

"We have our small quarrels—like other people in love. But we have a password. When Johnny or I say something unkind we say 'hurts'—just that one word. And we immediately change the subject.

"If we should marry and the day would come when we no longer loved one another, we would even then avoid causing pain. I would want Johnny to come to me honestly, before anyone else had a chance to tell me, and say: 'Lupe, I love someone else.' And I would give him his freedom quickly and decently. But I would want to know about it as soon as he himself knew. I would want him to have that much confidence in me, and that much respect for my pride. And if I should be the one to no longer care, I, too, would go to Johnny first.

"I have no sympathy with those who try to hold to a past love, or with women who can make their own living and yet demand excessive alimony. Marriage is a partnership; both get an equal amount of benefit from it. Both share the happiness of it.

LUPE is a composite; she is a paradox. She is the mother and the naive child; the perfect home-maker and the great, the electrifying artist. One moment she is in the kitchen frying chicken to Johnny's taste, while the cook watches her deftness with respect; the next she is discussing with fervor a dance routine or the psychology of acting.

Her delights are varied. She will sit on the floor and display her fabulous jewels, and with equal enthusiasm report on the progress of the flower plot she planted herself.

Johnny's and Lupe's lives are bound together by the simplicities which they both enjoy.

Johnny swims in the pool in Lupe's garden, while the girl idles in the rope swing he has put up for her in a giant sycamore tree. He plays ping-pong while she romps with her dog.

"It's not the big things that really count," comments Lupe. "They don't make happiness. It's the little things."

She feels her responsibility towards Johnny's career. For long periods, she sits at his side while he practices the exercises which will deepen his voice. She goes over his next day's scenes with him; gives him the benefit of her experience and her subconscious and sure knowledge of what great acting constitutes.

"Lupe," declares Johnny, "has taught me not to be afraid. I was always scared

of other actors, of directors, of executives. I was in a blue funk when I had to go on the set. I am more sure of myself now."

"We're all equal," supplements Lupe, "you're no worse, you're no better than the next person." Her uncanny analysis of motives and people has done much to destroy the inferiority complex from which Johnny suffered. She has imbued him with a confidence, with a realization of his own possibilities.

Johnny is militant where Lupe is concerned. He resents those who refuse to penetrate to the inner Lupe, the fine Lupe who deals with realities, with truth, and will not compromise or cater to public opinion.

NO one has ever understood or appreciated Lupe," Johnny is vehement on this point. "She does so many fine things, and then refuses to discuss them. While in 'Strike Me Pink,' she heard that the boys and girls of the chorus were being given a cut in salary. She went to the producers and offered to lower her own salary sufficiently so that the chorus would not have to suffer. But no one wants to hear nice things about Lupe. They'd much rather listen to ugly, nasty gossip about her. And, gee—she's perfectly swell."

"I've changed a lot in the last year." There is no sign of mutiny in those famous stormy eyes as Lupe appraises herself. "I never go to parties. I avoid crowds. So that people can't say, 'Lupe does this wrong. Lupe does that.' I answer greetings and that's all. It doesn't mean that the fire in me is extinguished—no! It is still inside me. I have it for my work."

"Hollywood will never again have the power to make me unhappy. As long as audiences will pay their money to see me on the screen, as long as Johnny is with me, nothing else matters. I am satisfied."

The friendship between Lupe and Johnny is incomprehensible when objectively considered. Lupe, the flame; and easy going Johnny. But when they are together, when their perfect accord is measured, the explanation becomes evident. They supply the lacks in each other. Supplement each other. Johnny erases that loneliness of spirit which has been Lupe's for so long. Lupe gives him a poise and a sense of values which he might not have achieved alone.

And such is their perfect understanding that, when paragraphs in the press hinted that Johnny regretted the interruption of his friendship with Irene Jones, a local dress designer, through Lupe's return to Hollywood, neither one of them bothered to deny the story.

"I wanted to for Lupe's sake," Johnny declared. "But she said it wasn't important, that I didn't have to prove my loyalty to her."

And Johnny, who said only last year, "I will never marry," says today "Lupe has removed fear from my life. I'll marry her if she'll have me."

And Lupe, who has said that marriage was not for her, says today, "Johnny has renewed my illusions. I am no longer bitter. I'll marry Johnny if I can make sure that our love will last."

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Don't Scoff at "Good Health"

(Continued from page 74)

be before I could climb on my pony again. You see, I was accustomed to thinking of myself as *well*. Since then I've learned just how important that is. Any number of people talk and fret themselves into being ill. Haven't you heard them? Very likely they grew up listening to such remarks as: "Don't sit in that draught, dear. You know you have a weak chest!"

INSTEAD of that, I was made to forget myself. The family treated me as if nothing was wrong. It proved the finest tonic I could have had. Grandfather had given me a pinto pony, "Baby," and almost as soon as I was permitted out of bed I was riding him. Bare-headed, often bare-footed, I trotted around on him until I tired. Then I'd curl up on the grass and go to sleep. Only once did "Baby" and I have a serious argument. That was when I took him to the aviation field to see his first airplane. It swooped down over us and he evidently didn't share my love of planes. In a frenzy of fear he turned a complete somersault and landed on his back. His saddle was broken in two. So would I have been, if I had not managed to jump clear.

When I wasn't on "Baby" I was sending my nurse into spasms by scaling trees. Mother, however, just laughed about it. Anything to keep me interested in the outdoors. I was extremely elated over being pitcher of the neighborhood baseball team until the ball whizzed right into the middle of my tummy.

I was developing fast into a robust and very tanned youngster. Each time our family physician examined my back he marvelled.

"It's amazing what being out in the open air has done for her. Fresh air and sunshine—that's the trick!" I can hear him say it yet. Today I have only two vertebrae that protrude slightly. A famous doctor recently passed on me as being ninety-five per cent physically perfect.

For one thing, I was never allowed more than one piece of candy a day. I gradually lost all desire for it when I found out that too many sweets cause an ugly skin. I am so accustomed to drinking two tumblers of hot water as soon as I get up in the morning that I do it automatically. A little lemon juice and a dash of salt dissipate that flat taste. Hot water is the best thing in the world to dilute the acid in the stomach and aid elimination. Try it if you want that glow to your skin. Consistently, I mean, like you take your morning coffee. Regularity in meals and in sleeping doubles your energy.

The person who says he can get along on four or five hours sleep a night and eat any time is fooling himself. I know, because people in my pro-

fession have a tendency to do that—and invariably they drop out, exhausted, in the middle of their careers. Chronic fatigue and an unbalanced diet are our worst enemies.

PLAN for your health, just as you would plan for a new wardrobe or for a vacation. I have had to and it pays! It's so easy to slip into lax ways, to live a half-life and miss that exuberant joy and zest for everything that come with a thoroughly healthy body. And when you do your planning, leave a big place for sports in it! I've always been intensely fond of them. I taught myself to swim. For some unaccountable reason I had no faith in swimming instructors. With all the determination I could summon I went to the deep end of the pool and plunged in. My strokes are not so accurate, perhaps, but they give me plenty of exercise. When I am not working during the summer, I stay in the water most of the time.

I taught myself to drive in much the same way—by slipping under the wheel and turning on the ignition. It would not have been so good for the driver's nerves had he seen me, probably. But it steadied my own. From that moment I was confident I could manage any auto made.

It's a wonderful thing—self-confidence. That confidence which is born of splendid, surging vitality. I can truthfully say I have never known fear. There was no bugaboo in my young life. There is none now.

Summer after summer we spent high in the Rockies in Colorado and I became something of a mountain goat, climbing up peaks, racing down hills. It made me limber and my flesh as hard as a rock. But the principal thing it did was to strengthen my spine. I adored the absolute freedom of those summer months, the sweet pine-scented air and the whistle of strange birds. Children seem to be born with an instinctive love of nature anyway. It is only when we stop indulging this love as time goes on that we lose the exultant joy of living. Personally, as soon as I cease taking an active part in outdoor life I begin to feel miserable.

For example, about three months after I started on a personal appearance tour three years ago, there was a very perceptible change in my condition. My skin took on a sallow cast and I wondered why. I had to appear on the stage five times a day, so I spent the majority of my hours in a stuffy dressing-room. The only air I had was coming from my hotel and going back to it. I was not getting enough exercise, not enough sunshine. It wasn't long before I fell a victim to the flu. For four weeks I worked with a temperature never less than 101 degrees. The

(Continued on page 100)

Forecasting

(Continued from page 45)

provide an apprenticeship for a few promising youngsters who have personality and need development.

"In the meantime, I can say without reservation that I think we have the greatest screen find of the year in Margaret Sullavan. Practically unknown to movie audiences, she is slated for so important a picture to our schedule as 'Only Yesterday.'

"An entirely different type is June Knight, recently put under contract by this studio. June has fire, vivacity and a keen sense of showmanship. She was formerly a professional ballroom dancer and was the last 'beauty' to be glorified by Ziegfeld. She will do several musicals for us and light, sophisticated comedies such as Constance Talmadge made when she was appearing on the screen. I am expecting a great deal from June.

"Gloria Stuart, who has been with us for several years, is another girl who is going to be given every opportunity to develop artistically. When she returns from her present engagement with Eddie Cantor in 'Roman Scandals,' she will be teamed with Paul Lukas in 'Giant Plane.'

"Our surprise star of the year will be Russ Columbo, the radio headliner. Columbo has an extraordinary voice, plus a great romantic appeal. His first role for us will be a bull-fighter, a minstrel sort of fellow who mixes wine and song with his romance and is a dashing Don Juan. The title of the picture will be 'Men Without Fear,' and production starts in November.

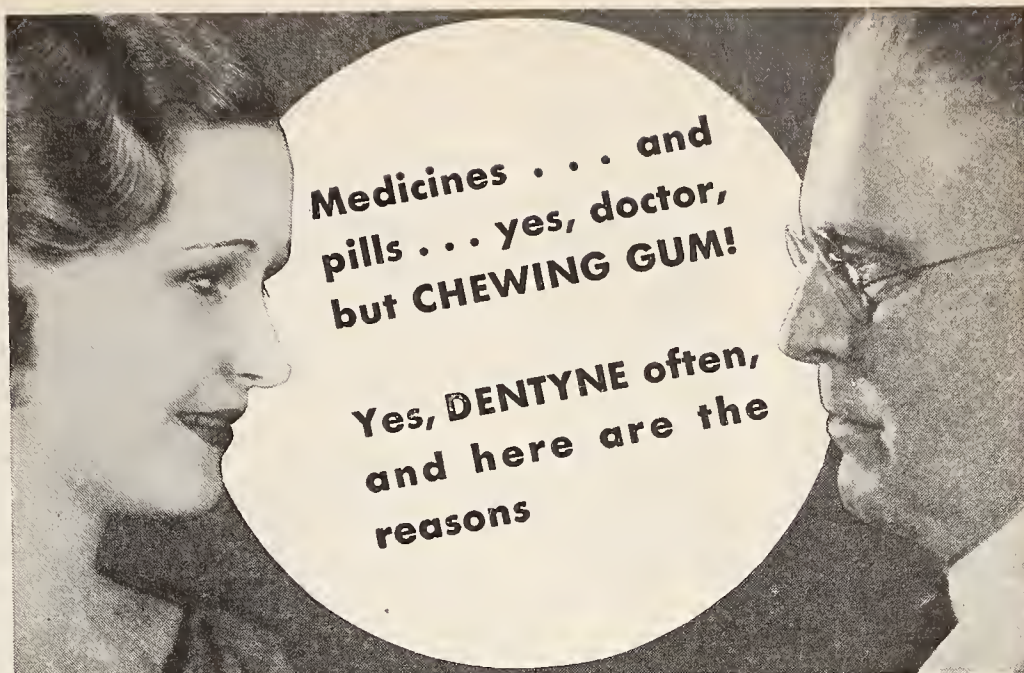
"We are recruiting our former star, Lew Ayres, for two pictures this year, Leila Hyams has come to us under contract for several pictures, Onslow Stevens, who was seen opposite Marion Davies in 'Peg o' My Heart,' has been engaged for 'Suicide Club' and 'Imitation of Life.' We consider Mr. Stevens one of the most interesting leading men now appearing on the screen.

OUR difficulty with Paul Lukas will be in keeping him on hand for the many pictures we want to use him in. He is so popular in his own particular field that we have a constant waiting list wanting to borrow him. Our leading juvenile, Tom Brown, is tremendously popular with young collegians throughout the country and we are now searching for a really strong story for him.

"With the return of musicals, John Boles is solid gold at the box-office. Not to sound superstitious about it, but I am always delighted to sign Boles to one of our pictures because the pictures he has done for us have been sensationally successful. I rate him as a lucky omen for 'Only Yesterday' and 'Blossom Time.'

"Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts have proved at the box-office that they are the most popular comedy team of the past year and, with good comedy

(Continued on page 101)



Medicines . . . and
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And now comes this report (backed by the writings of scores of famous doctors.) Read it and see how important it is to *chew Dentyne regularly*.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — We suggest that you have each member of your family chew Dentyne for five minutes every day. Be as insistent about this as you are about other hygienic daily habits. You will not notice any *immediate* difference. Dentyne will not give you health or beauty *over night*. But the Dentyne

habit may well bring about the lessening of tooth decay, mouth and throat troubles. And it will keep your mouth clean and healthy, your teeth white.

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PAUL RIEGER
154 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Don't Scoff at "Good Health"

(Continued from page 98)

one reason my system stood it was because I had built up a sufficient amount of surplus energy previously to carry me through. But I'll never forget the utter weariness of those days, the deeply dyed indigo spells that came over me.

THE doctor had prescribed a fattening diet for me in order to raise my power of resistance. In a very short time I went up to 120 pounds and stayed there for the remainder of the tour. When I signed a contract to do "Red-Headed Woman," the business of taking off those extra pounds began.

It can be a very dangerous business unless you use discretion. Nothing saps the vitality so quickly as rigorous reducing. The diet I am including here was given me by a specialist after tests had been made. I lost a pound a day on it and felt fine all the while. But it might do harm to another person, particularly if their system cannot stand much protein.

Breakfast: cup of coffee, a poached egg and one slice of toasted white bread.

Lunch: small piece of meat, baked or mashed or boiled potatoes, tea, a tapioca or custard pudding.

Dinner: the same variety as lunch with the addition of one boiled vegetable.

Balance is the keynote of health. You must renew what you spend of yourself. Sometimes it is difficult, I know, but you can usually scheme a way to do it. When I am on the set from ten to sixteen hours, I have no time left to exercise. I overcome that handicap by having a masseuse work over my muscles during the noon hour. Outside of that I never have massages. I do not believe in having the body rubbed and beaten into shape.

I have found these exercises helpful so I have placed them on my morning program whenever I am not due at the studio. The first is for hollow, undeveloped chests and rounded shoulders which seem to be a common complaint. I overcome my own inclination to stooped shoulders by ten minutes of deep breathing followed by this performance: Stand about two feet from the wall, hold yourself erect and place your hands about a foot apart on the wall with the fingers pointing towards each other.

Push forward from the shoulders and at the same time resist the push with your arms. Keep your head high and well back. Bend until your chin almost touches the wall and continue resisting with the arms. This plays one set of muscles against the other and straightens you up in no time if you're faithful to it. It throws the shoulders back into their normal position and consequently gives you room to breathe properly.

To keep the hips down—a real economic necessity these days with the

styles what they are—do a little kicking. Hold on to a chair on your right side to steady yourself and raise the left leg in front of you, keeping the knee straight. Then kick backwards *hard* with a short, swift kick that tenses the muscles. Do this about ten times before turning to the other side and repeating the motion. Make a habit of it and your hip troubles will be over.

And as for the "tummy," that very perplexing part of the anatomy to which the new dresses love to call attention; here's my favorite way of coping with that problem: Stand with the feet about eighteen inches apart, the hands resting at the sides. Slowly rotate the hips in a complete circle. See to it that the upper part of the body remains as straight as possible, *not* rotating.

The matter of internal and external baths is as essential to vitality as common sense diet and rest. To begin the day right, there are the two tumblers of hot water I've mentioned already. They take care of the cleansing inside. A warm shower with a cold one afterwards starts the blood circulating fast so that you feel a grand glow of enthusiasm. Hot baths are enervating. They soften the muscles too much. I dip my face in a pan of ice water four or five times and that is the best "beauty treatment" I've ever discovered. Then, while my cheeks are still tingling, I use a stiff brush to wash my face—not stiff enough to coarsen it, but just enough to bring the blood to the surface. The only makeup I use off the screen is a lipstick. And at night I go through the same home facial treatment that most women do; cleansing cream first, a wash with warm water and pure soap, and an application of tissue cream.

It has always been my belief that the body needs to be free and unhampered to be graceful. If you bind it in any way you do yourself an injury. Around the house I usually wear a loose blouse, shorts and tennis shoes both summer and winter. I never wear high heels unless I am going to a formal affair. There was a time when I considered them essential to looking smart. I thought I could not be poised without them. Now it's all I can do to be poised *with* them. They throw the body into an unnatural position and for constant use they're certainly not the proper thing.

When I finished "Hold Your Man," I was bone-tired. You know the feeling? I rested and the more I rested the more weary I seemed to get. One day Colleen Moore and her husband inveigled me into playing golf. I came home exhausted—and blissfully slept. Since then I have been playing eighteen holes nearly every day. Now I feel as if I could double for the strong man in the circus, I'm that strong. It's grand—health. And the sparkle you acquire out in the sun is what makes you shine.

Forecasting

(Continued from page 99)

stories and plenty of new gags, there can be little lessening of their laugh appeal to the public.

"We will not make as many horror pictures as last season, but will make several novelty-imaginative films, one of which will be 'The Return of Frankenstein,' which brings Karloff back in the role of the monster he made famous.

Not in fifteen long years has Hollywood offered greater opportunity to those who can qualify for movie stardom, but never has Hollywood demanded such a demonstration of personality and inherent talent as it now must to meet the rigid demands of the future."

As he finished this, Carl Laemmle, Jr. turned to his secretary and dictated a notice to the press:

"Universal Studio has just made an appropriation of an additional two million dollars for its 1933-34 schedule."

This startling announcement brings the budget of Hollywood's youngest producer to over twelve millions. We have a hunch that those extra millions will be carefully used to produce new stars! - Let's watch the results!

Ready for Work

(Continued from page 43)

which required immediate attention. For two months, against considerable odds, she nursed and protected him, while production was held up on her picture.

THEN the doctor told Irving that he must take a much longer vacation.

Irving said he could not possibly do it—that it would be absurd for Norma to leave Hollywood for so long a period, particularly since she had not been working for some time. It would mean that her image would be kept off the screen for more than half a year.

But Norma did not hesitate. Her husband was ill. He needed rest. If he went back to the studio at once he might suffer another relapse. There was no choice possible for Norma.

And she tosses the sacrifice off with a word: "Any woman would have done the same, of course."

But "any woman" is not a motion picture star. So much is not involved in a like decision from an average woman. Norma was definitely taking a chance with her career. Two or three excellent stories were on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shelf awaiting Norma's decision. She notified the Powers to use them for other actresses.

She did it, as I have said, in the most matter-of-fact way, without making publicity capital of it. When someone commiserated with her over her long,

(Continued on page 105)

Trained Nurse Loses Fat 45 Pounds in 8 Weeks

Reduces Hips 10 Inches

With

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Eat Big Meals. Fat Goes Quick—Or No Cost

"I had tried all kinds of reducing remedies without results. But I found BonKora different. It has taken off 45 pounds in 8 weeks. My hips reduced 10 inches. I wear dresses 4 sizes smaller. BonKora gave me new health, too. I am a trained nurse and I always recommend BonKora to my patients if they are stout."—Miss Lola A. Sharp. Trained Nurse, Bristol, Ind.

Trust a trained nurse to recognize the best way to lose her own fat. And thousands of men and women everywhere write that BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, took off their fat even when other remedies had failed. It gave them new health and strength, too.

Loses 70 lbs in 14 Weeks

Mrs. F. W. Moran, 2349 Lake St., Kalamazoo, Mich., writes, "I lost 70 lbs. in 14 weeks taking BonKora. Reduced from 210 lbs to 140 lbs. It improved my health, too."

Mrs. Carrie Gray, 2954 Guilford Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "BonKora was recommended to me by a doctor as a safe remedy." I lost 27 lbs. in 7 weeks. Now weigh only 125."

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose?

15 pounds? 25 pounds? 70 pounds? More? Take BonKora, the new, safe Battle Creek Reducing Treatment.

BonKora takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple speed. Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or if you are just fat in certain parts—chin, shoulders, waist, hips or bust—this fat goes first. You can stop then. If you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

Don't starve. Take BonKora daily and you can EAT BIG MEALS of tasty foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact this treatment *builds health* while reducing fat the *quickest way*. This new health, combined with new slender figures, makes users look YEARS YOUNGER, too.

Don't be fat any longer. Get

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Love in the Life of Leslie Howard

(Continued from page 57)

no matter what happened, would go back.

One evening, while he was garrisoned in the English town of Canterbury, family friends invited him for dinner. There was another guest. A girl. Ruth was her name. Ruth Martin. She was enough of a beauty to charm any man. But it was the little, individual things about her that especially intrigued Leslie. The shape of her eyes, for instance. The proud tilt of her chin. And the sympathetic way she moved her hands.

Ruth Martin liked Leslie, too. His lean, sensitive face, that puzzled look of his, his slight weariness, and the shy, hesitating quality of his smile, she found far more thrilling and romantic than the swashbuckling of the other officers and men.

They had so much in common, these two. Even on the first evening they met they kept interrupting each other all the time. And although she was charming enough to have supported the most romantic poses, she never struck one or expected him to.

He married her. At St. Mary's Church. In the early afternoon.

He was soon to sail for France and they both were young enough and gallant enough to take life as they found it.

The war over, after some trench work and one or two such experiences as men put in the back of their minds and never talk about, Leslie Howard took his bride back to his father's house just outside of London.

And now his most trying, difficult experience lay before him.

They sat around the dinner table that first night, the four of them, two senior and two junior Howards. Obviously, Leslie's mother and father liked the charming, intelligent young person he had married. Undoubtedly they were relieved he had married. Marriage keeps a man's nose down to earth. And they had a notion this was precisely what Leslie needed.

"You mustn't plan to go back to the bank right off," Leslie's father said. "You and Ruth must take a fortnight for a real honeymoon. You'd better report, however. Tell them just when they can expect you."

"I've been thinking," Leslie Howard ventured, "that I wouldn't go back to the bank."

"You see," he continued quickly, anxious to have it over with, "I find myself tremendously interested in the theatre. I want to be a playwright. Or even an actor."

HIS mother and father exchanged glances. Then they turned, in final appeal, to their daughter-in-law. Surely this clear-thinking young English woman would see that it most decidedly was not to her advantage to encourage

Leslie in any such idiotic notions.

But she didn't appear to see anything of the kind. She, too, seemed a trifle mad.

"I quite agree with Leslie," she told them gently, with a smile that was meant to be placating. "You see, he's told me how he hated the bank, how because of it he used to dread every new day. The war got him out of it. If he didn't try for the things he's really interested in now, he'd never forgive himself. And I'd never forgive myself."

The day following, still in his uniform, he began the rounds of the theatrical agents. He was quite honest. He didn't pretend to any experience. The agents laughed at him. Every day a hundred discharged soldiers, unwilling to go back to routine desk jobs, came to them with quite the same story.

But Leslie kept on. By the law of average the more agents he insisted put down his name, address, and telephone number, the more chance he had of landing some kind of an engagement.

He might not have relished being a business man, a clerk cooped up in a bank all day, doing the same dull things year in, year out. But I contend, nevertheless, that he would have made an excellent business man even though he would have been unspeakably bored every minute of his life. He's proven very wise about all the business details which pertain to his work, details most actors never understand. Today, for instance, he's increased his income many times because he had the perspicacity to become co-producer of the stage productions in which he stars, taking a minimum salary and fifty percent of all profits, including among other things, any movie rights for which the play may sell.

But, to get back to his story. . . .

Weeks passed. At Cox's, the job was held open. That worried Leslie Howard frightfully. That kept alive the possibility that in the end he would have to go back there.

FINALLY, that stroke of luck Leslie had counted upon, materialized. One of the agents with whom he now was listed, one of the agents who had laughed at him, had an appointment for him with a manager. This manager was sending out a road show to play "Peg O' My Heart."

Leslie was engaged to play Jerry at the comparatively inadequate salary of four pounds a week. And then—the young Howards' luck was running strong this day—Ruth Martin Howard was engaged. As general understudy to the ladies of the company.

It was midsummer. They played the English coast towns. Cornwall. Devon. They were poor. But it isn't hard to be poor when you're young and it's midsummer, and you're at the sea, with

the one being you love more than life. Other province engagements followed. While these served Leslie Howard's purpose, they were all very well. While they gave him a chance to serve a necessary apprenticeship, he was content with them. However, immediately the road show managers began entrusting him with more important roles in more important companies, he felt it was time he turned his attention to smaller roles. To smaller roles in London.

So, casting his lot with the Pinero play, "Freaks," Leslie Howard came at last to London. The production itself ran two weeks, but the serious young man, playing a serious young man in the play, had turned this time to good account.

The plays that were to make Leslie Howard famous, until Broadway and finally Hollywood would seek him out with golden promises, followed, one upon the heels of another.

Ruth Howard gave up the stage. A year or two later their first child was born. Ronald. He's fourteen now. Six years later there was a daughter. Leslie.

With the first fruits of his success in the theatre, Leslie Howard bought a charming country house just outside of London. It is here the four Howards return eagerly whether they've been on a holiday at a villa in southern France, sojourning in a New York penthouse during the winter theatrical season, or spending months on end in a Beverly Hills house or a bungalow at Palm Springs or Del Monte. It's home. It means happy days. Joyous days.

The Life of Cary Grant

(Continued from page 30)

him as much as the electrical lab. He loved to experiment with lights and particularly with lighting effects. Whenever a musical comedy would come to town, Archie would work himself in backstage, mostly through a desire to watch the electrical appliances. Once he made quite a hit with the head electrician by offering a very effective suggestion about colored lights. It was through this contact that Archie got his first taste of the stage, the only interesting, exciting life he had discovered since the war.

The electrician gave him a job as an assistant, but more exciting still, when the troupe left for Norwich, Archie got a small part (no lines to speak, but plenty of pantomime).

Archie might have gone on to develop into the Boy Barrymore of rural England if Jim (and a rather irate Jim, too) had not come to Norwich and forced his budding genius son to return to Bristol and his school work. Reluctantly Archie was enrolled in Clifton College, which should have been a rather agreeable adventure considering that Benita Hume sat right in front of him during history session. But, though Archie and Benita talked over daily lessons and scholastic assignments, not even the slightest romance developed

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between the two youngsters, who were destined to meet again in distant Hollywood ten years later.

I SIMPLY was not interested in girls," Cary Grant explained of Archie Leach of those unhappy college days. "My short experience with the traveling troupe had made me restless to be about more exciting adventures of life than schooling, or school boy romances. I spent my spare time practicing handsprings, stilt-walking and acrobatics of all kinds and descriptions. At the end of three months in Clifton, Jim was convinced that I was getting no good out of it. He permitted me to write the troupe asking if there was another opening for me, and when they replied that they could use me as a stilt-walker during their engagement at the Hippodrome in New York City, I was so overjoyed that Jim finally broke down and said I might accept."

Archie was sixteen years old when he came to America for the first time. He crossed on the Olympic and, thrill of thrills, Douglas Fairbanks, then king of the movie world, was aboard. Young Archie immediately hooked on as close to the fringe of Doug's entourage as possible. He literally shadowed the movie athlete about deck, listening to the amusing anecdotes he told and watching his physical feats with the widest-eyed admiration. When Doug discovered that his young fan was himself quite an acrobat, they spent hours in the ship's gym performing stunts and chinning exercises.

New York proved to be the most exciting and glamorous place Archie had ever seen. When he was not walking on his fourteen-foot stilts across the stage of the Hippodrome, he was touring the city from the Bronx to the Battery. One very serious accident marked the Hippodrome engagement. During an evening performance the strap around his right foot broke and, after trying desperately to hop off the stage on one stilt, he lost his balance and fell headlong among a group of chorus girls. Two of the girls were slightly injured and the ligaments of his leg were badly wrenched. During his convalescence another stilt-walker was engaged, which meant that he was left high, wide, but not so handsome, practically broke in New York. The manager of the troupe, taking pity on the boy, finally offered to pay his way back to England and his family. He accepted the money, but he did not return to England.

Instead he nearly starved to death.

Evidently there were no other shows in New York that needed stilt-walkers or even a good acrobat. Archie tried selling neckties and books, but these commodities, too, were apparently on the "no can use" list with New Yorkers. He had no friends in America. There was no one the lonely boy could turn to for help. He was intensely miserable and hungry for nearly three weeks before someone put him on to the idea that he might get a stilt-walking job at Coney Island where stilt-walkers were often engaged for advertising purposes to catch the eye of the Sunday crowds.

ARCHIE had lost ten pounds during the weeks of his enforced diet. His ankle was not yet well from his fall on the stage of the Hippodrome. Yet he gladly accepted the jockey cap, the black trousers and the five-foot stilts from the promoters advertising Steeple Chase Park.

It was an extremely hot summer at Coney Island. The intense heat, the throbbing, milling crowd that swarmed about him, making his stilt walking doubly difficult, would set his brain in such a dizzy whirl that he frequently fell crashing to the pavement. The crowd, thinking the "stunt" was part of his act, would laugh and applaud as he struggled to his stilts once more, afraid that one of his employers might hear of his accidents and give his job away to some more robust "stilter."

The salary he received was barely enough to pay for his room with a scant bit left over for one good meal a day. But Archie was not long in learning a few tricks of the Coney Island trade. Around meal-time each day he would stilt walk up to one of the numerous hotdog and sandwich stands and "rest," followed always by the large crowd that surrounded him. The proprietors were usually so delighted at the rush of business that resulted from the "tall man's" patronage, that they would hand out free meals.

But the Coney Island season is short and with the coming of fall there were no more advertising jobs for a young stilt-walker.

The small amount of money he had saved soon melted away and for three nights he slept on a New York park bench. Had it not been for a young fellow named James Ashley, who was an office boy for a successful actors' agent in New York, the seventeen-year-old Archie might have become a public charge. But in making the rounds applying for a stage job, he confided to the sympathetic Ashley (and Cary insists that Ashley was probably the only sympathetic office boy ever known in New York) his financial troubles, and that young benefactor turned over to Archie a key to the office, which helped solve one problem.

At night, after everyone had gone from the elaborate office, Archie would sneak in and curl up on Ashley's desk for his evening rest. During breakfast and lunch, he was usually Ashley's guest and so great were his new found pal's efforts in his behalf that he eventually landed an extra job at the Hippodrome.

But a year and a half of hard luck in New York had temporarily broken the spirit of the kid who had had such high plans when he arrived. He saved all the money he could out of the Hippodrome job and managed to rake together enough to take him back home to England.

But Archie was not done with America. He was just temporarily retrenching. "I'll be back," he said to that famous skyline as his boat vanished into a world of fog. "I'll be back again, soon. And then just you watch my smoke!"

(To be continued)

Ready for Work

(Continued from page 101)

anxious vigil at Irving's bedside, she said, "Why, I enjoyed it! I have loved being at home, having a vacation from the studio, having all this time to be close to my family. I am essentially a lazy person." Lazy! With all the things she had to cope with!

She did confess (and this may surprise the people who have maintained that Norma's ambition dictated that marriage) that she had agreed, on her wedding day, to quit the screen whenever Irving should ask her to do so.

"The only stipulation I made," she said, "was that he be very sure of what he wanted before he made such a request. If he should really want me to retire—after due and deliberate and reasonable thought—then I would do it. I promised him that. Irving thought, in the first, romantic flush of the honeymoon, that he would want me to be merely a wife—some day. But, as the years have gone by, he has become interested in me as an actress—quite apart from his interest in me as Mrs. Thalberg. A showman's interest!"

WHEN she said that she and her husband were going to Europe, the Charlie MacArthurs (Helen Hayes) decided to go along. The Thalbergs would take little Irving, Jr., and the MacArthurs would take their daughter Mary.

"The holiday began at once," Norma said. "Mostly, on a boat, you're going somewhere for the holiday to begin. This was different.

"Our staterooms formed a little island all our own and we had such fun—all children and nurses and husbands and wives.

"We got off at Panama. In Havana, except for the crowds that met us at the boat but soon dispersed, we were free to come and go as we pleased.

"I've always been bored with sight-seeing," said Norma, "but I enjoyed it this time. We all of us laughed so much. We went to a charming beer garden where the children drank white rock and thought they were having beer.

"A great weight seemed to be lifted. The cares of the studio were entirely gone. Irving was behaving like a robust boy instead of the very sick man he had been a few weeks before. He and Charlie were like a couple of kids together."

They did not stay long in New York and when they sailed on a wonderful new boat, a veritable floating palace, they had no idea where they would go in Europe.

IT was Charlie and Helen who suggested Antibes, France, because they had spent their honeymoon there.

They went to Antibes to stay a week—and they stayed a month, lolling on the sands, watching their children play, letting the sun restore them.

But Hollywood intruded. Helen was suddenly called back to work at the

(Continued on page 109)



Sydney Fox and
Jack Oakie

**"Quick, dear—
my crying towel!"**

SYDNEY: "Why, Jack—you're weeping! What's the matter?"

JACK: "I've (sniff) I've just signed up with (sniff, sniff) an Antarctic expedition!"

SYDNEY: "Well, that's no reason for crying. Brace up. You're not afraid of the icebergs, are you?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Nor the polar bears?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Nor the wild Eskimos?"

JACK: "Nope."

SYDNEY: "Then what the devil are you crying about?"

JACK: "Don't you see, silly, when I'm way up there in the cold, cold north, far from civilization, I won't be able (sniff, sniff) to buy my monthly copy of

FILM FUN

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine!"

P. S. Better see your newsdealer today before he's (sniff, sniff) sold out!

Here's Peggy Again

(Continued from page 61)

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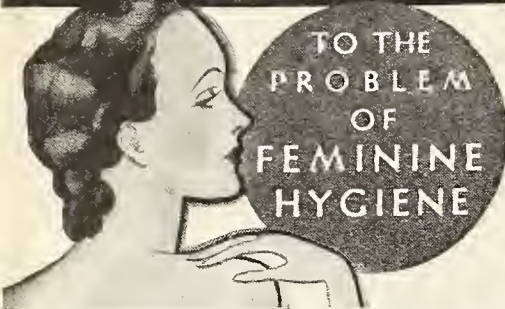
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have a new name; something with pep; something like—like Peggy."

So Peggy she became, and Winona went into the discard, along with the gingham dresses and the (honest and truly) long bloomers that reached below the knees. She knew nothing about dancing, but she took lessons for three hours every morning and rehearsed with the chorus every afternoon and most of every night, until after two weeks she could step with the best of them. Maybe it was because she was so green that members of the chorus were kind to her, because as a rule, show girls aren't that way. Most of them will take the orchids right off a pal's shoulder if they can get away with it.

When the Ziegfeld show closed she went to Buffalo on the advice of a friendly executive, where she worked in a stock company for eighteen months. This was gruelling training, but when Peggy returned to Broadway, it was with the confidence that she knew how to act. Then followed a series of failures; she was cast in fifteen successive shows that flopped. Over and over, it became a monotonous story—two weeks of rehearsing and one week of actual run. Somewhere in her youth she had read: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The proverb made no mention of eight or nine or ten failures, but Peggy kept trying again.

She was invited to take motion picture tests, but she thought her mouth was too large, and that she would not screen well, so she rejected every offer. Until April, 1931. At that time, Paramount urged her to visit the Long Island studio and be photographed. She was promised that if the tests were not good, she would be given the negative film to destroy or do with as she wished. With this guarantee, Peggy submitted. The test turned out excellently, and she signed a motion picture contract.

SHE embarked for Hollywood without the least idea that she would remain. Broadway actors and actresses were returning from the West in droves, all of them with dire tales of mistreatment at the hands of studio executives. Peggy's contract necessitated the journey to California, but so certain was she that before long she'd be back in New York that she left her mother behind.

No one met Peggy at the station in Los Angeles. Finally convinced that she was on her own, she hailed a cab and pointed for Paramount. The executive to whom she had been instructed to report was absent when she arrived at the studio. No one else knew anything about her, so for two hours she cooled her heels in the outer waiting room, tired, hungry, lonely for New

York and wishing she had never taken a movie test in the first place.

The following day, when her identity had been established and studio officials decided she really was a Paramount asset, she met Sylvia Sidney, whom she had known on Broadway. Sylvia took Peggy to luncheon in the studio commissary, and there for the first time, Peggy met Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich and other stars whom she had long envied but never hoped to know. That same afternoon she was informed that she would replace Clara Bow in "The Secret Call." Clara, it seems, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Could Peggy be ready to take her place in the cast the following morning? Peggy could, she declared.

She was rushed immediately to the wardrobe, where from four o'clock until after midnight she was fitted into the ten dresses, shoes and hats that had been designed for Miss Bow. There followed an hour of make-up tests, after which Peggy went to the small apartment she had rented. She went to bed, but she did not sleep; she studied lines until time for her to dress and rush to the studio. She thanked God for the eighteen months with the Buffalo stock company, for without that experience she could never have memorized her lines.

Not until she had been in Hollywood for months did it become known that Peggy was married. On the advice of the studio publicity department, she posed as an unmarried girl. Because she wanted to be fair to her husband, Alan Davis, she refused to go out with anyone except Richard Arlen and his wife, Joybna Ralston. She was soon astounded (and incidentally, had her first introduction to Hollywood gossip) to learn that she was rumored having an affair with Arlen. In order to offset such a ridiculous untruth, she made dates with most of Hollywood's young bachelors. And again, in an effort to be true to her marital vows, she did not permit herself the pleasure of one man's company more than a few times, whereupon Hollywood gossipers termed her an outrageous flirt. That was enough for Peggy. She told the world she had a husband, and announced that if being happily married meant an end to her movie career, she would be quite pleased to return to New York.

Peggy doesn't want to go out much anyway. She doesn't care for the usual Hollywood pastime, such as first nights, Mayfair dances, Brown Derby lunches and bridge parties. She likes mountain hikes; she enjoys lonely trips to the seashore; and she sees lots of motion picture shows. Now and then she gets lonesome for New York, but she likes Hollywood better now that she did.

She has simple tastes, and she's an ardent movie fan for Jimmy Cagney and

Wynne Gibson. Told some time ago that Spencer Tracy might steal her newest picture, "After the Rain," she answered, "Okay, it will hold up the story." She is superstitious; what Southerner is not? She makes wishes on the slightest pretexts, and if enough circumstances do not occur to provide wishes, she invents new reasons.

Peggy likes backgammon, but she hates crossword puzzles, which atones for the backgammon. She has no fads, and collects nothing except souvenirs, such as the letter she earned as a member of the Pine Bluff High School basketball team. She plays the piano and violin—never simultaneously, she says—and reads and writes French so well she can hardly understand herself.

Her savings go directly into four percent government bonds, and when she has enough of them, she'll trade the bonds for cash to buy a house with trees in the yard, and she'll equip that house with at least two or three dogs; she loves them. Peggy is Irish, which accounts for her name and spirit; English, whence come her reserve and her tendency to think before she acts; and Austrian, from which ancestral blood she inherits simple charm and down-to-earthness.

Peggy is five feet, four inches tall, and when she tips the scales at more than 118 pounds, she knows the scales are wrong. The red hair is her own, and it is not bobbed; she dresses it at times to look that way. She has blue-grey eyes; call 'em hazel if you like, and when she uses them, she can make a mere man—like me—feel like pulling a tiger's tail, or biting a lion, or indulging some other such sport to prove what a caveman he can be.

Doug Discovers His Father

(Continued from page 31)

"Sure," said Doug. You couldn't say anything else to a stranger.

And then an amazing thing happened. As the train put mile after mile between them and Hollywood, it seems as if a dark cloud lifted from young Doug's heart. He looked at his father. Senior smiled. Perhaps, Doug thought, he would understand.

"I never want to go back there," he said. "Well, some day, maybe. But not now. I want a long, long time away. And then, if a marvelous picture comes up for me I'd like to go back and make it and then leave again. But I always want to be outside Hollywood—never again a part of it."

"Sure," said Senior, "I know." And looking at him, Doug realized that he did.

THE companionship began right then. It grew with each click of the wheels.

They had a swell time together in New York and discovered, amazingly enough, that they liked the same things and the same people. It was as if they

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were two strangers just discovering a mutual affinity.

On the boat—each wave putting Hollywood farther and farther away—that friendship grew and when, in London, they selected a flat they both knew that they had never been happier.

They were entertained, wined and dined. Their bachelor quarters rang with gayety. They liked the same foods and the same amusements and for one whole week they talked and laughed and reminisced like the old cronies they had become. All those years of misunderstanding and timidity that had stood between them were now gone. They were much more than father and son—they were friends.

This was what young Doug had wanted.

He applied himself to his writing and put Hollywood from his mind until the night when the telephone rang and these words came to his ears, "Hollywood calling Mr. Fairbanks, Jr.," and almost immediately, "Hello, Doug? Ernst Lubitsch. How soon can you get back? I want you to play the Noel Coward part in 'Design for Living.'"

With a vague, "I'll let you know," Doug hung up the telephone and turned to his father.

The struggle within him was intense. Here was this marvelous offer—just the sort of thing he wanted—but it had come too soon. He was not able to face Hollywood just yet. There were so many things he wanted to do, so much he wanted to prove to himself.

He had refused smaller offers, of course, but this was different. It was the Noel Coward play that he adored. The chance to work with Lubitsch. A great part that half the actors in Hollywood would give their right arms—and a couple of eye teeth thrown in—to do. But it had come too soon!

He was not yet far enough away from himself. He hadn't had as much of London and the companionship of his father as he needed. Why, they were just getting settled, just realizing how happy they could be together. He couldn't face Hollywood yet.

But if he didn't face it? Then, of course, he would be an errant coward. This was his chance to prove what he could do on the screen.

"What do you think?" he asked his father.

"You've got to do it," Senior said. "Be a quitter if you didn't. It's your big chance."

"But I'm not ready to go back yet," the son persisted.

THERE followed twenty-four hours of tortured indecision. At the end of that time he sent a cable to Lubitsch. He told him what time he was sailing.

As his father saw him off on the boat he slipped a little box into his hand. Young Doug opened it an hour later. There in the cotton lay a combination cigarette lighter and watch, engraved "To my boy from his boy." That made the trip back easier.

All during the trip he tried to acquire an attitude toward his return. Certainly it was the great opportunity, but since he wasn't ready for it, he might fail.

Suppose, when the picture was finished, his friend, Noel Coward, the author of "Design for Living," should think he had done a bad job. Suppose the picture should turn out all wrong.

If it had only come six months later! Then he would have been ready. But now—now it was too soon.

His mother, Mrs. Jack Whiting, was at the boat to meet him. She thought that he was talking louder than usual and she knew, when she kissed him, that his face was hot. But he told her he had gotten a terrific sunburn on deck the day before.

And then, when he entered her New York apartment, he took one step forward and fell in a heap on the floor.

Fifteen minutes later ambulance sirens were splitting the air and Douglas, with a fever of 105, was being rushed to the hospital with double pneumonia.

It was weird about that illness. Doug predicted every turn it would take. One day the doctor told him it was not so serious as they thought and that he would feel better the next day. "You're wrong," said Doug. And that night the temperature went back to 105.

His mother had no idea how ill he was. Joan generously offered to come if he needed her, but Doug was afraid it would only worry him more if she came—the necessity of the trip would make his mother think he was more ill than she knew. They wouldn't tell Mrs. Whiting that his life hung by a thread, but when he was his most ill he looked at the doctor and said, "Tomorrow my fever will go down and I'll be better."

And the next day the crisis was past.

All during this time frantic wires and telephone calls had been going back and forth between Hollywood and New York. Lubitsch had wired that he would hold the picture up for as long as a month, waiting for his recovery. Paramount officials visited the hospital and the Paramount doctor examined him. The doctor said that he could not contemplate work for at least three months. "He's got to take a long, long rest. Can't possibly make the picture. I suggest an ocean voyage."

And this is the end of the story. A real happy ending, too. For Douglas satisfied his soul and made the gesture, showing that he was willing to face the Hollywood music again—much as he hated it. But a circumstance entirely outside himself had prevented him from doing it.

I saw him the day before he sailed—returning to England and to the cosy flat he and his father had planned together, returning to that new-found companionship that means so much.

If he had stayed on in England he never could have looked himself in the face again. He would have shirked a responsibility if he had turned the part down. But his illness saved him from having to see Hollywood too soon.

He looked marvelously well the day I talked with him about all this. He had recuperated with an amazing rapidity. And he was glad to be going back.

"I'm not coming to America again," he told me, "until I'm ready for it. This illness was really the hand of fate."

Ready for Work

(Continued from page 105)

studio. However, nothing broke the spell of Norma's and Irving's ecstatic vacation.

They took various trips in France and then to Germany "to take the cure" at a famous health resort. The cure lasted six weeks and when it was finished, they were as healthy as a pair of athletes.

Already they had overstayed their leave, but somehow they didn't mind. Since the birth of the baby, three years ago, Norma had not been away from the studio for any length of time.

They were two runaways and they loved it.

When the cure was finished, Irving said, "Where shall we go now?"

"Somewhere where we can hear something besides this babble of German," said Norma.

"Scotland?" suggested Irving.

"Scotland," said Norma.

IN Scotland they decided that they must not be runaways any more—that they must return to Hollywood. They could, they decided, sneak a few days in London and then they must get back to work.

And, when this decision was made, something curious happened to Norma. She had, as I've already told, not stopped to consider the effects that such a prolonged absence from the screen might have upon her career. She had, during those fine months of glorious vagabondage, put Hollywood out of her mind. But suddenly, when home was so close, she found herself eager to get back—with an eagerness for her work she had not felt in months.

Within her there was a terrific urge not simply to do a job well, but to give something fine to her work.

The anxiety she felt for Irving was gone. Every time she looked at him she re-discovered the abundant health he had stored up during the trip. It had all been worthwhile, so absolutely without unpleasantness. It was the perfect holiday.

And now she is ready for work.

The dark days are past. She did what any woman who loves her husband would do—made a sacrifice for him. But it is a gesture that very few film stars would make. And the rewards of her sacrifice have been great because, if she has lost anything by being away so long, she can immediately make up that loss with her new outlook on her work, her new and even more compelling energy and the real inspiration and satisfaction her holiday has given her!

Concerning Irving's plans—it is fairly well settled that he will produce, independently, pictures to be released under the M-G-M name. Norma, of course, will go where her husband goes. And it is said that several other M-G-M stars will sign up with Thalberg, too. All this has, of course, immensely whetted Norma's "readiness for work."

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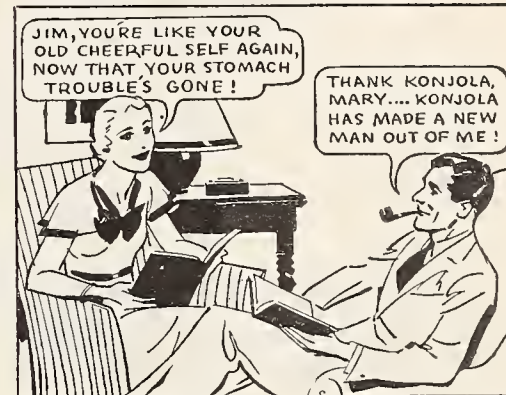
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Behind the Scenes on the Divorce Epidemic

(Continued from page 15)

day she discovered that he had cabled his brother at the same time, but in a very different tenor. It was a business cable in which he stated that if Mary wished to keep Pickfair, she would have to pay all expenses.

Doug has been criticized for making lengthy trips without Mary. Mary has been criticized for not accompanying him on his travels. This I know, that Doug did not ask Mary to go with him. I know also that at the time Mary was making "Secrets," she and Doug were planning to go to Europe together the minute the picture was finished. Retakes, however, held Mary over for three additional days. Doug did not wait.

More than once he has gone off on a long trip without telling Mary until the last moment. Often she has not known whether to expect him home for meals or not. You may remember the time Mary was on her way to New York by train and Doug dropped spectacularly out of the skies and caught her at Kansas City. What had happened was this: Doug had gone to his ranch near San Diego and remained there three days without letting Mary hear from him. She decided that for once she would go him one better and do a little walking out herself. So, without a word to him, she started for New York by rail. As soon as word of her departure reached him, Doug hopped a plane and reached Kansas City in time to meet the train.

There has been a great deal of talk about Doug's interest in a titled English woman. Whether that interest is romantic or platonic, I would not venture to say. I do know, however, that the anonymous lady repeatedly mentioned in connection with the Pickford-Fairbanks rift, is Lady Sylvia Ashley, wife of the Earl of Shaftesbury's son. And that she was, before marriage, Sylvia Hawks, showgirl.

This also I know, that for some time Doug has been anxious to dispose of Pickfair. The upkeep of the place is tremendous and he has spent less and less time there. He prefers Europe and feels that there is no point in maintaining such an elaborate and expensive place of residence in Hollywood. He enjoys the friendship and mode of living of the European, particularly the English nobility, more than life in Hollywood. Mary, on the other hand, prefers Hollywood and the people she has worked and played with for years. Who is to say which of them is right?

AS for Hoot and Sally; theirs has been a hectic and storm-troubled marital voyage.

Before Sally went to Europe, hers and Hoot's status was one of friendly separation. They denied both divorce and reconciliation statements. They lived apart, but went places together. They were mad about each other, as they always have been, but constant

bickering had widened the rift between them to the point where they realized that any emotional reconciliation could only be a temporary one. When Sally sailed for Europe, they had an understanding. It was to the effect that she would see how she felt with those thousands of miles between them.

She did write him and her answer was definitely no. Hoot, meanwhile, had met little blonde Joan Gale. He was willing to wait a reasonable length of time for Sally to make up her mind, but not indefinitely. Little Gale was right there at hand, obviously crazy about him, and he was much attracted to her. She was not a prominent picture figure like Sally. There was no career to conflict. Whereas he and Sally had spatted constantly, he and Joan had never a word. The attraction grew, and eventually Hoot professed himself in love with Joan.

Then Hoot cracked up at the Air Races and for several days he was in a serious condition. When they dragged him from his wrecked plane, it was Joan he called for. And it was Joan who was at his bedside constantly. Sally, back in New York by then, wired messages of concern and solicitude. She telegraphed Hoot's close friends that her bank account was at his disposal and not to let him want for anything. But Hoot and his friends felt that if Sally had still loved him she would have put everything else aside to rush to him. A little unfair, considering that Sally knew he was in no danger and considering that Hoot had been openly telling the press about his feeling for Joan Gale.

Speaking of Hoot's friends. Their loyalty and devotion to him has in some ways rather hindered than helped a reconciliation. He has always turned to his men friends for sympathy during any quarrel with Sally. Joan Gale is the first woman who has ever figured seriously in the situation. Hoot ardently professes his love for her; yet every time he receives a wire from Sally he is all agog.

When, right out of an apparently clear sky, Carole Lombard departed for Reno to start divorce proceedings, Bill Powell gave out a statement to the press that her move was a complete surprise to him. That statement was not quite true. There had been a settlement three days before. Whether Bill's simulated surprise was an attempt to protect Carole or himself, I do not know. There have been two-way rumors, both that Carole was interested in another man and that Bill was interested in another woman. I do not think either is the real reason for the divorce.

I believe the fundamental cause of the Lombard-Powell split was a difference in age and temperament. When Bill and Carole first fell in love, Carole hesitated a long time before she made up her mind to marry him. Much as

she loved him, she did not feel that they could make a go of marriage. Bill, she pointed out, was much older. He had had his playboy days. He had been married before and divorced. He had long been one of the gay bachelors around town, and he was tired of it. He wanted to settle down and lead a routine existence.

On the other hand, Carole said she was not at all ready to settle down. Life for her was just beginning and she wanted to be free to taste it to the full. She was, she said, a very disorganized person at the time. And added that her family was equally disorganized, haphazard and impulsive. When Bill was courting her, he used to go to her house for dinner and was invariably completely bewildered by the whole household. That seemed a warning to Carole that she would not fit into Bill's scheme of married life. But she finally allowed him to overcome her doubts and fears; her better judgment, one might say.

Then, there was the problem of Bill's eight-year-old son by his first marriage. Bill was mad about the youngster, had him at the house, and got a great kick out of palling with him. He taught him to ride and was immensely proud of him. He was absorbed in studying the boy, watching his development. Perhaps, without realizing it, Carole was a little jealous of that relationship between father and son, a relationship in which she had no share.

WITH Richard Dix and his wife, it was a case of difference of career rather than of age or temperament. When Dix, the perennial bachelor, finally married, he chose a non-professional, a society girl. It wasn't long before it became apparent that she did not understand an actor's life. Sometimes Dix would work all night and she would be left alone. Then, when he was at home, he'd be too tired to go out. She was young and attractive and naturally she wanted bright lights and excitement occasionally.

Dix, after his years of bachelorhood, probably didn't find it easy to adjust himself to matrimony. At any rate, there were rows and eventually a separation.

The birth of a baby daughter brought them back together temporarily. Dix bought a house and once more he and Winifred Coe tried to make a go of marriage. However, even the baby could not bring them together for long. They have parted again, this time permanently. Winifred Coe has gone back to her people and to the life she understands. And Dix has gone back to his bachelorhood.

Claudette Colbert's comment on the rumor problem is: "If Norman's and my marriage ever does break up, it will be due to these rumors." Connie Bennett, who is also vehemently denying divorce talk, says, on the other hand, "Even if I didn't love Henri as much as I do, I'd stick to him out of sheer stubbornness just to thwart these rumor hounds." Which, even believing as much as I do in Connie's independence of spirit, I seriously doubt.

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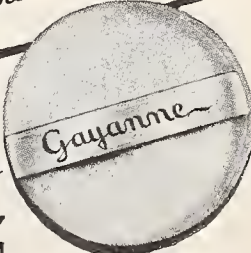
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Katharine Hepburn's Marriage

(Continued from page 17)

curse it puts on all its marriages might shatter her own marital security?

She trembled at the thought, I am sure, and tried to force her mind to flee from it. But here were reporters waiting with questions. She tried to avoid their queries into her private life. In vain, of course. So, with all the treasury of her happiness at stake, she lied valorously.

A white lie, as we now see it, but then . . . well, she denied her marriage and of all the low forms of life there is none meaner than the woman who, in the first flush of success, disavows the mate who helped her to triumph.

It was only natural that we, who knew the facts, should wonder . . . and worry. Not about Katharine, who has always been able to take care of herself, but about her marriage.

I want you to know about that marriage. It is a very special kind, you may be sure. When you understand how special it is, you will understand almost all there is to know about Katharine Hepburn. And Ludlow Smith.

Look at the man. He is six feet tall, broad, dark, and good-looking. His eyes show a sense of humor, keen understanding and sympathy. When he smiles, which is often, you are surprised at its contagious quality. His office is in mid-town New York where he makes an excellent living selling insurance. More than once, he has been mistaken for a foreigner; probably it is his dark but ruddy coloring and the way he wears his hair . . . rather long so that it curls about his face and ears. He is the sort of man who looks stunning in brown, who wears a soft hat and a tweed topcoat and smokes a briar pipe with devastating effect.

Travel is his hobby; that and photography. When he and Katharine go abroad, they take movies of their trips. Last year, they went through Europe by motor, over the Alpine passes and to Rome, Vienna, Berlin. On her first trip to Hollywood, his present to her was a moving picture camera.

HER residence being on the West Coast and his in the East would disturb, one might think, the happy balance of family life that was theirs before she turned toward the cinema. But it doesn't. Whenever she is with him, they go week-ending or for longer stays, if there is time, to her Hartford home; or, in the summer, to the Hepburn summer place on Long Island Sound. When she must remain in the West, he makes those visits just the same. Katharine has two brothers old enough for Harvard and two sisters old enough for Bryn Mawr. There is nothing the four of them enjoy more than rough-housing with "Kath's boy friend."

That is the man today, not much different from the Ludlow Smith who came into her life that glamorous evening at Bryn Mawr when she, a junior in college, felt the thrilling tap on her shoul-

der that claimed her as his partner at a dance to which he had come "stag."

There have always been schoolgirl romances but sometimes, in the memories of classmates, there is one which shines with a luster that defies time's tarnish. Such a one, her friends remember, was this between Katharine and Ludlow.

He lived in Philadelphia, a brief run from Bryn Mawr. I didn't know him then but he must have been one to wear becomingly the mantle of romance. His background included the wealth of a prominent Philadelphia family, a vast amount of foreign travel, and schooling that culminated at the University of Grenoble, near Paris. No wonder that this undergraduate girl saw in him her Prince Charming.

As for Katharine, you have seen her on the screen and can better understand the allure that she held for the "stag" visitor. But this you may not know. This girl who has been called wild, rich (in the Barbara Hutton sense), Bohemian, outlandish, egotistical, exotic, eccentric and blasé is really as charming and human a being as you could meet. Knowing these things knowing that her father is a well-known surgeon and her mother is a cousin of Alonso B. Houghton who was America's Ambassador to the Court of St. James, you find that she is one of us, although publicity departments might have us think otherwise.

And quite like many of us, when she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1928, she did not want to stay at home. Why? Because the hypnotic glitter of the theatre had already fixed her in the spell it casts over its devotees. Speaking rôles in a scattering of Bryn Mawr plays had trained her most inadequately for a career, but to the ambition of youth this was no handicap. Her father, dead set against the theatre as a career for his daughter, discovered her mother dead set for it; so he compromised, and Katharine got what she wanted.

ONE of the first persons to learn of this domestic victory was Ludlow Smith. Amazingly, Fate seems to have placed him with her during many moments destined to become milestones in her life. This night she met him with shining eyes and said, "Dad's given permission. I'm going on the stage."

He thought a moment, deeply, have no doubt; for this was the girl he hoped to marry. But as yet he had not proposed. It isn't difficult to imagine the conflict in his mind. Most men don't willingly share their wives with a career. His answer to her that night is a clue to the bigness of the person we hear of today as the mysterious "Mr. Smith."

"I know a man who might help you," he told her. "Maybe we can get you a job."

That friend of Ludlow's gave her a letter to a producer named Edwin

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Knopf of Baltimore. Within a few weeks, she was on the stage. At first, her rôles were trivial, to be sure, but her feet were treading the golden road she had chosen for herself, and there is no sweeter reward when one is barely out of one's teens—with all life ahead—than the planting of one foot before the other on the road to success.

You probably know the story of her swift rise to the foremost feminine lead in a show called "The Big Pond," of endless rehearsals where she worked until her nerves were ragged threads, of the "try-out" in Great Neck, Long Island, before a critical top-hatted audience.

That portentous night will remain forever a feverish jumble in her mind. Somewhere in it, after hours of speaking lines in the yellow glare of footlights and the thunder of applause had died, a man came to her and said in a flat, firm voice, "You won't do. Miss Hepburn. You're fired." At the end of it, another man drove her over roads that seemed endless to her home in Connecticut while she, with her head on his hospitable shoulder, tried to forget all the hurt and worry of her failure. That man was Ludlow Smith.

I wonder if that wasn't the night he said, "I'd like to help you much more than you've let me. I could, if we were married." And other things, too; nothing so trite as "I love you," but sweet mysterious phrases that only a Prince Charming can discover for his princess.

And then, on December 12, 1928, to repeat, they were married.

If I have been able to make you feel some of the "nearness" that these two persons felt for each other before their wedding, please believe me when I say this feeling was intensified tenfold after it. They lived through four glorious years so crowded with minor mishaps and triumphs that the time seemed like months instead. Though his business absorbed him, he was never too busy to listen to Katharine's new plans or to pat away the scars left by old cares.

Those four years, I tell you, were the happiest either of them had ever known. Living fully and loving deeply, it was inevitable that Katharine's talents should blossom presently like hibiscus under the sun.

It was the picture, "Bill of Divorcement," that introduced her to the world. And flung her headlong into the troublous stream that leads almost every famous movie marriage to the divorce courts in Reno.

SHE recognized readily enough the danger to her that lay in the fame that met her on her return from that fateful trip to Europe.

She remembered the pitiless newspaperman's eyes that watch each star through his days and nights.

When, by virtue of her own single performance, she found herself one of the screen's nobility, subject to the same Juggernaut-like system that can make one a subject for any rumor or scandal or gossip that lips choose to utter, it frightened her.

If you knew, as Katharine knew, the

tragic consequences of all this, of the sad endings of so many buoyant Hollywood hopes, I wonder if you wouldn't have been frightened, too. I think you would.

Wouldn't you, in the same stirring situation, have lied about your marriage?

Look honestly at the picture as she saw it. She had been in Hollywood and knew long before you or I of the forces which destroyed Mary Pickford's and Douglas Fairbank's story-book romance, Joan's and Doug Jr.'s marriage. Janet Gaynor's and Lydell Peck's. Richard Dix's and his beautiful wife's, of William Powell's and Carole Lombard's.

"But that won't happen to me," she might have said had she been less wise. Instead, she faced the fact that it had happened to women just as much in love as she was.

Why not disaster in Hollywood for Katharine Hepburn and Ludlow Smith, then?

That thought turned her brain topsyturvy and brought a valiant white lie to her lips the day her ship sailed into New York harbor.

It still brings white lies to those same grimly determined lips. Hepburn has chosen to stand by her story. "It was some other Katharine Hepburn," she said, remember. It is a curious position that she attempts to maintain despite documentary evidence and the certain knowledge of her friends, isn't it? At times, because she has refused to talk to newspaper men, she has been accused of stealing Garbo's potent thunder. Others who have taken her word for it that she is not married are bewildered by her transcontinental visits to Ludlow Smith.

I know writers who have tried to break through her sham by getting an admission from him. They have wasted their time. He says, "I can't tell you." If he likes you and trusts you he may add that he has promised Katharine to say nothing.

"But the reporters can always find out," you may argue. "If you don't tell them, they'll get the story somehow. You know what reporters are."

"I know what reporters are," is his reply, "but I know what Katharine is, too."

Well, that is my story of this girl's marriage. Because she has refused to reveal it publicly, much that is either weird or cheap has been hazarded about it. By now you know, I hope, that it is fine and precious and still dazzlingly romantic.

Her continued denials are a plucky girl's effort to save the most precious thing she possesses. To keep her private life clear, she believes she must separate forever the woman who is the actress and the woman who is the wife devoted.

Almost, I believe she will succeed. The final answer may be a long time coming, but even now I think we can foretell it. For unless most of her friends are mistaken, here is a girl who can willingly sacrifice the shallow glory of being Katharine Hepburn for the rich joy of being Mrs. Ludlow Smith.

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I've Dressed Them All!

(Continued from page 42)

being paid for ideas and suggestions.

After many, too many sessions of trouble and disappointments at the old Paramount Studios, I once again, in my own shop, found myself commissioned to make the clothes for Miss Nissen, who was scheduled to be leading lady in Howard Hughes' famous epic, "Hell's Angels."

There were three people to please. Miss Nissen was the easiest to satisfy, her mother the hardest and Mr. Hughes the most trying. There's a gent who knows what he wants and, whether it's correct or not, he's going to get it. He wanted the heroine of his film to be sensuously dressed and I'm telling you she was!

There was one dress with cut-outs around the waist, but the cut-outs had been filled in with transparent net, more for keeping the dress in shape than for modesty. Mr. Hughes, however, remembered that the sketch had shown the skin and, although the net looked the same to the eye of the camera, it looked like veiled skin to him. With a pair of scissors borrowed from one of the dressmakers on the set, he proceeded to cut away the offending spots of gauze.

Two years later Mr. Hughes' office called my shop again. We knew that the air sequences had been in work for many months and we supposed the picture was almost completed. But so much time had elapsed since the opening shots with Miss Nissen that she looked not at all like the same girl in the re-takes. A new heroine was called in to take her place, a girl then unknown but now on the very top rung of the movie ladder.

Platinum-haired Jean Harlow had a complete new set of costumes designed for her and while no designer could ever be proud of them as nice clothes, they unquestionably gave Miss Harlow a start, in the undressed parts which were to follow.

Later on in these memoirs I have some amusing things to tell you about Jean. But wait until I read her autograph in my book.

Now here's a big bold scrawl—as big as the heart of the woman who wrote it, Marie Dressler. When she put her name in my book she was unknown to movie fans.

She had decided to take a stab at pictures but I doubt that she was very optimistic about the outcome. She took a house in Hollywood where a woman friend she had known in New York lived with her.

Her passion was bridge and she used to telephone me two and three times a week to ask me to make a fourth. What little I know about the game I learned at Marie Dressler's knee—or rather, across the table from her. What a relentless teacher she was!

Some of the best meals I've ever

tasted were served to me in Marie's house. Marie is an expert cook and what she can do to a turkey is nobody's business. Throughout her first winter in Hollywood I saw a great deal of her. She was given a part in one of Corinne Griffith's last pictures and scored in it. After that she did a comedy for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her real rise began.

From that time on she was more difficult to see. She worked very hard, was ill a great part of the time and had countless social obligations. With it all—and I'm sorry to say it—and I guess I'm the only one who ever has, but it's true—Marie went just a little bit Hollywood when her second fame started to settle around her. Gloria Swanson in her hey-day was no more difficult to get in touch with than is Queen Marie in these days.

The next two or three pages of the book are given over to the names of those who came to my shop's opening.

ONE of the girls at the opening was Estelle Taylor. She was particularly interested in a chrome-yellow lace negligée, with a banding of yellow jewels and rhinestones. She was doing a picture at that time for one of the smaller studios and needed a negligée for one of the scenes.

When a saleswoman told her the price was three hundred and twenty-five dollars she went quite white. Nevertheless she returned the following day, tried the negligée on and studied herself for a long time in the mirror. We naturally supposed that she was going to purchase a copy of the robe from us. But not at all. She felt it was too expensive to buy but not too expensive to copy.

She appeared in the picture wearing such an excellent duplicate that we wondered how it was possible for anyone to carry such an amount of detail in mind. We have never taken great pains to get her into the shop since to see our models.

Here's a name that once meant *something* in the film world, to gossip writers and in newspaper headlines. The Princess Serge Mdivani—Pola Negri.

Pola spelled temperament not only with capital letters but with bright red ones, too. When she frowned everyone on the old Paramount lot trembled. She listened to no one's advice and for several years it appeared that her own ideas were as good as anyone's. In the end, however, she tasted the bitterness of defeat and oblivion. It's well nigh impossible to climb as high as Pola climbed and stay in such a dizzy spot indefinitely.

Pola had the waywardness of a child—a spoiled child at that!—and a charm that made people adore her if they were ever allowed near enough for that privilege. I have known Pola to hold up production on a big film—with

thousands of extras milling about unable to work until the star of the picture appeared—while she sulked in her dressing room because her slippers had been dyed one shade off from the gown she meant to wear with them. Such fits of temper were amusing—but costly.

I happened to be in Berlin when Pola returned to Europe for her first visit after having completely bowled America over. I knew how important she was in Hollywood, but I did not realize how her fame had spread.

I WENT to the station to meet her train and found a cordon of police holding back curious, waiting mobs.

Pola, like the queen she could be when the occasion demanded, stepped regally upon the platform and smiled radiantly upon the press representatives from every civilized country in the world. Try as I might, I was unable to get near her. Eager youngsters mobbed her. The police were unable to get them back. After a great deal of difficulty I succeeded in getting a car which was the thirty-fourth in the procession of cabs and private cars which escorted La Negri to her suite at the Adlon.

Here another writhing mass of humanity awaited her—and more police were there to check them. Pola sailed majestically through the opened line and entered the hotel.

I went to the suite of rooms she had engaged in advance, still waiting to say "hello" to her. Some hundred newspaper men were following her about from one room to the other, asking her questions in English, German, French, Polish and Russian. Little tables were scattered through the rooms and eventually everyone was seated and champagne was opened. Toasts were drunk.

At long length the rooms cleared. Pola and her maid were the only two left. But I had hidden behind a screen. I came out and looked at her in amazement for I couldn't believe that any woman in the world could turn the world so topsy-turvy. Pola was calm—but tired. I could not think of anything to say and then, looking around the enormous rooms, I burst out with, "But Pola, why in the name of heaven have you taken such an immense suite?"

"Ah, but I will need it. I must have a suite this large to hold all the flowers which people are going to send me!"

Next month Howard Greer continues his fascinating memoirs. There's another grand story about Pola when, for once in her life, public attention turned from her to someone else. Mr. Greer also tells about the time Lupe Velez borrowed a dress, what Tom Mix wore to the opening, a strange experience with Katharine Hepburn, how he shopped with Norma Talmadge at Cartier's and many more absolutely inside and hitherto untold anecdotes. Don't miss next month's installment.

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